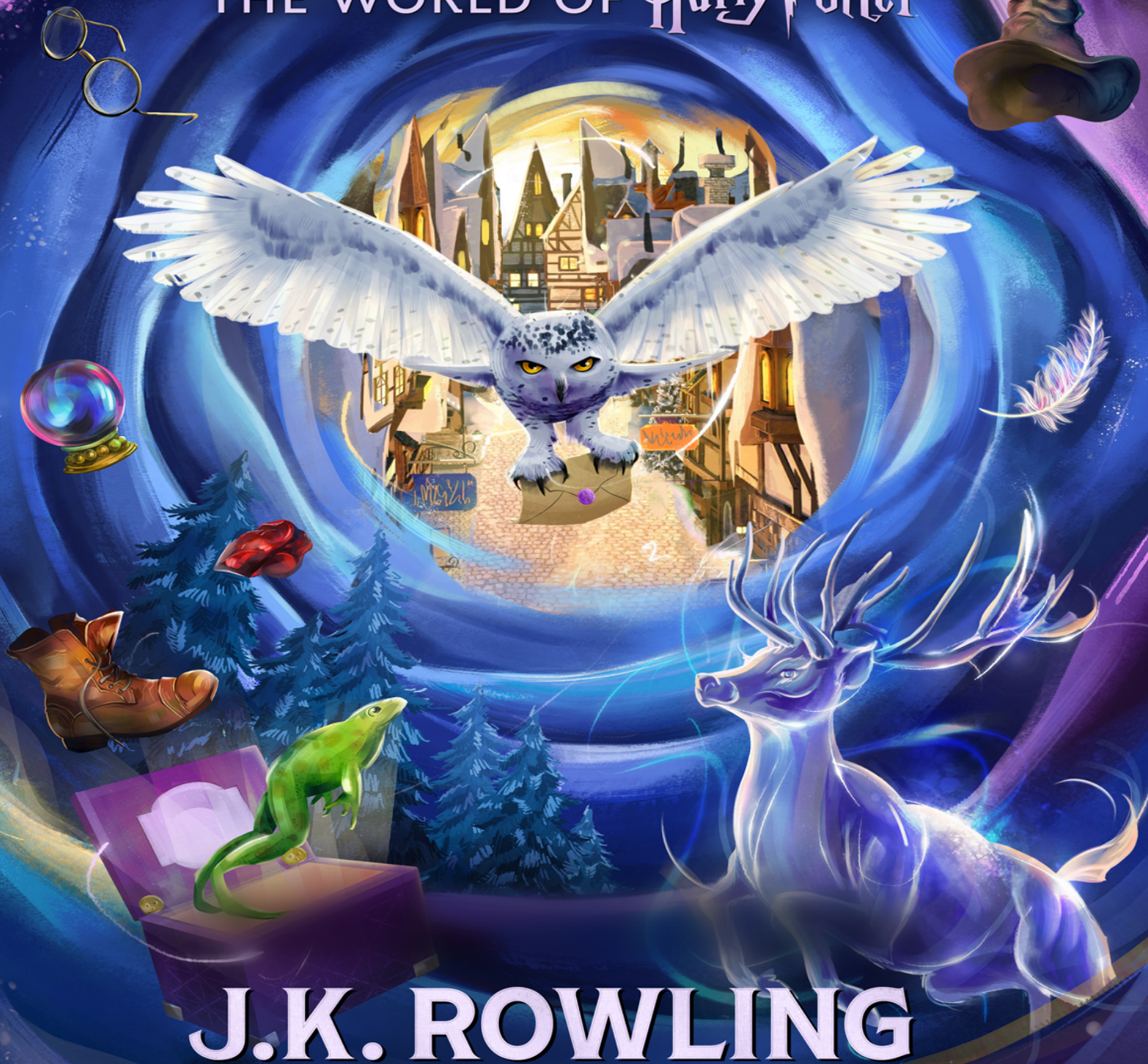


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## Foreword by Evanna Lynch

I remember a very particular door of my youth, and the many evenings spent sat in front of it, willing it to open and divulge its secrets. It was about as plain a door as you could imagine, remarkable only for its ordinariness – a windowless, wood-panelled door with a small, gold lever handle – and yet it captivated my attention for hours on end. I sat, staring at those dark oak panels, my frustration mounting as I schemed various ways to get through this mysterious door. Minutes ticked by as I searched for patterns in the wood and scrutinised the hinges, the only sounds the low hum of a radio, a fly occasionally buzzing through, and a set of chimes clinking gently together as the wind disturbed them every few moments. While I waited, I'd flick the light switch on and off, or take to reviving the plant on the windowsill with an acid-green glowing potion.

Oh, it wasn't a real door. It was an animated drawing of a door, on [jkrowling.com](http://jkrowling.com). This website comprised a chaotic jumble of paraphernalia you might find on the desk of J.K. Rowling, and when you nudged crumpled-up papers out of the way and clicked on feathers or caught a spider – tickled and prodded the website just so – it revealed untold treasures for a young Harry Potter fan. These included tea-stained drawings of characters, elegantly rendered in spidery penmanship; an early draft page of a chapter from *Philosopher's Stone* (*Sorcerer's Stone* to visitors from the U.S.), ink blots obscuring some of the words; as well as almost

familiar names scribbled out on lined pages, their rhythms toyed with in the margins.

And then there was the door, that impenetrable brown door that you reached via a glowing pink eraser on the desk, and that guarded the website's most covetable secrets. It only opened a handful of times over the years, and only after you'd answered a series of riddles or puzzles. It was through this door that the world learned the titles, covers and release dates of the final Harry Potter books, precious knowledge that sparkled with promise.

The door remained firmly shut for far more days than it could be opened, sitting solidly there usually bearing a 'Do Not Disturb' sign which signalled that a certain magic was happening just beyond it: that of creation and imagination – the author hard at work. I *knew* it wouldn't open on those days, and yet I wondered if I could wait it out, staying longer than anyone else, and when it assumed nobody was listening, catch a whisper of its latest revelation. In my father's cosy office, the smell of roast potatoes and gravy drifted under a very real doorframe, telling me time was passing in my life. But I often just stayed there, insisting that I have dinner before the keyboard, or do my homework with the wizarding radio humming in the background, convinced that tonight might be the night the door opens, and *I* discover something magical that no one else had seen before. It was always with a heavy sigh and a feeling of faint disenchantment that I closed the website and re-emerged to face Muggle life. But my thoughts would snake their way back to that room, fixated on the door, and the infinite mysteries it guarded.

Why did it hold such fascination for me? I've wondered that as I pored over the writing in this book, some snippets of which first appeared beyond that door. Why did it override my rational thinking and growing acceptance of the firm line between reality and fantasy? I think it was because the world beyond the door felt

completely... *unknowable*. No matter how much time passed, or how many pearls of wisdom the door gifted us, you could never know *all* the secrets of the wizarding world. In fact, the wizarding world only seemed to make more sense the more questions you asked of it, arranging itself parallel to our world. And that door – the door that looked so unremarkable that most harried Muggles wouldn't throw it a second glance – seemed to twinkle with an aura of magic, because it felt like a portal between our world and Harry's.

The door opened for the final time with the publication of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* in July 2007, with J.K. Rowling writing that the secrets she had carried with her for years would now be passed on to the fans. And while this moment may have signalled the conclusion of Harry's time at Hogwarts, we were far from knowing all the secrets. In retrospect, the release of the final book seemed to herald a new chapter for the larger wizarding world, which has continued to diversify and sprawl in a thousand different directions ever since. Throughout the years she was writing the books, Jo often hinted in interviews at the boxes and boxes of notes on the backgrounds of characters; spells and subplots that had never seen the light of day, but instead lay in her attic, collecting dust. So you can imagine the practically dizzying sense of euphoria felt by the fans, with the launch of Pottermore in 2012, when it became clear that rather than being a figure of speech, 'boxes of notes' suddenly seemed a slight underestimate.

Quite honestly it felt like those imposing, wrought-iron gates of Hogwarts had been flung open – all the Muggle proofing charms undone! – as we were rewarded with reams of writing, on everything from family lineages and other wizarding schools, to complex descriptions of the qualities of wand cores and precisely *how hard* it is to become an Animagus. Characters who grew to be bigger parts of the stories than previously plotted, and those, no

less intriguing, who sadly never made it past their author's bullet-point descriptions. Histories of wizards stretching back to Merlin, Nicolas Flamel, dark wizards we'd never even heard of, and a short bio of every single Minister for Magic from 1707 to the present day. These are some of the articles laid out in what follows, the majority of which were published in 2013 and 2014 on Pottermore.com. Some of them contain author's notes, where J.K. Rowling shares more personal reflections, such as source inspirations for names and characters, as well as writerly insights on the joys and pitfalls of deciding the precise parameters of a magical universe. It should be noted as well that all the articles in this book were written in advance of both the *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child* play and the *Fantastic Beasts* films.

This collection discusses events that happen throughout the series. There's much to enjoy here for newcomers and established readers alike, but those determinedly avoiding spoilers should know that J.K. Rowling's collected writings reflect on key events throughout all seven books. To the seasoned fan, for whom re-reading the Harry Potter books is something of a necessary reorienting experience, this book will only add more dimensions to the original stories. How your jaw will drop to discover the source of Harry's family's fortune is the hair product that Hermione uses for her iconic makeover for the Yule Ball. (A fact Harry mustn't have known himself judging by his many fruitless attempts to flatten his famously unruly mop.) How your heart may hurt for a young Professor McGonagall who made a difficult choice. How you might be appalled to read that a wilful, enchanted book almost stopped Neville Longbottom from getting to Hogwarts. Or intrigued to learn that Luna Lovegood's dreamy essence appeared on the page as a student named 'Lily Moon', even before Lily Potter had her name. How real-world magic seemed to be in the

ether when J.K. Rowling unknowingly situated an important magical gateway over the grave of an ancient warrior queen.

Above all, what this book reminds us, as we submerge ourselves deeper in wizarding history, is that, for all its fantastic beasts and otherworldly enchantments, Harry's story has always had profound resonance in our reality. I've found it interesting to observe how re-reading these books at different stages throughout life can act as a mirror, reflecting one's inner preoccupations and growing awareness of the world, as new themes and characters you'd previously overlooked emerge and come into focus. As a quiet, creative child who longed to find a kindred spirit, I felt comforted reading about the adventures of a trio of unusual, idealistic young people who found each other. Now, as an adult, different themes strike my heart. The loneliness of Remus Lupin. The fallibility of Dumbledore. The preciousness of true friendship.

But what strikes me most of all when I re-read the books now, so keenly it seems to ring off every page, is the deep yearning of Harry for his parents' love. It's interesting, isn't it, that as children we accept the world as it is, however it's explained to us; Harry, a boy who never knew his parents, snuck out of bed to find an enchanted mirror, and it was all part of the adventure. Yet now when I read the books, I can hardly think of a more heartbreaking image than that of a little boy, traipsing through dark corridors at night to gaze through a mirror, for hours, into the smiling faces of his parents, and how he continued to search for that unconditional love elsewhere – everywhere. What Harry has to learn over the course of his journey to defeat Voldemort, is that his search is fruitless; his mother's love never left him, instead it binds with magic and runs through his veins, creating a protective shield that the most powerful dark magic cannot overcome. Ultimately, Harry's is a story that delivers hope, courage and humility as we,

too, are reminded that there is no magic, in any world, more potent, magnificent and abundant as love.

I hope, as you immerse yourself back in the lore of Harry Potter, you'll come to notice the many portals connecting our world to the magical one. They are hiding in plain sight, ready to be discovered or rediscovered, if you look carefully and ask yourself: 'Is it really just a door, a boot, a map... a book?' And so, to repeat a common refrain echoed in the days of the wooden door that would cause a flurry of activity and excitement rippling through the fandom: 'The door is open! I repeat, THE DOOR IS OPEN!' Let's step inside...

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– CHAPTER ONE –  
The Dursleys

Let's start with the very ordinary beginning of Harry Potter's extraordinary story. Before Dumbledore pops up with his Put-Outer. Before the stern-looking tabby cat stalking Privet Drive reveals herself to be Professor McGonagall. Before Hagrid arrives with baby Harry on the back of Sirius Black's flying motorbike. Back, back, back before any of that, it is the Dursley name we learn first – in the opening sentence of that first book, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*:

*'Mr and Mrs Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.'*

Since Harry's story starts with the Dursleys – a family of Muggles seemingly far removed from the wizarding world – it feels only fitting to start this collection with a look at the Dursleys' own origin story. Particularly his aunt, Petunia Dursley, who is definitely not quite as far removed from the wizarding world as she might like.

The Dursleys of number four, Privet Drive are the antithesis of anything magical. But when Dumbledore leaves baby Harry on their tidy doorstep, he is not simply hoping to stir up some long-buried notion of familial responsibility. No, he is quite literally

relying on the bond of blood Petunia shares with her sister, Lily – a brave witch who has just given her own life to save her son's. As Lily's sole surviving relative, Petunia's blood carries within it the lingering magic of Lily's sacrifice. And so it is that Petunia, who has spent years deliberately rejecting the wizarding world of her younger sister, becomes a central part of the magic that will protect Harry for most of his childhood.

Thus, Harry's story begins, in the company of his Muggle relatives, on the doorstep of their house in Little Whinging, on a dull grey Tuesday. At first glance, it is all very ordinary. But as we know, Harry's life is anything but ordinary – and not even the Dursleys can escape that for long.

In this chapter, J.K. Rowling peels back the curtains of number four, Privet Drive, providing us with ample opportunity to peer in.



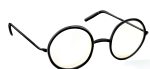
## Vernon and Petunia Dursley

By the time Harry appears on the Dursleys' doorstep, Petunia and Lily are long estranged. Having firmly closed the door on her sister's family, Petunia is happily ensconced in her snug, smug Muggle life, along with her boorish husband Vernon and the son she dotes on.

And yet, as children growing up in Cokeworth, she and Lily had been close. Petunia had been envious of Lily's magical abilities, even once writing to Dumbledore to ask if she could also attend Hogwarts. For her part, Lily tried often to comfort and include her

big sister, particularly when Petunia began to feel left behind by Lily's growing friendship with Severus Snape.

So, what happened during those intervening years? Why couldn't Petunia put aside her feelings and welcome her nephew with the love her sister had always shown her? And what on earth happened when Vernon Dursley (beefy and pompous, fond of cars) met James Potter (thin face and untidy hair, fond of turning into a Stag) for the first time?



**Harry's aunt and uncle** met at work. Petunia Evans, forever embittered by the fact that her parents seemed to value her witch sister more than they valued her, left Cokeworth forever to pursue a typing course in London. This led to an office job, where she met the extremely unmagical, opinionated and materialistic Vernon Dursley. Large and neckless, this junior executive seemed a model of manliness to young Petunia. He not only returned her romantic interest, but was deliciously normal. He had a perfectly correct car, and wanted to do completely ordinary things, and by the time he had taken her on a series of dull dates, during which he talked mainly about himself and his predictable ideas on the world, Petunia was dreaming of the moment when he would place a ring on her finger.

When, in due course, Vernon Dursley proposed marriage, very correctly, on one knee in his mother's sitting room, Petunia accepted at once. The one fly in her delicious ointment was the fear of what her new fiancé would make of her sister, who was now in her final year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Vernon was apt to despise even people who wore brown shoes with black suits; what he would make of a young woman who spent most of her time wearing

long robes and casting spells, Petunia could hardly bear to think.

She confessed the truth during a tear-stained date, in Vernon's dark car as they sat overlooking the chip shop where Vernon had just bought them a post-cinema snack. Vernon, as Petunia had expected, was deeply shocked; however, he told Petunia solemnly that he would never hold it against her that she had a freak for a sister, and Petunia threw herself upon him in such violent gratitude that he dropped his battered sausage.

The first meeting between Lily, her boyfriend James Potter, and the engaged couple, went badly, and the relationship nose-dived from there. James was amused by Vernon, and made the mistake of showing it. Vernon tried to patronise James, asking what car he drove. James described his racing broom. Vernon supposed out loud that wizards had to live on unemployment benefits. James explained about Gringotts, and the fortune his parents had saved there, in solid gold. Vernon could not tell whether he was being made fun of or not, and grew angry. The evening ended with Vernon and Petunia storming out of the restaurant, while Lily burst into tears and James (a little ashamed of himself) promised to make things up with Vernon at the earliest opportunity.

This never happened. Petunia did not want Lily as a bridesmaid, because she was tired of being overshadowed; Lily was hurt. Vernon refused to speak to James at the reception, but described him, within James' earshot, as 'some kind of amateur magician'. Once married, Petunia grew ever more like Vernon. She loved their neat square house at number four, Privet Drive. She was secure, now, from objects that behaved strangely, from teapots that suddenly piped tunes as she passed, or long conversations about things she did not understand, with names like 'Quidditch' and 'Transfiguration'. She and Vernon chose not to attend Lily and James' wedding. The very last piece of correspondence she received from Lily and James was the announcement of Harry's birth, and after one contemptuous look, Petunia threw it in the bin.

The shock of finding their orphaned nephew on the doorstep a little over a year later was, therefore, extreme. The letter that accompanied him related how his parents had been murdered, and asked the Dursleys to take him in. It explained that, due to the sacrifice Lily had made in laying down her life for her son, Harry would be safe from the vengeance of Lord Voldemort as long as he could call the place where her blood still existed home. This meant that number 4, Privet Drive, was his only sanctuary.

Prior to Harry's arrival, Petunia had become, if anything, the more determined of the Dursleys in suppressing all talk about her sister. Petunia had some latent feelings of guilt about the way she had cut Lily (whom she knew, in her secret heart, had always loved her) out of her life, but these were buried under considerable jealousy and bitterness. Petunia had also buried deep inside her (and never confessed to Vernon) her long-ago hope that she, too, would show signs of magic, and be spirited off to Hogwarts.

Reading the shocking contents of Dumbledore's letter, however, which told her how bravely Lily had died, she felt she had no choice but to take Harry in, and raise him alongside her own cherished son, Dudley. She did it grudgingly, and spent the rest of Harry's childhood punishing him for her own choice. Uncle Vernon's dislike of Harry stems in part, like Severus Snape's, from Harry's close resemblance to the father they both so disliked.

Their lies to Harry on the subject of how his parents had died were based largely on their own fears. A Dark wizard as powerful as Lord Voldemort frightened them too much to contemplate, and like every subject they found disturbing or distasteful, they pushed it to the back of their minds and maintained the 'died-in-a-car-crash' story so consistently that they almost managed to persuade themselves it was true.

Even though Petunia was raised alongside a witch, she is remarkably ignorant about magic. She and Vernon share a confused idea that they will somehow be able to squash the

magic out of Harry, and in an attempt to throw off the letters that arrive from Hogwarts on Harry's eleventh birthday, she and Vernon fall back on the old superstition that witches cannot cross water. As she had frequently seen Lily jump streams and run across stepping stones in their childhood, she ought not to have been surprised when Hagrid had no difficulty making his way over the stormy sea to the hut on the rock.

### Author's Note

Vernon and Petunia were so-called from their creation, and never went through a number of trial names, as so many other characters did. 'Vernon' is simply a name I never much cared for. 'Petunia' is the name that I always gave unpleasant female characters in games of make believe I played with my sister, Di, when we were very young. Where I got it, I was never sure, until recently a friend of mine played me a series of public information films that were shown on television when we were young (he collects such things and puts them on his laptop to enjoy at leisure). One of them was an animation in which a married couple sat on a cliff enjoying a picnic and watching a man drowning in the sea below (the thrust of the film was, don't wave back – call the lifeguard). The husband called his wife Petunia, and I suddenly wondered whether that wasn't where I had got this most unlikely name, because I have never met anybody called Petunia, or, to my knowledge, read about them. The subconscious is a very odd thing. The cartoon Petunia was a fat, cheery character, so all I seem to have taken is her name.

The surname 'Dursley' was taken from the eponymous town in Gloucestershire, which is not very far from where I was born. I have never visited Dursley, and I expect that it is full of charming people. It was the sound of the word that appealed, rather than any association with the place.

The Dursleys are reactionary, prejudiced, narrow-minded, ignorant and bigoted; most of my least favourite things. I wanted to suggest, in the final book, that something decent (a long-forgotten but dimly burning love of her sister; the realisation that she might never see Lily's eyes again) almost struggled out of Aunt Petunia when she said goodbye to Harry for the last time, but that she is not able to admit to it, or show those long-buried feelings. Although some readers wanted more from Aunt Petunia during this farewell, I still think that I have her behave in a way that is most consistent with her thoughts and feelings throughout the previous books.

Nobody ever seemed to expect any better from Uncle Vernon, so they were not disappointed.



## Marge Dursley

Vernon Dursley's big sister Marge is, if possible, even meaner to Harry than her brother. But then, Vernon knows Harry has magical abilities. Marge does not. If she did, perhaps she might not goad Harry quite so much. Although, if the following glimpse into Marge Dursley's life is anything to go by, perhaps even magic wouldn't have stopped her meanness.



**Marjorie Eileen Dursley** is the older sister of Vernon Dursley. Although no blood relation of Harry Potter, he has been taught to call her 'Aunt Marge'.

Marge is a large and unpleasant woman whose main interest in life is breeding bulldogs. She believes in corporal punishment and plain speaking, which is what she calls being offensive. Marge is secretly in love with a neighbour called Colonel Fubster, who looks after her dogs when she is away. He will never marry her, due to her truly horrible personality. This unrequited passion fuels a lot of her nasty behaviour to other people.

Marge dotes on Dudley, her only nephew. She does not know that Harry Potter, who lives with her relatives, is a wizard. She believes him to be the offspring of two unemployed layabouts who dumped their son on their hardworking relatives, Vernon and Petunia. The latter, who are terrified of the prejudiced and outspoken Marge finding out the truth, have fostered this impression over many years.

When Harry becomes angry with Aunt Marge, who has been insulting his parents, and loses control over his magical abilities, she is blown up like a barrage balloon. Two members of the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad must be dispatched from the Ministry of Magic to deal with this incident and modify Aunt Marge's memory. From that time forward, the Dursleys do not invite Marge to stay while Harry is in residence and he never sees her again.

### Author's Note

I regret making Aunt Marge a breeder of bulldogs, as I now know them to be a non-aggressive breed. My sister owns one and he's the most loveable, affectionate dog you could hope to meet. On the other hand, they do look grumpy, and on appearance alone seemed to suit Aunt Marge.



# Cokeworth

The unassuming town of Cokeworth is another seemingly ordinary Muggle setting where there is a fair bit going on beneath the surface. After all, it was the place where Harry Potter's least-favourite teacher, Severus Snape, met and developed feelings for Harry's mother, Lily Evans. And those feelings go on to impact more than Snape's own life: they are an unseen force that also shape Harry's destiny, affording him another level of protection he knows nothing about. And it all started in apparently mundane Cokeworth.



**Cokeworth is a fictional** town in the English Midlands where Harry spends a night at the Railview Hotel with his aunt, uncle and cousin Dudley. Cokeworth's name is supposed to suggest an industrial town, and to evoke associations of hard work and grime.

Although it is never made explicit in the books, Cokeworth is the place where Petunia and Lily Evans and Severus Snape all grew up. When Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon are trying to evade the letters from Hogwarts, they travel to Cokeworth. Perhaps Uncle Vernon has a vague idea that Cokeworth is so distinctly unmagical, the letters will not follow them there. He ought to have known better; after all Petunia's sister, Lily, turned into a talented witch in Cokeworth.

It is therefore Cokeworth that Bellatrix and Narcissa visit at the start of *Half-Blood Prince*, where they visit Snape at his parents' old house. Cokeworth has a river running through it, evidence of at least one large factory in the long chimney overlooking Snape's house, and many small streets full of workers' houses.

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– CHAPTER TWO –

## The Potters and the Malfoys

Most of Harry's Muggle relatives would never have been aware of the wizarding world were it not for his existence. But for wizarding families like the Potters – Harry's father and all their magical ancestors – living alongside Muggles is a fact of life, albeit not a fact everybody is happy about.

For families like those of Harry's arch-enemy, Draco Malfoy, Muggles are vastly inferior. Even Muggle-borns like Hermione and Harry's mother Lily are to be looked down on, disparaged as 'Mudbloods.' Those who sympathise with these views define themselves as having 'pure-blood,' i.e., blood that has never mingled with that of a Muggle. The concept has a long history: at one point in the 1930s, a directory was even published to list all the pure-blood families. And, unsurprisingly, this so-called 'Sacred Twenty-Eight' list included the Malfoys.

Happily, the Malfoys are not representative of every Sacred Twenty-Eight family. The Weasleys are openly and famously welcoming of everyone. Neville Longbottom's parents were respected Aurors. And Hufflepuff Ernie Macmillan, whose family name also appears on the Sacred Twenty-Eight list, is a staunch (if occasionally pompous) supporter of Harry's.

Then there are the many wizarding families whose names are not on any list, but who are nonetheless entirely magical. Which brings us back to the Potters.



## The Potter Family

When Harry comes across the Mirror of Erised in *Philosopher's Stone*, he is transfixed by what he sees. It is his family. Not just his parents, but relatives of all kinds, crowding 'round and smiling out at him, as the Mirror reflects what Dumbledore describes as Harry's deepest and most desperate desire.

Harry's circle may be limited to just the disappointing Dursleys, but no matter how small and unsatisfactory his immediate family unit, Harry has ancestors. Lots of them, according to the Mirror of Erised. Including several magical generations of Potters from whom Harry inherits his thin face, a Gringotts vault full of gold, and – perhaps even more significantly – the Invisibility Cloak that becomes central to many of his escapades.



**The Potter family is** a very old one, but it was never (until the birth of Harry James Potter) at the very forefront of wizarding history, contenting itself with a solid and comfortable existence in the backwaters.

Potter is a not uncommon Muggle surname, and the family did not make the so-called 'Sacred Twenty-Eight' for this reason; the anonymous compiler of that supposedly definitive list of pure-bloods suspected that they had sprung from what he considered to be tainted blood. The wizarding Potter family had

illustrious beginnings, however, some of which were hinted at in *Deathly Hallows*.

In the Muggle world 'Potter' is an occupational surname, meaning a man who creates pottery. The wizarding family of Potters descends from the twelfth-century wizard Linfred of Stinchcombe, a locally well-beloved and eccentric man, whose nickname, 'the Potterer', became corrupted in time to 'Potter'. Linfred was a vague and absent-minded fellow whose Muggle neighbours often called upon his medicinal services. None of them realised that Linfred's wonderful cures for pox and ague were magical; they all thought him a harmless and lovable old chap, pottering about in his garden with all his funny plants. His reputation as a well-meaning eccentric served Linfred well, for behind closed doors he was able to continue the series of experiments that laid the foundation of the Potter family's fortune. Historians credit Linfred as the originator of a number of remedies that evolved into potions still used to this day, including Skele-gro and Pepperup Potion. His sales of such cures to fellow witches and wizards enabled him to leave a significant pile of gold to each of his seven children upon his death.

Linfred's eldest son, Hardwin, married a beautiful young witch by the name of Iolanthe Peverell, who came from the village of Godric's Hollow. She was the granddaughter of Ignotus Peverell. In the absence of male heirs, she, the eldest of her generation, had inherited her grandfather's invisibility cloak. It was, Iolanthe explained to Hardwin, a tradition in her family that the possession of this cloak remained a secret, and her new husband respected her wishes. From this time on, the cloak was handed down to the eldest in each new generation.

The Potters continued to marry their neighbours, occasionally Muggles, and to live in the West of England, for several generations, each one adding to the family coffers by their hard work and, it must be said, by the quiet brand of ingenuity that had characterised their forebear, Linfred.

Occasionally, a Potter made it all the way to London, and a member of the family has twice sat on the Wizengamot: Ralston Potter, who was a member from 1612–1652, and who was a great supporter of the Statute of Secrecy (as opposed to declaring war on the Muggles, as more militant members wished to do) and Henry Potter (Harry to his intimates), who was a direct descendant of Hardwin and Iolanthe, and served on the Wizengamot from 1913–1921. Henry caused a minor stir when he publicly condemned then Minister for Magic, Archer Evermonde, who had forbidden the magical community to help Muggles waging the First World War. His outspokenness on the behalf of the Muggle community was also a strong contributing factor in the family's exclusion from the 'Sacred Twenty-Eight'.

Henry's son was called Fleamont Potter. Fleamont was so called because it was the dying wish of Henry's mother that he perpetuate her maiden name, which would otherwise die out. He bore the burden remarkably well; indeed, he always attributed his dexterity at duelling to the number of times he had to fight people at Hogwarts after they had made fun of his name. It was Fleamont who took the family gold and quadrupled it, by creating magical Sleekeazy's Hair Potion ('two drops tames even the most bothersome barnet'). He sold the company at a vast profit when he retired, but no amount of riches could compensate him or his wife Euphemia for their childlessness. They had quite given up hope of a son or daughter when, to their shock and surprise, Euphemia found that she was pregnant and their beloved boy, James, was born.

Fleamont and Euphemia lived long enough to see James marry a Muggle-born girl called Lily Evans, but not to meet their grandson, Harry. Dragon pox carried them off within days of each other, due to their advanced age, and James Potter then inherited Ignotus Peverell's Invisibility Cloak.



## The Malfoy Family

The Malfoys may not have been descended from the Peverells of *Beedle the Bard* legend, but as a family, they are pretty good at creating their own mythology. And, as the following history lesson demonstrates, they've never been averse to twisting a tale, if it will suit their own ends.

Looking back on several hundred years of Malfoy sin and spin, it seems some things never change.



**The Malfoy name comes** from old French and translates as 'bad faith'. Like many other progenitors of noble English families, the wizard Armand Malfoy arrived in Britain with William the Conqueror as part of the invading Norman army. Having rendered unknown, shady (and almost certainly magical) services to King William I, Malfoy was given a prime piece of land in Wiltshire, seized from local landowners, upon which his descendants have lived for ten consecutive centuries.

Their wily ancestor Armand encapsulated many of the qualities that have distinguished the Malfoy family to the present day. The Malfoys have always had the reputation, hinted at by their not altogether complimentary surname, of being a slippery bunch, to be found courting power and riches wherever they might be found. In spite of their espousal of pure-blood values and their undoubtedly genuine belief in wizards' superiority over Muggles, the Malfoys have never

been above ingratiating themselves with the non-magical community when it suits them. The result is that they are one of the richest wizarding families in Britain, and it has been rumoured for many years (though never proven) that over the centuries the family has dabbled successfully in Muggle currency and assets. Over hundreds of years, they have managed to add to their lands in Wiltshire by annexing those of neighbouring Muggles, and the favour they curried with royalty added Muggle treasures and works of art to an ever-expanding collection.

Historically, the Malfoys drew a sharp distinction between poor Muggles and those with wealth and authority. Until the imposition of the Statute of Secrecy in 1692, the Malfoy family was active within high-born Muggle circles, and it is said that their fervent opposition to the imposition of the Statute was due, in part, to the fact that they would have to withdraw from this enjoyable sphere of social life. Though hotly denied by subsequent generations, there is ample evidence to suggest that the first Lucius Malfoy was an unsuccessful aspirant to the hand of Elizabeth I, and some wizarding historians allege that the Queen's subsequent opposition to marriage was due to a jinx placed upon her by the thwarted Malfoy.

With that healthy degree of self-preservation that has characterised most of their actions over the centuries, once the Statute of Secrecy had passed into law the Malfoys ceased fraternising with Muggles, however well-born, and accepted that further opposition and protests could only distance them from the new heart of power: the newly created Ministry of Magic. They performed an abrupt volte-face, and became as vocally supportive of the Statute as any of those who had championed it from the beginning, hastening to deny that they had ever been on speaking (or marrying) terms with Muggles.

The substantial wealth at their disposal ensured them considerable (and much resented) influence at the Ministry for generations to come, though no Malfoy has ever aspired to the role of Minister for Magic. It is often said of the Malfoy family

that you will never find one at the scene of the crime, though their fingerprints might be all over the guilty wand. Independently wealthy, with no need to work for a living, they have generally preferred the role of power behind the throne, happy for others to do the donkey work and to take the responsibility for failure. They have helped finance many of their preferred candidates' election campaigns, which have (it is alleged) included paying for dirty work such as hexing the opposition.

The Malfoys' unfeigned contempt for all Muggles who could not offer them jewels or influence, and for the majority of their fellow wizards, drew them naturally towards the pure-blood doctrine, which seemed for several years in the twentieth century to be their likeliest source of untrammelled power. From the imposition of the Statute of Secrecy onwards, no Malfoy has married a Muggle or Muggle-born. The family has, however, eschewed the somewhat dangerous practice of intermarrying within such a small pool of pure-bloods that they become enfeebled or unstable, unlike a small minority of fanatic families such as the Gaunts and Lestranges, and many a half-blood appears on the Malfoy family tree.

Notable Malfoys of past generations include the fourteenth-century Nicholas Malfoy, who is believed to have dispatched many a fractious Muggle tenant under the guise of the Black Death, though escaping censure by the Wizards' Council; Septimus Malfoy, who was greatly influential at the Ministry in the late eighteenth century, many claiming that Minister for Magic Unctuous Osbert was little more than his puppet; and Abraxas Malfoy, who was widely believed to be part of the shady plot that saw the first Muggle-born Minister (Nobby Leach) leave his post prematurely in 1968 (nothing was ever proven against Malfoy).

Abraxas's son, Lucius, achieved notoriety as one of Lord Voldemort's Death Eaters, though he successfully evaded prison after both of Lord Voldemort's attempted coups. On the first occasion, he claimed to have been acting under the

Imperius Curse (though many claimed he called in favours from high-placed Ministry officials); on the second occasion, he provided evidence against fellow Death Eaters and helped ensure the capture of many of Lord Voldemort's followers who had fled into hiding.



## Draco Malfoy

The first time Harry meets Draco, Draco boasts about bullying his father into buying him a racing broom, declares his Slytherin allegiance, and proudly echoes the Malfoy's pure-blood beliefs, seemingly without any concern about what Harry or any other bystander might think.

*'I really don't think they should let the other sort in, do you? They're just not the same, they've never been brought up to know our ways. Some of them have never even heard of Hogwarts until they get the letter, imagine. I think they should keep it in the old wizarding families.'*

Even as he stands on one of Madam Malkin's dress-making stools as an eleven-year-old schoolboy, Draco's focus is on money and pride, power and status. Basically, he is a typical home-grown Malfoy: cold, arrogant, and with a sneer to rival his father's.

Of course, this attitude only becomes more pronounced throughout his Hogwarts years, and the mutual animosity between

Draco and Harry grows steadily alongside it.

Yet – Draco was born a Malfoy, so could he really have turned out any different? In the play *Harry Potter and the Cursed Child* (first performed in 2016, after the following article was written) we meet Draco as an adult. He has been chastened by his experiences and softened (slightly) by raising his son Scorpius. Draco reveals how lonely he'd been as a child, and how much he'd envied Harry's friendships. Because it couldn't have been easy, being the only child of blood-status-obsessed parents. And what would it do to you, being brought up in a household that Voldemort himself felt comfortable enough to use as Headquarters?

For all his meanness, Draco's story has always seemed more complicated than his superior, slippery surface would suggest. So, let's look beneath that surface.



**Draco Malfoy grew up** as an only child at Malfoy Manor, the magnificent mansion in Wiltshire which had been in his family's possession for many centuries. From the time when he could talk, it was made clear to him that he was triply special: firstly as a wizard, secondly as a pure-blood, and thirdly as a member of the Malfoy family.

Draco was raised in an atmosphere of regret that the Dark Lord had not succeeded in taking command of the wizarding community, although he was prudently reminded that such sentiments ought not to be expressed outside the small circle of the family and their close friends 'or Daddy might get into trouble'. In childhood, Draco associated mainly with the pure-blood children of his father's ex-Death Eater cronies, and therefore arrived at Hogwarts with a small gang of friends already made, including Theodore Nott and Vincent Crabbe.

Like every other child of Harry Potter's age, Draco heard stories of the Boy Who Lived through his youth. Many different theories had been in circulation for years as to how Harry survived what should have been a lethal attack, and one of the most persistent was that Harry himself was a great Dark wizard. The fact that he had been removed from the wizarding community seemed (to wishful thinkers) to support this view, and Draco's father, wily Lucius Malfoy, was one of those who subscribed most eagerly to the theory. It was comforting to think that he, Lucius, might be in for a second chance of world domination, should this Potter boy prove to be another, and greater, pure-blood champion. It was, therefore, in the knowledge that he was doing nothing of which his father would disapprove, and in the hope that he might be able to relay some interesting news home, that Draco Malfoy offered Harry Potter his hand when he realised who he was on the Hogwarts Express. Harry's refusal of Draco's friendly overtures, and the fact that he had already formed an allegiance to Ron Weasley, whose family is anathema to the Malfoys, turns Malfoy against him at once. Draco realised, correctly, that the wild hopes of the ex-Death Eaters – that Harry Potter was another, and better, Voldemort – are completely unfounded, and their mutual enmity is assured from that point.

Much of Draco's behaviour at school was modelled on the most impressive person he knew – his father – and he faithfully copied Lucius's cold and contemptuous manner to everyone outside his inner circle. Having recruited a second henchman (Crabbe being already in position pre-Hogwarts) on the train to school, the less physically imposing Malfoy used Crabbe and Goyle as a combination of henchman and bodyguard throughout his six years of school life.

Draco's feelings for Harry were always based, in a great part, on envy. Though he never sought fame, Harry was unquestionably the most talked-about and admired person at school, and this naturally jarred with a boy who had been brought up to believe that he occupied an almost royal position

within the wizarding community. What was more, Harry was most talented at flying, the one skill at which Malfoy had been confident he would outshine all the other first-years. The fact that the Potions master, Snape, had a soft spot for Malfoy, and despised Harry, was only slight compensation.

Draco resorted to many different dirty tactics in his perpetual quest to get under Harry's skin, or discredit him in the eyes of others including, but not limited to, telling lies about him to the press, manufacturing insulting badges to wear about him, attempting to curse him from behind, and dressing up as one of the Dementors (to which Harry had shown himself particularly vulnerable). However, Malfoy had his own moments of humiliation at Harry's hands, notably on the Quidditch pitch, and never forgot the shame of being turned into a bouncing ferret by a Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher.

While many people thought that Harry Potter, who had witnessed the Dark Lord's rebirth, was a liar or a fantasist, Draco Malfoy was one of the few who knew that Harry was telling the truth. His own father had felt his Dark Mark burn and had flown to rejoin the Dark Lord, witnessing Harry and Voldemort's graveyard duel.

The discussions of these events at Malfoy Manor gave rise to conflicting sensations in Draco Malfoy. On the one hand, he was thrilled by the secret knowledge that Voldemort had returned, and that what his father had always described as the family's glory days were back once more. On the other, the whispered discussions about the way that Harry had, again, evaded the Dark Lord's attempts to kill him, caused Draco further twinges of anger and envy. Much as the Death Eaters disliked Harry as an obstacle and as a symbol, he was discussed seriously as an adversary, whereas Draco was still relegated to the status of schoolboy by Death Eaters who met at his parents' house. Though they were on opposing sides of the gathering battle, Draco felt envious of Harry's status. He cheered himself up by imagining Voldemort's triumph, seeing his family honoured under a new regime, and he himself feted at

Hogwarts as the important and impressive son of Voldemort's second-in-command.

School life took an upturn in Draco's fifth year. Although forbidden to discuss at Hogwarts what he had heard at home, Draco took pleasure in petty triumphs: he was a Prefect (and Harry was not) and Dolores Umbridge, the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, seemed to loathe Harry quite as much as he did. He became a member of Dolores Umbridge's Inquisitorial Squad, and made it his business to try and discover what Harry and a gang of disparate students were up to, as they formed and trained, in secret, as the forbidden organisation, Dumbledore's Army. However, at the very moment of triumph, when Draco had cornered Harry and his comrades, and when it seemed that Harry must be expelled by Umbridge, Harry slipped through his fingers. Worse still, Harry managed to thwart Lucius Malfoy's attempt to kill him, and Draco's father was captured and sent to Azkaban.

Draco's world now fell apart. From having been, as he and his father had believed, on the cusp of authority and prestige such as they had never known before, his father was taken from the family home and imprisoned, far away, in the fearsome wizard prison guarded by Dementors. Lucius had been Draco's role model and hero since birth. Now he and his mother were pariahs among the Death Eaters; Lucius was a failure and discredited in the eyes of the furious Lord Voldemort.

Draco's existence had been cloistered and protected until this point; he had been a privileged boy with little to trouble him, assured of his status in the world and with his head full of petty concerns. Now, with his father gone and his mother distraught and afraid, he had to assume a man's responsibilities.

Worse was to come. Voldemort, seeking to punish Lucius Malfoy still further for the botched capture of Harry, demanded that Draco perform a task so difficult that he would almost certainly fail – and pay with his life. Draco was to murder Albus Dumbledore – how, Voldemort did not trouble to say. Draco was to be left to his own initiative and Narcissa guessed,

correctly, that her son was being set up to fail by a wizard who was devoid of pity and could not tolerate failure.

Furious at the world that seemed suddenly to have turned on his father, Draco accepted full membership of the Death Eaters and agreed to perform the murder Voldemort ordered. At this early stage, full of the desire for revenge and to return his father to Voldemort's favour, Draco barely comprehended what he was being asked to do. All he knew was that Dumbledore represented everything his imprisoned father disliked; Draco managed, quite easily, to convince himself that he, too, thought the world would be a better place without the Hogwarts Headmaster, around whom opposition to Voldemort had always rallied.

In thrall to the idea of himself as a real Death Eater, Draco set off for Hogwarts with a burning sense of purpose. Gradually, however, as he found that his task was much more difficult than he had anticipated, and after he had come close to accidentally killing two other people instead of Dumbledore, Draco's nerve began to fail. With the threat of harm to his family and himself hanging over him, he began to crumble under the pressure. The ideas that Draco had about himself, and his place in the world, were disintegrating. All his life, he had idolised a father who advocated violence and was not afraid to use it himself, and now that his son discovered in himself a distaste for murder, he felt it to be a shameful failing. Even so, he could not free himself from his conditioning: he repeatedly refused the assistance of Severus Snape, because he was afraid that Snape would attempt to steal his 'glory'.

Voldemort and Snape underestimated Draco. He proved adept at Occlumency (the magical art of repelling attempts to read the mind), which was essential for the undercover work he had undertaken. After two doomed attempts on Dumbledore's life, Draco succeeded in his ingenious plan to introduce a whole group of Death Eaters into Hogwarts, with the result that Dumbledore was, indeed, killed – though not by Draco's hand.

Even when faced with a weak and wandless Dumbledore, Draco found himself unable to deliver the coup de grâce because, in spite of himself, he was touched by Dumbledore's kindness and pity for his would-be killer. Snape subsequently covered for Draco, lying to Voldemort about Draco lowering his wand prior to his own arrival at the top of the Astronomy Tower; Snape emphasised Draco's skill in introducing the Death Eaters into the school, and cornering Dumbledore for him, Snape, to kill.

When Lucius was freed from Azkaban shortly afterwards, the family was allowed to return to Malfoy Manor with their lives. However, they were now completely discredited. From dreams of the highest status under Voldemort's new regime, the Malfoys found themselves the lowest in the ranks of the Death Eaters; weaklings and failures, to whom Voldemort was henceforth derisive and contemptuous.

Draco's changed, yet still conflicted, personality revealed itself in his actions during the remainder of the war between Voldemort and those who were trying to stop him. Although Draco had still not rid himself of the hope of returning the family to their former high position, his inconveniently awakened conscience led him to try – half-heartedly, perhaps, but arguably as best he could in the circumstances – to save Harry from Voldemort when the former was captured and dragged to Malfoy Manor. During the final battle at Hogwarts however, Malfoy made yet another attempt to capture Harry and thereby save his parents' prestige, and possibly their lives. Whether he could have brought himself to actually hand over Harry is a moot point; I suspect that, as with his attempted murder of Dumbledore, he would again have found the reality of bringing about another person's death much more difficult in practice than in theory.

Draco survived Voldemort's siege of Hogwarts because Harry and Ron saved his life. Following the battle, his father evaded prison by providing evidence against fellow Death

Eaters, helping to ensure the capture of many of Lord Voldemort's followers who had fled into hiding.

The events of Draco's late teens forever changed his life. He had had the beliefs with which he had grown up challenged in the most frightening way: he had experienced terror and despair, seen his parents suffer for their allegiance, and had witnessed the crumbling of all that his family had believed in. People whom Draco had been raised, or else had learned, to hate, such as Dumbledore, had offered him help and kindness, and Harry Potter had given him his life. After the events of the second wizarding war, Lucius found his son as affectionate as ever, but refusing to follow the same old pure-blood line.

Draco married the younger sister of a fellow Slytherin. Astoria Greengrass, who had gone through a similar (though less violent and frightening) conversion from pure-blood ideals to a more tolerant life view, was felt by Narcissa and Lucius to be something of a disappointment as a daughter-in-law. They had had high hopes of a girl whose family featured on the 'Sacred Twenty-Eight', but as Astoria refused to raise their grandson Scorpius in the belief that Muggles were scum, family gatherings were often fraught with tension.

## Author's Note

When the series begins, Draco is, in almost every way, the archetypal bully. With the unquestioning belief in his own superior status he has imbibed from his pure-blood parents, he initially offers Harry friendship on the assumption that the offer needs only to be made to be accepted. The wealth of his family stands in contrast to the poverty of the Weasleys; this too, is a source of pride to Draco, even though the Weasleys' blood credentials are identical to his own.

Everybody recognises Draco because everybody has known somebody like him. Such people's belief in their own superiority can be infuriating, laughable or intimidating,

depending on the circumstances in which one meets them. Draco succeeds in provoking all of these feelings in Harry, Ron and Hermione at one time or another.

My British editor questioned the fact that Draco was so accomplished at Occlumency, which Harry (for all his ability in producing a Patronus so young) never mastered. I argued that it was perfectly consistent with Draco's character that he would find it easy to shut down emotion, to compartmentalise, and to deny essential parts of himself. Dumbledore tells Harry, at the end of *Order of the Phoenix*, that it is an essential part of his humanity that he can feel such pain; with Draco, I was attempting to show that the denial of pain and the suppression of inner conflict can only lead to a damaged person (who is much more likely to inflict damage on other people).

Draco never realises that he becomes, for the best part of a year, the true owner of the Elder Wand. It is as well that he does not, partly because the Dark Lord is skilled in Legilimency, and would have killed Draco in a heartbeat if he had had an inkling of the truth, but also because, his latent conscience notwithstanding, Draco remains prey to all the temptations that he has been taught to admire – violence and power among them.

I pity Draco, just as I feel sorry for Dudley. Being raised by either the Malfoys or the Dursleys would be a very damaging experience, and Draco undergoes dreadful trials as a direct result of his family's misguided principles. However, the Malfoys do have a saving grace: they love each other. Draco is motivated quite as much by fear of something happening to his parents as to himself, while Narcissa risks everything when she lies to Voldemort at the end of *Deathly Hallows* and tells him that Harry is dead, merely so that she can get to her son.

For all this, Draco remains a person of dubious morality in the seven published books, and I have often had cause to remark on how unnerved I have been by the number of girls who fell for this particular fictional character (although I do not discount the appeal of Tom Felton, who plays Draco brilliantly

in the films and, ironically, is about the nicest person you could meet). Draco has all the dark glamour of the anti-hero; girls are very apt to romanticise such people. All of this left me in the unenviable position of pouring cold common sense on ardent readers' daydreams as I told them, rather severely, that Draco was not concealing a heart of gold under all that sneering and prejudice and that no, he and Harry were not destined to end up best friends.

I imagine that Draco grew up to lead a modified version of his father's existence; independently wealthy, without any need to work, Draco inhabits Malfoy Manor with his wife and son. I see in his hobbies further confirmation of his dual nature. The collection of Dark artefacts harks back to family history, even though he keeps them in glass cases and does not use them. However, his strange interest in alchemical manuscripts, from which he never attempts to make a Philosopher's Stone, hints at a wish for something other than wealth, perhaps even the wish to be a better man. I have high hopes that he will raise Scorpius to be a much kinder and more tolerant Malfoy than he was in his own youth.

Draco had many surnames before I settled on 'Malfoy'. At various times in the earliest drafts he is Smart, Spinks or Spungen. His Christian name comes from a constellation – the dragon – and yet his wand core is of unicorn.

This was symbolic. There is, after all – and at the risk of re-kindling unhealthy fantasies – some unextinguished good at the heart of Draco.



Pure-Blood

The Malfoys might believe themselves to be special, but they are – unfortunately – by no means the only wizarding world family obsessed with blood status. When the Chamber of Secrets is opened during Harry’s second year at Hogwarts, it is revealed that Salazar Slytherin (founder of the Hogwarts House) had been one of the first to espouse the pure-blood line of thinking.

Thousands of years later, Slytherin’s House continues to accept only students that fit his criteria. The Sorting Hat routinely sings about Slytherin’s focus on students with the purest ancestry, and many (although not all) members of the Sacred Twenty-Eight families find their place in Slytherin House.

But who exactly are the Sacred Twenty-Eight? The time has come to pull down that Pure-Blood Directory and find out more about the ideology that so influences the Malfoys and others.



**The term ‘pure-blood’ refers** to a family or individual without Muggle (non-magic) blood. The concept is generally associated with Salazar Slytherin, one of the four founders of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, whose aversion to teaching anybody of Muggle parentage eventually led to a breach with his three fellow founders, and his resignation from the school.

Slytherin’s discrimination on the basis of parentage was considered an unusual and misguided view by the majority of wizards at the time. Contemporary literature suggests that Muggle-borns were not only accepted, but often considered to be particularly gifted. They went by the affectionate name of ‘Magbobs’ (there has been much debate about the origin of the term, but it seems most likely to be that in such a case, magic ‘bobbed up’ out of nowhere).

Magical opinion underwent something of a shift after the International Statute of Secrecy became effective in 1692, when

the magical community went into voluntary hiding following persecution by Muggles. This was a traumatic time for witches and wizards, and marriages with Muggles dropped to their lowest level ever known, mainly because of fears that intermarriage would lead inevitably to discovery, and, consequently, to a serious infraction of wizarding law.<sup>1</sup>

Under such conditions of uncertainty, fear and resentment, the pure-blood doctrine began to gain followers. As a general rule, those who adopted it were also those who had most strenuously opposed the International Statute of Secrecy, advocating instead for outright war on the Muggles. Increasing numbers of wizards now preached that marriage with a Muggle did not merely risk a possible breach of the new Statute, but that it was shameful, unnatural and would lead to 'contamination' of magical blood.<sup>2</sup>

As Muggle/wizard marriage had been common for centuries, those now self-describing as pure-bloods were unlikely to have any higher proportion of wizarding ancestors than those who did not. To call oneself a pure-blood was more accurately a declaration of political or social intent ('I will not marry a Muggle and I consider Muggle/wizard marriage reprehensible') than a statement of biological fact.

Several works of dubious scholarship, published around the early eighteenth century and drawing partly on the writings of Salazar Slytherin himself, make reference to supposed indicators of pure-blood status, aside from the family tree. The most commonly cited signs were: onset of magical ability before the age of three, early (before aged seven) prowess on a broomstick, dislike or fear of pigs and those who tend them (the pig is often considered a particularly non-magical animal and is notoriously difficult to charm), resistance to common childhood illnesses, outstanding physical attractiveness and an aversion to Muggles observable even in the pure-blood baby, which supposedly shows signs of fear and disgust in their presence.

Successive studies produced by the Department of Mysteries have proven that these supposed hallmarks of pure-blood status have no basis in fact. Nevertheless, many pure-bloods continue to cite them as evidence of their own higher status within the wizarding community.

In the early 1930s, a 'Pure-Blood Directory' was published anonymously in Britain, which listed the twenty-eight truly pure-blood families, as judged by the unknown authority who had written the book<sup>3</sup>, with 'the aim of helping such families maintain the purity of their bloodlines'. The so-called 'Sacred Twenty-Eight' comprised the families of:

- Abbott
- Avery
- Black
- Bulstrode
- Burke
- Carrow
- Crouch
- Fawley
- Flint
- Gaunt
- Greengrass
- Lestrangle
- Longbottom
- Macmillan
- Malfoy
- Nott
- Ollivander
- Parkinson
- Prewett
- Rosier
- Rowle
- Selwyn
- Shackebolt

- Shafiq
- Slughorn
- Travers
- Weasley
- Yaxley

A minority of these families publicly deplored their inclusion on the list, declaring that their ancestors certainly included Muggles, a fact of which they were not ashamed. Most vocally indignant was the numerous Weasley family, which, in spite of its connections with almost every old wizarding family in Britain, was proud of its ancestral ties to many interesting Muggles. Their protests earned these families the opprobrium of advocates of the pure-blood doctrine, and the epithet ‘blood traitor’. Meanwhile, a larger number of families were protesting that they were not on the pure-blood list.



Let’s put that Pure-Blood Directory back on the shelf and move on to a far less dubious topic. Now, the following fascinating subject has been the focus of much more rigorous academic attention – even if it is (mostly) academic attention from one highly skilled wandmaker.

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1. Over subsequent decades and centuries, the number of mixed marriages began to climb again to the healthy levels of today, and this has not led to widespread discovery of the hidden magical community. Professor Mordicus Egg, author of *The Philosophy of the Mundane: Why the Muggles Prefer Not to Know*, points out that Muggles in love generally do not betray their husbands or wives, and Muggles who fall out of love are jeered at by their own community when they assert that their estranged partner is a witch or wizard.

2. In fact, the reverse appears to be true. Where families adhered consistently to the practice of marrying within a very small group of fellow witches and wizards, mental and physical instability and weakness seemed to result.

3. Widely believed to be Cantankerus Nott.

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– CHAPTER THREE –

## Wands

As the UK's pre-eminent wandmaker, Mr Garrick Ollivander's skill, expertise and fascination with wandlore means he almost single-handedly supplies the wands for our favourite Harry Potter characters. Although to hear Ollivander tell it, he isn't a wand salesman – more like a wand's middleman. After all, as he says to Harry, '...it's really the wand that chooses the wizard.'

Ollivander is memorably introduced in *Philosopher's Stone*. Harry's experience in his shabby but magical wandmaking shop foreshadows a lot of what is to come. It is obviously where Harry acquires the wand that goes on to save his life on numerous occasions – 'holly and phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple' – and it is also where he learns that his wand shares a core with Voldemort's. Both contain a feather from the same phoenix. A few years later, Harry learns that the phoenix in question is Dumbledore's own Fawkes, and the wands' twin cores become highly significant.

The connection between Harry's wand and Voldemort's might be particularly rare, but every wand sold in Ollivander's shop is unique. So just what is it that makes an Ollivander wand so very special? It seems only Mr Ollivander himself, with his one-of-a-kind perspective about the mysteries of wand-making, can even begin to explain.



## Mr Ollivander

But before we get ahead of ourselves, let's meet Mr Ollivander. We'll start right where Harry does – in Ollivander's gloomy shop, full of narrow boxes and secret magic, empty but for 'a single spindly chair.'

These premises in Diagon Alley bear the legend *Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 BC* in peeling gold letters, so it's fair to say his is a long-established family business. And every family has a story.



**The family of Ollivander** has long been associated with the mysterious profession of wandcraft. It is said that the name means 'he who owns the olive wand', which suggests that the original Ollivander arrived in Britain from a Mediterranean country (olive trees not being native to the UK). Mr Ollivander himself believes that his earliest forebears in this country arrived with the Romans, and set up stall (subsequently shop) to sell to ancient British wizards whose wands were of crude construction and unreliable in performance.

Mr Ollivander is arguably the finest maker of wands in the world, and many foreigners travel to London to purchase one of his wands in preference to those on offer in their native lands. Mr Ollivander grew up in the family business, in which he showed precocious talent. He had the ambition of improving

upon the cores and wand woods hitherto used, and from his earliest days conceived a single-minded, even fanatical, determination in his pursuit of the ideal wand.

Prior to Mr Ollivander's proprietorship of the family business, wizards used a wide variety of wand cores. A customer would often present the wandmaker with a magical substance to which they were attached, or had inherited, or by which their family swore (hinted at by the core of Fleur Delacour's wand). Mr Ollivander, however, was a purist who insisted that the best wands would never be produced merely by encasing the whiskers of a favourite Kneazle (or the stalk of a Dittany plant that once saved a wizard's father from poisoning, or the mane of a kelpie a witch had once met on holiday in Scotland) in the customer's favourite wood. The best wands, he believed, had cores of immensely powerful magical substances, which were expertly enclosed in specially selected and complementary wandwoods, the result to be matched to an owner with whom the wand itself felt the most affinity. While there was initially substantial resistance to this revolutionary way of crafting wands, it swiftly became clear that Ollivander wands were infinitely superior to anything that had come before. His methods of locating wand woods and core substances, marrying them together and matching them to ideal owners are all jealously guarded secrets that were coveted by rival wandmakers.



## Wand Cores

At the core of every wand is a magical substance. And if you are in possession of an Ollivander wand, that core will be one of only three things.

The first of these is unicorn hair. Ron Weasley was in possession of no less than two unicorn-hair wands during his time at Hogwarts – the one he arrived with, and the one he acquired after his original wand was destroyed by the Whomping Willow. Unicorn hair is also found in the wands of Cedric Diggory, Draco Malfoy and Neville Longbottom.

Next up is dragon heartstring, which is at the core of wands belonging to Viktor Krum, Lucius Malfoy, Bellatrix Lestrange, Peter Pettigrew and Hermione Granger (Mr Ollivander will expand on this very Death Eater-heavy list).

The third magical Ollivander substance – phoenix feather – is, as we've already seen, at the core of both Harry Potter and Voldemort's wands.

Other magical substances are available to use in wand creation. Those who recall Mr Ollivander's appearance at the Triwizard Tournament's Weighing of the Wands ceremony will remember that Beauxbatons student Fleur Delacour's wand contains a hair from the head of a Veela. Though such a substance will never be found in an Ollivander wand as the man himself explains...



**The following description of** the powers and properties of the three main wand cores used by Mr Garrick Ollivander is taken from his own notes.

“Early in my career, as I watched my wandmaker father wrestling with substandard wand core materials such as kelpie hair, I conceived the ambition to discover the finest cores and to

work only with those when my time came to take over the family business. This I have done. After much experimentation and research, I concluded that only three substances produce wands of the quality to which I am happy to give the illustrious name of Ollivander: unicorn hair, dragon heartstring and phoenix feather. Each of these costly and rare materials has its own distinct properties. The following represents a short summary of my research into each of the three Supreme Cores. Readers should bear in mind that each wand is the composite of its wood, its core and the experience and nature of its owner; that tendencies of each may counterbalance or outweigh the other; so this can only be a very general overview of an immensely complex subject.”

## Unicorn

Unicorn hair generally produces the most consistent magic, and is least subject to fluctuations and blockages. Wands with unicorn cores are generally the most difficult to turn to the Dark Arts. They are the most faithful of all wands, and usually remain strongly attached to their first owner, irrespective of whether he or she was an accomplished witch or wizard.

Minor disadvantages of unicorn hair are that they do not make the most powerful wands (although the wand wood may compensate) and that they are prone to melancholy if seriously mishandled, meaning that the hair may ‘die’ and need replacing.

## Dragon

As a rule, dragon heartstrings produce wands with the most power, and which are capable of the most flamboyant spells. Dragon wands tend to learn more quickly than other types.

While they can change allegiance if won from their original master, they always bond strongly with the current owner.

The dragon wand tends to be easiest to turn to the Dark Arts, though it will not incline that way of its own accord. It is also the most prone of the three cores to accidents, being somewhat temperamental.

## Phoenix

This is the rarest core type. Phoenix feathers are capable of the greatest range of magic, though they may take longer than either unicorn or dragon cores to reveal this. They show the most initiative, sometimes acting of their own accord, a quality that many witches and wizards dislike. Phoenix feather wands are always the pickiest when it comes to potential owners, for the creature from which they are taken is one of the most independent and detached in the world. These wands are the hardest to tame and to personalise, and their allegiance is usually hard won.



## Wand Woods

Ollivander may only use three magical substances to create his wand cores, but when it comes to wand woods, there are a lot of options. A forest-full, if you will.

From Acacia to Yew, the alphabetical list that follows expands on the pros and cons of every type of wand wood, including elm

(as found in Lucius Malfoy's), hawthorn (which the wand of Lucius's son, Draco, is made of) and oak (the wood used to create Hagrid's wand – you know, the one he hides in a pink umbrella after being expelled from Hogwarts.)

It's interesting to read Ollivander's descriptions of wand woods and think about how they relate to some of our favourite characters. Voldemort's wand is made of yew, for example, which Ollivander says will 'never choose [...] either a mediocre or a timid owner.' Holly, which Harry's own wand is made of, 'works most happily for those who may need help overcoming a tendency to anger and impetuosity.' And Ollivander's willow wands 'consistently selected those of greatest potential, rather than those who feel they have little to learn.' Both Harry's mother Lily and his best friend Ron have wands made of willow.

Other notable wand woods to look out for include cherry (Neville Longbottom's new wand, one of the last to be made by Ollivander before the wandmaker is kidnapped by Voldemort); vine (Hermione Granger's); and walnut (Bellatrix Lestrange's, the one Hermione unwillingly uses when impersonating her in *Deathly Hallows*).

With all that in mind, Mr Ollivander is readying himself for another wand-wood walk.



**The following description of** the powers and properties of various wand woods is taken from notes made, over a long career, by Mr Garrick Ollivander, widely considered the best wandmaker in the world. As will be seen, Mr Ollivander believes that wand wood has almost human powers of perception and preferences.

Mr Ollivander introduces his notes on wand woods thus:

“Every single wand is unique and will depend for its character on the particular tree and magical creature from which it derives its materials. Moreover, each wand, from the moment it finds its ideal owner, will begin to learn from and teach its human partner. Therefore, the following must be seen as general notes on each of the wood types I like to work with best, and ought not to be taken to describe any individual wand.

Only a minority of trees can produce wand-quality wood (just as a minority of humans can produce magic). It takes years of experience to tell which ones have the gift, although the job is made easier if Bowtruckles are found nesting in the leaves, as they never inhabit mundane trees.

The following notes on various wand woods should be regarded very much as a starting point, for this is the study of a lifetime, and I continue to learn with every wand I make and match.”

## Acacia

A very unusual wand wood, which I have found creates tricky wands that often refuse to produce magic for any but their owner, and also withhold their best effects from all but those most gifted. This sensitivity renders them difficult to place, and I keep only a small stock for those witches or wizards of sufficient subtlety, for acacia is not suited to what is commonly known as ‘bangs-and-smells’ magic. When well-matched, an acacia wand matches any for power, though it is often underrated due to the peculiarity of its temperament.

## Alder

Alder is an unyielding wood, yet I have discovered that its ideal owner is not stubborn or obstinate, but often helpful,

considerate and most likeable. Whereas most wand woods seek similarity in the characters of those they will best serve, alder is unusual in that it seems to desire a nature that is, if not precisely opposite to its own, then certainly of a markedly different type. When an alder wand is happily placed, it becomes a magnificent, loyal helpmate. Of all wand types, alder is best suited to non-verbal spell work, whence comes its reputation for being suitable only for the most advanced witches and wizards.

## Apple

Applewood wands are not made in great numbers. They are powerful and best suited to an owner of high aims and ideals, as this wood mixes poorly with Dark magic. It is said that the possessor of an apple wand will be well-loved and long-lived, and I have often noticed that customers of great personal charm find their perfect match in an applewood wand. An unusual ability to converse with other magical beings in their native tongues is often found among apple wand owners, who include the celebrated author of *Merpeople: A Comprehensive Guide to Their Language and Customs*, Dylan Marwood.

## Ash

The ash wand cleaves to its one true master and ought not to be passed on or gifted from the original owner, because it will lose power and skill. This tendency is extreme if the core is of unicorn. Old superstitions regarding wands rarely bear close examination, but I find that the old rhyme regarding rowan, chestnut, ash and hazel wands (rowan gossips, chestnut drones, ash is stubborn, hazel moans) contains a small nugget of truth. Those witches and wizards best suited to ash wands are not, in my experience, lightly swayed from their beliefs or purposes.

However, the brash or over-confident witch or wizard, who often insists on trying wands of this prestigious wood, will be disappointed by its effects. The ideal owner may be stubborn, and will certainly be courageous, but never crass or arrogant.

## Aspen

Wand-quality aspen wood is white and fine-grained, and highly prized by all wand-makers for its stylish resemblance to ivory and its usually outstanding charmwork. The proper owner of the aspen wand is often an accomplished duellist, or destined to be so, for the aspen wand is one of those particularly suited to martial magic. An infamous and secretive eighteenth-century duelling club, which called itself The Silver Spears, was reputed to admit only those who owned aspen wands. In my experience, aspen wand owners are generally strong-minded and determined, more likely than most to be attracted by quests and new orders; this is a wand for revolutionaries.

## Beech

The true match for a beech wand will be, if young, wise beyond his or her years, and if full-grown, rich in understanding and experience. Beech wands perform very weakly for the narrow-minded and intolerant. Such wizards and witches, having obtained a beech wand without having been suitably matched (yet coveting this most desirable, richly hued and highly prized wand wood), have often presented themselves at the homes of learned wandmakers such as myself, demanding to know the reason for their handsome wand's lack of power. When properly matched, the beech wand is capable of a subtlety and artistry rarely seen in any other wood, hence its lustrous reputation.

## Blackthorn

Blackthorn, which is a very unusual wand wood, has the reputation, in my view well-merited, of being best suited to a warrior. This does not necessarily mean that its owner practises the Dark Arts (although it is undeniable that those who do so will enjoy the blackthorn wand's prodigious power); one finds blackthorn wands among the Aurors as well as among the denizens of Azkaban. It is a curious feature of the blackthorn bush, which sports wicked thorns, that it produces its sweetest berries after the hardest frosts, and the wands made from this wood appear to need to pass through danger or hardship with their owners to become truly bonded. Given this condition, the blackthorn wand will become as loyal and faithful a servant as one could wish.

## Black Walnut

Less common than the standard walnut wand, that of black walnut seeks a master of good instincts and powerful insight. Black walnut is a very handsome wood, but not the easiest to master. It has one pronounced quirk, which is that it is abnormally attuned to inner conflict, and loses power dramatically if its possessor practises any form of self-deception. If the witch or wizard is unable or unwilling to be honest with themselves or others, the wand often fails to perform adequately and must be matched with a new owner if it is to regain its former prowess. Paired with a sincere, self-aware owner, however, it becomes one of the most loyal and impressive wands of all, with a particular flair in all kinds of charmwork.

## Cedar

Whenever I meet one who carries a cedar wand, I find strength of character and unusual loyalty. My father, Gervaise Ollivander, used always to say, 'you will never fool the cedar carrier,' and I agree: the cedar wand finds its perfect home where there is perspicacity and perception. I would go further than my father, however, in saying that I have never yet met the owner of a cedar wand whom I would care to cross, especially if harm is done to those of whom they are fond. The witch or wizard who is well-matched with cedar carries the potential to be a frightening adversary, which often comes as a shock to those who have thoughtlessly challenged them.

## Cherry

This very rare wand wood creates a wand of strange power, most highly prized by the wizarding students of the school of Mahoutokoro in Japan, where those who own cherry wands have special prestige. The Western wand-purchaser should dispel from their minds any notion that the pink blossom of the living tree makes for a frivolous or merely ornamental wand, for cherry wood often makes a wand that possesses truly lethal power, whatever the core, but if teamed with dragon heartstring, the wand ought never to be teamed with a wizard without exceptional self-control and strength of mind.

## Chestnut

This is a most curious, multi-faceted wood, which varies greatly in its character depending on the wand core, and takes a great deal of colour from the personality that possesses it. The wand of chestnut is attracted to witches and wizards who are skilled tamers of magical beasts, those who possess great gifts in Herbology, and those who are natural fliers. However, when paired with dragon heartstring, it may find its best match

among those who are overfond of luxury and material things, and less scrupulous than they should be about how they are obtained. Conversely, three successive heads of the Wizengamot have possessed chestnut and unicorn wands, for this combination shows a predilection for those concerned with all manner of justice.

## Cypress

Cypress wands are associated with nobility. The great medieval wandmaker, Geraint Ollivander, wrote that he was always honoured to match a cypress wand, for he knew he was meeting a witch or wizard who would die a heroic death. Fortunately, in these less blood-thirsty times, the possessors of cypress wands are rarely called upon to lay down their lives, though doubtless many of them would do so if required. Wands of cypress find their soul mates among the brave, the bold and the self-sacrificing: those who are unafraid to confront the shadows in their own and others' natures.

## Dogwood

Dogwood is one of my own personal favourites, and I have found that matching a dogwood wand with its ideal owner is always entertaining. Dogwood wands are quirky and mischievous; they have playful natures and insist upon partners who can provide them with scope for excitement and fun. It would be quite wrong, however, to deduce from this that dogwood wands are not capable of serious magic when called upon to do so; they have been known to perform outstanding spells under difficult conditions, and when paired with a suitably clever and ingenious witch or wizard, can produce dazzling enchantments. An interesting foible of many dogwood

wands is that they refuse to perform non-verbal spells and they are often rather noisy.

## Ebony

This jet-black wand wood has an impressive appearance and reputation, being highly suited to all manner of combative magic, and to Transfiguration. Ebony is happiest in the hand of those with the courage to be themselves. Frequently non-conformist, highly individual or comfortable with the status of outsider, ebony wand owners have been found both among the ranks of the Order of the Phoenix and among the Death Eaters. In my experience the ebony wand's perfect match is one who will hold fast to his or her beliefs, no matter what the external pressure, and will not be swayed lightly from their purpose.

## Elder

The rarest wand wood of all, and reputed to be deeply unlucky, the elder wand is trickier to master than any other. It contains powerful magic, but scorns to remain with any owner who is not the superior of his or her company; it takes a remarkable wizard to keep the elder wand for any length of time. The old superstition, 'wand of elder, never prosper,' has its basis in this fear of the wand, but in fact, the superstition is baseless, and those foolish wandmakers who refuse to work with elder do so more because they doubt they will be able to sell their products than from fear of working with this wood. The truth is that only a highly unusual person will find their perfect match in elder, and on the rare occasion when such a pairing occurs, I take it as certain that the witch or wizard in question is marked out for a special destiny. An additional fact that I have unearthed during my long years of study is that the

owners of elder wands almost always feel a powerful affinity with those chosen by rowan.

## Elm

The unfounded belief that only pure-bloods can produce magic from elm wands was undoubtedly started by some elm wand owner seeking to prove his own blood credentials, for I have known perfect matches of elm wands who are Muggle-borns. The truth is that elm wands prefer owners with presence, magical dexterity and a certain native dignity. Of all wand woods, elm, in my experience, produces the fewest accidents, the least foolish errors, and the most elegant charms and spells; these are sophisticated wands, capable of highly advanced magic in the right hands (which, again, makes it highly desirable to those who espouse the pure-blood philosophy).

## English Oak

A wand for good times and bad, this is a friend as loyal as the wizard who deserves it. Wands of English oak demand partners of strength, courage and fidelity. Less well-known is the propensity for owners of English oak wands to have powerful intuition, and, often, an affinity with the magic of the natural world, with the creatures and plants that are necessary to wizardkind for both magic and pleasure. The oak tree is called King of the Forest from the winter solstice up until the summer solstice, and its wood should only be collected during that time (holly becomes King as the days begin to shorten again, and so holly should only be gathered as the year wanes. This divide is believed to be the origin of the old superstition, 'When his wand's oak and hers is holly, then to marry would be folly,' a superstition that I have found baseless). It is said that

Merlin's wand was of English oak (though his grave has never been found, so this cannot be proven).

## Fir

My august grandfather, Gerbold Octavius Ollivander, always called wands of this wood 'the survivor's wand', because he had sold it to three wizards who subsequently passed through mortal peril unscathed. There is no doubt that this wood, coming as it does from the most resilient of trees, produces wands that demand staying power and strength of purpose in their true owners, and that they are poor tools in the hands of the changeable and indecisive. Fir wands are particularly suited to Transfiguration, and favour owners of focused, strong-minded and, occasionally, intimidating demeanour.

## Hawthorn

The wandmaker Gregorovitch wrote that hawthorn 'makes a strange, contradictory wand, as full of paradoxes as the tree that gave it birth, whose leaves and blossoms heal, and yet whose cut branches smell of death.' While I disagree with many of Gregorovitch's conclusions, we concur about hawthorn wands, which are complex and intriguing in their natures, just like the owners who best suit them. Hawthorn wands may be particularly suited to healing magic, but they are also adept at curses, and I have generally observed that the hawthorn wand seems most at home with a conflicted nature, or with a witch or wizard passing through a period of turmoil. Hawthorn is not easy to master, however, and I would only ever consider placing a hawthorn wand in the hands of a witch or wizard of proven talent, or the consequences might be dangerous. Hawthorn wands have a notable peculiarity: their spells can, when badly handled, backfire.

## Hazel

A sensitive wand, hazel often reflects its owner's emotional state, and works best for a master who understands and can manage their own feelings. Others should be very careful handling a hazel wand if its owner has recently lost their temper, or suffered a serious disappointment, because the wand will absorb such energy and discharge it unpredictably. The positive aspect of a hazel wand more than makes up for such minor discomforts, however, for it is capable of outstanding magic in the hands of the skilful, and is so devoted to its owner that it often 'wilts' (which is to say, it expels all its magic and refuses to perform, often necessitating the extraction of the core and its insertion into another casing, if the wand is still required) at the end of its master's life (if the core is unicorn hair, however, there is no hope; the wand will almost certainly have 'died'). Hazel wands also have the unique ability to detect water underground, and will emit silvery, tear-shaped puffs of smoke if passing over concealed springs and wells.

## Holly

Holly is one of the rarer kinds of wand woods; traditionally considered protective, it works most happily for those who may need help overcoming a tendency to anger and impetuosity. At the same time, holly wands often choose owners who are engaged in some dangerous and often spiritual quest. Holly is one of those woods that varies most dramatically in performance depending on the wand core, and it is a notoriously difficult wood to team with phoenix feather, as the wood's volatility conflicts strangely with the phoenix's detachment. In the unusual event of such a pairing finding its ideal match, however, nothing and nobody should stand in their way.

## Hornbeam

My own wand is made of hornbeam, and so it is with all due modesty that I state that hornbeam selects for its life mate the talented witch or wizard with a single, pure passion, which some might call obsession (though I prefer the term 'vision'), which will almost always be realised. Hornbeam wands adapt more quickly than almost any other to their owner's style of magic, and will become so personalised, so quickly, that other people will find them extremely difficult to use even for the most simple of spells. Hornbeam wands likewise absorb their owner's code of honour, whatever that might be, and will refuse to perform acts – whether for good or ill – that do not tally with their master's principles. A particularly fine-tuned and sentient wand.

## Larch

Strong, durable and warm in colour, larch has long been valued as an attractive and powerful wand wood. Its reputation for instilling courage and confidence in the user has ensured that demand has always outstripped supply. This much sought-after wand is, however, hard to please in the matter of ideal owners, and trickier to handle than many imagine. I find that it always creates wands of hidden talents and unexpected effects, which likewise describes the master who deserves it. It is often the case that the witch or wizard who belongs to the larch wand may never realise the full extent of their considerable talents until paired with it, but that they will then make an exceptional match.

## Laurel

It is said that a laurel wand cannot perform a dishonourable act, although in the quest for glory (a not uncommon goal for those best suited to these wands), I have known laurel wands perform powerful and sometimes lethal magic. Laurel wands are sometimes called fickle, but this is unfair. The laurel wand seems unable to tolerate laziness in a possessor, and it is in such conditions that it is most easily and willingly won away. Otherwise, it will cleave happily to its first match forever, and indeed has the unusual and engaging attribute of issuing a spontaneous lightning strike if another witch or wizard attempts to steal it.

## Maple

I have often found that those chosen by maple wands are by nature travellers and explorers; they are not stay-at-home wands, and prefer ambition in their witch or wizard, otherwise their magic grows heavy and lacklustre. Fresh challenges and regular changes of scene cause this wand to literally shine, burnishing itself as it grows, with its partner, in ability and status. This is a beautiful and desirable wood, and wand-quality maple has been among the most costly for centuries. Possession of a maple wand has long been a mark of status, because of its reputation as the wand of high achievers.

## Pear

This golden-toned wood produces wands of splendid magical powers, which give of their best in the hands of the warm-hearted, the generous and the wise. Possessors of pear wands are, in my experience, usually popular and well-respected. I do not know of a single instance where a pear wand has been discovered in the possession of a Dark witch or wizard. Pear wands are among the most resilient, and I have often observed

that they may still present a remarkable appearance of newness, even after many years of hard use.

## Pine

The straight-grained pine wand always chooses an independent, individual master who may be perceived as a loner, intriguing and perhaps mysterious. Pine wands enjoy being used creatively, and unlike some others, will adapt unprotestingly to new methods and spells. Many wandmakers insist that pine wands are able to detect, and perform best for, owners who are destined for long lives, and I can confirm this in as much as I have never personally known the master of a pine wand to die young. The pine wand is one of those that is most sensitive to non-verbal magic.

## Poplar

‘If you seek integrity, search first among the poplars,’ was a great maxim of my grandfather, Gerbold Ollivander, and my own experience of poplar wands and their owners tallies exactly with his. Here is a wand to rely upon, of consistency, strength and uniform power, always happiest when working with a witch or wizard of clear moral vision. There is a tired old joke among lesser wandmakers that no poplar wand has ever chosen a politician, but here they show their lamentable ignorance: two of the Ministry’s most accomplished Ministers for Magic, Eldritch Diggory and Evangeline Orpington, were the possessors of fine, Ollivander-made poplar wands.

## Red Oak

You will often hear the ignorant say that red oak is an infallible sign of its owner's hot temper. In fact, the true match for a red oak wand is possessed of unusually fast reactions, making it a perfect duelling wand. Less common than English oak, I have found that its ideal master is light of touch, quick-witted and adaptable, often the creator of distinctive, trademark spells, and a good man or woman to have beside one in a fight. Red oak wands are, in my opinion, among the most handsome.

## Redwood

Wand-quality redwood is in short supply, yet constant demand, due to its reputation for bringing good fortune to its owner. As is usually the case with wandlore, the general populace has the truth back to front: redwood wands are not themselves lucky, but are strongly attracted to witches and wizards who already possess the admirable ability to fall on their feet, to make the right choice, to snatch advantage from catastrophe. The combination of such a witch or wizard with a redwood wand is always intriguing, and I generally expect to hear of exciting exploits when I send this special pairing out from my workshop.

## Rowan

Rowan wood has always been much-favoured for wands, because it is reputed to be more protective than any other, and in my experience renders all manner of defensive charms especially strong and difficult to break. It is commonly stated that no dark witch or wizard ever owned a rowan wand, and I cannot recall a single instance where one of my own rowan wands has gone on to do evil in the world. Rowan is most happily placed with the clear-headed and the pure-hearted, but this reputation for virtue ought not to fool anyone – these

wands are the equal of any, often the better, and frequently outperform others in duels.

## Silver Lime

This unusual and highly attractive wand wood was greatly in vogue in the nineteenth century. Demand outstripped supply, and unscrupulous wandmakers dyed substandard woods in an effort to fool purchasers into believing that they had purchased silver lime. The reasons for these wands' desirability lay not only in their unusually handsome appearance, but also because they had a reputation for performing best for Seers and those skilled in Legilimency, mysterious arts both, which consequently gave the possessor of a silver lime wand considerable status. When demand was at its height, wandmaker Arturo Cephalopos claimed that the association between silver lime and clairvoyance was 'a falsehood circulated by merchants like Gerbold Ollivander (my own grandfather), who have overstocked their workshops with silver lime and hope to shift their surplus.' But Cephalopos was a slipshod wandmaker and an ignoramus, and nobody, Seer or not, was surprised when he went out of business.

## Spruce

Unskilled wandmakers call spruce a difficult wood, but in doing so they reveal their own ineptitude. It is quite true that it requires particular deftness to work with spruce, which produces wands that are ill-matched with cautious or nervous natures, and become positively dangerous in fumbling fingers. The spruce wand requires a firm hand, because it often appears to have its own ideas about what magic it ought to be called upon to produce. However, when a spruce wand meets its match – which, in my experience, is a bold spell-caster with a

good sense of humour – it becomes a superb helper, intensely loyal to their owners and capable of producing particularly flamboyant and dramatic effects.

## Sycamore

The sycamore makes a questing wand, eager for new experiences and losing brilliance if engaged in mundane activities. It is a quirk of these handsome wands that they may combust if allowed to become ‘bored’, and many witches and wizards, settling down into middle age, are disconcerted to find their trusty wand bursting into flame in their hand as they ask it, one more time, to fetch their slippers. As may be deduced, the sycamore’s ideal owner is curious, vital and adventurous, and when paired with such an owner, it demonstrates a capacity to learn and adapt that earns it a rightful place among the world’s most highly-prized wand woods.

## Vine

The druids considered anything with a woody stem as a tree, and vine makes wands of such a special nature that I have been happy to continue their ancient tradition. Vine wands are among the less common types, and I have been intrigued to notice that their owners are nearly always those witches or wizards who seek a greater purpose, who have a vision beyond the ordinary and who frequently astound those who think they know them best. Vine wands seem strongly attracted by personalities with hidden depths, and I have found them more sensitive than any other when it comes to instantly detecting a prospective match. Reliable sources claim that these wands can emit magical effects upon the mere entrance into their room of a suitable owner, and I have twice observed the phenomenon in my own shop.

## Walnut

Highly intelligent witches and wizards ought to be offered a walnut wand for trial first, because in nine cases out of ten, the two will find in each other their ideal mate. Walnut wands are often found in the hands of magical innovators and inventors; this is a handsome wood possessed of unusual versatility and adaptability. A note of caution, however: while some woods are difficult to dominate, and may resist the performance of spells that are foreign to their natures, the walnut wand will, once subjugated, perform any task its owner desires, provided that the user is of sufficient brilliance. This makes for a truly lethal weapon in the hands of a witch or wizard of no conscience, for the wand and the wizard may feed from each other in a particularly unhealthy manner.

## Willow

Willow is an uncommon wand wood with healing power, and I have noted that the ideal owner for a willow wand often has some (usually unwarranted) insecurity, however well they may try and hide it. While many confident customers insist on trying a willow wand (attracted by their handsome appearance and well-founded reputation for enabling advanced, non-verbal magic) my willow wands have consistently selected those of greatest potential, rather than those who feel they have little to learn. It has always been a proverb in my family that he who has furthest to travel will go fastest with willow.

## Yew

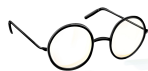
Yew wands are among the rarer kinds, and their ideal matches are likewise unusual, and occasionally notorious. The wand of yew is reputed to endow its possessor with the power

of life and death, which might, of course, be said of all wands; and yet yew retains a particularly dark and fearsome reputation in the spheres of duelling and all curses. However, it is untrue to say (as those unlearned in wandlore often do) that those who use yew wands are more likely to be attracted to the Dark Arts than another. The witch or wizard best suited to a yew wand might equally prove a fierce protector of others. Wands hewn from these most long-lived trees have been found in the possession of heroes quite as often as of villains. Where wizards have been buried with wands of yew, the wand generally sprouts into a tree guarding the dead owner's grave. What is certain, in my experience, is that the yew wand never chooses either a mediocre or a timid owner.



## Wand Lengths and Flexibility

In this, his last recorded treatise on wand types, Mr Ollivander notes that he rarely sells wands over fifteen inches. However, he speaks of 'a physical peculiarity' that leads one particular individual to require a larger wand than usual. Perhaps Ollivander is referring here to everyone's favourite half-giant, Hagrid. As Ollivander recalls in *Philosopher's Stone*, Hagrid's wand is 'Oak, sixteen inches, rather bendy.' So, it certainly meets the description.



**The following notes on** wand length and flexibility are taken from notes on the subject by Mr Garrick Ollivander,

wandmaker.

“Many wandmakers simply match the wand length to the size of the witch or wizard who will use it, but this is a crude measure, and fails to take into account many other, important considerations. In my experience, longer wands might suit taller wizards, but they tend to be drawn to bigger personalities, and those of a more spacious and dramatic style of magic. Neater wands favour more elegant and refined spell-casting. However, no single aspect of wand composition should be considered in isolation of all the others, and the type of wood, the core and the flexibility may either counterbalance or enhance the attributes of the wand’s length.

Most wands will be in the range of between nine and fourteen inches. While I have sold extremely short wands (eight inches and under) and very long wands (over fifteen inches), these are exceptionally rare. In the latter case, a physical peculiarity demanded the excessive wand length. However, abnormally short wands usually select those in whose character something is lacking, rather than because they are physically undersized (many small witches and wizards are chosen by longer wands).

Wand flexibility or rigidity denotes the degree of adaptability and willingness to change possessed by the wand-and-owner pair – although, again, this factor ought not to be considered separately from the wand wood, core and length, nor of the owner’s life experience and style of magic, all of which will combine to make the wand in question unique.”



When it comes to wands, there is no doubt Mr Ollivander knows his stuff. But as he tells Harry, wandlore is ‘a complex and mysterious branch of magic’. So, let’s leave him there, in his gloomy shop, to continue studying the deep, mystical connections that so clearly enthrall him.

Shut the door, shake off any dust that has settled, and let’s head back out to explore more of the everyday – but no less fascinating – magic of the wizarding world.

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– CHAPTER FOUR –

## How the Wizarding World Works

As with most things in life, the practice of magic in the wizarding world is shaped by certain rules. Generally, these are less opaque than Mr Ollivander’s ‘subtle laws’ of wand ownership, but that doesn’t mean they are always followed. After all, as Hogwarts’ put-upon caretaker Mr Filch would no doubt attest, the wizarding world has always had its fair share of rule-breakers.

The guiding principle behind most rules of magical engagement is the International Statute of Secrecy. Essentially, this means not doing magic in front of Muggles. This is why, when Ron and Harry are seen flying the enchanted Ford Anglia, it hits the front page of *The Evening Prophet* and leaves Mr Weasley facing an enquiry.

In some cases, the Ministry uses magic to regulate Statute-related laws and controls. One example is the Trace Charm, which detects any underage magic performed outside Hogwarts. But the Ministry can’t enforce everything. This is clearly evidenced by the fact that James Potter, Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew were able to transform into animals and run around Hogwarts without registering as Animagi, as they should have done. Yes, Mr Filch, the wizarding world has always had rulebreakers.

But not every rule needs to be enshrined in law, because magic has its own limitations. You can’t create food out of thin air, for example – as Ron discovers in *Deathly Hallows*, it’s one of the five exceptions to Gamp’s Law of Elemental Transfiguration. You also

can't use magic to bring someone back to life, and you can't make someone fall in love with you. Love potions exist, it's true, but even Amortentia can only cause what Professor Slughorn describes as 'infatuation or obsession'.

Finally, there are rules that are neither defined in law nor limited by magic. These are the codes of conduct (of a sort) Harry must learn when he enters the wizarding world, such as what to wear on formal occasions, and not to say Voldemort's name out loud.

It's a lot to learn. So, like Arthur Weasley taking apart that old Ford Anglia, let's get into the nuts and bolts.



## Extension Charms

Arthur Weasley may enjoy tinkering with Muggle artefacts, but he is still a wizard. And so, that rusty Ford Anglia ends up with some magical modifications. The ability to fly is one. Extra luggage space, created by the application of an Undetectable Extension Charm, is another.

Hermione later uses this same charm to enlarge her tiny, beaded evening bag, and without that must-have Horcrux-hunting accessory, Ron would have a lot more to moan about than lack of food. An Extension Charm is clearly a handy little spell – but does it have its limits?



**Hogwarts school trunks, like** the majority of wizarding luggage, are issued with capacity enhancing or Extension Charms as standard. These spells not only increase the interior dimensions of objects, while leaving the outer ones unchanged, they also render the contents lighter.

The Extension Charm ('Capacious extremis!') is advanced, but subject to strict control, because of its potential misuse. Theoretically, a hundred wizards could take up residence in a toilet cubicle if they were sufficiently adept at these spells; the potential for infractions of the International Statute of Secrecy are obvious. The Ministry of Magic has therefore laid down a strict rule that capacity enhancement is not for private use, but only for the production of objects (such as school trunks and family tents), which have been individually approved for manufacture by the relevant Ministry Department. Both Mr Weasley and Hermione Granger were acting unlawfully when they enhanced, respectively, the interior space of a Ford Anglia, and a small handbag. The former is now believed to be living wild in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts, and as the latter played no insignificant part in the defeat of the greatest Dark wizard of all time, no charges have been brought.



## Technology

In general, technology is one area where the wizarding world lags behind the Muggle community. Most of the things Muggles rely on technology for can be managed with magic, however, so it does not concern anyone very much. Yes, Arthur Weasley is fascinated by

Muggle machinery – and not just car engines; the man also collects plugs and batteries – but his enthusiasm is not typical.

Even if Muggle technology were to suddenly become widely popular, many devices wouldn't function in areas of high magical concentration. As Hermione explains to Ron and Harry, Muggle substitutes for magic, such as electricity and computers and radar, don't work at Hogwarts because there is too much magic in the air. It sends most Muggle tech haywire.

But this is not to say Muggle machinery has no place at all. As we'll see, some technologies have found favour outside Hogwarts, from the Weasleys' favourite radio broadcasts to Sirius's motorbike. What's so special about those particular technological advancements, then?



**When you can summon** any book, instrument or animal with a wave of the wand and the word *Accio!*; when you can communicate with friends and acquaintances by means of owl, fire, Patronus, Howler, enchanted objects such as coins, or Apparate to visit them in person; when your newspaper has moving pictures and everyday objects sometimes talk to you, then the internet does not seem a particularly exciting place. This is not to say that you will never find a witch or wizard surfing the net; merely that they will generally be doing so out of slightly condescending curiosity, or else doing research in the field of Muggle Studies.

While they have no need of mundane domestic objects such as dishwashers or vacuum cleaners, some members of the magical community are amused by Muggle television, and a few firebrand wizards even went so far, in the early eighties, as to start a British Wizarding Broadcasting Corporation, in the hope that they would be able to have their own television

channel. The project foundered at an early stage, as the Ministry of Magic refused to countenance the broadcasting of wizarding material on a Muggle device, which would (it was felt) almost guarantee serious breaches of the International Statute of Secrecy.

Some felt, and with justification, that this decision was inconsistent and unfair, as many radios have been legally modified by the wizarding community for their own use, which broadcast regular wizarding programmes. The Ministry conceded that Muggles frequently catch snippets of advice on, for instance, how to prune a Venomous Tentacula, or how best to remove gnomes from a cabbage bed, but argued that the radio-listening Muggle population seems altogether more tolerant, gullible, or less convinced of their own good sense, than Muggle TV viewers. Reasons for this anomaly are examined at length in Professor Mordicus Egg's *The Philosophy of the Mundane: Why the Muggles Prefer Not to Know*. Professor Egg argues cogently that Muggles are much more likely to believe they have misheard something than that they are hallucinating.

There is another reason for most wizards' avoidance of Muggle devices, and that is cultural. The magical community prides itself on the fact that it does not need the many (admittedly ingenious) devices that Muggles have created to enable them to do what can be so easily done by magic. To fill one's house with tumble dryers and telephones would be seen as an admission of magical inadequacy.

There is one major exception to the general magical aversion to Muggle technology, and that is the car (and, to a lesser extent, motorbikes and trains). Prior to the introduction of the International Statute of Secrecy, wizards and Muggles used the same kind of everyday transport: horse-drawn carts and sailing ships among them. The magical community was forced to abandon horse-drawn vehicles when they became glaringly outmoded. It is pointless to deny that wizardkind looked with great envy upon the speedy and comfortable automobiles that

began filling the roads in the twentieth century, and eventually even the Ministry of Magic bought a fleet of cars, modifying them with various useful charms and enjoying them very much indeed. Many wizards love cars with a child-like passion, and there have been cases of pure-bloods who claim never to touch a Muggle artefact, and yet are discovered to have a flying Rolls Royce in their garage. However, the most extreme anti-Muggles eschew all motorised transport; Sirius Black's love of motorbikes incensed his hard-line parents.



## Secret Keeper

Cars aside, Muggle technology really is no match for magic. Forget password protection and multi-factor authentication – if a witch or wizard wants to keep some valuable information secure, they have the Fidelius Charm.

The Fidelius Charm is, as Professor Flitwick explains ‘an immensely complex spell’. It places a significant amount of importance on the Secret Keeper, a person sworn to secrecy and bound by magic to keep safe information only they can divulge. This makes the Secret Keeper vulnerable and all-powerful, at the same time.

As you may recall, being entrusted with information only he could reveal gave James and Lily Potter's Secret Keeper, Peter Pettigrew, the perfect opportunity to betray them. He seemingly had no qualms about breaking the bonds of his Fidelius Charm to

tell Voldemort the Potter's location. But how? And why? Moral questions aside, what happens when a Fidelius Charm is broken?



**The Fidelius Charm** is extremely ancient and still used to this day. It involves the concealment of information inside a living person. The chosen person, or Secret Keeper, is the only person who is thenceforth capable of revealing the protected information to others, however many previously knew it. If the Secret Keeper shares the hidden information, the person to whom he or she has confided it will be bound by the Fidelius Charm and find it impossible to pass the information on.

The Fidelius Charm is not without its weaknesses. If the Secret Keeper wishes to do so, they may divulge the information at any time (although the secret cannot be forced, bewitched or tortured out of a Secret Keeper who does not wish to give up their secret; it must be given voluntarily). If the Secret Keeper dies, anyone to whom he or she has confided the information will become a Secret Keeper. This could involve many people, any of whom might be more willing to share the secret.

Generally speaking, being a Secret Keeper is a dangerous position to occupy. It is such a serious and binding enchantment that few would undertake it lightly. In spite of the fact that the secret can only be given up voluntarily, many have been subjected to the Imperius and Cruciatus Curses in an effort to make them share their information.



## Order of Merlin

Peter Pettigrew might be one of the wizarding world's worst Secret Keepers, but somehow his epic double-dealing after betraying the Potters led to him being erroneously (and apparently posthumously) awarded an Order of Merlin (First Class). As Ron tells Harry, Pettigrew's mother received the medal after her son's assumed death, along with his finger in a box. It might have given her some comfort at the time, but probably doesn't make up for the fact that Pettigrew is later revealed to have sold out his friends to Voldemort, faked his own death, and lived as a rat for 12 years.

And Pettigrew's is not the only dubiously acquired Order of Merlin – Gilderoy Lockhart also received an Order of Merlin (although his was Third Class). So, what are the criteria?



**The Order of Merlin** (sometimes abbreviated to O.M.) is awarded by the Wizengamot, an organisation that predates the Ministry of Magic and nowadays functions as a combination of court and parliament. The Order comprises a handsome golden medal on a green ribbon (First Class), purple ribbon (Second Class) or white ribbon (Third Class).

The Order of Merlin, commemorating the most famous wizard of his time, has been given since the fifteenth century. Legend says that the green ribbon, on which the First Class Order hangs, is to reflect Merlin's Hogwarts house.

The First Class Order is awarded 'for acts of outstanding bravery or distinction' in magic, the Second Class is awarded for 'achievement or endeavour beyond the ordinary' and the Third Class is given to those who 'have made a contribution to our store of knowledge or entertainment.'

As often happens with such highly coveted awards, Ministry of Magic favourites seem to receive the Order of Merlin, especially the higher classes, more often than one might expect. While nobody argued when Albus Dumbledore received his O.M. (First Class) for defeating the Dark wizard Grindelwald, there was a good deal of muttering in the wizarding community when Cornelius Fudge, Minister for Magic, awarded himself an O.M. (First Class) for a career that many considered less than distinguished. Other less worthy recipients of the highest class of Order include Arcturus Black, Sirius Black's grandfather, who was widely believed to have bought it by loaning the Ministry a large amount of gold.



## Clothing

The Ministry of Magic may not be above a spot of (alleged) corruption, but in certain areas, their position has always been clear – and one of these is clothing.

As outlined by the International Statute of Secrecy, witches and wizards are required to wear appropriate clothing in front of Muggles. There are no exceptions, but there have been many infractions. Sometimes these come from ignorance. Archie, the wizard who wears a long flowery nightgown to the Quidditch World Cup, insists it is from a Muggle shop, and therefore counts as appropriate attire. Sometimes these come from a lack of awareness of Muggle trends – even in the wizarding world, fashion can be fickle; Ron's lace-cuffed dress robes being a case in point.

And sometimes a witch or wizard's decision to adapt their dress has a deeper meaning, intended to reveal an individual's connections or beliefs.

So, there are as many reasons for witches' and wizards' fashion choices as there are Weasley jumpers. Time for a rummage in the wardrobe.



**Wizards at large** in the Muggle community may reveal themselves to each other by wearing the colours of purple and green, often in combination. However, this is no more than an unwritten code, and there is no obligation to conform to it. Plenty of members of the magical community prefer to wear their favourite colours when out and about in the Muggle world, or adopt black as a practical colour, especially when travelling by night.

The International Statute of Secrecy laid down clear guidelines on dress for witches and wizards when they are out in public.

When mingling with Muggles, wizards and witches will adopt an entirely Muggle standard of dress, which will conform as closely as possible to the fashion of the day. Clothing must be appropriate to the climate, the geographical region and the occasion. Nothing self-altering or adjusting is to be worn in front of Muggles.

In spite of these clear instructions, clothing misdemeanours have been one of the most common infractions of the International Statute of Secrecy since its inception. Younger generations have always tended to be better informed about Muggle culture in general; as children, they mingle freely with their Muggle counterparts; later, when they enter magical careers, it becomes more difficult to keep in touch with normal Muggle dress. Older witches and wizards are often hopelessly

out of touch with how quickly fashions in the Muggle world change; having purchased a pair of psychedelic loon pants in their youth, they are indignant to be hauled up in front of the Wizengamot fifty years later for arousing widespread offence at a Muggle funeral.

The Ministry of Magic is not always so strict. A one-day amnesty was announced on the day that news broke of Lord Voldemort's disappearance following Harry Potter's survival of the Killing Curse. Such was the excitement that witches and wizards took to the streets in their traditional clothes, which they had either forgotten or adopted as a mark of celebration.

Some members of the magical community go out of their way to break the clothing clause in the Statute of Secrecy. A fringe movement calling itself Fresh Air Refreshes Totally (F.A.R.T.)<sup>4</sup> insists that Muggle trousers 'stem the magical flow at source' and insist on wearing robes in public, in spite of repeated warnings and fines.<sup>5</sup> More unusually, wizards deliberately adopt laughable Muggle confections, such as a crinoline worn with a sombrero and football boots.<sup>6</sup>

By and large, wizard clothing has remained outside of fashion, although small alterations have been made to such garments as dress robes. Standard wizard clothing comprises plain robes, worn with or without the traditional pointed hat, and will always be worn on such formal occasions as christenings, weddings and funerals. Women's dresses tend to be long. Wizard clothing might be said to be frozen in time, harking back to the seventeenth century, when they went into hiding. Their nostalgic adherence to this old-fashioned form of dress may be seen as a clinging to old ways and old times; a matter of cultural pride.

Day to day, however, even those who detest Muggles wear a version of Muggle clothing, which is undeniably practical compared with robes. Anti-Muggles will often attempt to demonstrate their superiority by adopting a deliberately flamboyant, out-of-date or dandyish style in public.



## Colours

At Hogwarts, every student wears a variation of the standard-issue black robes, hat and cloak combo. But while their clothes might be uniformly magical, the hues of a student's House really define where they belong.

In this context, Gryffindor red, Slytherin green, Hufflepuff yellow and Ravenclaw blue are more than just a shade of Common Room curtain. As soon as a student is Sorted, the colours of their House become a kind of shorthand; Gryffindors are brave, Slytherins are cunning, Hufflepuffs are loyal, and Ravenclaws are wise.

Whether or not every student lives up to their House's colourful reputation is another story, but the Hogwarts Houses and their colours are undeniably infused with symbolism. And it isn't just at Hogwarts where colour is used to create deeper meaning.



## Author's Note

**Witches and wizards often** reveal themselves to each other in public by wearing purple or green, often in combination. In Britain (and much of Europe) purple has an association with both royalty and religion. Purple dyes, being costly, were once worn only by those who could afford them; bishops' rings are

traditionally set with amethysts. Green has long had a supernatural connection in the UK. Superstition says that it ought to be worn with care; the fairies are supposedly possessive of it, as it is their proper colour. It ought never to be worn at weddings, due to a further association with misfortune and death. Green is the colour of much 'Dark' magic; of the 'Dark Mark', of the luminescent potion in which Voldemort conceals one of his Horcruxes, of many 'Dark' spells and curses, and of Slytherin house. The combination of purple and green, therefore, is suggestive of both sides of magic: the noble and the ignoble, the helpful and the destructive.

The four Hogwarts houses have a loose association with the four elements, and their colours were chosen accordingly. Gryffindor (red and gold) is connected to fire; Slytherin (green and silver) to water; Hufflepuff (yellow and black, representing wheat and soil) to earth; and Ravenclaw (blue and bronze; sky and eagle feathers) to air.

Colours like peach and salmon pink are distinctly unmagical, and therefore much favoured by the likes of Aunt Petunia. On the other hand, shocking pink, as sported by the likes of Nymphadora Tonks, conveys a certain punky 'yes, I've got a Muggle-born father and I'm not ashamed of it' attitude.

Colours also played their part in the naming of Hagrid and Dumbledore, whose first names are Rubeus (red) and Albus (white) respectively. The choice was a nod to alchemy, which is so important in the first Harry Potter book, where 'the red' and 'the white' are essential mystical components of the process. The symbolism of the colours in this context has mystic meaning, representing different stages of the alchemic process (which many people associate with a spiritual transformation). Where my two characters were concerned, I named them for the alchemical colours to convey their opposing but complementary natures: red meaning passion (or emotion); white for asceticism; Hagrid being the earthy, warm and physical man, lord of the forest; Dumbledore the spiritual theoretician, brilliant, idealised and somewhat detached. Each

is a necessary counterpoint to the other as Harry seeks father figures in his new world.

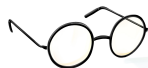


## The Quill of Acceptance and the Book of Admittance

For witches and wizards raised by Muggles, their journey to Hogwarts typically starts with the arrival of their admittance letter. Those born into wizarding families will likely know about Hogwarts much earlier. Perhaps they've already developed a hierarchy of House choices, like Ron; perhaps they're expecting to follow in a parent or sibling's footsteps, like Draco; or perhaps they're hoping against hope they might buck the familial trend, like Sirius.

Whatever a first-year's hopes, even those who have grown up knowing about Hogwarts may not realise just how much Hogwarts already knows about them – in some cases, almost from birth.

So, if you've ever wondered how a student registers for Hogwarts, why Squibs are never offered a place, and how on earth Muggle-borns get admitted – well, suffice it to say, Hogwarts does not have an ordinary school admissions process.



**In a small locked** tower, never visited by any student at Hogwarts, sits an ancient book that has not been touched by human hands since the four founders placed it there on completion of the castle. Beside the book, which is bound in

peeling black dragon-hide, stands a small silver inkpot and from this protrudes a long, faded quill. These are the Quill of Acceptance and the Book of Admittance and they constitute the only process by which students are selected for Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

If anybody understands what powerful and long-lasting magic causes this book and quill to behave as they do, nobody has ever confessed to it, doubtless because (as Albus Dumbledore once sighed) it saves the staff tedious explanations to parents who are furious that their children have not been selected for Hogwarts. The Book and Quill's decision is final and no child has ever been admitted whose name has not first been inscribed on the book's yellowing pages.

At the precise moment that a child first exhibits signs of magic, the Quill, which is believed to have been taken from an Augurey, floats up out of its inkpot and attempts to inscribe the name of that child upon the pages of the Book (Augurey feathers are known to repel ink and the inkpot is empty; nobody has ever managed to analyse precisely what the silvery fluid flowing from the enchanted Quill is).

Those few who have observed the process (several headmasters and headmistresses have enjoyed spending quiet hours in the Book and Quill's tower, hoping to catch them in action) agree that the Quill might be judged more lenient than the Book. A mere whiff of magic suffices for the Quill. The Book, however, will often snap shut, refusing to be written upon until it receives sufficiently dramatic evidence of magical ability.

Thus, the very moment that Neville Longbottom was born, the Quill attempted to write his name and was refused by the Book, which snapped shut. Even the midwife who attended Alice Longbottom had failed to notice that Neville managed to shift his blankets more snugly over himself moments after birth, assuming that his father had tucked the baby in more securely. Neville's family persistently missed faint signs of magic in him and not until he was eight years old did either his

disappointed great aunts and uncles, or the old stickler of a Book, accept that he was truly a wizard, when he survived a fall that should have killed him.

In fact, the Book's sternness has a purpose: its track record in keeping Squibs out of Hogwarts is perfect. Non-magic children born to witches and wizards occasionally have some small, residual aura of magic about them due to their parents, but once their parents' magic has worn off them it becomes clear that they will never have the ability to perform spells. The Quill's sensitivity, coupled with the Book's implacability, has never yet made a mistake.

- 
4. President Archie Aymslowe
  5. To date, they appear to have been taken as cult members by Muggles.
  6. These are generally taken by Muggles to be students on a dare.

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– CHAPTER FIVE –

## The Triwizard Schools

For almost every student who does meet the approval of both Quill and Book, it's off to Hogwarts as soon as they're of age. Some parents might send their child to an international school or educate them at home instead, but this is very rare. As Professor Lupin tells Harry, Ron and Hermione, 'nearly every witch and wizard in Britain has been educated at Hogwarts.'

So 'Hoggy Warty Hogwarts', as the school song goes, is hugely significant. Like the other European schools that compete in the Triwizard Tournament – Beauxbatons and Durmstrang – its influence extends beyond the school gates. We'll learn much more about Hogwarts in later on, but given its prestigious reputation, it is an obvious choice to host the Triwizard Tournament. Certain members of the Beauxbatons and Durmstrang delegations may think their methods (and food options) superior, but there's no denying Hogwarts' remote Scottish Highland setting is a fine place to hold a Tournament that requires the presence of dragons, merpeople and a sphinx.

Still, when your students are taking part in a dangerous tournament that demands exceptional skill, a certain healthy rivalry is to be expected. Every one of the Triwizard-competing schools certainly has that.



## Wizarding Schools

Rivalrous they may be, but there's no denying that Hogwarts, Beauxbatons and Durmstrang are all strong schools. From magical practice to sporting prowess, the education they provide is incredibly important. But where do these European powerhouses sit within the wider world of wizarding education?



**The number of countries** that have their own magical school is minuscule compared to those that do not. This is because the wizarding populations of most countries choose the option of home-schooling. Occasionally, too, the magical community in a given country is tiny or far-flung and correspondence courses have been found a more cost-effective means of educating the young.

There are eleven long-established and prestigious wizarding schools worldwide, all of which are registered with the International Confederation of Wizards. Smaller and less well-regulated institutions have come and gone, are difficult to keep track of, and are rarely registered with the appropriate Ministry (in which case, I cannot vouch for the standard of education they might offer). Anyone wishing to know whether there is an approved magical school in their region should address an owl enquiry to the International Confederation of Wizards, Educational Office.

The precise location of each of the following schools is a closely guarded secret. The schools fear not only Muggle persecution, for it is a sad fact that at various times in their long histories, all of these institutions have been buffeted by the effects of wizard wars, and of hostile attention from both the foreign and domestic magical communities (it is not only in Britain that the education of magical youth has been subject to Ministry interference or pressure). As a general rule, magical schools tend to be situated in landlocked, mountainous areas (although there are notable exceptions, as will be seen), as such regions are difficult for Muggles to access, and easier to defend from Dark wizards.



## Beauxbatons Academy of Magic

It is Hermione who first tells Harry and Ron about Beauxbatons – she reads about it in *An Appraisal of Magical Education in Europe*, naturally. This is at the Quidditch World Cup, weeks before the Triwizard Tournament brings Beauxbatons students including Fleur Delacour (part-Veela; Triwizard Champion; later Ron’s sister-in-law) to Hogwarts aboard a giant, winged horse-drawn carriage. So if the Beauxbatons delegation travels in such inimitable style, what are they like on home turf?



## Beauxbatons [Bo - batton]

**Thought to be situated** somewhere in the Pyrenees, visitors speak of the breathtaking beauty of a chateau surrounded by formal gardens and lawns created out of the mountainous landscape by magic. Beauxbatons Academy has a preponderance of French students, though Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Luxembourgiens and Belgians also attend in large numbers (both Beauxbatons and Durmstrang have a larger studentship than Hogwarts). It is said that the stunning castle and grounds of this prestigious school were part-funded by alchemist gold, for Nicolas and Perenelle Flamel met at Beauxbatons in their youth, and a magnificent fountain in the middle of the school's park, believed to have healing and beautifying properties, is named for them.

Beauxbatons has always enjoyed a cordial relationship with Hogwarts, though there has been a healthy rivalry in international competitions such as the Triwizard Tournament, in which Beauxbatons has sixty-two wins to Hogwarts' sixty-three.

Apart from the Flamels, famous ex-students of Beauxbatons include Vincent Duc de Trefle-Picques, who escaped the Terror by casting a concealment charm on his neck and pretending that his head had already been cut off; Luc Millefeuille, the infamous pastry-maker and Muggle-poisoner, and Fleur Delacour, who fought in the world-famous Battle of Hogwarts and was awarded medals of bravery from both the French and British Ministries of Magic. Headmistress Olympe Maxime is (in spite of her protestations to the contrary) half-giantess; brilliant, elegant and undeniably awe-inspiring.



## Durmstrang Institute

Based on Durmstrang's entry in *An Appraisal of Magical Education in Europe*, Hermione's view of this other great European school is not positive. 'It's got a horrible reputation,' she tells Ron and Harry, '...it puts a lot of emphasis on the Dark Arts.' In fact, according to Draco Malfoy, his father considered sending him to Durmstrang for precisely that reason.

But is Durmstrang deserving of such notoriety? How much does it focus on the Dark Arts, really?



### Durmstrang [Doorm - strang]

**Durmstrang once had the** darkest reputation of all eleven wizarding schools, though this was never entirely merited. It is true that Durmstrang, which has turned out many truly great witches and wizards, has twice in its history fallen under the stewardship of wizards of dubious allegiance or nefarious intent, and that it has one infamous ex-pupil.

The first of these unhappy men, Harfang Munter, took over the school shortly after the mysterious death of its founder, the great Bulgarian witch Nerida Vulchanova. Munter established Durmstrang's reputation for duelling and all forms of martial magic, which remain an impressive part of its curriculum today. The second dark period in Durmstrang's history came with the Headmastership of Igor Karkaroff, an ex-Death Eater who fled his post upon the return from exile of Lord Voldemort, fearing the latter's retribution. Karkaroff was an unprincipled and egotistical man who encouraged a culture of fear and

intimidation among the students, and many parents withdrew their children from Durmstrang while he was in charge.

The ex-pupil who has done more than any other to cause damage to Durmstrang's reputation is Gellert Grindelwald, one of the most dangerous wizards of the twentieth century. However, in recent years Durmstrang has undergone something of a renaissance, and has produced such international luminaries as international Quidditch star Viktor Krum.

Although believed to be situated in the far north of Europe, Durmstrang is one of the most secretive of all schools about its whereabouts, so nobody can be quite certain. Visitors, who must comply with memory charms to erase their knowledge of how they got there, speak of vast, sprawling grounds with many stunning views, not least of the great, dark, spectral ship that is moored on a mountain lake behind the school, from which students dive in summertime.



Wizarding schools outside Europe include Castelobruxo in Brazil, Ilvermorny in the United States, Uagadou in Uganda and Mahoutokoro in Japan. Which, when you also consider all the young witches and wizards studying magic at home or via correspondence courses, is a lot of learning.

Given this vastness of scope, it's impossible to know everything about every corner of the wizarding world. But perhaps there are some plot lines where a little illumination is possible...

– CHAPTER SIX –

## Alternate Histories

When you have an entire world of witchcraft and wizardry at your fingertips, it's easy to get distracted. Casting spells, brewing potions, encountering magical creatures: these aren't just Hogwarts subjects, they are uniquely fascinating topics. Hermione's third-year timetable might be a bit full-on (and require access to a Time-Turner), but it's really no wonder she wants to study everything she can.

And this is before we get into the backstories of all other wizarding world characters. From the people Harry meets on his first trip to Diagon Alley, to the other students who take part in his Hogwarts Sorting Ceremony, there are many magical folk in Harry's life about which we know comparatively little.

Alas, without access to Hermione's Time-Turner there will never be time enough to explore every nook and cranny of the wizarding world, even the bits that aren't Unplottable. We do, however, have the next best thing: excerpts from J.K. Rowling's notebooks. So, in this chapter, we're going to explore a few of the early character iterations and so-called Ghost Plots that never made it into the published Harry Potter books.



# The Original Forty

The first student in Harry's school year to be Sorted is Hannah Abbott, a Hufflepuff who pops up at various other points during Harry's time at Hogwarts. Amongst other things, Hannah frets about exams and becomes a Prefect alongside Ron and Hermione. Later, she is an oft-mentioned member of Dumbledore's Army, the secret Defence Against the Dark Arts group created by Hermione during Professor Umbridge's tenure at Hogwarts.

Being an Abbott, Hannah appears first on the alphabetical list of students reproduced here, as J.K. Rowling recalls the original forty students she created to populate Harry's school year. And Hannah's is not the only name you may recognise. But between Lavender Brown and Ronald Weasley there are other, less familiar names – as well as some that sound just a little bit different. Let's go back to the beginning, shall we?



## Author's Note

**Two of my most prized** possessions are a pair of small notebooks, which contain my very first scribbles about Harry Potter. Much of what is written in them was never used in the series, although it is startling to come across the odd line of dialogue that subsequently made it, verbatim, to publication.

In one of the books is a list of forty names of students in Harry's year (including Harry, Ron and Hermione), all allocated houses, with small symbols beside each name depicting each boy or girl's parentage.

While I imagined that there would be considerably more than forty students in each year at Hogwarts, I thought that it would be useful to know a proportion of Harry's classmates, and to have names at my fingertips when action was taking place around the school.

As the stories evolved, I changed the parentage of some of the original forty. While some never appeared in the books at all, I always knew that they were there; some had surgery to their names after their first creation; a few emerged from the background to have their own secondary stories (Ernie Macmillan, Hannah Abbott, Justin Finch-Fletchley), and one, Neville Longbottom, developed into a very important character. It is very strange to look at the list in this tiny notebook now, slightly water-stained by some forgotten mishap, and covered in light pencil scribbles (undoubtedly the work of my then infant daughter, Jessica), and to think that while I was writing these names, and refining them, and sorting them into houses, I had no clue where they were going to go (or where they were going to take me).

Here, then, are the original forty:<sup>7</sup>

- Abbott, Hannah
- Bones, Susan
- Boot, Trevor
- Brocklehurst, Mandy
- Brown, Lavender
- Bulstrode, Millicent
- Corner, Michael
- Cornfoot, Stephen
- Crabbe, Vincent
- Davis, Tracey
- Entwhistle, Kevin
- Finch-Fletchley, Justin
- Finnigan, Seamus
- Goldstein, Anthony

- Goyle, Gregory
- Granger, Hermione – see crossed-out entry, below
- Greengrass, Queenie
- Hopkins, Wayne
- Jones, Megan
- Li, Sue
- Longbottom, Neville – see crossed out entries, below
- MacDougal, ~~Katrina~~ Isobel
- Macmillan, Ernest
- Malfoy, Draco – see crossed-out entries, below
- Malone, Roger
- Moon, Lily [first intimation of Luna Lovegood, this name was never used, but gave me an idea for a fey, dreamy girl. She was named before I decided on Harry's mother's name.]
- Nott, Theodore
- Parkinson, Pansy
- Patel, Madhari
- Patel, Mati
- Perks, Sally-Anne
- Potter, Harry
- ~~Puckle, Hermione~~ – name changed and reinserted, above
- ~~Puff, Neville~~ – name changed and reinserted, above
- ~~Quirrel~~ – subsequently used for teacher
- Rivers, Oliver
- Roper, Sophie
- ~~Sidebottom, Neville~~ – name changed and reinserted, above
- Smith, ~~Georgina~~ Sally
- ~~Spungen, Spinks, Draco~~ – name changed and reinserted, above
- Thomas, Gary
- Turpin, Lisa
- Weasley, Ronald
- Zabini, Blaise



## Ghost Plots

We have already seen that magic has its own limits. Well, so too does storytelling – and one of storytelling’s limits is time. It is just not feasible to take a deep dive into every topic, no matter how fascinating. This means there are always going to be unexplored storylines hovering out of sight. Or, to put it in J.K. Rowling’s own words, there will always be Ghost Plots. This personal expression, she explains, ‘has nothing to do with tales of the dead.’ Instead, it refers to those unused plots which previously existed only in her notes.



## Author’s Note

**Over the seventeen years** that I planned and wrote the seven Harry Potter books (not to mention *Quidditch through the Ages*, *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* and *The Tales of Beedle the Bard*), I generated a mass of information about the magical world that never appeared in the books. I liked knowing these things (which was fortunate, given that I couldn’t stop my imagination spewing it all out) and often, when I needed a throwaway detail, I had it ready because of the background I had developed.

I also found myself developing storylines for secondary (or even tertiary) characters that were superfluous to requirements. More of a wrench were the plots I worked out for some much more important characters that had to be sacrificed for the bigger story. All of these I inwardly termed ‘ghost plots’, my private expression for all the untold stories that sometimes seemed quite as real to me as the ‘final cut’. I have occasionally been in conversation with a reader and made mention of part of a ghost plot; looks of consternation cross their faces as, for a split second, they ask themselves whether they have accidentally skipped twenty pages somewhere. I apologise to anyone I might have accidentally wrong-footed in this way; the problem is, literally, all in my head.



## Floean Fortescue

As a former headmaster of Hogwarts, Dexter Fortescue’s portrait appears on the wall of the Headmaster’s Study. He is described as corpulent and red-nosed, and he seems a little pompous. Nevertheless, when Harry enters the Headmaster’s Study after defeating Voldemort at the Battle of Hogwarts, Dexter can be seen waving his ear-trumpet in enthusiastic delight.

The following Ghost Plot reveals a connection between blustering Dexter and Diagon Alley’s Floean Fortescue, supplier of free ice creams to Harry when he is living alone in the Leaky Cauldron in *Prisoner of Azkaban*. But if this little snippet is

anything to go by, there is a lot more to Florean than his choco-nut sundaes...



**Florean Fortescue, owner of** an ice cream parlour in Diagon Alley, is the subject of a ghost plot (a narrative that never made it into the final books). Harry meets him in *Prisoner of Azkaban*, where he finds out that Florean knows a lot about medieval wizards. Later, Harry discovers that an ex-headmaster of Hogwarts was called Dexter Fortescue.

### Author's Note

Florean is a descendant of Dexter, and I originally planned Florean to be the conduit for clues that I needed to give Harry during his quest for the Hallows, which is why I established an acquaintance fairly early on. At this stage, I imagined the historically-minded Florean might have a smattering of information on matters as diverse as the Elder Wand and the diadem of Ravenclaw, the information having been passed down in the Fortescue family from their august ancestor. As I worked my way nearer to the point where such information would become necessary, I caused Florean to be kidnapped, intending him to be found or rescued by Harry and his friends.

The problem was that when I came to write the key parts of *Deathly Hallows* I decided that Phineas Nigellus Black was a much more satisfactory means of conveying clues. Florean's information on the diadem also felt redundant, as I could give the reader everything he or she needed by interviewing the Grey Lady. All in all, I seemed to have had him kidnapped and killed for no reason. He is not the first wizard whom Voldemort murdered because he knew too much (or too little), but he is the only one I feel guilty about, because it was all my fault.



Ghost Plots like poor Floean's are tantalising because they shine a pinprick of light down into the engine of Harry's story. What other characters may have proved important? Which other storylines might have been explored? The possibilities seem endless, as does the potential for distraction.

Of course, this doesn't mean that these Ghost Plots and hitherto less-recognised characters won't now haunt subsequent re-reads of the Harry Potter books. But there they must stay, floating on the periphery.

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7. This list has been adapted for the eBook from J.K. Rowling's original writing.

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– CHAPTER SEVEN –  
Dark Creatures

Outside the cosy environs of Hogwarts (and too often also inside it, let's be honest), the wizarding world is home to a number of Dark Creatures. While many of these sinister beings might be more at home watching from dark corners and hovering in hidden spaces, when they do come in from the shadows, they are unpredictable at best – and dangerous at worst.

So how best to prepare to face such a foe? Why, pay attention during Defence Against the Dark Arts, of course. But don't worry, there are no boring textbooks in this lesson. Harry's classmates may have battled to concentrate on chapter after dull chapter of Professor Umbridge's favourite textbook, *Defensive Magical Theory*, but the creatures in the coming paragraphs are anything but boring. No danger of drifting off into daydreams here.

Time, then, to sharpen those quills and focus that mind. After all, to quote another of Harry's Defence Against the Dark Arts Professors, Mad-Eye Moody, one can only hope to defeat these creatures of darkness if one practises, 'CONSTANT VIGILANCE!'



# Boggart

If Professor Moody's approach to Dark Creatures and dark magic is vigilance hovering perilously close to paranoia, Professor Lupin's is a tad more thoughtful, and much more balanced.

As one of Hogwarts' best-loved Defence Against the Dark Arts teachers, Lupin encourages his students to understand the creatures they are studying, but he also knows when to introduce practical application.

His first lesson with Harry's class is a case in point. Discovering there is a Boggart living in the staff-room wardrobe, Lupin marches his third years straight in to confront it, although many have never seen a Boggart before. Before opening up the wardrobe, though, Lupin does of course offer his class a little context about what they are about to face. As he says: '...the first question we must ask ourselves is, what is a Boggart?'



**A Boggart is a** shape-shifting creature that will assume the form of whatever most frightens the person who encounters it. Nobody knows what a Boggart looks like if nobody is there to see it, although it continues to exist, usually giving evidence of its presence by rattling, shaking or scratching the object in which it is hiding. Boggarts particularly like confined spaces, but may also be found lurking in woods and around shadowy corners.

The more generally fearful a person is, the more susceptible they will be to Boggarts. Muggles, too, feel their presence and may even glimpse them, although they seem less capable of seeing them plainly and are usually easily convinced that the Boggart was a figment of their imagination.

Like a poltergeist, a Boggart is not and never has been truly alive. It is one of the strange non-beings that populates the magical world, for which there is no equivalent in the Muggle realm. Boggarts can be made to disappear, but more Boggarts will inevitably arise to take their place. Like poltergeists and the more sinister Dementors, they seem to be generated and sustained by human emotions.

The spell that defeats a Boggart can be tricky, because it involves making the creature into a figure of fun, so that fear can be dispelled in amusement. If the caster is able to laugh aloud at the Boggart, it will disappear at once. The incantation is 'Riddikulus', and the intention is to force the Boggart to assume a less-threatening and hopefully comical form.

Famous Boggarts include the Old Boggle of Canterbury (believed by local Muggles to be a mad, cannibalistic hermit that lived in a cave; in reality a particularly small Boggart that had learnt how to make the most of echoes); the Bludgeoning Boggart of Old London Town (a Boggart that had taken on the form of a murderous thug that prowled the back streets of nineteenth-century London, but which could be reduced to a hamster with one simple incantation); and the Screaming Bogey of Strathtully (a Scottish Boggart that had fed on the fears of local Muggles to the point that it had become an elephantine black shadow with glowing white eyes, but which Lyall Lupin of the Ministry of Magic eventually trapped in a matchbox).



Inferi

Lupin is the first Defence Against the Arts teacher to teach Harry's class about Boggarts, but it is Professor Snape who explains what an Inferius is. Although, 'explains' is perhaps too polite a description for Snape's teaching style.

*'The Inferius is a corpse that has been reanimated by a Dark wizard's spells. It is not alive, it is merely used like a puppet to do the wizard's bidding. A ghost, as I trust that you are all aware by now, is the imprint of a departed soul left upon the earth ... and of course, as Potter so wisely tells us, transparent.'*

Snape may do well to set aside his usual Harry-induced sarcasm when discussing Inferi, though, because Harry has already done his homework there. He knows exactly what to expect when he faces an army of Inferi in *Half-Blood Prince*, all blank eyes and bony hands. Not that knowing what to expect makes the experience any better. But still, Harry is right. They definitely aren't transparent.



**An Inferius (plural: Inferi)** is a corpse that has been reanimated by a Dark wizard's curse. It becomes a grisly puppet, and may be used as an expendable servant by the Dark wizard in question. The most obvious sign that one is facing an Inferius rather than a living human are the white and cloudy eyes.

The spells used to reanimate a human body are much more complex than those used, for instance, to make inanimate objects fly. The Inferius may be cursed to respond lethally if disturbed, to kill indiscriminately, and to undertake perilous jobs for its master. Its limitations are, however, obvious; it has no will and no brain of its own, and will not be able to think its

way out of unforeseen trouble. As a warrior or guardian with no regard for its own safety, however, it has many uses.

The Inferi whom Harry and Dumbledore encounter in the depths of the lake in *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince* were, when alive, mostly vagrant, homeless Muggles whom Voldemort had murdered for the purpose during his first rise to power, although some were the earthly remains of wizards or witches who ‘disappeared’ without explanation.

Preserved indefinitely by Dark magic, an Inferius can only be destroyed by fire, for no spell has been found to render dead flesh impervious to burning. Inferi are therefore enchanted to avoid flames by their master.

### Author’s Note

Inferi have much in common with zombies, which are mentioned as separate creatures within Harry’s world. I had several good reasons for not wishing to call the guardians of the locket Horcrux ‘zombies’. Firstly, zombies are not part of British folklore, but associated with the myths of Haiti and parts of Africa. While the students of Hogwarts would learn about them, they would not expect to meet them walking down the streets of Hogsmeade. Secondly, while zombies of the Vodou tradition can be nothing more than reanimated corpses, a separate but related tradition has it that the sorcerer uses their souls, or part of their souls, to sustain himself. This conflicted with my Horcrux story, and I did not wish to suggest that Voldemort had any more use for his Inferi than as guards of his Horcrux. Lastly, zombies have been represented and reinterpreted on film so often in the last fifty years that they have a whole raft of associations that were of no use to me. I’m part of the *Thriller* generation; to me, a zombie will always mean Michael Jackson in a bright red bomber jacket.

The name Inferius was a play on ‘Inferus’, which is Latin for ‘below’, but with an obvious connotation of being ‘lesser’ than

a living human. ‘Inferi’ means the underworld.

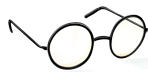


## Vampires

Vampires don't seem to be a subject of close study in Harry's Defence Against the Dark Arts classes, but two of his professors apparently have some interest in them as a subject.

According to Hagrid, Professor Quirrell is never quite the same after meeting some vampires in the Black Forest. And Quirrell's replacement Professor Lockhart wrote a whole book about his vampiric experiences, called *Voyages with Vampires*.

But since Lockhart co-opted seemingly every tale in his books from other witches and wizards, and Quirrell turned out to have Lord Voldemort sticking out of the back of his head, let's take both those stories with a pinch of salt.



**Although vampires exist in** the world of Harry Potter, as shown by the literature that Harry and his friends study in Defence Against the Dark Arts, they play no meaningful part in the story.

Author's Note

The vampire myth is so rich, and has been exploited so many times in literature and on film, that I felt there was little I could add to the tradition. In any case, vampires are a tradition of Eastern Europe, and in general I tried to draw from British mythology and folklore when creating adversaries for Harry. Aside from passing mentions, therefore, the only vampire whom Harry meets in the books is Sanguini in *Half-Blood Prince*, who makes a faintly comic appearance at a party.

Looking back through my earliest notebooks, however, I found that on my very earliest list of staff, there was a subjectless vampire teacher I had forgotten, called 'Trocar'. A Trocar is a sharply pointed shaft inserted into arteries or cavities to extract bodily fluids, so I think it a rather good name for a vampire. Evidently I did not think much of him as a character, though, because he disappears fairly early on in my notes.

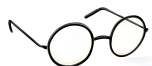
For a long time there was a persistent fan rumour that Snape might be a vampire. While it is true that he has an unhealthy pallor, and is sometimes described as looking like a large bat in his long black cloak, he never actually turns into a bat, we meet him outside the castle by daylight, and no corpses with puncture marks in their necks ever turn up at Hogwarts. In short, Snape is not a revamped Trocar.



## Dementors and Chocolate

From Quirrell to Umbridge, Harry's Defence Against the Dark Arts schooling is patchy, so thank goodness for Professor Lupin. Not only does Lupin impart useful information about Dark Creatures,

he also – in the words of Hogwarts school nurse Madam Pomfrey – knows his remedies. Offering Harry chocolate after an unexpected Dementor visit is an early example of his teaching brilliance, and a sweet one at that.



**The mood-enhancing properties of** chocolate are well known in both the Muggle and wizard worlds. Chocolate is the perfect antidote for anyone who has been overcome in the presence of Dementors, which suck hope and happiness out of their surroundings.

Chocolate can only be a short-term remedy, however. Finding ways to fight off Dementors – or depression – are essential if one is to become permanently happier. Excessive chocolate consumption cannot benefit either Muggle or wizard.



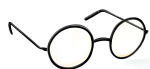
## Patronus Charm

The only way to fight off Dementors for good is the Patronus charm, and learning to cast it takes time and patience. Again, it is Professor Lupin who teaches Harry the technique, providing him with space to try, a Boggart to practice on, and semi-frequent chocolate breaks to rebuild his resilience.

If a Dementor sucks hope and happiness out of its surroundings, a Patronus, as Lupin explains, is a ‘kind of Anti-Dementor.’ A positive, protective force that requires the caster to concentrate on a

single happy memory, a Patronus is conjured by the incantation 'Expecto Patronum'. But it is famously difficult to master. Harry might get to grips with the Patronus charm relatively quickly, but he is an exception. Even Hermione has trouble with this one.

Although the Patronus's primary purpose is to defeat Dementors because the charm takes a form unique to its caster it is also perfect for sharing sensitive warnings. When Kingsley Shacklebolt's unmistakable lynx Patronus arrives in the middle of Bill and Fleur's wedding to say that the Ministry of Magic has fallen, it means his message cannot be missed or misinterpreted. Definitely a charm worth perfecting.



**The Patronus is the** most famous (and famously difficult) defensive charm. The aim is to produce a silvery-white guardian or protector, which takes the form of an animal. The exact form of the Patronus will not be apparent until the spell has been successfully cast. One of the most powerful defensive charms known to wizardkind, the Patronus can also be used as a messenger between wizards. As a pure, protective magical concentration of happiness and hope (the recollection of a single talisman memory is essential in its creation) it is the only spell effective against Dementors. The majority of witches and wizards are unable to produce Patronuses and to do so is generally considered a mark of superior magical ability.

Some witches and wizards may manage an incorporeal Patronus, which resembles a mass or wisp of silvery vapour or smoke. In some cases a witch or wizard may choose to produce an incorporeal Patronus deliberately, if he or she wishes to disguise the form it generally takes (Remus Lupin, for instance, is afraid that his corporeal Patronus gives too much away). The incorporeal Patronus is not a true Patronus and while it will give limited protection, it cannot provide the defensive power

of the corporeal Patronus, which has the form and substance of an animal.

The Patronus Charm is one of the most ancient of charms and appears in many accounts of early magic. In spite of a long association with those fighting for lofty or noble causes (those able to produce corporeal Patronuses were often elected to high office within the Wizengamot and Ministry of Magic), the Patronus is not unknown among Dark wizards. While there is a widespread and justified belief that a wizard who is not pure of heart cannot produce a successful Patronus (the most famous example of the spell backfiring is that of the Dark wizard Raczidian, who was devoured by maggots), a rare few witches and wizards of questionable morals have succeeded in producing the Charm (Dolores Umbridge, for example, is able to conjure a cat Patronus to protect herself from Dementors). It may be that a true and confident belief in the rightness of one's actions can supply the necessary happiness. However, most such men and women, who become desensitised to the effects of the Dark creatures with whom they may ally themselves, regard the Patronus as an unnecessary spell to have in their arsenal.

No reliable system for predicting the form of an individual's Patronus has ever been found, although the great eighteenth-century researcher of Charms, Professor Catullus Spangle, set forth certain principles that are widely accepted as true.

The Patronus, asserted Spangle, represents that which is hidden, unknown but necessary within the personality.

'For it is evident,' he writes, in his masterwork 'Charms of Defence and Deterrence', '... that a human confronted with inhuman evil, such as the Dementor, must draw upon resources he or she may never have needed, and the Patronus is the awakened secret self that lies dormant until needed, but which must now be brought to light...'

Here, says Spangle, is the explanation for the appearance of Patronuses in forms that their casters might not expect, for which they have never felt a particular affinity, or (in rare

cases) even recognise. Spangle is interesting on the subject of those unusual witches and wizards who produce a Patronus that takes the form of their favourite animal.

‘It is my firm belief that such a Patronus is an indicator of obsession or eccentricity. Here is a wizard who may not be able to hide their essential self in common life, who may, indeed, parade tendencies that others might prefer to conceal. Whatever the form of their Patronus, you would be well-advised to show respect, and occasionally caution, towards a witch or wizard who produces the Patronus of their choice.’

The form of a Patronus may change during the course of a witch or wizard’s life. Instances have been known of the form of the Patronus transforming due to bereavement, falling in love or profound shifts in a person’s character. Thus Nymphadora Tonks’s Patronus changes from a jack rabbit to a wolf (not a werewolf) when she falls in love with Remus Lupin. Some witches and wizards may be unable to produce a Patronus at all until they have undergone some kind of psychic shock.

It is usual, but not inevitable, for a Patronus to take the form of an animal commonly found in the caster’s native country. Given their long affinity with humans it is perhaps unsurprising that among the most common Patronuses (although it must be remembered that any corporeal Patronus is highly unusual) are dogs, cats and horses. However, every Patronus is as unique as its creator and even identical twins have been known to produce very different Patronuses.

Extinct Patronuses are very rare but not unknown. Strangely, given their long connection with wizardkind, owl Patronuses are unusual. Most uncommon of all possible Patronuses are magical creatures such as dragons, Thestrals and phoenixes. Never forget, though, that one of the most famous Patronuses of all time was a lowly mouse, which belonged to a legendary young wizard called Illyius, who used it to hold off an attack from an army of Dementors single-handedly. While a rare and magical Patronus undoubtedly reflects an unusual personality, it

does not follow that it is more powerful, or will enjoy greater success at defending its caster.



Professor Snape describes the Dark Arts as ‘many, varied, ever-changing and eternal,’ and he is undoubtedly right. Snape is one of six Professors to teach Harry’s Defence Against the Dark Arts class, but if Harry’s own experiences on the Horcrux hunt are anything to go by, even as a collective, they barely scratch the surface of what is out there.

Who knows what other creatures might be lurking on the outer edges of the wizarding world, feeding on dark magic? Perhaps Mad-Eye Moody is right to urge his students towards constant vigilance.

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– CHAPTER EIGHT –  
**Animal Magic**

Many of the wizarding world's Dark Creatures – Dementors, Boggarts, Ineri – exist because they feed on human emotions, or because humans with magical abilities have reanimated them in some way. They are very different, then, from the beasts that live alongside witches and wizards – mostly harmoniously, although it must be noted that Hagrid took it too far when he brought a baby dragon inside his wooden house.

From Harry's owl, Hedwig, to Hermione's cat, Crookshanks, to Neville's toad, Trevor, some of the wizarding world's animal species are familiar to Muggles, at least at first glance. But other beasts are more obviously magical. The unicorns that live in the Forbidden Forest. The merpeople that live in the Hogwarts lake. Hagrid's beloved dragons, obviously.

Whether familiar or unfamiliar, all these animals have a particular connection to the wizarding world. Let's explore the magical associations of some fantastic – and some arguably not-so-fantastic – beasts.



# Thestrals

There are those in the wizarding world who view Thestrals as unlucky, due to their association with death. But, as we will see, these legends are largely unfair. In fact, without the Hogwarts Thestrals' willingness to fly Harry, Ron, Hermione, Neville, Ginny Weasley and Luna Lovegood to the Department of Mysteries at the end of *Order of the Phoenix*, Harry would never uncover the truth about the prophecy that connects him and Voldemort. He also wouldn't have unwittingly drawn Sirius and other Order of the Phoenix members into danger, but that's hardly the fault of the Thestrals.



**Manifesting as black, skeletal,** bat-winged horses, but invisible to all who have never been truly touched by death, Thestrals have a somewhat macabre reputation. In centuries past the sight of them was regarded as unlucky; they have been hunted and ill-treated for many years, their true nature (which is kindly and gentle) being widely misunderstood. Thestrals are not marks of ill omen, nor (their spooky appearance notwithstanding) are they in any way threatening to humans, always allowing for the fright that the first sight of them tends to give the observer.

Being able to see Thestrals is a sign that the beholder has witnessed death, and gained an emotional understanding of what death means. It is unsurprising that it took a long time for their significance to be properly understood, because the precise moment when such knowledge dawns varies greatly from person to person. Harry Potter was unable to see Thestrals for years after his mother was killed in front of him, because he was barely out of babyhood when the murder happened, and he

had been unable to comprehend his own loss. Even after the death of Cedric Diggory, weeks elapsed before the full import of death's finality was borne upon him. Only at this point did the Thestrals that pull the carriages from Hogsmeade Station to Hogwarts castle become visible to him. On the other hand, Luna Lovegood, who lost her own mother when she was young, saw Thestrals very soon afterwards because she is intuitive, spiritual and unafraid of the afterlife.

While somewhat intimidating in appearance, these carnivorous horses are emblematic of a journey to another dimension, and reward all who trust them with faithfulness and obedience. Thestrals are native to the British Isles and Ireland, though they have been spotted in parts of France and the Iberian Peninsula; they seem to have an association with wizards who descend from the horse-loving Celtic peoples. Other parts of the world have their own equivalent to Thestrals.



## Owls

Unlike Thestrals, owls are visible to everyone in the magical community, largely because they deliver all the post. They are a network of winged messengers, and every one of them possesses an uncanny knack for finding any recipient. Whether it's the Weasley's ancient owl, Errol, delivering birthday presents to Harry and almost collapsing in the process, or Harry's much-loved snowy owl, Hedwig, finding Sirius without so much as an address, owls are vital to magical communication.

In the wizarding world, owls are also much-loved members of the family. Hedwig is one of Harry's most constant companions – from their first meeting in Diagon Alley to their final flight from Privet Drive, she is there for every one of his Hogwarts years and provides a link to the magical world during those interminable summers at the Dursleys. But she is never happier than when soaring joyfully through the sky. As J.K. Rowling has previously said, no owl is happy being shut inside a small cage – so if anyone has ever been tempted to bring one home: please don't.



**The old British superstition** that it is unlucky to see owls flying by daylight is readily explained, for when wizards break cover to send messages by day, something dramatic must be afoot in the magical world. Muggles may subsequently experience the unpleasant aftershocks, without any idea of their cause.

As a (mostly) nocturnal bird of prey, the owl is inevitably seen as sinister by Muggles, but it has been a faithful servant and helpmeet to witches and wizards for many centuries. In spite of the many alternatives available for magical communication across long distances (including Patronuses, Floo powder, and enchanted devices such as mirrors and even coins), the faithful and reliable owl remains the most common method used by wizardkind across the world.

The advantages of owls as messengers are those very qualities that make Muggles view them with suspicion: they operate under cover of darkness, to which Muggles have a superstitious aversion; they have exceptionally well-developed night vision; and are agile, stealthy and capable of aggression when challenged. So numerous are the owls employed by wizards worldwide that it is generally safe to assume that

virtually all of them are either the property of the Owl Postal Service of their country, or of an individual witch or wizard.

Whether because they possess an innate bent for magic (just as pigs are reputed to be innately non-magical), or because generations of their ancestors have been domesticated and trained by wizards and they have inherited the traits that make this easy, owls learn very quickly, and seem to thrive on their task of tracing and tracking the witch or wizard for whom their letters are intended.

The mystical association between the name and the human who bears it has long been understood by witches and wizards of all cultures. While the process remains mysterious even to those who train up owlets to become wizarding pets or postal owls, the birds appear to be able to make such a connection between the name and its possessor that enables them to trace the witch or wizard concerned wherever he or she may be. An owl does not need to know an address, although witches and wizards generally add the place to the envelope on the off-chance that the owl is intercepted and the letter falls into other hands.

Should a witch or wizard not wish to be sent letters (or tracked in any other way), he or she will have to resort to Repelling, Disguising or Masking Spells, of which there are a great range. It is possible to protect yourself from all correspondence, or all but that carried by a specific owl. If a witch or wizard is determined not to be contactable by a persistent creditor or ex-boy or girlfriend, they might try a masking spell specific to that person, but this ploy is easily circumnavigated by asking somebody else to send the owl. In general, it takes strong protective magic, and a willingness to forego a lot of birthday cards, to avoid the attentions of Owl Post.

Trained owls are expensive, and it is quite usual for a wizarding family to share a single owl, or else only use Postal owls.

## Author's Note

My love of, and fascination with, owls long pre-dates the first idea for Harry Potter. I trace it to a cuddly owl toy that my mother made me when I was six or seven, which I adored.

Of course, owls have been associated with magic for a long time, and feature in many old illustrations of witches and wizards, second only to cats as Most Magical Creature. The owl's association with wisdom was established in Roman times, for it is the emblem of Minerva, goddess of wisdom.

Owl breeds shown within the Harry Potter books include the eagle owl (large, tufted and fierce-looking, owned by Draco Malfoy); the Little Owl (tiny, cute, but perhaps not very impressive, like Pigwidgeon, owned by Ron); and the Snowy Owl, which is also known as the Ghost Owl (Harry's Hedwig).

I made a few elementary mistakes when it came to my depiction of Hedwig. Firstly, Snowy Owls are diurnal (i.e., they fly by day). Secondly, they are virtually mute, so Hedwig's frequent hoots and chirrups of approval and comfort should be taken as signs of her magically enhanced abilities. Thirdly, as countless well-meaning owl-lovers and experts kept writing to me in the early days, owls do not eat bacon (Hedwig enjoys a bit of bacon rind when she delivers post at breakfast).



## Toads

Harry arrives at Hogwarts not knowing much about magic but, thanks to Hagrid, he does know toads are not the most popular pets. 'Not a toad, toads went outta fashion years ago, yeh'd be laughed

at...’, Hagrid tells Harry, before he pops into Eeylops Owl Emporium and comes out with Hedwig. Neville, however, either didn’t get the memo about toads, or he didn’t care. And why should he? One of the first people Harry passes on platform nine and three-quarters is Neville, looking anxiously around for Trevor, his long-suffering and constantly escaping toad.



**Of the three approved** animals permitted to students as pets at Hogwarts, the toad is, and has been for many years now, by far the least popular. Centuries ago, in blood-thirstier times, when young witches and wizards were expected to personally pop out the newt eyes they were using in potions, they routinely brought boxes of toads to school for use in potions and in other charms. Over time, as the Ministry of Magic introduced legislation regarding animal cruelty (sub-sections 13–29 inclusive relate to potion ingredients and their production) such practices were gradually outlawed. The toad, never much appreciated for its own personal appeal, gradually appeared (alive) less and less frequently at Hogwarts, unless hopping and swimming wild in the grounds.

By the time Harry arrived at Hogwarts, possession of a pet toad conveyed neither cool nor status; indeed, it was something of an embarrassment. Trevor, Neville’s toad, had nothing to commend him except a propensity for getting lost, and when he finally slipped off to join his brethren in the Hogwarts lake, both owner and pet felt a sense of relief.

### Author’s Note

The toad has a long association with witchcraft, and was often believed to be a familiar. It occupies a special place in old

folk cures, particularly (perhaps on the homeopathic principle of curing like with like) in the curing of warts. In the Dark Ages, a British toad could think itself lucky if it died of natural causes, because it was in constant danger of being boiled, powdered, skinned or tied around a sick human's neck in a bag.



## Familiars

Hogwarts may be full of owls, cats, toads, rats and even some dogs (Fang the Boarhound, Fluffy the giant three-headed creature trained to guard the Philosopher's Stone, Sirius Black in his Animagus form) but these are more like pets and less like familiars – well, except for Sirius. What's the difference between a familiar and a pet, though?



## Author's Note

**The concept of 'familiars'** has existed in British folklore for many hundreds of years. Familiars are animals (some say animal-shaped spirits) that serve a witch in various ways, whether as servants, messengers or even spies. Historical accounts of witchcraft make mention of familiars; such animals have been credited with supernatural gifts, and even believed to be demons (or the devil himself) in disguise.

Familiars, in the strictest sense, do not exist within the world of Harry Potter. Although Hogwarts students are permitted to bring animals to school with them, the cats and rats we see there are, broadly speaking, pets. Ironically, the animal that acts most like a traditional familiar in the entire series is Mrs Norris, who belongs to the castle's only non-magical inhabitant, Argus Filch. It is true that owls are sent as messengers within the series, but this is in the context of a highly organised postal service, not unlike Muggle pigeon post.



From Filch's tears over Mrs Norris when his cat is Petrified, to Ron's anxiety about his rat, Scabbers, the wizarding world has many animal lovers. Dumbledore even keeps a phoenix – a creature with a tendency to burst into flames – but that's Dumbledore for you. As Hagrid says, 'people can be a bit stupid about their pets.' And Hagrid would know.

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– CHAPTER NINE –

## Wizarding Pastimes

Even in the wizarding world, where school lessons involve magic wands and portraits move and pets spontaneously burst into flame, sometimes you still need to find a way to pass the time.

So, if you were to pop your head into the Gryffindor Common Room when Harry Potter and his friends are in residence, you'd find them relaxing in all manner of ways. Ron is partial to Wizard Chess. Fred and George Weasley like to test out their joke shop products. Hermione reads books, Neville studies magical plants, and Ginny plays Exploding Snap.

Meanwhile, away from the Common Room, there are grounds to be explored and shops to visit. And of course, there is Quidditch – surely the wizarding pastime to end all wizarding pastimes. Hermione may not be as fully committed to this magical game of broomsticks and Quaffles as her friends ('It's only a game, isn't it?' she says), but many witches and wizards follow Quidditch with a passion, whether they are catching Snitches, like Harry; hitting Bludgers, like the Weasley twins; or cheering on from the sidelines, like Neville.

However they fill their downtime, the magical community has plenty of activities to choose from. Let's fly through some of those preferred wizarding pastimes, and don't worry – we'll end with a trip to the pub.



## Firebolt

When Professor McGonagall introduces Harry to Gryffindor Quidditch captain Oliver Wood at the beginning of his first year, the Firebolt – a state-of-the-art racing broom with an acceleration of 0–150 miles an hour in ten seconds – has yet to make its debut in the window of Diagon Alley’s Quality Quidditch Supplies. So, when Harry makes his own debut as Gryffindor’s Seeker, he does so flying a Nimbus Two Thousand, a reliable broom that serves him faithfully until its untimely destruction at the branches of the Whomping Willow.

When he finally gets his hands on a Firebolt, though, owning one of the fastest brooms in the world certainly does no harm to Harry’s reputation as Seeker. What makes this broom so special, then?



**In the late twentieth** century, the Nimbus Racing Broom Company dominated its competition. The Nimbus Two Thousand and Two Thousand and One models outsold all other top-class brooms combined by a factor of three to one.

Little did the Nimbus designers realise that a racing broom was in development that would knock them from their number one spot within twelve months of its release. This was the Firebolt, a top-secret project developed by Randolph Spudmore (son of Able Spudmore of Ellerby and Spudmore, who

produced the Tinderblast in 1940 and the Swiftstick in 1952, both serviceable brooms, but never achieving great popularity).

A skilful and innovative broom designer, Randolph was the first to use goblin-made ironwork (including footrests, stand and twig bands), the secrets of which are not fully understood, but which seem to give the Firebolt additional stability and power in adverse weather conditions and a special non-slip foot grip that is of particular advantage to Quidditch players. The handle is of polished ebony and the twigs of birch or hazel according to personal preference (birch is reputed to give more ‘oomph’ in high ascents, whereas hazel is preferred by those who prefer hair-trigger steering).

The Firebolt is a costly broom and Harry Potter was among the first to own one. It continues to be made in relatively small quantities, partly because the goblin workers involved in the patented ironwork are prone to strikes and walkouts at the smallest provocation.



## Gobstones

Compared to Wizarding Chess, where a bad move might result in a player’s chess piece being violently taken down by an opponent, Gobstones sounds like it should be a gentler alternative. But unless you’re playing an actual life-size game of Wizard Chess, like Ron does in *Philosopher’s Stone*, chances are you won’t actually be physically discomfited by a Wizard Chess piece. Not so with Gobstones, however. These marble-like stones have a secret weapon all of their own.



**Gobstones is an ancient** wizarding game that resembles marbles, the principal difference being that every time a point is conceded, the winning stone squirts a foul-smelling liquid into the loser's face. Players start the game with fifteen small, round Gobstones each (Gobstones are sold in sets of thirty) and the winner must capture all of his opponent's stones. Though most commonly (as the name implies) made of stone, Gobstones may also be made of precious metals.

Professional Gobstone players compete in national leagues and international tournaments, but it remains a minority sport within the wizarding world, and does not enjoy a very 'cool' reputation, something its devotees tend to resent. Gobstones is most popular among very young wizards and witches, but they generally 'grow out' of the game, becoming more interested in Quidditch as they grow older. The National Gobstone Association has attempted recruitment campaigns such as 'Give Gobstones A Second Glance', although the choice of accompanying picture (current Gobstones World Champion Kevin Hopwood being squirted with an eyeful of gunk) was perhaps ill-chosen.

Gobstones enjoys limited popularity at Hogwarts, ranking low among recreational activities, way behind Quidditch and even Wizarding Chess.

The mother of Professor Severus Snape, Eileen Prince, was President of the Hogwarts Gobstone Club in her time at school.



## The Leaky Cauldron

As with Hogsmeade's the Three Broomsticks, The Leaky Cauldron is a pub popular with witches and wizards of all ages. Harry spends significant time there as a young Hogwarts student and many adults also enjoy a beverage at the historic bar. When Hagrid brings Harry into the pub early in *Philosopher's Stone*, barman Tom asks Hagrid if he wants his usual tippie, so presumably he is a regular.

As the gateway to Diagon Alley, The Leaky Cauldron is the scene for Harry's very first foray into the wizarding world – a sort of grubby alleyway between Muggledom and magic. Which makes its Charing Cross Road setting seem particularly fitting, as we will discover. Anyone for a drink?



**Some people argue that** the oldest pub in London is the White Hart on Drury Lane; others that it is the Angel on Bermondsey Wall, or the Lamb and Flag on Rose Street. All of these people are Muggles, and all of them are wrong. The oldest pub in London, as any wizard will tell you, is the Leaky Cauldron on Charing Cross Road.

The Leaky Cauldron was there long before Charing Cross Road was even planned; its true address is number one, Diagon Alley, and it is believed to have been built sometime in the early 1500s, along with the rest of the wizarding street. Created some two centuries before the imposition of the International Statute of Secrecy, the Leaky Cauldron was initially visible to Muggle eyes. While the pub was, from the first, a place for witches and wizards to congregate – whether Londoners or out-of-towners up for the day to shop for the latest magical ingredients or devices – Muggles were not turned away or made to feel unwelcome, even though some of the conversations, not to mention pets, caused many a wary drinker to leave without finishing his mead.

When the Statute of Secrecy was imposed, the Leaky Cauldron, great British wizarding institution that it had become, was granted special dispensation to continue its existence as a safe haven and refuge for wizardkind in the capital. Though insistent on many powerful spells of concealment, and good behaviour from all who used it, the Minister for Magic, Ulick Gamp, was sympathetic to the need for wizards to let off steam under the difficult new conditions. He further agreed to give the landlord of the day responsibility for letting people into Diagon Alley from his back yard, for the shops beyond the pub were now also in need of magical protection.

To honour Gamp's protection of the pub, the landlord created a new brand of beer, Gamp's Old Gregarious, which tasted so disgusting that nobody has ever been known to finish a pint (there is a one-hundred-Galleon prize to anyone prepared to do so, but nobody has yet succeeded in claiming the gold).

The Leaky Cauldron faced one of its most difficult challenges in the late nineteenth century, with the creation of Charing Cross Road, which ought to have flattened it completely. The Minister for Magic of the day, the tediously long-winded Faris Spavin, gave a melancholy speech in the Wizengamot explaining why the Leaky Cauldron could not, this time, be saved. When Spavin sat down seven hours later, having finished his speech, he was presented with a note from his secretary explaining that the wizarding community had rallied, performed a mass of Memory Charms (some say, to this day, that the Imperius Curse was used on several Muggle town planners, though this has never been proven) and that the Leaky Cauldron had been accommodated in the revised plans for the new road. Certainly, the Muggle architects involved never did understand why they had left a gap in their plans for buildings, nor why that gap was not visible to the naked eye.

The Leaky Cauldron has changed little over the years; it is small, dingy and welcoming, with a few bedrooms above the public bar for travellers who live a long way from London. It is

the ideal spot to catch up with wizarding gossip if you happen to live a long way from the nearest magical neighbour.

### Author's Note

Charing Cross Road is famous for its bookshops, both modern and antiquarian. This is why I wanted it to be the place where those in the know go to enter a different world.



From Transfiguration to Charms to creating the perfect potion, learning to perform magic can be hard work. It's no wonder those in the wizarding world have their own unique ways of blowing off steam. Competitive sports played on broomsticks. Chess games where the pieces have a mind of their own. Marbles that spit. Oh, and trips to the pub, because sometimes winding down with a drink in a friendly spot is all the magic you need.

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– CHAPTER TEN –

## Fame in the Wizarding World

Harry's first visit to The Leaky Cauldron – itself 'a famous place', according to Hagrid – gives Harry an early clue about his own fame. As the pub falls silent and its patrons trip over themselves to shake his hand, Tom the barman greets Harry with tears in his eyes, saying: 'Bless my soul... Harry Potter... what an honour.'

But Harry is never comfortable with his fame. He particularly dislikes being revered for an event he has no memory of, and this discomfort continues throughout his life. Harry refuses to engage with those who want to use his fame for their own gain, like Professor Lockhart. He resists *Daily Prophet* reporter Rita Skeeter's attempts to paint him as a tragic hero. And he is resolutely unenthusiastic about Professor Slughorn's attempts to make him star of the Slug Club.

As anyone who recalls Lockhart, Rita Skeeter and Slughorn will know, Harry's attitude is not typical of every member of the magical community. There are others who work hard to achieve fame, and there are many who follow those famous people's achievements. Molly Weasley loves both Lockhart and singer Celestina Warbeck. Ron is an avid follower of Bulgarian Quidditch player Viktor Krum. Then there are the many Weird Sisters fans, including Parvati Patil and Nymphadora Tonks.

And so it goes. But as Lockhart says, 'Fame's a fickle friend,' and the wizarding world's celebrities are just as susceptible to its

ups and downs as those in the Muggle world.

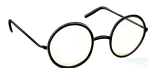


## Celestina Warbeck

A fixture on the Weasley family radio, Celestina Warbeck is a particular favourite of Ron's mother, Molly. Her music formed the backdrop to some of Molly's happiest times, as Molly reminisces one Christmas.

*'We danced to this when we were eighteen!' said Mrs Weasley, wiping her eyes on her knitting. 'Do you remember, Arthur?'*

Not everyone is such a fan: Molly's future daughter-in-law Fleur Delacour calls Celestina's festive broadcast 'horrible'. If the following glimpse into Celestina's backstory is anything to go by, though, it doesn't seem Fleur's opinion would cause her any sleepless nights.



**Internationally-acclaimed singing sensation Celestina Warbeck** (sometimes known as 'the Singing Sorceress') hails from Wales. Her father, a minor functionary in the Department of Muggle Relations, met her Muggle mother (a failed actress) when the latter was attacked by a Lethifold disguised as a stage curtain.

Celestina's extraordinary voice was apparent from an early age. Disappointed to learn that there was no such thing as a wizarding stage school, Mrs Warbeck reluctantly consented to her daughter's enrolment at Hogwarts, but subsequently bombarded the school with letters urging the creation of a choir, theatre club and dancing class to showcase her daughter's talents.

Frequently appearing with a chorus of backing banshees, Celestina's concerts are justly famous. Three devoted fans were involved in a nasty three-broom pile-up over Liverpool while trying to reach the last night of her Flighty Aphrodite tour, and her tickets often appear on the black market at vastly inflated prices (one reason why Molly Weasley has never yet seen her favourite singer live).

Celestina has sometimes lent her name and talents to good causes, such as raising funds for St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries with a recording of Puddlemere United's anthem 'Beat Those Bludgers Back, Boys, and Chuck that Quaffle Here'. More controversially, Celestina was vocal in her disagreement when the Ministry of Magic sought to impose restrictions on how the wizarding community was allowed to celebrate Hallowe'en.

Some of Celestina's best-known songs include *You Charmed the Heart Right Out of Me* and *A Cauldron Full of Hot, Strong Love*. Her fans are usually older people who love her grandstanding style and powerful voice. The early 21st-century album *You Stole My Cauldron But You Can't Have My Heart* was a massive global hit.

Celestina's personal life has provided much fodder for the gossip columns of the Daily Prophet. An early marriage to a backing dancer lasted only a year; Celestina then married her manager, with whom she had a son, only to leave him for the composer Irving Warble ten years later.

Author's Note

Celestina is one of my favourite ‘off-stage’ characters in the whole series, and has been part of the Potter world ever since its inception, making an early appearance in the short-lived ‘Daily Prophet’ series I produced for members of the equally short-lived fan club run by my British publisher, Bloomsbury. Although we never lay eyes on Celestina during the whole seven volumes of the Potter books, I always imagined her to resemble Shirley Bassey in both looks and style. I stole her first name from a friend with whom I worked, years ago, at Amnesty International’s Headquarters in London; ‘Celestina’ was simply begging to be scooped up and attached to a glamorous witch.



## Nicolas Flamel

Nicolas Flamel is the alchemical partner of one Albus Dumbledore, a fact revealed by a Chocolate Frog card during Harry’s very first journey on the Hogwarts Express. Harry, Ron and Hermione later also discover Flamel is 665 years old and famous for being the only known maker of the Philosopher’s Stone, an artefact that causes a lot of trouble in Harry’s first year. But who is this infamous alchemist?



Author’s Note

**Nicolas Flamel was a real person.** I read about him in my early twenties when I came across one of the versions of his life story. It told how he had bought a mysterious book called *The Book of Abraham the Jew*, which was full of strange symbols and which Flamel realised were instructions on alchemy. The story went that he subsequently made it his life's work to produce the Philosopher's Stone.

The real Flamel was a wealthy businessman and a noted philanthropist. There are streets in Paris named after him and his wife, Perenelle.

I remember having a highly detailed and exceptionally vivid dream about Flamel, several months into the writing of *Philosopher's Stone*, which was like a Renaissance painting come to life. Flamel was leading me around his cluttered laboratory, which was bathed in golden light, and showing me exactly how to make the Stone (I wish I could remember how to do it).



## Alchemy

Obviously, it is impossible to say whether the real Nicolas Flamel successfully produced the Philosopher's Stone, but the Nicolas Flamel in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* certainly did. Otherwise, he definitely would not have reached the age of 665.

This is because Flamel's Philosopher's Stone – created through a process known as Alchemy – produces the Elixir of Life. This Elixir, according to one of Hermione's library books, '...make[s] the drinker immortal.' The whole immortality thing is also what

makes the Stone attractive to Voldemort, who is then only half-alive because he effectively possesses Professor Quirrell. It is a dangerous thing to have hanging around.

Outside the wizarding world, did the Philosopher's Stone ever exist, or was it more symbolic? And what does the study of Alchemy have to tell us about Harry's story?



### Author's Note

**Alchemy (the search for** the Philosopher's Stone, which would turn base metal to gold and give the possessor eternal youth) was once believed to be possible and real. However, the central quest of alchemy may be more complex, and less materialistic, than it first appears.

One interpretation of the 'instructions' left by the alchemists is that they are symbolic of a spiritual journey, leading the alchemist from ignorance (base metal) to enlightenment (gold). There seems to have been a mystical element to the work the alchemist was engaged upon, which set it apart from chemistry (of which it was undoubtedly both an offshoot and forerunner).

The colours red and white are mentioned many times in old texts on alchemy. One interpretation is that they, like base metal and gold, represent two different sides of human nature, which must be reconciled. This was the inspiration for the Christian names of Rubeus (red) Hagrid and Albus (white) Dumbledore. These two men, both hugely important to Harry, seem to me to represent two sides of the ideal father figure he seeks; the former is warm, practical and wild, the latter impressive, intellectual, and somewhat detached.

Although there are books on alchemy in the library at Hogwarts, and I always imagined that it would be studied by

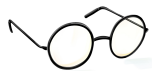
very clever students in their sixth and seventh years, Hermione most uncharacteristically ignores the opportunity. Perhaps she feels (as Harry and Ron certainly do) that, far from wishing to make another Philosopher's Stone, they would be happy never to see another one in their lives.



## Gilderoy Lockhart

'Celebrity is as celebrity does...' is another choice phrase spouted by Harry's second Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, Gilderoy Lockhart. And if anyone in Harry's life knows what celebrity does to a person, it's Lockhart.

Dark Arts champion, renowned author, and five-times winner of *Witch Weekly's* Most-Charming-Smile Award, Lockhart has a talent for self-publicity that is completely at odds with Harry's ambivalence towards his own fame. It's a shame for Lockhart, then, that he could never hope to emulate Harry's level of renown. But he certainly does a great job in constructing his own narrative. Is that what celebrity does to you?



### Early Life

**Born to a witch** mother and a Muggle father, with two older sisters, Gilderoy Lockhart was the only one of his parents' three

children to show magical ability. A clever, good-looking boy, he was his mother's unashamed favourite, and the realisation that he was also a wizard caused his vanity to blossom like a particularly pernicious weed.

## School

The young Lockhart's arrival at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was not the triumph that he and his mother had expected. Somehow, Lockhart had not appreciated that he would be in a whole school full of witches and wizards, many of them more accomplished than himself. (In fact, he had visualised for himself an entrance into Hogwarts not unlike the one that Harry Potter experienced, decades later. He had imagined walking down the corridors to excited whispers of his magical prowess, it never having occurred to him that every student at Hogwarts had had similar experiences before starting school.) In Lockhart's own mind he was already a fully-fledged hero and genius, and it was a most unwelcome shock to discover that his name was unknown, his talents were unexceptional and that nobody was particularly impressed by his naturally wavy hair.

This is not to say that Lockhart had no talent. Indeed, his teachers felt that he was of above-average intelligence and ability, and that, with hard work, he might make something of himself, even if he fell short of the ambitions he shared freely with classmates (Lockhart told anyone who would listen that he would succeed in making a Philosopher's Stone before leaving school and that he intended to captain England's Quidditch team to World Cup glory, before knuckling down to becoming Britain's youngest Minister for Magic).

Sorted into Ravenclaw house, Lockhart was soon achieving good marks in his schoolwork, but there was always a kink in his nature that made him increasingly unsatisfied. If he was not first and best, he would rather not participate at all.

Increasingly, he directed his talents towards shortcuts and dodges. He valued learning not for its own sake, but for the attention it brought him. He craved prizes and awards. He lobbied the Headmaster to start a school newsletter, because he liked nothing better than to see his name and photograph in print.

Never very popular, he nevertheless achieved his primary goal of school-wide recognition through repeated, attention-getting exploits. He received a week's worth of detentions for magically carving his signature in twenty-foot-long letters into the Quidditch pitch. He managed to create a massive, illuminated projection of his own face, which he would send skywards in imitation of the Dark Mark. He sent himself eight hundred Valentine's cards one year, which caused such a pile-up of owls in the Great Hall that breakfast had to be abandoned (far too many feathers and droppings in the porridge).

### Post-Hogwarts Career

When Lockhart finally left Hogwarts, it was to a faint sigh of relief from the staff. He was soon heard of in foreign parts, where his exploits began garnering increasing publicity. Many of his ex-teachers began to feel that they might have misjudged him because he was demonstrating both bravery and resilience in ridding various far-flung places of dangerous, dark creatures.

The truth was that Lockhart had found his true calling at last. He had never been a bad wizard, only a lazy one, and he had decided to hone his talents in one direction: Memory Charms. By perfecting this tricky spell, he had succeeded in modifying the recollections of a dozen highly accomplished and courageous witches and wizards, allowing him to take credit for their daring exploits, returning to Britain at the end of each 'adventure' with a new book ready for publication which retold 'his' feats of bravery with a wealth of invented detail.

Within a decade of leaving school, Lockhart had achieved bestseller status with his series of autobiographical books and a reputation as a world-class defender against the Dark Arts. He even received the Order of Merlin, Third Class, became an Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defence League and – his good looks untarnished by the many life-and-death, tooth-and-claw battles he claimed to have had with werewolves, banshees and the like – won *Witch Weekly's* Most-Charming-Smile Award no less than five times in a row.

## Return to Hogwarts

Many staff were baffled as to the reason that Albus Dumbledore chose to invite Gilderoy Lockhart back to Hogwarts as Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher. While it was true that it had become almost impossible to persuade anybody else to take the job (the rumour that it was cursed was gathering strength both inside and outside Hogwarts), many teachers remembered Lockhart as thoroughly obnoxious, whatever his later achievements.

Albus Dumbledore's plans, however, ran deep. He happened to have known two of the wizards for whose life's work Gilderoy Lockhart had taken credit, and was one of the only people in the world who thought he knew what Lockhart was up to. Dumbledore was convinced that Lockhart needed only to be put back into an ordinary school setting to be revealed as a charlatan and a fraud. Professor McGonagall, who had never liked Lockhart, asked Dumbledore what he thought students would learn from such a vain, celebrity-hungry man. Dumbledore replied that 'there is plenty to be learned even from a bad teacher: what not to do, how not to be'.

Lockhart might not have been keen to return to Hogwarts, given how well his career of stolen glory was progressing, had Dumbledore not dangled the promise of Harry Potter over his fame-hungry head (a ruse that Dumbledore was to repeat four

years later, when another teacher needed to be persuaded to come back to school). By subtly suggesting that teaching Harry Potter would set the seal on Lockhart's fame, Dumbledore had set a lure that Lockhart could not resist.

By the time that he arrived at school, Lockhart's magical skills (once rather good) had become rusty almost beyond repair. The only spell for which he had real ability was the Memory Charm, which he had been using repeatedly for years. His classes quickly became a charade, as he was revealed to be completely inept at everything in which he claimed, in his books, to be expert.

The accident that cost Lockhart his sanity occurred at the end of his year at Hogwarts, when he was hit by a backfiring Memory Charm that forever erased his past. He has since resided in the Janus Thickey Ward of St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.



## The Daily Prophet

For wizarding world celebrities like Gilderoy Lockhart, being covered by *The Daily Prophet* is something to aspire to. That's why Lockhart is so excited to see Harry enter Flourish & Blotts as he signs copies of his autobiography. 'Together, you and I are worth the front page,' he tells Harry, as a *Prophet* photographer snaps their picture.

When you're as fame-hungry as Lockhart, such excitement is understandable. Those in the magical community don't watch television or engage with internet culture, so even today, *The Daily*

*Prophet* remains one of the only channels guaranteed to be seen by most of the UK's wizarding population. This makes it very influential, both as a source of news and of gossip. Because as Lockhart instinctively understands – and as Harry finds out – gossip has a currency all of its own.



**There is only one** wizarding newspaper in Britain, discounting such small circulation publications as *The Quibbler*. The *Daily Prophet*, whose headquarters are in Diagon Alley, is delivered by owl on a daily basis to nearly every wizarding household in Britain. Payment is effected by placing coins in the pouch tied to the paper-owl's leg. Occasionally (when something particularly interesting or exciting happens, such as the illegal flight of a Ford Anglia the length of Britain) an Evening Prophet edition will be rushed out.

The *Prophet* is not an entirely unbiased source of news, and sometimes displays an unfortunately sensationalist tendency best epitomised by star reporter Rita Skeeter. Ostensibly an independent news source, it has more than once been influenced by the Ministry (or ruling power) of the day to hush up certain stories. A clue to its overriding motivation may be found in its name, 'prophet' being a homonym of 'profit' (although I was also taken with the idea of a wizarding newspaper claiming foreknowledge of news to come).

Wizardkind tends not to require alternative political flavours in its news coverage (which is not to say, however, that the Prophet does not have a political agenda). As a small, outsider and occasionally beleaguered community, wizards are, by and large, interested in the same kinds of stories: the Quidditch League results, whether anyone is in trouble for infractions of the International Statute of Secrecy, what irritating legislation the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office has come up with now,

and when the next Celestina Warbeck or Weird Sisters concert will take place.

It seems likely that wizards will continue to favour old-fashioned newsprint, even while the Muggle world resorts increasingly to the internet. If Muggle newspapers had moving photographs, their circulation might be similarly buoyant.



There are many ways to be famous in the wizarding world, but few celebrity stories come close to Harry Potter's. It seems surviving Voldemort's Killing Curse as a baby is a sure-fire way to see your name regularly appear in the *Daily Prophet* for the rest of your life. No wonder it made Harry uncomfortable. Having a talent for singing or alchemy or even Memory Charms would definitely be preferable.

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– CHAPTER ELEVEN –

## Wizarding Transport

Flying around on a broomstick is all well and good, but not everyone has a head for heights. Plus, soaring over the heads of Muggles atop a Firebolt or Nimbus Two Thousand and One would be a bit of a giveaway. So, what's a witch or wizard to do, if they have a trip to take and a broomstick is out of the question?

The good news is there are many options. Because whatever Harry might think, flying a Firebolt is not the only way to travel. Some of the alternative options – like the steam-powered Hogwarts Express, or Arthur Weasley's magically modified Ford Anglia – might look familiar to Muggles, but there are plenty of others that are unique to the wizarding world. Hold onto your wands, everybody: there might be some bumps on the road ahead (not to mention ash in the fireplace).



### The Floo Network

Harry's first experience of travelling through the Floo Network is a memorable one. Coughing on ash from the Weasley's fireplace, he

misspeaks the words ‘Diagon Alley’ and somehow ends up in neighbouring Knockturn Alley. An easy mistake to make when you’ve never relied on a fireplace for transportation before. As we will see, though, it isn’t only newbies whose garbled pronunciation causes problems on the line. The Floo Network might be quick, but it seems no method of mass transportation is perfect – not even when it involves magic.



**In use for centuries**, the Floo Network, while somewhat uncomfortable, has many advantages. Firstly, unlike broomsticks, the Network can be used without fear of breaking the International Statute of Secrecy. Secondly, unlike Apparition, there is little to no danger of serious injury. Thirdly, it can be used to transport children, the elderly and the infirm.

Nearly every witch or wizard home is connected to the Floo Network. While a fireplace may be disconnected by the use of a simple spell, connection requires the permission of the Ministry of Magic, which regulates the Floo service and prevents Muggle fireplaces becoming inadvertently joined up (although temporary connection can be arranged in emergencies).

In addition to domestic fireplaces, there are around a thousand fireplaces across Britain connected to the Floo Network, including those at the Ministry of Magic, and various wizarding shops and inns. The fireplaces of Hogwarts are not generally connected, although there have been occasions when one or more has been tampered with, often without the staff’s knowledge.

Although generally reliable, mistakes can happen. Speaking the name of the destination loudly and clearly upon entering the Floo flames is sometimes difficult, due to ash, heat and panic. The most notorious instance of accidental misdirection happened in 1855 when, after a particularly nasty row with her

husband, witch Violet Tillyman leapt into the living room fire and cried, between sobs and hiccups, that she wanted to go to her mother's house.

Several weeks later, with no clean pots in the house and his socks in urgent need of washing, her husband Albert decided that it was time she came home, and took the Floo Network to his mother-in-law's. To his surprise, she claimed that Violet had never arrived. Albert, a suspicious man and a bit of a bully, raged, stormed and searched the house, but his mother-in-law appeared to be telling the truth. A poster campaign and a series of articles in *The Daily Prophet* later, Violet had still not been found. Nobody seemed to know where she was and nobody had seen her come out of any other fireplace. For several months after her disappearance, people were afraid to take the Floo Network, in case it simply vanished them into thin air. However, time passed, memories of Violet faded, and nobody else disappeared, so the wizarding community continued as usual. Albert Tillyman returned grumpily to his house, learned cleaning and darning spells, and never used the Floo Network again for fear of what it had done to his wife.

It was not until twenty years later, after Albert's death, that Violet Tillyman resurfaced. Due to the incoherent way she had spoken when she had entered the Floo Network, she had not emerged from her mother's fireplace, but that of Myron Otherhaus, a handsome wizard who lived in Bury St Edmunds. In spite of Violet's tear-stained, ash-covered and blotchy appearance, it had been love at first sight when she toppled out of his fire, and Myron, Violet and their seven children lived happily ever after.

### Author's Note

'Floo' came from the flue that you find on a chimney and don't ask me to tell you exactly what a flue is, because I don't know. I just know it exists, but I'm not sure what it does

exactly. I needed a way for particularly young witches and wizards to travel around because I'd created the International Statute of Secrecy, which was inconvenient, so immediately that made it quite difficult for them to move around, particularly over long distances, by magical means. So I thought they need something very discreet, and that's how the Floo Network came about, so it was a way of moving from house to house without ever being seen by Muggles. But it was fun and comical to have it a little bit difficult to use, so that you could easily make a mistake in where you ended up.

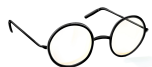


## Floo Powder

The Floo Network can only be accessed by Floo Powder, a glittering concoction that, when thrown onto a connected fireplace, causes the fireplace to erupt into emerald flames. All a witch or wizard must then do is step into the flames and announce their desired destination. A few sickening spins later and out they tumble. Well, unless they're trying to visit a boarded-up Muggle fireplace, like the one in the Dursleys' house. In that case, the travellers – Arthur, Fred, George and Ron Weasley – find themselves trapped, leaving Arthur no choice but to blast the Dursleys' electric fireplace out into their living room. Talk about arriving with a bang.

It's also possible to use Floo Powder to literally pop your head in on a friend or family member, as when Harry visits Sirius at Grimmauld Place whilst kneeling on the cold floor of Professor

Umbridge's office at Hogwarts. A little disorienting, perhaps, but it's one way to get face time.



**Floo powder was invented** by Ignatia Wildsmith in the thirteenth century. Its manufacture is strictly controlled. The only licensed producer in Britain is Floo-Pow, a company whose Headquarters is in Diagon Alley, and who never answer their front door.

No shortage of Floo powder has ever been reported, nor does anybody know anyone who makes it. Its price has remained constant for one hundred years: two Sickles a scoop. Every wizard household carries a stock of Floo powder, usually conveniently located in a box or vase on the mantelpiece.

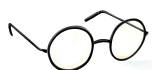
The precise composition of Floo powder is a closely guarded secret. Those who have tried to 'make their own' have been universally unsuccessful. At least once a year, St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries reports what they call a 'Faux Floo' injury – in other words, somebody has thrown a homemade powder onto a fire and suffered the consequences. As irate Healer and St Mungo's spokeswizard, Rutherford Poke, said in 2010: 'It's two Sickles a scoop, people, so stop being cheap, stop throwing powdered Runespoor fangs on the fire and stop blowing yourselves out of the chimney! If one more wizard comes in here with a burned backside, I swear I won't treat him. It's two Sickles a scoop!'



## The Knight Bus

As getaway vehicles go, at first glance The Knight Bus is not particularly discreet. Big, violently purple, and driven at speed by an elderly wizard called Ernie Prang, The Knight Bus comes to Harry's rescue in *Prisoner of Azkaban*, right after he has blown up Aunt Marge and run away from the Dursleys. But Muggles can't see it, so Ernie and conductor Stan Shunpike are free to travel about the country rescuing magical folk in need, unrestricted by speed limits or road signs.

What's the story behind the big bus, then? As Stan says, 'Take 'er away, Ern.'



**For witches and wizards** who are Floo-sick, whose Apparition is unreliable, who hate heights or who feel frightened or queasy taking Portkeys, there is always the Knight Bus, which appears whenever a witch or wizard in urgent need of transportation sticks out their wand arm at the kerb.

A purple, triple-decker bus, it has seats during the day and beds at night. It is not particularly comfortable, and I would advise against ordering hot drinks even if offered, because the bus's habit of leaping from one destination to another at a moment's notice can result in a lot of spillage.

The Knight Bus is a relatively modern invention in wizarding society, which sometimes (though it will rarely admit it) takes ideas from the Muggle world. The need for some form of transportation that could be used safely and discreetly by the underage or the infirm had been felt for a while and many suggestions had been made (sidecars on taxi-style broomsticks, carrying baskets slung under Thestrals) all of them vetoed by the Ministry. Finally, Minister for Magic Dugald McPhail hit upon the idea of imitating the Muggles' relatively new 'bus service' and in 1865, the Knight Bus hit the streets.

While some wizards (mainly pureblood fanatics) announced their intention of boycotting what was dubbed ‘this Muggle-esque outrage’ in the letters page of *The Daily Prophet*, the Knight Bus proved hugely popular with most of the community and remains busy to this day.

## Author’s Note

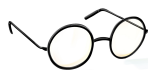
The Knight Bus was so-named because, firstly, knight is a homonym of night, and there are night buses running all over Britain after normal transport stops. Secondly, ‘knight’ has the connotation of coming to the rescue, of protection, and this seemed appropriate for a vehicle that is often the conveyance of last resort.

The driver and conductor of the Knight Bus in *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* are named after my two grandfathers, Ernest and Stanley.



## Portkeys

The ability to transport yourself from one part of the country to another, by means of something innocuous like an old boot, is one of those magical things that sounds too good to be true. And as it turns out, it’s not quite as simple as bewitching a cast-off item and clutching it to your chest every time you want to disappear. Shame.



**Wizards who cannot Apparate** (dematerialise and reappear at will), who wish to travel by daylight (meaning that broomsticks, Thestrals, flying cars and dragons are inappropriate), or whose destination has no fireplace (rendering Floo powder useless) will have to resort to the use of a Portkey.

Almost any inanimate object can be turned into a Portkey. Once bewitched, the object will transport anyone who grasps it to a pre-arranged destination. A Portkey may also be enchanted to transport the grasper (or graspers) only at a given time. In this way, the arrivals and departures of great numbers of witches and wizards can be staggered, enabling such events as the Quidditch World Cup to take place with few security breaches.

When secrecy is paramount, and mass movement is planned, the chosen Portkey will be a nondescript object secreted in an out-of-the-way place, so that it will be taken for a piece of unimportant debris by Muggle passers-by. Accidents have occurred, however; two Muggle dog-walkers found themselves accidentally transported to a Celestina Warbeck concert in 2003, because their dogs had run off with an old trainer on Clapham Common (leaving an anguished crowd of witches and wizards to look frantically for their Portkey on a stretch of empty grass, hopefully seizing old crisp packets and cigarette ends). One of the Muggle dog-walkers was even invited on stage by Celestina to perform a duet of 'A Cauldron Full of Hot, Strong Love'. While the Memory Charm placed upon him by a harried Ministry official seemed to take at the time, he has since written a popular Muggle song that bears an uncanny resemblance to Celestina's worldwide hit (Ms Warbeck is not amused).

The sensation of travelling by Portkey is universally agreed to be uncomfortable, if not downright unpleasant, and can lead to nausea, giddiness and worse. Healers recommend that the elderly, pregnant and infirm avoid using Portkeys. The suggestion of arranging Portkeys for the transportation of

annoying relatives has saved many a wizarding family Christmas.

### Author's Note

The name 'Portkey' comes from the French 'porter' – to carry – and the word 'key', in the sense of secret or trick.

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– CHAPTER TWELVE –

## The Journey to Hogwarts

Portkeys might be a great travel solution for mass gatherings at wizarding world events but, as we will see, they are less suitable when it comes to transporting students from across the country to Hogwarts' unconfirmed Scottish location. This begs the question – how did young witches and wizards get to school before the Hogwarts Express first steamed its way onto platform nine and three-quarters?

This train is about to depart, so climb aboard and settle in.



### The Hogwarts Express

The Hogwarts Express might be a magically adapted scarlet steam train ready to transport young witches and wizards right under the noses of King's Cross's transport staff, but it is also, clearly, a Muggle-engineered train. Isn't it? How did it end up at platform nine and three-quarters, then? And why use a Muggle train to transport hundreds of witchcraft and wizardry students to Scotland in the first place? Time to inspect this engine.



**As we know from** early historical accounts, and from the evidence of early woodcuts and engravings, Hogwarts students used to arrive at school in any manner that caught their fancy. Some rode broomsticks (a difficult feat when carrying trunks and pets); others commandeered enchanted carts and, later, carriages; some attempted to Apparate (often with disastrous effects, as the castle and grounds have always been protected with Anti-Apparition Charms), others rode a variety of magical creatures.

In spite of the accidents attendant on these various modes of magical transport, not to mention the annual Muggle sightings of vast numbers of airborne wizards travelling northwards, it remained the responsibility of parents to convey their children to school, right up until the imposition of the International Statute of Secrecy in 1692. At this point, it became a matter of urgency to find some more discreet method of transporting hundreds of wizarding children from all over Britain to their secret school in the Highlands of Scotland.

Portkeys were therefore arranged at collecting points all over Britain. The logistics caused problems from the start. Up to a third of students would fail to arrive every year, having missed their time slot, or been unable to find the unobtrusive enchanted object that would transport them to their school. There was also the unfortunate fact that many children were (and are) 'Portkey-sick', and the hospital wing was frequently full to bursting for the first few days of every year, while susceptible students overcame their hysterics and nausea.

While admitting that Portkeys were not an ideal solution to the problem of school transportation, the Ministry of Magic failed to find an acceptable alternative. A return to the unregulated travel of the past was impossible, and yet a more secure route into the school (for instance, permitting a fireplace that might be officially entered by Floo powder) was strongly

resisted by successive Headmasters, who did not wish the security of the castle to be breached.

A daring and controversial solution to the thorny problem was finally suggested by Minister for Magic Ottoline Gambol, who was much intrigued by Muggle inventions and saw the potential in trains. Where exactly the Hogwarts Express came from has never been conclusively proven, although it is a fact that there are secret records at the Ministry of Magic detailing a mass operation involving one hundred and sixty-seven Memory Charms and the largest ever mass Concealment Charm performed in Britain. The morning after these alleged crimes, a gleaming scarlet steam engine and carriages astounded the villagers of Hogsmeade (who had also not realised they had a railway station), while several bemused Muggle railway workers down in Crewe spent the rest of the year grappling with the uncomfortable feeling that they had mislaid something important.

The Hogwarts Express underwent several magical modifications before the Ministry approved it for school use. Many pure-blood families were outraged at the idea of their children using Muggle transport, which they claimed was unsafe, insanitary and demeaning; however, as the Ministry decreed that students either rode the train or did not attend school, the objections were swiftly silenced.



## King's Cross Station

For all its magical modifications, a Muggle-engineered train like the Hogwarts Express requires a Muggle-engineered railway to run

on. Which means it must depart from a Muggle train station, like King's Cross. All very reasonable. But when the magical world meets the Muggle one, the only thing that stands to reason is that reason (but not magical train services) must sometimes be suspended.



**When Ottaline Gambol commandeered** a Muggle train to serve as the new mode of transport for Hogwarts students, she also had constructed a small station in the wizarding village of Hogsmeade: a necessary adjunct to the train. The Ministry of Magic felt strongly, however, that to construct an additional wizarding station in the middle of London would stretch even the Muggles' notorious determination not to notice magic when it was exploding in front of their faces.

It was Evangeline Orpington, Minister from 1849–1855, who hit upon the solution of adding a concealed platform at the newly (Muggle) built King's Cross station, which would be accessible only to witches and wizards. On the whole, this has worked well, although there have been minor problems over the ensuing years, such as witches and wizards who have dropped suitcases full of biting spellbooks or newt spleens all over the polished station floor, or else disappeared through the solid barrier a little too loudly. There are usually a number of plain-clothed Ministry of Magic employees on hand to deal with any inconvenient Muggle memories that may need altering at the start and end of each Hogwarts term.

### Author's Note

King's Cross, which is one of London's main railway stations, has a very personal significance for me, because my

parents met on a train to Scotland which departed from King's Cross station. For this reason, and because it has such an evocative and symbolic name, and because it is actually the right station to leave from if you were heading to Caledonia, I never knew the slightest indecision about the location of the portal that would take Harry to Hogwarts, or the means of transport that would take him there.

It is said (though where the story originated I could not tell you; it is suspiciously vague) that King's Cross station was built either on the site of Boudicca's last battle (Boudicca was an ancient British queen who led a rebellion against the Romans) or on the site of her tomb. Legend has it that her grave is situated somewhere in the region of platforms eight to ten. I did not know this when I gave the wizards' platform its number. King's Cross station takes its name from a now-demolished monument to King George IV.

There is a real trolley stuck halfway out of a wall in King's Cross now, and it makes me beam proudly every time I pass...



## Platform Nine and Three-Quarters

To access platform nine and three-quarters, as Molly Weasley tells Harry:

*'All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Don't stop and don't be scared you'll crash into it, that's very important.'*

Which sounds a little indiscreet, but at least it beats a ticket barrier. See you on the platform.



### Author's Note

**In choosing the number** of the concealed platform that would take young witches and wizards to boarding school, I decided that it would have to be a number between those of the Muggle platforms – therefore, it was clearly a fraction. This raised the interesting question of how many other fractional platforms lay between the whole-numbered platforms at King's Cross, and I concluded that there were probably quite a few. Although these are never mentioned in the book, I like to think that it is possible to take a version of the Orient Express off to wizard-only villages in continental Europe (try platform seven and a half), and that other platforms may be opened on an as-required-basis, for instance for large, one-off events such as Celestina Warbeck concerts (see your ticket for details).

The number nine and three-quarters presented itself without much conscious thought, and I liked it so much that I took it at once. It is the 'three-quarters' that makes it, of course.

– CHAPTER THIRTEEN –

## Sorting

Once a first-year steps off the Hogwarts Express to board one of Hagrid's little boats, the next phase of their Hogwarts experience begins. Across the glassy lake, through a curtain of ivy and along a dark tunnel they travel. The boats land near a passageway in the rock which leads to some stone steps and, eventually, to Hogwarts' huge, oak front door. It's all very atmospheric. And that's before anyone gets to the Sorting Ceremony.

The phrase 'Sorting Ceremony' is vague enough for older students to create fear in their first-year siblings – Fred Weasley told Ron it involved 'wrestling a troll'. But what it actually involves is trying on the Sorting Hat and waiting for it to shout out what House you'll do best in, based on what it sees inside your head. Sounds a little less intimidating than troll-wrestling, but even if you don't become a Hatstall (and no, that's not a magic spell), having your head examined in a hall full of people you've barely met is not exactly fun, either.

Let's sort this out once and for all, then.



# The Sorting Hat

So exactly how clever is the Sorting Hat? And is it always accurate in its assessment of a student's house – Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff? It likes poking around inside first-years' brains, but now the time has come to turn this Hat on its head and really find out what it's made of.



**The famous Hogwarts Sorting Hat** gives an account of its own genesis in a series of songs sung at the beginning of each school year. Legend has it that the hat once belonged to one of the four founders, Godric Gryffindor, and that it was jointly enchanted by all four founders to ensure that students would be sorted into their eponymous houses, which would be selected according to each founder's particular preferences in students.

The Sorting Hat is one of the cleverest enchanted objects most witches and wizards will ever meet. It literally contains the intelligence of the four founders, can speak (through a rip near its brim) and is skilled at Legilimency, which enables it to look into the wearer's head and divine his or her capabilities or mood. It can even respond to the thoughts of the wearer.

The Sorting Hat has another ability, which has rarely been revealed to anyone at Hogwarts. It is a magical portal, by which another of Godric Gryffindor's possessions may be accessed: the sword of Gryffindor. This sword was enchanted by Godric to appear whenever a member of his house asks for help while wearing the Hat. Twice, in the course of the Harry Potter series, the sword is transported from a temporary owner to aid a Gryffindor who needs a weapon.

The Sorting Hat is notorious for refusing to admit it has made a mistake in its sorting of a student. On those occasions

when Slytherins behave altruistically or selflessly, when Ravenclaws flunk all their exams, when Hufflepuffs prove lazy yet academically gifted and when Gryffindors exhibit cowardice, the Hat steadfastly backs its original decision. On balance, however, the Hat has made remarkably few errors of judgement over the many centuries it has been at work.

### Author's Note

The Sorting Hat does not appear in my earliest plans for Hogwarts. I debated several different methods for sorting students (because I knew from early on that there would be four houses, all with very different qualities). The first was an elaborate, Heath Robinson-ish machine that did all kinds of magical things before reaching a decision, but I did not like it: it felt at once too complicated, and too easy. Next I placed four statues of the four founders in the Entrance Hall, which came alive and selected students from the throng in front of them while the school watched. This was better, but still not quite right. Finally, I wrote a list of the ways in which people can be chosen: eeny meeny miny mo, short straws, chosen by team captains, names out of a hat – names out of a talking hat – putting on a hat – the Sorting Hat.



### Hatstall

Ever heard of a Hatstall? Well, it's what happens when the Sorting Hat can't make a quick decision. It is comforting to know that even

an enchanted object containing the intelligence of four different people doesn't always have an immediate answer. Nothing leaves you in suspense like a Hatstall.



**An archaic Hogwarts term** for any new student whose Sorting takes longer than five minutes. This is an exceptionally long time for the Sorting Hat to deliberate, and occurs rarely, perhaps once every fifty years.

Of Harry Potter's contemporaries, Hermione Granger and Neville Longbottom came closest to being Hatstalls. The Sorting Hat spent nearly four minutes trying to decide whether it should place Hermione in Ravenclaw or Gryffindor. In Neville's case, the Hat was determined to place him in Gryffindor: Neville, intimidated by that house's reputation for bravery, requested a place in Hufflepuff. Their silent wrangling resulted in triumph for the Hat.

The only true Hatstalls known personally to Harry Potter were Minerva McGonagall and Peter Pettigrew. The former caused the hat to agonise for five and a half minutes as to whether Minerva ought to go to Ravenclaw or Gryffindor; the latter was placed in Gryffindor after a long deliberation between that house and Slytherin. The Sorting Hat, which is infamously stubborn, still refuses to accept that its decision in the case of the latter may have been erroneous, citing the manner in which Pettigrew died as (dubious) evidence.

– CHAPTER FOURTEEN –

## The Hogwarts Curriculum

Once the Sorting is over, the Welcome Feast has been eaten and the students have spent their first night in a Hogwarts Dormitory bed, it's time to get down to business. That means lessons.

A Hogwarts school timetable might look fantastical, but there's still plenty of hard work involved. From the focus required by Professor Sprout in Herbology to the torpor generated by Professor Binns's distinctly unmagical teaching style in History of Magic, almost every class at Hogwarts is a lesson in the unexpected. Besides, as if the subjects weren't tricky enough, there are the teachers to contend with.

For Harry, Professor Snape is by far the worst. In five years of their Potions lessons together, never once does Snape miss a chance to take points off Harry, or to favour the students of his house, Slytherin. And while Snape's animosity may stem from his intense dislike of Harry's father, James, he is by no means the only teacher whose classroom is subject to its own set of rules. Professor McGonagall has high standards for her Transfiguration students. Arguably, so too does Professor Trelawney, although exactly what those standards are remains suitably opaque. As for Defence Against the Dark Arts, Harry and his class have so many teachers over the years it is difficult to maintain any standards. Though Professor Umbridge's lessons are a particular low point.

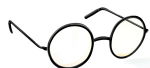
Still, not even a magical school can be all fun, all the time – and when you're learning how to cast spells, brew Potions and fly brooms, there are also plenty of high points.

So, timetables at the ready. Let's take a deep dive into the Hogwarts Curriculum. Pay attention, class, there's a lot to cover.



## Hogwarts School Subjects

First-years first: what is on a new Hogwarts student's timetable, then? It's time to pack up those book bags and venture out into the school corridors...



**All first-years at Hogwarts** must take seven subjects: Transfiguration, Charms, Potions, History of Magic, Defence Against the Dark Arts, Astronomy and Herbology. Flying lessons (on broomsticks) are also compulsory.

At the end of their second year at Hogwarts, students are required to choose a minimum of two more subjects from the following list: Arithmancy, Muggle Studies, Divination, Study of Ancient Runes and Care of Magical Creatures.

Very specialised subjects such as Alchemy are sometimes offered in the final two years, if there is sufficient demand.

Author's Note

A slightly different list of school subjects appears in my earliest notes. Herbology is called 'Herbalism', Divination is compulsory from the first year, as are Alchemy and a subject called simply 'Beasts', whereas Transfiguration is called 'Transfiguration/Metamorphosis'.



## Professor McGonagall

By the time Harry arrives at Hogwarts, Professor Minerva McGonagall is already long-established. Not only is she Harry's firm but fair Transfiguration teacher, she is also the fiercely proud Head of Gryffindor House and Albus Dumbledore's scrupulously loyal Deputy. In later years, McGonagall becomes Hogwarts' Headmistress in her own right: an obvious choice, as she proves just as staunch a defender of Hogwarts as her old friend Dumbledore. In *Cursed Child*, McGonagall even shares her particular wisdom with a second Albus – Harry's son, named for the headmaster who had once advised him.

'...[T]he lesson even your father sometimes failed to heed is that bravery doesn't forgive stupidity. Always think. Think what's possible,' McGonagall told Albus Potter, thus proving that Dumbledore was not the only Hogwarts Head with a knack for shrewd observations.

But that's the Professor McGonagall her students know. So, what of Minerva, before Hogwarts?



**Minerva McGonagall** was the first child, and only daughter, of a Scottish Presbyterian minister and a Hogwarts-educated witch. She grew up in the Highlands of Scotland, and only gradually became aware that there was something strange, both about her own abilities, and her parents' marriage. Minerva's father, the Reverend Robert McGonagall, had become captivated by the high-spirited Isobel Ross, who lived in the same village. Like his neighbours, Robert believed that Isobel attended a select ladies' boarding school in England. In fact, when Isobel vanished from her home for months at a time, it was to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry that she went.

Aware that her parents (a witch and wizard) would frown on a connection with the serious young Muggle, Isobel kept their burgeoning relationship a secret. By the time she was eighteen, she had fallen in love with Robert. Unfortunately, she had not found the courage to tell him what she was.

The couple eloped, to the fury of both sets of parents. Now estranged from her family, Isobel could not bring herself to mar the bliss of the honeymoon by telling her smitten new husband that she had graduated top of her class in Charms at Hogwarts, nor that she had been Captain of the school Quidditch team. Isobel and Robert moved into a manse (minister's house) on the outskirts of Caithness, where the beautiful Isobel proved surprisingly adept at making the most of the minister's tiny salary.

The birth of the young couple's first child, Minerva, proved both a joy and a crisis. Missing her family, and the magical community she had given up for love, Isobel insisted on naming her newborn daughter after her own grandmother, an immensely talented witch. The outlandish name raised eyebrows in the community in which she lived, and the Reverend Robert McGonagall found it difficult to explain his

wife's choice to his parishioners. Furthermore, he was alarmed by his wife's moodiness. Friends assured him that women were often emotional after the birth of a baby, and that Isobel would soon be herself again.

Isobel, however, became more and more withdrawn, often secluding herself with Minerva for days at a time. Isobel later told her daughter that she had displayed small, but unmistakable, signs of magic from her earliest hours. Toys that had been left on upper shelves were found in her cot. The family cat appeared to do her bidding before she could talk. Her father's bagpipes were occasionally heard to play themselves from distant rooms, a phenomenon that made the infant Minerva chuckle.

Isobel was torn between pride and fear. She knew that she must confess the truth to Robert before he witnessed something that would alarm him. At last, in response to Robert's patient questioning, Isobel burst into tears, retrieved her wand from the locked box under her bed and showed him what she was.

Although Minerva was too young to remember that night, its aftermath left her with a bitter understanding of the complications of growing up with magic in a Muggle world. Although Robert McGonagall loved his wife no less upon discovering that she was a witch, he was profoundly shocked by her revelation, and by the fact that she had kept such a secret from him for so long. What was more, he, who prided himself on being an upright and honest man, was now drawn into a life of secrecy that was quite foreign to his nature. Isobel explained, through her sobs, that she, and their daughter, were bound by the International Statute of Secrecy, and that they must conceal the truth about themselves, or face the fury of the Ministry of Magic. Robert also quailed at the thought of how the locals – in the main, an austere, strait-laced and conventional breed – would feel about having a witch as their minister's wife.

Love endured, but trust had been broken between her parents, and Minerva, a clever and observant child, saw this with sadness. Two more children, both sons, were born to the

McGonagalls, and both, in due course, revealed magical ability. Minerva helped her mother explain to Malcolm and Robert Junior that they must not flaunt their magic, and aided her mother in concealing from their father the accidents and embarrassments their magic sometimes caused.

Minerva was very close to her Muggle father, whom in temperament she resembled more than her mother. She saw with pain how much he struggled with the family's strange situation. She sensed, too, how much of a strain it was for her mother to fit in with the all-Muggle village, and how much she missed the freedom of being with her kind, and of exercising her considerable talents. Minerva never forgot how much her mother cried, when the letter of admittance into Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry arrived on Minerva's eleventh birthday; she knew that Isobel was sobbing, not only out of pride, but also out of envy.

## School Career

As is often the case where the young witch or wizard comes from a family who has struggled with its magical identity, Hogwarts was, for Minerva McGonagall, a place of joyful release and freedom.

Minerva drew unusual attention to herself on her very first evening, when she was revealed to be a Hatstall. After five and a half minutes, the Sorting Hat, which had been vacillating between the houses of Ravenclaw and Gryffindor, placed Minerva in the latter. (In later years, this circumstance was a subject of gentle humour between Minerva and her colleague Filius Flitwick, over whom the Sorting Hat suffered the same confusion, but reached the opposite conclusion. The two Heads of house were amused to think that they might, but for those crucial moments in their youths, have exchanged positions).

Minerva was quickly recognised as the most outstanding student of her year, with a particular talent for Transfiguration.

As she progressed through school, she demonstrated that she had inherited both her mother's talents and her father's cast-iron moral sense. Minerva's school career overlapped by two years with that of Pomona Sprout, later Head of Hufflepuff House, and the two women enjoyed an excellent relationship both then, and in later years.

By the end of her education at Hogwarts, Minerva McGonagall had achieved an impressive record: top grades in O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s, Prefect, Head Girl, and winner of the Transfiguration Today Most Promising Newcomer award. Under the guidance of her inspirational Transfiguration teacher, Albus Dumbledore, she had managed to become an Animagus; her animal form, with its distinctive markings (tabby cat, square spectacle-markings around eyes) were duly logged in the Ministry of Magic's Animagus Registry. Minerva was also, like her mother, a gifted Quidditch player, although a nasty fall in her final year (a foul during the Gryffindor versus Slytherin game which would decide the Cup winner) left her with concussion, several broken ribs and a lifelong desire to see Slytherin crushed on the Quidditch pitch. Though she gave up Quidditch on leaving Hogwarts, the innately competitive Professor McGonagall later took a keen interest in the fortunes of her house team, and retained a keen eye for Quidditch talent.

## Early Heartbreak

Upon graduation from Hogwarts, Minerva returned to the manse to enjoy one last summer with her family before setting out for London, where she had been offered a position at the Ministry of Magic (Department of Magical Law Enforcement). These months were to prove some of the most difficult of Minerva's life, for it was then, aged only eighteen, that she proved herself truly her mother's daughter, by falling head-over-heels in love with a Muggle boy.

It was the first and only time in Minerva McGonagall's life that she might have been said to lose her head. Dougal McGregor was the handsome, clever and funny son of a local farmer. Though less beautiful than Isobel, Minerva was clever and witty. Dougal and Minerva shared a sense of humour, argued fiercely, and suspected mysterious depths in each other. Before either of them knew it, Dougal was on one knee in a ploughed field, proposing, and Minerva was accepting him.

She went home, intending to tell her parents of her engagement, yet found herself unable to do so. All that night she lay awake, thinking about her future. Dougal did not know what she, Minerva, truly was, any more than her father had known the truth about Isobel before they had married. Minerva had witnessed at close quarters the kind of marriage she might have if she wed Dougal. It would be the end of all her ambitions; it would mean a wand locked away, and children taught to lie, perhaps even to their own father. She did not fool herself that Dougal McGregor would accompany her to London, while she went to work every day at the Ministry. He was looking forward to inheriting his father's farm.

Early next morning, Minerva slipped from her parents' house and went to tell Dougal that she had changed her mind, and could not marry him. Mindful of the fact that if she broke the International Statute of Secrecy she would lose the job at the Ministry for which she was giving him up, she could give him no good reason for her change of heart. She left him devastated, and set out for London three days later.

## Ministry Career

Though undoubtedly her feelings for the Ministry of Magic were coloured by the fact that she had recently suffered an emotional crisis, Minerva McGonagall did not much enjoy her new home and workplace. Some of her co-workers had an engrained anti-Muggle bias which, given her adoration of her

Muggle father, and her continuing love for Dougal McGregor, she deplored. Though a most efficient and gifted employee, and fond of her much older boss, Elphinstone Urquart, Minerva was unhappy in London, and found that she missed Scotland. Finally, after two years at the Ministry, she was offered a prestigious promotion, yet found herself turning it down. She sent an owl to Hogwarts, asking whether she might be considered for a teaching post. The owl returned within hours, offering her a job in the Transfiguration department, under Head of Department, Albus Dumbledore.

### Friendship with Albus Dumbledore

The school greeted Minerva McGonagall's return with delight. Minerva threw herself into her work, proving herself a strict but inspirational teacher. If she kept letters from Dougal McGregor locked in a box under her bed, this was (she told herself firmly) better than keeping her wand locked there. Nevertheless, it was a shock to learn from the oblivious Isobel (in the middle of a chatty letter of local news) that Dougal had married the daughter of another farmer.

Albus Dumbledore discovered Minerva in tears in her classroom late that evening, and she confessed the whole story to him. Albus Dumbledore offered both comfort and wisdom, and told Minerva some of his own family history, previously unknown to her. The confidences exchanged that night between two intensely private and reserved characters were to form the basis of a lasting mutual esteem and friendship.

### Marriage

Through all her early years at Hogwarts, Minerva McGonagall remained on terms of friendship with her old boss at the Ministry, Elphinstone Urquart. He came to visit her while

on holiday to Scotland, and to her great surprise and embarrassment, proposed marriage in Madam Puddifoot's teashop. Still in love with Dougal McGregor, Minerva turned him down.

Elphinstone, however, had never ceased to love her, nor to propose every now and then, even though she continued to refuse him. The death of Dougal McGregor, however, although traumatic, seemed to free Minerva. Shortly after Voldemort's first defeat, Elphinstone, now white-haired, proposed again during a summertime stroll around the lake in the Hogwarts grounds. This time Minerva accepted. Elphinstone, now retired, was beside himself with joy, and purchased a small cottage in Hogsmeade for the pair of them, whence Minerva could travel easily to work every day.

Known to successive generations of students as 'Professor McGonagall', Minerva – always something of a feminist – announced that she would be keeping her own name upon marriage. Traditionalists sniffed – why was Minerva refusing to accept a pure-blood name, and keeping that of her Muggle father?

The marriage (cut tragically short, though it was destined to be) was a very happy one. Though they had no children of their own, Minerva's nieces and nephews (children of her brothers Malcolm and Robert) were frequent visitors to their home. This was a period of great fulfilment for Minerva.

The accidental death of Elphinstone from a Venomous Tentacula bite, three years into their marriage, was an enormous sorrow to all who knew the couple. Minerva could not bear to remain alone in their cottage, but packed her things after Elphinstone's funeral and returned to her sparse stone-floored bedroom in Hogwarts Castle, accessible through a concealed door in the wall of her first-floor study. Always a very brave and private person, she poured all her energies into her work, and few people – except perhaps Albus Dumbledore – ever realised how much she suffered.

## Author's Note

Minerva was the Roman goddess of warriors and wisdom. William McGonagall is celebrated as the worst poet in British history. There was something irresistible to me about his name, and the idea that such a brilliant woman might be a distant relative of the buffoonish McGonagall.

A small sample of his work will give a flavour of its unintentional comedic value. The following was written as part of a poem commemorating a Victorian railway disaster:

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the Silv'ry Tay!  
Alas! I am very sorry to say  
That ninety lives have been taken away  
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,  
Which will be remember'd for a very long time.



## Animagi

Professor McGonagall is the first Hogwarts teacher to appear in *Philosopher's Stone*, but this is not immediately obvious because she is, a) in her animal form – that of a stern, map-reading tabby cat – and b) in a very Muggle environment. As a registered Animagus, McGonagall's cat-like appearance on Privet Drive may be unusual, but it is not in breach of any wizarding world laws. The same cannot be said, however, of another Animagus in Harry's life: Sirius Black, who once follows Harry through the suburban streets surrounding the Dursley family home whilst in his animal form of a

large black dog. Because, while Sirius and his Marauder pals James Potter and Peter Pettigrew were (like McGonagall) Animagi, they were also (unlike McGonagall) not registered.

So how is all this important? Why can some witches and wizards transform into animals, while most can't? And what is this register all about?



**An Animagus is a** witch or wizard who can transform at will into an animal. While in their animal form, they retain most of their ability to think as a human, their own sense of identity and their memories. They will also retain normal human life expectancy, even if they take their animal form for long periods of time. However, feelings and emotions are simplified and they will have many animal desires, feeding off whatever their animal body craves, rather than demanding human food.

It is immensely difficult to change oneself into an Animagus and the process, which is complex and time-consuming, can go dramatically wrong. As a result, it is believed that fewer than one in a thousand witches or wizards are Animagi.

An Animagus has a great potential advantage in the spheres of espionage and crime. For this reason, an Animagus Registry exists on which all Animagi are expected to log their personal details and the precise appearance of their transformed self. It is usually the case that distinctive markings or disabilities belonging to the human body will transfer to the animal self. Failure to enter oneself onto the Registry may result in a stretch in Azkaban.

When the process of becoming an Animagus goes wrong, it often goes seriously wrong. Impatience with the long and complicated process is generally at the root of such disasters, which usually take the form of horrible half-human, half-animal mutations. There is no known cure for such mistakes

and those who make them are often forced to live out their days in their pitiable condition, being unable to become fully animal or fully human.

Talent in both Transfiguration and Potions is necessary to become an Animagus. No responsibility can be taken for any physical or mental problems resulting from following these instructions.

1. For the space of one entire month (from full moon to full moon), a single leaf from a Mandrake must be carried constantly in the mouth. The leaf must not be swallowed or taken out of the mouth at any point. If the leaf is removed from the mouth, the process must be started again.

2. Remove the leaf at the full moon and place it, steeped in your saliva, in a small crystal phial that receives the pure rays of the moon (if the night is cloudy, you will have to find a new Mandrake leaf and begin the whole process again). To the moon-struck crystal phial, add one of your own hairs, a silver teaspoon of dew collected from a place that neither sunlight nor human feet have touched for a full seven days, and the chrysalis of a Death's-head Hawk Moth. Put this mixture in a quiet, dark place and do not look at it or otherwise disturb it until the next electrical storm.

3. While waiting for the storm, the following procedure should be followed at sunrise and sundown. The tip of the wand should be placed over the heart and the following incantation spoken: 'Amato Animo Animato Animagus.'

4. The wait for a storm may take weeks, months or even years. During this time, the crystal phial should remain completely undisturbed and untouched by sunlight. Contamination by sunlight gives rise to the worst mutations. Resist the temptation to look at your potion until lightning occurs. If you continue to repeat your incantation at sunrise and sunset there will come a time when, with the touch of the wand-tip to the chest, a second heartbeat may be sensed, sometimes more powerful than the first, sometimes less so. Nothing should be changed. The incantation should be uttered

without fail at the correct times, never omitting a single occasion.

5. Immediately upon the appearance of lightning in the sky, proceed directly to the place where your crystal phial is hidden. If you have followed all the preceding steps correctly, you will discover a mouthful of blood-red potion inside it.

6. It is essential to move, at once, to a large, secure place where your transformation cannot cause alarm or place you in physical danger. Place your wand-tip against your heart, speak the incantation 'Amato Animo Animato Animagus,' and then drink the potion.

7. If all has gone correctly, you will feel a fiery pain and an intense double heartbeat. Into your mind will come the shape of the creature into which you are shortly to transform. You must show no fear. It is too late, now, to escape the change you have willed.

8. The first transformation is usually uncomfortable and frightening. Clothing and items such as glasses or jewellery meld to the skin and become one with fur, scales or spikes. Do not resist and do not panic or the animal mind may gain the ascendancy and you could do something foolish, such as try to escape through a window or charge a wall.

9. When your transformation is complete you should find yourself physically comfortable. You are strongly advised to pick up your wand at once, and hide it in a place of safekeeping, where you will be able to find it when you regain a human form.

10. To return to a human form, visualise your human self as clearly as you can. This should be sufficient, but do not panic if the transformation does not occur immediately. With practice, you will be able to slip in and out of your animal form at will, simply by visualising the creature. Advanced Animagi can transform without wands.

Generally wizards prefer to have their clothes Transfigure with them, to escape the embarrassment of reappearing naked. However, it is possible to leave clothes behind if one wishes to

give the impression of having gone for a bath or something similar. The longer a witch or wizard has been an Animagus, the better they will become at choosing the precise form of their transformations.

The animal into which one turns, if an Animagus, seems always to be that which becomes the Patronus. There is no known instance of the Animagus form changing to match the Patronus if the latter changes, but the Animagus who can also produce a Patronus is highly unusual and no study has ever been done on sufficient numbers to draw firm conclusions.

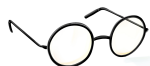


## Sybill Trelawney

Professor Sybill Trelawney makes quite an entrance during Harry's first Divination lesson, gliding slowly out of the shadows to greet the students who have just scrambled through a trap door to her North Tower classroom.

*'Harry's immediate impression was of a large, glittering insect. Professor Trelawney moved into the firelight, and they saw that she was very thin; her large glasses magnified her eyes to several times their natural size, and she was draped in a gauzy spangled shawl. Innumerable chains and beads hung around her spindly neck, and her arms and hands were encrusted with bangles and rings.'*

For someone so apparently focused on her Inner Eye, Trelawney's outward appearance is no mistake. From the moment of her arrival, she is clearly cultivating the character she wants people to see: ethereal, otherworldly, and blessed with the Gift of Sight. True, it's not a gift everyone buys, but she certainly tries hard to sell it.



**Sybill is the great-great-granddaughter** of a genuine Seer, Cassandra Trelawney. Cassandra's gift has been much diluted over ensuing generations, although Sybill has inherited more than she knows. Half-believing in her own fibs about her talent (for she is at least ninety per cent fraud), Sybill has cultivated a dramatic manner and enjoys impressing her more gullible students with predictions of doom and disaster. She is gifted in the fortune teller's tricks; she accurately reads Neville's nervousness and suggestibility in his first class, and tells him he is about to break a cup, which he does. On other occasions, gullible students do her work for her. Professor Trelawney tells Lavender Brown that something she is dreading will happen to her on the sixteenth of October; when Lavender receives news on that day that her pet rabbit has died, she connects it instantly with the prediction. All of Hermione's logic and good sense (Lavender was not dreading the death of the rabbit, which was very young; the rabbit did not die on the sixteenth, but the previous day) are lost: Lavender wants to believe her unhappiness was foretold. By the law of averages, Professor Trelawney's rapid-fire predictions sometimes hit the mark, but most of the time she is full of hot air and self-importance.

Nevertheless, Sybill does experience very rare flashes of genuine clairvoyance, which she can never remember afterwards. She secured her post at Hogwarts because she revealed, during her interview with Dumbledore, that she was

the unconscious possessor of important knowledge. Dumbledore gave her sanctuary at the school, partly to protect her, partly in the hope that more genuine predictions would be forthcoming (he had to wait many years for the next).

Conscious of her low status on the staff, who are almost all more talented than she is, Sybill spends most of her time apart from her colleagues, up in her stuffy and overcrowded tower office. Unsurprisingly, perhaps, she has developed an over-reliance on alcohol.

### Author's Note

I created detailed histories for many of the Hogwarts staff (such as Albus Dumbledore, Minerva McGonagall and Rubeus Hagrid), some of which were used in the books, and some of which were not. It is in some ways fitting that I only ever had a vague idea of what had happened to the Divination teacher before she washed up at Hogwarts. I imagine that Sybill's pre-Hogwarts existence consisted of drifting through the wizarding world, trying to trade on her ancestry to secure employment, but scorning any that did not offer what she feels is the status due to a Seer.

Professors Trelawney and McGonagall are polar opposites; the one something of a charlatan, manipulative and grandiose, the other fiercely intelligent, stern and upright. I knew, however, that when the consummate outsider and non-Hogwartian Dolores Umbridge attempted to oust Sybill from the school, Minerva McGonagall, who has been critical of Trelawney on many occasions, would show the true kindness of her character and rally to her defence. There is a pathos about Professor Trelawney, infuriating though I would find her in real life, and I think that Minerva sensed her underlying feeling of inadequacy.

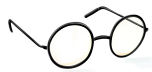
I love Cornish surnames, and had never used one until the third book in the series, so that is how Professor Trelawney got

her family name. I did not want to call her anything comical, or which suggested chicanery, but something impressive and attractive. ‘Trelawney’ is a very old name, suggestive of Sybill’s over-reliance on her ancestry when seeking to impress. There is a beautiful old Cornish song featuring the name (The Song of the Western Men). Sybill’s first name is a homonym of ‘Sibyl’, which was a female clairvoyant in ancient times. My American editor wanted me to use ‘Sibyl’, but I preferred my version, because while it keeps the reference to the august clairvoyants of old, it is really no more than a variant of the unfashionable female name ‘Sybil’. Professor Trelawney, I felt, did not really qualify as a ‘Sibyl’.



## Naming Seers

Sybill Trelawney may not quite qualify as a Sibyl in the ancient clairvoyant sense, but if she were to ever leave teaching and become a Naming Seer, she can at least lean into her surname to bolster her reputation. But what’s in a name? Well, for certain magical families, quite a lot – or so it seems.



**A very great variety** of first names are given to children by their wizard parents, some of them being what we might think of as Muggle names (e.g. James, Harry, Ronald), others giving a distinct flavour of the personality or destiny of the bearer (e.g. Xenophilius, Remus, Alecto).

Some wizards have a family tradition of names. The Black family, for instance, like to name their offspring after stars and constellations (which many would say suits their lofty ambition and pride). Other wizarding families (like the Potters and the Weasleys) simply pick their favourite names for their children, and leave it at that.

A certain sector of magical society, however, follows the ancient wizarding practice of consulting a Naming Seer, who (usually for a hefty payment of gold) will predict the child's future and suggest an appropriate moniker.

This practice is becoming increasingly rare. Many parents prefer to 'let him/her find his/her own way', and dislike (with good reason) receiving premature hints of aptitude, limitations or, at worst, catastrophe. Mothers and fathers have often fretted themselves silly on the way home from the Naming Seer, wishing that they had not heard the Seer's predictions about their child's personality or future.



## Remus Lupin

Speaking of names, Remus Lupin's contains a couple of little hints as to his wolfish origins. The name Remus comes from the Roman founding myth of Romulus and Remus, a story in which twin brothers, left to die, are fed by a she-wolf. His surname, Lupin, comes from the Latin word 'lupus', which means wolf.

Because, yes, Lupin has what his friend James Potter once called a 'furry little problem' – he is a werewolf. He's also a co-creator of the infamous Marauder's Map, the man who teaches Harry how to

cast a Patronus, and an exceptionally skilled Defence Against the Dark Arts practitioner. His knowledge of remedies impresses even Madam Pomfrey, the notoriously strict Hogwarts nurse. No wonder he's everyone's favourite teacher.



## Parents

**Remus Lupin was the** only child of the wizard Lyall Lupin and his Muggle wife Hope Howell.

Lyall Lupin was a very clever, rather shy young man who, by the time he was thirty, had become a world-renowned authority on Non-Human Spiritous Apparitions. These include poltergeists, Boggarts and other strange creatures that, while sometimes ghostlike in appearance and behaviour, have never been truly alive and remain something of a mystery even to the wizarding world.

On an investigative trip into a dense Welsh forest in which a particularly vicious Boggart was supposed to be lurking, Lyall ran across his future wife. Hope Howell, a beautiful Muggle girl who worked in an insurance office in Cardiff, had taken an ill-advised walk through what she believed to be innocent woodland. Boggarts and poltergeists may be sensed by Muggles, and Hope, a particularly imaginative and sensitive person, had become convinced that something was watching her from between the dark trees. Eventually, her imagination became so overactive that the Boggart assumed a form: that of a large, evil-looking man, bearing down on her with a snarl and outstretched hands in the gloom. Hearing her scream, young Lyall came sprinting through the trees, causing the apparition to shrink into a field mushroom with one wave of his wand. The terrified Hope thought, in her confusion, that he had driven her

would-be attacker away, and his first words to her – ‘it’s all right, it was only a Boggart’ – made no impression on her. Noticing how very beautiful she was, Lyall made the wise decision not to talk about Boggarts any more, but instead agreed that the man had been very big and scary, and that the only sensible thing to do was for him to accompany Hope home to protect her.

The young couple fell in love, and not even Lyall’s shamefaced admission, some months later, that Hope had never really been in danger, dented her enthusiasm for him. To Lyall’s delight, Hope accepted his proposal of marriage and threw herself enthusiastically into preparations for the wedding, complete with a Boggart-topped cake.

Lyall and Hope’s first and only child, Remus John, was born after a year of marriage. A happy, healthy little boy, he showed early signs of magic and both parents imagined that he would follow in his father’s footsteps, attending Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry in due course.

## Bitten

By the time that Remus was four years old, the amount of Dark magical activity across the country was increasing steadily. While few yet knew what lay behind the mounting attacks and sightings, Lord Voldemort’s first ascent to power was in progress and Death Eaters were recruiting all kinds of Dark creatures to join them in their quest to overthrow the Ministry of Magic. The Ministry called in the services of authorities on Dark creatures – even those as minor as Boggarts and poltergeists – to help it understand and contain the threat. Lyall Lupin was among those asked to join the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, which he did gladly. It was here that Lyall came face-to-face with a werewolf called Fenrir Greyback, who had been brought in for questioning about the death of two Muggle children.

The Werewolf Registry was badly maintained. Werewolves were so shunned by wizarding society that they generally avoided contact with other people; they lived in self-described 'packs' and did all they could to avoid being registered. Greyback, whom the Ministry did not know to be a werewolf, claimed to be nothing more than a Muggle tramp who was utterly amazed at finding himself in a room full of wizards, and horrified by the talk about the poor, dead children.

Greyback's filthy clothing and lack of wand were sufficient to persuade two overworked and ignorant members of the questioning committee that he was telling the truth, but Lyall Lupin was not so easily fooled. He recognised certain telltale signs in Greyback's appearance and behaviour and told the committee that Greyback ought to be kept in detention until the next full moon, a mere twenty-four hours later.

Greyback sat in silence while Lyall was laughed at by his fellow committee members ('Lyall, you just stick to Welsh Boggarts, that's what you're good at'). Lyall, generally a mild-mannered man, grew angry. He described werewolves as 'soulless, evil, deserving nothing but death'. The committee ordered Lyall out of the room, the head of the committee apologised to the Muggle tramp and Greyback was released.

The wizard who escorted Greyback out of the inquiry was intending to place a Memory Charm upon him, so that he would forget having been inside the Ministry. Before he had a chance to do so, he was overpowered by Greyback and two accomplices who had been lurking at the entrance, and the three werewolves fled.

Greyback lost no time in sharing with his friends how Lyall Lupin had just described them. Their revenge on the wizard who thought that werewolves deserved nothing but death would be swift and terrible.

Shortly before Remus Lupin's fifth birthday, as he slept peacefully in his bed, Fenrir Greyback forced open the boy's window and attacked him. Lyall reached the bedroom in time to save his son's life, driving Greyback out of the house with a

number of powerful curses. However, henceforth, Remus would be a fully-fledged werewolf.

Lyall Lupin never forgave himself for the words he had spoken in front of Greyback at the inquiry: ‘soulless, evil, deserving nothing but death’. He had parroted what was the common view of werewolves in his community, but his son was what he had always been – loveable and clever – except for that terrible period at the full moon when he suffered an excruciating transformation and became a danger to everyone around him. For many years, Lyall kept the truth about the attack, including the identity of the attacker, from his son, fearing Remus’s recriminations.

## Childhood

Lyall did all he could to find a cure, but neither potions nor spells could help his son. From this time onwards, the family’s lives were dominated by the need to hide Remus’s condition. They uprooted themselves from village to town, leaving the instant that rumours of the boy’s odd behaviour started. Fellow witches and wizards noticed how peaky Remus became as a new moon approached, not to mention his monthly disappearances. Remus was not allowed to play with other children, in case he let slip the truth of his condition. In consequence, and in spite of his loving parents, he was a very lonely boy.

While Remus was small, his containment during his transformation was not difficult; a locked room and plenty of silencing spells usually sufficed. However, as he grew, so did his wolfish self, and by the time he was ten years old, he was capable of pounding down doors and smashing windows. Ever more powerful spells were needed to contain him and both Hope and Lyall grew thin with worry and fear. They adored their son, but they knew that their community – already beset with fears at the mounting Dark activity around them – would

not be lenient on an uncontrolled werewolf. The hopes that they had once had for their son seemed in ruins, and Lyall educated Remus at home, certain that he would never be able to set foot in school.

Shortly before Remus's eleventh birthday, no less a person than Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts, arrived uninvited on the Lupins' doorstep. Flustered and frightened, Lyall and Hope tried to block his entrance, but somehow, five minutes later, Dumbledore was sitting at the fireside, eating crumpets and playing Gobstones with Remus.

Dumbledore explained to the Lupins that he knew what had happened to their son. Greyback had boasted of what he had done and Dumbledore had spies among Dark creatures. However, Dumbledore told the Lupins that he saw no reason why Remus should not come to school, and described the arrangements that he had made to give the boy a safe and secure place for his transformations. Due to the widespread prejudice around werewolves, Dumbledore agreed that for Remus's own sake his condition should not be broadcast. Once a month, he would leave for a secure and comfortable house in the village of Hogsmeade, guarded by many spells and reached only by an underground passage from the Hogwarts grounds, where he could transform in peace.

Remus's excitement was beyond anything he had known before. It was the dream of his life to meet other children and have, for the first time, friends and playmates.

## School

Sorted into Gryffindor house, Remus Lupin was swiftly befriended by two cheerful, confident and rebellious boys, James Potter and Sirius Black. They were attracted by Remus's quiet sense of humour and a kindness that they valued, even if they did not always possess it themselves. Remus, always the underdog's friend, was kind to short and rather slow Peter

Pettigrew, a fellow Gryffindor, whom James and Sirius might not have thought worthy of their attention without Remus's persuasion. Soon, these four became inseparable.

Remus functioned as the conscience of this group, but it was an occasionally faulty conscience. He did not approve of their relentless bullying of Severus Snape, but he loved James and Sirius so much, and was so grateful for their acceptance, that he did not always stand up to them as much as he knew he should.

Inevitably, his three best friends soon became curious as to why Remus had to vanish once a month. Convinced by his lonely childhood that his friends would desert him if they knew that he was a werewolf, Remus made up ever more elaborate lies to account for his absences. James and Sirius guessed the truth in their second year. To Remus's astonished gratitude, they not only remained his friends but thought up an ingenious method of easing his monthly isolation. They also gave him a nickname that would follow him all through school: 'Moony'. Remus finished his school career as a Prefect.

## The Order of the Phoenix

By the time the four friends left school, Lord Voldemort's ascendancy was almost complete. True resistance to him was concentrated in the underground organisation called the Order of the Phoenix, which all four young men joined.

The death of James Potter, along with his wife Lily, at the hands of Lord Voldemort, was one of the most traumatic events of Remus's already troubled life. His friends meant even more to him than to other people, because he had long since accepted the fact that most people would treat him as untouchable, and that there could be no possibility of marrying and having children. Even worse, within twenty-four hours he had also lost his two other best friends. Remus was in the north of the country on Order of the Phoenix business when he heard the horrible news that one of them had murdered the other, and was

now in Azkaban, a traitor to the Order and to Lily and James themselves.

The downfall of Voldemort, such a source of jubilation to the rest of the wizarding community, marked the beginning of a long stretch of loneliness and unhappiness for Remus. He had lost his three close friends and, with the Order disbanded, his previous comrades returned to busy lives with families. His mother was now dead, and while Lyall, his father, was always delighted to see his son, Remus refused to endanger his father's peaceful existence by returning to live with him.

Remus now lived a hand-to-mouth existence, taking jobs that were far below his level of ability, always knowing that he would have to leave them before his pattern of growing sick once a month at the full moon was noticed by his workmates.

## The Wolfsbane Potion

One development in the wizarding community gave Remus hope: the discovery of the Wolfsbane Potion. While this did not prevent a werewolf losing his human form once a month, it restricted his transformation to that of an ordinary and sleepy wolf. It had always been Remus's worst fear that he would kill while out of his right mind. However, the Wolfsbane Potion was complex and the ingredients very expensive. Remus had no chance to sample it without admitting what he was and so he continued his lonely, itinerant existence.

## Return to Hogwarts

Once again, Albus Dumbledore changed the course of Remus Lupin's life when he tracked him down to a tumbledown, semi-derelict cottage in Yorkshire. Delighted to see the Headmaster, Remus was amazed when Dumbledore offered him the post of Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher.

He was only persuaded to accept when Dumbledore explained that there would be a limitless supply of Wolfsbane Potion, courtesy of the Potions master, Severus Snape.

At Hogwarts, Remus revealed himself to be a gifted teacher, with a rare flair for his own subject and a profound understanding of his pupils. He was, as ever, particularly drawn to the underdog, and both Neville Longbottom and Harry Potter benefited from his wisdom and kindness.

However, Remus's old flaw was at work. He had grave suspicions about one of his old friends, a known fugitive, but did not share them with anyone at Hogwarts. His desperate desire to belong and to be liked meant that he was neither as brave nor as honest as he ought to have been.

An unfortunate combination of circumstances arose that resulted in Remus undergoing a true werewolf's transformation in the grounds of the school. Severus Snape's resentment, never abated by Remus's subsequent respectful politeness, made sure that it was widely known what the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher was. Remus felt obliged to resign and departed Hogwarts once more.

## Marriage

As Lord Voldemort once again gained ascendancy, the old resistance regrouped and Remus found himself once more part of the Order of the Phoenix.

This time, the group included an Auror who had been too young to belong to the Order during its first incarnation. Clever, brave and funny, pink-haired Nymphadora Tonks was a protégée of Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody, the toughest and most grizzled Auror of them all.

Remus, so often melancholy and lonely, was first amused, then impressed, then seriously smitten by the young witch. He had never fallen in love before. If it had happened in peacetime, Remus would have simply taken himself off to a new place and

a new job, so that he did not have to endure the pain of watching Tonks fall in love with a handsome, young wizard in the Auror office, which was what he expected to happen. However, this was war; they were both needed in the Order of the Phoenix, and nobody knew what the next day would bring. Remus felt justified in remaining exactly where he was, keeping his feelings to himself but secretly rejoicing every time somebody paired him with Tonks on some overnight mission.

It had never occurred to Remus that Tonks could return his feelings because he had become so used to considering himself unclean and unworthy. One night when they lay in hiding outside a known Death Eater's house, after a year of increasingly warm friendship, Tonks made an idle remark about one of their fellow Order members ('He's still handsome, isn't he, even after Azkaban?'). Before he could stop himself, Remus had replied bitterly that he supposed she had fallen for his old friend ('He always got the women.'). At this, Tonks became suddenly angry. 'You'd know perfectly well who I've fallen for, if you weren't too busy feeling sorry for yourself to notice.'

Remus's immediate response was a happiness he had never experienced in his life, but this was extinguished almost at once by a sense of crushing duty. He had always known that he could not marry and run the risk of passing on his painful, shameful condition. He therefore pretended not to understand Tonks, which did not fool her at all. Wiser than Remus, she was sure that he loved her, but that he was refusing to admit it out of mistaken nobility. However, he avoided any further excursions with her, barely talked to her, and started volunteering for the most dangerous missions. Tonks became desperately unhappy, convinced not only that the man she loved would never willingly spend time with her again, but also that he might walk to his death rather than admit his feelings.

Remus and Tonks both fought Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters in the Department of Mysteries, a battle that resulted in the public exposure of Voldemort's return. The loss of the last of his school friends during this battle did nothing to soften

Remus's increasingly self-destructive attitude. Tonks could only watch in despair as he volunteered to spy for the Order, leaving to live among fellow werewolves to try to persuade them to Dumbledore's side. In doing this, he was exposing himself to the possible reprisals of the werewolf who had changed his life forever, Fenrir Greyback.

Remus came face-to-face with both Greyback and Tonks at Hogwarts barely a year later, when the Order clashed with Death Eaters within the castle. During this battle, Remus lost yet another person he had loved: Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore had been adored by every member of the Order of the Phoenix, but to Remus, he had represented the sort of kindness, tolerance and understanding that he had received from nobody in the world outside his parents and his three best friends, and had been the only man ever to offer him a position within normal wizarding society.

In the aftermath of the bloody fight, inspired by Fleur Delacour's protestation of enduring love for Bill Weasley, who had been savaged by Greyback, Tonks made a brave, public declaration of her feelings for Remus, who was forced to admit the strength of his love for her. In spite of continuing misgivings that he was acting selfishly, Remus married Tonks quietly in the north of Scotland, with witnesses taken from the local wizarding tavern. He continued to fear that the stigma attached to him would infect his wife and wished for no fanfare around their union; he swung constantly between elation that he was married to the woman of his dreams and terror of what he might have brought upon them both.

## Parenthood

Within a few weeks of their marriage, Remus realised that Tonks was pregnant and every fear he had ever had surfaced. He was convinced that he had passed on his condition to an innocent child and that he had condemned Tonks to the same

life as his mother, forever moving around, unable to settle, having to hide her increasingly violent child from sight. Full of remorse and self-recrimination, Remus fled, leaving the pregnant Tonks, seeking out Harry and offering to accompany him on whatever death-defying adventure awaited.

To Remus's shock and displeasure, the seventeen-year-old Harry not only declined his offer but became angry and insulting. He told his ex-teacher that he was acting selfishly and irresponsibly. Remus responded with uncharacteristic violence and stormed out of the house, taking refuge in a corner of the Leaky Cauldron, where he sat drinking and fuming.

However, after a few hours' reflection, Remus was forced to accept that his ex-pupil had just taught him a valuable lesson. James and Lily, Remus reflected, had stuck with Harry even unto their own deaths. His own parents, Lyall and Hope, had sacrificed their peace and security to keep the family together. Bitterly ashamed, Remus left the inn and returned to his wife, where he begged her forgiveness and assured her that, come what may, he would never leave her again. For the rest of Tonks's pregnancy, Remus eschewed missions for the Order of the Phoenix and made it his first priority to protect his wife and unborn child.

The Lupins' son, Edward Remus ('Teddy'), was named for Remus's recently deceased father-in-law. To both parents' relief and delight, he showed no sign of lycanthropy when born, but inherited his mother's ability to change his appearance at will. On the night of Teddy's birth, Remus briefly left Tonks and his son in the charge of his mother-in-law, so that he could go and find Harry for the first time since their angry confrontation. Here, he asked Harry to be Teddy's godfather, feeling nothing but forgiveness and gratitude towards the person who had sent him home to the family that gave him his greatest happiness.

## Death

Both Remus and Tonks returned to Hogwarts for the final battle against Voldemort, leaving their tiny son in the care of his grandmother. The couple knew that if Voldemort won this battle, their family was sure to be eliminated: both were notorious members of the Order of the Phoenix, Tonks was a marked woman in the eyes of her Death Eater aunt, Bellatrix Lestrange, and their son was the very antithesis of a pure-blood, having many Muggle relatives and a dash of werewolf.

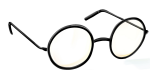
Having survived numerous encounters with Death Eaters and fought his way skilfully and bravely out of many tight corners, Remus Lupin met his end at the hands of Antonin Dolohov, one of the longest-serving, most devoted and sadistic of all Voldemort's Death Eaters. Remus was no longer in prime fighting condition when he rushed to join the fight. Months of inactivity, using mostly spells of concealment and protection, had blunted his duelling capabilities, and when he ran up against a dueller of Dolohov's skill, now battle-hardened after months of killing and maiming, his reactions were too slow.

Remus Lupin was posthumously awarded the Order of Merlin, First Class, the first werewolf ever to be accorded this honour. The example of his life and death did much to lift the stigma on werewolves. He was never forgotten by anyone who knew him: a brave, kind man who did the best he could in very difficult circumstances and who helped many more than he ever realised.



## Werewolves

The example set by Remus Lupin after his death may have helped challenge entrenched attitudes towards werewolves, but his was not the only lonely life to have been marred by prejudice. Werewolves have a long history in the wizarding world, and they are also well-established in Muggle myth – but is there any crossover?



**There are werewolves worldwide** and they have traditionally been pariahs in the wizarding communities from which they often spring; witches and wizards who are frequently involved in hunting or studying such creatures are exposed to a higher risk of attack than the average Muggle. In the late nineteenth century the great English authority on werewolves, Professor Marlowe Forfang, undertook the first comprehensive study of their habits. He found that nearly all those he managed to study and question had been wizards before being bitten. He also learned from the werewolves that Muggles ‘taste’ different to wizards and that they are much more likely to die of their wounds, whereas witches and wizards survive to become werewolves.

The Ministry of Magic’s policies on werewolves have always been muddled and inefficient. A Werewolf Code of Conduct was developed in 1637, which werewolves were supposed to sign, promising not to attack anyone but to lock themselves up securely every month. Unsurprisingly, nobody signed the Code, as nobody was prepared to walk into the Ministry and admit to being a werewolf, a problem from which the later Werewolf Registry also suffered. For years, this Werewolf Registry, on which every werewolf was supposed to enter their name and personal details, has remained incomplete and unreliable, because so many of the newly-bitten sought to conceal their condition and escape the inevitable shame and exile. Werewolves have been shunted between the Beast and Being

divisions of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures for years, because nobody could make up their minds whether a werewolf should be classified as human or bestial. At one point, the Werewolf Registry and Werewolf Capture Unit were both in the Beast Division, while at the same time an office for Werewolf Support Services was established in the Being Division. Nobody ever presented themselves for Support Services, for the same reasons that very few ever signed the Registry, and it was eventually closed down.

To become a werewolf, it is necessary to be bitten by a werewolf in their wolfish form at the time of the full moon. When the werewolf's saliva mingles with the victim's blood, contamination will occur.

The many Muggle myths and legends surrounding werewolves are, in the main, false, although some contain nuggets of truth. Silver bullets do not kill werewolves, but a mixture of powdered silver and dittany applied to a fresh bite will 'seal' the wound and prevent the victim bleeding to death (although tragic tales are told of victims who beg to be allowed to die rather than to live on as werewolves).

In the second half of the twentieth century, several potions were devised to soften the effects of lycanthropy. The most successful was the Wolfsbane Potion.

The monthly transformation of a werewolf is extremely painful if untreated and is usually preceded and succeeded by a few days of pallor and ill health. While in his or her wolfish form, the werewolf loses entirely its human sense of right or wrong. However, it is incorrect to state (as some authorities have, notably Professor Emerett Picardy in his book *Lupine Lawlessness: Why Lycanthropes Don't Deserve to Live*) that they suffer from a permanent loss of moral sense. While human, the werewolf may be as good or kind as the next person. Alternatively, they may be dangerous even while human, as in the case of Fenrir Greyback, who attempts to bite and maim as a man and keeps his nails sharpened into claw-like points for the purpose.

If attacked by a werewolf that is still in human form, the victim may develop certain mild, wolfish characteristics such as a fondness for rare meat, but otherwise should not be troubled by long-term ill effects. However, any bite or scratch given by a werewolf will leave lasting scars, whether or not he or she was in a wolf's form at the time of the attack.

While in its animal form, the werewolf is almost indistinguishable in appearance from the true wolf, although the snout may be slightly shorter and the pupils smaller (in both cases more 'human') and the tail tufted rather than full and bushy. The real difference is in behaviour. Genuine wolves are not very aggressive, and the vast number of folk tales representing them as mindless predators are now believed by wizarding authorities to refer to werewolves, not true wolves. A wolf is unlikely to attack a human except under exceptional circumstances. The werewolf, however, targets humans almost exclusively and poses very little danger to any other creature.

Werewolves generally reproduce by attacking non-werewolves. The stigma surrounding werewolves has been so extreme for centuries that very few have married and had children. However, where werewolves have married human partners, there has been no sign of their lycanthropy being passed to their offspring.

One curious feature of the condition is that if two werewolves meet and mate at the full moon (a highly unlikely contingency which is known to have occurred only twice) the result of the mating will be wolf cubs which resemble true wolves in everything except their abnormally high intelligence. They are not more aggressive than normal wolves and do not single out humans for attack. Such a litter was once set free, under conditions of extreme secrecy, in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts, with the kind permission of Albus Dumbledore. The cubs grew into beautiful and unusually intelligent wolves and some of them live there still, which has given rise to the stories about 'werewolves' in the Forest – stories none of the teachers,

or the gamekeeper, has done much to dispel because keeping students out of the Forest is, in their view, highly desirable.



## Professor Quirrell

Before Professor Lupin; before Professor Gilderoy Lockhart (you know, the famous one who won *Witch Weekly's* Most-Charming-Smile Award five times); before, in fact, any of Harry's Hogwarts teachers, there is Professor Quirinus Quirrell. Indeed, not only is Quirrell Harry's first Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor, he is also the first teacher Harry ever meets, during a nervous encounter in the Leaky Cauldron. But even as Quirrell rushes over to shake Harry's hand and stammer a greeting, there's something lurking beneath the trembling. Actually, no, not something. Someone.



**Harry's first Defence Against** the Dark Arts teacher is a clever young wizard who took a 'Grand Tour' around the world before taking up his teaching post at Hogwarts. When Harry first meets Quirrell, he has adopted a turban for everyday wear. His nerves, expressed most obviously in his stammer, are so pronounced that it is rumoured the turban is stuffed full of garlic, to ward off vampires.

Quirrell set out deliberately to find whatever remained of the Dark wizard, partly out of curiosity, partly out of that

unacknowledged desire for importance. At the very least, Quirrell fantasised that he could be the man who tracked Voldemort down, but at best, might learn skills from Voldemort that would ensure he was never laughed at again.

Though Hagrid was correct in saying that Quirrell had a 'brilliant mind', the Hogwarts teacher was both naive and arrogant in thinking that he would be able to control an encounter with Voldemort, even in the Dark wizard's weakened state. When Voldemort realised that the young man had a position at Hogwarts, he took immediate possession of Quirrell, who was incapable of resisting.

While Quirrell did not lose his soul, he became completely subjugated by Voldemort, who caused a frightful mutation of Quirrell's body: now Voldemort looked out of the back of Quirrell's head and directed his movements, even forcing him to attempt murder. Quirrell tried to put up feeble resistance on occasion, but Voldemort was far too strong for him.

Quirrell is, in effect, turned into a temporary Horcrux by Voldemort. He is greatly depleted by the physical strain of fighting the far stronger, evil soul inside him. Quirrell's body manifests burns and blisters during his fight with Harry due to the protective power Harry's mother left in his skin when she died for him. When the body Voldemort and Quirrell are sharing is horribly burned by contact with Harry, the former flees just in time to save himself, leaving the damaged and enfeebled Quirrell to collapse and die.

### Author's Note

I saw Quirrell as a gifted but delicate boy, who would probably have been teased for his timidity and nerves during his school life. Feeling inadequate and wishing to prove himself, he developed an (initially theoretical) interest in the Dark Arts. Like many people who feel themselves to be

insignificant, even laughable, Quirrell had a latent desire to make the world sit up and notice him.

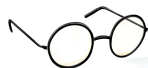
Quirinus was a Roman God about whom there is not much information, although he is commonly associated with war – a clue that Quirrell is not quite as meek as he appears. ‘Quirrell’, which is so nearly ‘squirrel’ – small, cute and harmless – also suggested ‘quiver’, a nod to the character’s innate nervousness.



## Dolores Umbridge

Quirrell might be plagued by nerves from the off, but Harry’s fifth Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, Dolores Umbridge, suffers no such affliction. On the contrary, one of Umbridge’s many negative traits is an apparent overabundance of confidence. With support from the Ministry of Magic, her advancement from Hogwarts Professor to Hogwarts High Inquisitor to a mercifully brief tenure as Hogwarts Headmistress, all happens within a couple of school terms.

Umbridge’s focus is clearly not on education, but even so, her Defence Against the Dark Arts lessons are shockingly bad – theoretical only, reliant on one textbook, no room for discussion or even speech. So where does that over-confidence come from? And if Hogwarts is just a means to an end for Dolores Umbridge, what’s the end she’s looking for?



**Dolores Jane Umbridge** was the eldest child and only daughter of Orford Umbridge, a wizard, and Ellen Cracknell, a Muggle, who also had a Squib son. Dolores's parents were unhappily married, and Dolores secretly despised both of them: Orford for his lack of ambition (he had never been promoted, and worked in the Department of Magical Maintenance at the Ministry of Magic), and her mother, Ellen, for her flightiness, untidiness, and Muggle lineage. Both Orford and his daughter blamed Ellen for Dolores's brother's lack of magical ability, with the result that when Dolores was fifteen, the family split down the middle, Orford and Dolores remaining together, and Ellen vanishing back into the Muggle world with her son. Dolores never saw her mother or brother again, never spoke of either of them, and henceforth pretended to all she met that she was a pure-blood.

An accomplished witch, Dolores joined the Ministry of Magic directly after she left Hogwarts, taking a job as a lowly intern in the Improper Use of Magic Office. Even at seventeen, Dolores was judgemental, prejudiced and sadistic, although her conscientious attitude, her saccharine manner towards her superiors, and the ruthlessness and stealth with which she took credit for other people's work soon gained her advancement. Before she was thirty, Dolores had been promoted to Head of the office, and it was but a short step from there to ever more senior positions in the management of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. By this time, she had persuaded her father to take early retirement, and by making him a small financial allowance, she ensured that he dropped quietly out of sight. Whenever she was asked (usually by workmates who did not like her) 'are you related to that Umbridge who used to mop the floors here?' she would smile her sweetest, laugh, and deny any connection whatsoever, claiming that her deceased father had been a distinguished member of the Wizengamot. Nasty things tended to happen to people who asked about Orford, or anything that Dolores did not like talking about, and people

who wanted to remain on her good side pretended to believe her version of her ancestry.

In spite of her best efforts to secure the affections of one of her superiors (she never cared particularly which of them it was, but knew that her own status and security would be advanced with a powerful husband), Dolores never succeeded in marrying. While they valued her hard work and ambition, those who got to know her best found it difficult to like her very much. After a glass of sweet sherry, Dolores was always prone to spout very uncharitable views, and even those who were anti-Muggle found themselves shocked by some of Dolores's suggestions, behind closed doors, of the treatment that the non-magical community deserved.

As she grew older and harder, and rose higher within the Ministry, Dolores's taste in little girlish accessories grew more and more pronounced; her office became a place of frills and furbelows, and she liked anything decorated with kittens (though found the real thing inconveniently messy). As the Minister for Magic Cornelius Fudge became increasingly anxious and paranoid that Albus Dumbledore had ambitions to supersede him, Dolores managed to claw her way to the very heart of power, by stoking both Fudge's vanity and his fears, and presenting herself as one of the few he could trust.

Dolores's appointment as Inquisitor at Hogwarts gave full scope, for the first time in her life, for her prejudices and her cruelty. She had not enjoyed her time at school, where she had been overlooked for all positions of responsibility, and she relished the chance to return and wield power over those who had not (as she saw it) given her her due.

Dolores has what amounts to a phobia of beings that are not quite, or wholly, human. Her distaste for the half-giant Hagrid, and her terror of centaurs, reveal a terror of the unknown and the wild. She is an immensely controlling person, and all who challenge her authority and worldview must, in her opinion, be punished. She actively enjoys subjugating and humiliating

others, and except in their declared allegiances, there is little to choose between her and Bellatrix LeStrange.

Dolores's time at Hogwarts ended disastrously, because she overreached the remit Fudge had given her, stepping outside the bounds of her own authority, carried away with a fanatical sense of self-purpose. Shaken but unrepentant after a catastrophic end to her Hogwarts career, she returned to a Ministry which had been plunged into turmoil due to the return of Lord Voldemort.

In the change of regimes that followed Fudge's forced resignation, Dolores was able to slip back into her former position at the Ministry. The new Minister, Rufus Scrimgeour, had more immediate problems pressing in on him than Dolores Umbridge. Scrimgeour was later punished for this oversight, because the fact that the Ministry had never punished Dolores for her many abuses of power seemed to Harry Potter to reveal both its complacency and its carelessness. Harry considered Dolores's continuing employment, and the lack of any repercussions for her behaviour at Hogwarts, a sign of the Ministry's essential corruption, and refused to cooperate with the new Minister because of it (Dolores is the only person, other than Lord Voldemort, to leave a permanent physical scar on Harry, having forced him to cut the words 'I must not tell lies' on the back of his own hand during detention).

Dolores was soon enjoying life at the Ministry more than ever. When the Ministry was taken over by the puppet Minister Pius Thicknesse, and infiltrated by the Dark Lord's followers, Dolores was in her true element at last. Correctly judged, by senior Death Eaters, to have much more in common with them than she ever had with Albus Dumbledore, she not only retained her post but was given extra authority, becoming Head of the Muggle-born Registration Commission, which was in effect a kangaroo court that imprisoned all Muggle-borns on the basis that they had 'stolen' their wands and their magic.

It was as she sat in judgement of another innocent woman that Harry Potter finally attacked Dolores in the very heart of

the Ministry, and stole from her the Horcrux she had unwittingly been wearing.

With the fall of Lord Voldemort, Dolores Umbridge was put on trial for her enthusiastic co-operation with his regime, and convicted of the torture, imprisonment and deaths of several people (some of the innocent Muggle-borns she sentenced to Azkaban did not survive their ordeal).

### Author's Note

Once, long ago, I took instruction in a certain skill or subject (I am being vague as vague can be, for reasons that are about to become obvious), and in doing so, came into contact with a teacher or instructor whom I disliked intensely on sight.

The woman in question returned my antipathy with interest. Why we took against each other so instantly, heartily and (on my side, at least) irrationally, I honestly cannot say. What sticks in my mind is her pronounced taste for twee accessories. I particularly recall a tiny little plastic bow slide, pale lemon in colour that she wore in her short curly hair. I used to stare at that little slide, which would have been appropriate to a girl of three, as though it was some kind of repellent physical growth. She was quite a stocky woman, and not in the first flush of youth, and her tendency to wear frills where (I felt) frills had no business to be, and to carry undersized handbags, again as though they had been borrowed from a child's dressing-up box, jarred, I felt, with a personality that I found the reverse of sweet, innocent and ingenuous.

I am always a little wary when talking about these kinds of sources of inspiration, because it is infuriating to hear yourself misinterpreted in ways that can cause other people a great deal of hurt. This woman was NOT 'the real Dolores Umbridge'. She did not look like a toad, she was never sadistic or vicious to me or anyone else, and I never heard her express a single view in common with Umbridge (indeed, I never knew her well

enough to know much about her views or preferences, which makes my dislike of her even less justifiable). However, it is true to say that I borrowed from her, then grossly exaggerated, a taste for the sickly sweet and girlish in dress, and it was that tiny little pale lemon plastic bow that I was remembering when I perched the fly-like ornament on Dolores Umbridge's head.

I have noticed more than once in life that a taste for the ineffably twee can go hand-in-hand with a distinctly uncharitable outlook on the world. I once shared an office with a woman who had covered the wall space behind her desk with pictures of fluffy kitties; she was the most bigoted, spiteful champion of the death penalty with whom it has ever been my misfortune to share a kettle. A love of all things saccharine often seems present where there is a lack of real warmth or charity.

So Dolores, who is one of the characters for whom I feel purest dislike, became an amalgam of traits taken from these, and a variety of sources. Her desire to control, to punish and to inflict pain, all in the name of law and order, are, I think, every bit as reprehensible as Lord Voldemort's unvarnished espousal of evil.

Umbridge's names were carefully chosen. 'Dolores' means sorrow, something she undoubtedly inflicts on all around her. 'Umbridge' is a play on 'umbrage' from the British expression 'to take umbrage', meaning offence. Dolores is offended by any challenge to her limited worldview; I felt her surname conveyed the pettiness and rigidity of her character. It is harder to explain 'Jane'; it simply felt rather smug and neat between her other two names.



## Professor Kettleburn

Given Care of Magical Creatures is an optional subject rather than a compulsory one, Harry's Hogwarts cohort never encounters Professor Silvanus Kettleburn. Based on the following description, however, it seems Kettleburn's lessons were at least as eventful as Hagrid's. And just what is it about Care of Magical Creatures professors and underestimating dragons?



**Silvanus Kettleburn was the** Care of Magical Creatures teacher at Hogwarts until Harry's third year, when he was replaced by Rubeus Hagrid.

Kettleburn was an enthusiastic and occasionally reckless man whose great love of the often dangerous creatures he studied and looked after led to serious injuries to himself and, occasionally, others. This fact led to no fewer than sixty-two periods of probation during his time of employment at the school (a record that still stands). Like Hagrid after him, he was prone to underestimating the risks involved in caring for creatures such as Occamys, Grindylows and Fire Crabs, and once famously caused the Great Hall to catch fire after enchanting an Ashwinder to play the Worm in a play of 'The Fountain of Fair Fortune'.

Kettleburn was a loveable if eccentric man and his continuing employment at the school was evidence of the great affection in which staff and students held him. He finished his career with only one arm and half a leg. Albus Dumbledore presented him with a full set of enchanted wooden limbs on his retirement, a gift that had to be replaced regularly since, because Kettleburn's habit of visiting dragon sanctuaries in his

spare time meant that his prosthetics were frequently set on fire.

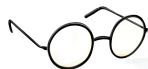


## Horace Slughorn

Five years of studying Potions under Snape's sneering tutelage means Harry is not exactly enamoured of the subject. Then, along comes Professor Slughorn. And, more significantly, the battered copy of *Advanced Potion-Making*, previously owned by the Half-Blood Prince, that Slughorn unknowingly gifts Harry from the Potions Classroom cupboard.

Now, when building a reputation for Potions excellence, of course, it helps to have a book annotated by a previous expert at your disposal. But Harry has already won Slughorn's favour simply by virtue of being Harry Potter. As Dumbledore warns when they first visit Slughorn to persuade him back to Hogwarts: 'He will undoubtedly try to collect you, Harry. You would be the jewel of his collection: the Boy Who Lived ... or, as they call you these days, the Chosen One.'

And, as (almost) always, Dumbledore is right. Slughorn is quite the collector, and he has a definite talent for spotting talent. But is that his only skill? Raise a glass of oak-matured mead and let's toast to the founder of the Slug Club.



## Childhood

**Horace Eugene Flaccus Slughorn** was born into an ancient wizarding family, the only son of doting and wealthy parents. Although a fundamentally good-tempered boy, he was educated to believe in the value of the old boys' network (his father was a high-ranking Ministry official in the Department of International Magical Co-operation), and encouraged to make friends 'of the right sort' once he arrived at Hogwarts. The Slughorn family is one of the so-called 'Sacred Twenty-Eight', (a select list of the only families designated 'pure-blooded' by an anonymous author in the 1930s) and while Slughorn's parents were never militant in their pure-blood beliefs, they encouraged a quiet belief in the family's innate superiority.

Horace was sorted instantly into Slytherin upon arrival at Hogwarts. He proved himself an outstanding student, and while he did not follow his parents' implied instructions to the letter (numbering among his friends several talented Muggle-borns), he practised his own brand of elitism. Horace was drawn to those whose talents or backgrounds made them in any way distinctive, revelling in reflected glory, and dazzled by celebrity of any description. Even as a boy he was an embarrassingly loud name-dropper, and would often refer to the Minister for Magic by his Christian name, happy to imply that the family were on closer terms with him than was really the case.

## Early Teaching Career

In spite of his considerable abilities, his admiration of those who enjoyed the limelight and his parents' ambitions for him at the Ministry, Horace Slughorn was never drawn to the cut and thrust of politics. He enjoyed his creature comforts and revelled in the vicarious delights of having high-achieving friends, without much wanting to emulate any of them. Perhaps he knew in his heart of hearts that he was not the stuff of which

great Ministers are made, aware that he preferred a less taxing and more comfortable existence. When offered the job of Potions master at Hogwarts he was delighted to accept, having a great flair for teaching and a deep fondness for the old school.

Subsequently promoted to Head of Slytherin house, Slughorn remained a good-tempered and easy-going man. He had weaknesses – vanity, snobbery and a certain lack of judgement when it came to the good-looking and talented – and yet he was devoid of cruelty or malice. The worst of which he could be accused during his teaching career is that he made far too great a distinction between those students whom he found amusing and promising, and those in whom he saw no flicker of future greatness. The institution of the ‘Slug Club’ – an out-of-hours dining and social club for his selected favourites – did nothing to assuage the feelings of those who were never invited.

Slughorn undoubtedly had a good eye for latent talent; over a fifty-year period numerous members of the Slug Club, hand-picked by him, subsequently had dazzling careers in the wizarding world, in fields as diverse as Quidditch, politics, business and journalism.

## Relationship with Voldemort

Unfortunately for Slughorn, one of his very favourite students, a handsome and exceptionally talented boy called Tom Marvolo Riddle, had ambitions that were far removed from the likes of the Ministry or proprietorship of the Daily Prophet. Manipulative and charming when he chose, Riddle knew exactly how to flatter and cajole his dotting Potions master and Head of House into parting with forbidden information: how to create Horcruxes. Most ill-advisedly, Slughorn gave his protégé the knowledge he had been lacking.

Although it is not shown in the novels, we may deduce, from what Professor Dumbledore tells Harry Potter about his own suspicions about Tom Riddle during the latter’s school days,

that Dumbledore would have warned his colleague Slughorn against allowing himself to be used by the boy. Slughorn, secure in his own judgement (which had been vindicated so many times), brushed off such warnings as paranoia on Dumbledore's part, believing the Transfiguration teacher to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Tom from the moment he had fetched the boy from the orphanage in which he had been brought up.

Slughorn remained in thrall to Riddle right up until the latter's departure from the school, when Slughorn was disappointed to discover that his prize pupil had not only turned down every wonderful job offer made to him, but vanished, showing no desire to keep in touch with the master with whom he had seemed to feel such an affinity. Slowly, over the ensuing months, Slughorn had to admit to himself that the affection Tom Riddle had seemed to feel for him might, after all, have been a pretence. Slughorn's guilty feelings about having shared a piece of dangerous magical knowledge with the boy intensified, but he suppressed them more determinedly than ever, confiding in no one.

When, a few years after Riddle's departure from the school, a Dark wizard of immense power called Lord Voldemort became active in the wizarding world, Slughorn did not immediately recognise him as his old pupil. He had never been privy to the private name that Riddle was already using to his cronies at Hogwarts, and Voldemort had undergone several physical transformations since last they met. When Slughorn realised that this frightening wizard was, indeed, Tom Riddle, he was horrified, and on the night that Voldemort returned to Hogwarts, seeking a teaching post, Slughorn hid in his office, frightened that the visitor would come and claim acquaintance. Voldemort did not trouble to greet his former Potions master on that occasion, but Slughorn's relief was short-lived.

When the wizarding world fell into war, and rumours swirled that Voldemort had, somehow, made himself immortal, Slughorn was sure that it was he who had made Voldemort

invincible, by teaching him about Horcruxes (this guilt was misplaced, as Riddle already knew how to make a Horcrux, and had feigned innocence in order to find out what might happen if a wizard made more than one). Slughorn became ill with guilt and fright. Albus Dumbledore, now Headmaster, treated his colleague with particular kindness at this time, which had the paradoxical effect of increasing Slughorn's guilt, reinforcing his determination never to tell a living soul what a dreadful mistake he had made.

Lord Voldemort made no attempt to seize Hogwarts on his first ascent to power. Slughorn believed, correctly, that he was safest remaining in his post rather than risking the outside world while Voldemort was at large. When Voldemort met his match upon attacking the infant Harry Potter, Slughorn was even more jubilant than most of the wizarding population. If Voldemort had been killed, Slughorn reasoned, then he could not have made a Horcrux, which meant that he, Slughorn, was innocent after all. It was Slughorn's extremity of relief, and the disjointed phrases he let fall in the first rush of emotion after hearing of Voldemort's defeat, that first alerted Dumbledore to the possibility that Slughorn had shared Dark secrets with Tom Riddle. Dumbledore's gentle attempts to question Slughorn, however, caused him to clam up. A few days later, Slughorn (who had now completed a half-century of service to the school) tendered his resignation.

## Retirement

Horace intended to enjoy a delightful retirement, free from the cares of teaching and the burden of guilt and fear that had been with him for years. He returned to the comfortable home of his parents (now dead), where he had enjoyed school holidays, now taking up permanent residence.

For nearly a decade, Slughorn enjoyed his well-stocked cellar and library, paying occasional visits to old members of

the Slug Club, and hosting reunion feasts at his home. He missed teaching, however, and occasionally felt a sad chill at the thought that the famous faces of tomorrow were now passing through Hogwarts without the slightest knowledge of who he was.

About a decade into Slughorn's retirement, word reached him through his extensive contacts that Lord Voldemort was still alive, although in some disembodied form. This, of all the news in the world, was what Slughorn most feared, for it suggested that his deepest dread had been well founded; that Voldemort lived on, in some fragmented spectral form, because his younger self had successfully created one or more Horcruxes.

Slughorn's retirement now became a fraught affair. Sleepless and frightened, he asked himself whether he had been wise to leave Hogwarts, where Voldemort had previously feared to invade, and where Dumbledore would surely be well informed about what was going on.

## Hiding

Shortly after the conclusion of the Triwizard Tournament at Hogwarts (which Slughorn had been following with rapt attention in the press), the wizarding world erupted with fresh rumours. Harry Potter had survived the competition under dubious circumstances, returning to the Hogwarts grounds clutching the body of a fellow competitor, whom he claimed had been killed by a reborn Voldemort.

While Harry's story was widely dismissed by both the Ministry of Magic and the wizarding press, Horace Slughorn believed it. Confirmation came three nights after the death of Cedric Diggory, when the Death Eater Corban Yaxley arrived at Slughorn's house under cover of night, clearly intending to recruit him, or take him by force to Voldemort.

Slughorn reacted with a speed that would have astounded those who had watched him grow slower and fatter through the years of his retirement. Transfiguring himself into an armchair, he successfully evaded Yaxley's detection. Once the Death Eater had left, Slughorn packed a few necessities into a bag, locked up his house behind him, and went on the run.

For over a year, Slughorn moved from house to house, often squatting in Muggle dwellings when the owners were away, because he did not dare stay with friends who might subsequently betray – whether willingly or under duress – his whereabouts. It was a miserable existence, made still more wretched by the fact that he did not know precisely what Voldemort wanted from him. He thought it most likely that his old student simply wanted to recruit him to his army, which was still small compared to what it had been at the height of his previous power; in his darkest moments, however, Slughorn wondered whether Voldemort did want to kill him, to prevent him ever betraying the source of the latter's continuing invulnerability.

### Later Teaching Career

Though Slughorn's charms and hexes kept him a few steps ahead of the Death Eaters, they were insufficient to keep him concealed from Albus Dumbledore, who finally ran him to ground in the village of Budleigh Babberton, where Slughorn had commandeered a Muggle dwelling. The Headmaster was not fooled by the disguise that had hoodwinked Yaxley, and asked Slughorn to return to Hogwarts as a teacher. As an added inducement, Dumbledore had brought along Harry Potter, whom Slughorn now met for the first time: the most famous student Hogwarts had ever seen, he was also the son of one of Slughorn's all-time favourite students, Lily Evans.

Although initially resistant, Slughorn could not resist the combined allure of a safe place of residence and of Harry

himself, who had a glamour that exceeded even Tom Riddle's. Slughorn suspected that Dumbledore might have a further motive, but was confident that he could resist Dumbledore's attempts to wheedle out of him any assistance he might have given Lord Voldemort. He armed himself against this eventuality by preparing a fake 'memory' of the night that Riddle had approached him with a request to be taught about Horcruxes.

Slughorn resumed his post as Potions master at Hogwarts with gusto, once again instituting the Slug Club and attempting to collect all the most talented or well-connected students of the day. As Dumbledore had expected and intended, Slughorn was captivated by Harry Potter, whom he believed (erroneously) to be supremely talented in his own subject. Harry finally succeeded in prising from Slughorn the true memory of his Horcrux conversation with Riddle, after using Slughorn's own potion against him: Felix Felicis, which made Harry irresistibly lucky.

## Hogwarts under Death Eater Rule

Once the school had been taken over by Lord Voldemort, with Severus Snape as Headmaster and the Death Eater Carrows taking key roles in subjugating staff and pupils, Slughorn learned that Voldemort had nothing worse in store for him than to remain in post and teach pure- and half-bloods. This he did, keeping his profile as low as he dared, though never enforcing the violent discipline advocated by the Carrows, and attempting to look after the students in his care as best he could.

## The Battle of Hogwarts

Slughorn's behaviour during the most dangerous night of his life reveals the worth of the man. Initially he appeared to have escaped the fight, having led the Slytherins out of the castle to safety. Once in Hogsmeade, however, he helped to rouse and mobilise the villagers, returning with Charlie Weasley at the head of reinforcements at a crucial point in the battle. What is more, he was one of the last three (with Minerva McGonagall and Kingsley Shacklebolt) to duel Voldemort before the latter's final confrontation with Harry. Slughorn sought redemption in these selfless acts of courage, risking his life against his erstwhile pupil.

Slughorn's genuine remorse for the damage he had done in telling Riddle what he wanted to know is conclusive proof that he is not, and never was, Death Eater material. A little weak, a little lazy and certainly snobbish, Slughorn is nevertheless kind-hearted, with a fully functional conscience. In his final test, Slughorn revealed himself to be implacably opposed to the Dark Arts. When his bravery at the Battle of Hogwarts was publicised, his actions (along with those of Regulus Black, which gained attention in the aftermath of Voldemort's demise) removed much of the stigma that had been attached to Slytherin house for hundreds of years past. Though now (permanently) retired, his portrait has a place of honour in the Slytherin common room.

### Author's Note

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was one of the greatest Roman Poets, more commonly known as Horace. He gave Slughorn two of his Christian names. The name 'Slughorn' derives from the (Scots) Gaelic for 'war cry': sluagh-ghairm, which later gave rise to 'Slughorn', a battle trumpet. I loved the word for its look and sound, but also for its many associations. The original Gaelic suggests a hidden ferocity, whereas the corrupted word seems to allude to the feeler of the Arion

distinctus (or common land slug), which works well for such a seemingly sedentary, placid man. ‘Horn’ also hints at his trumpeting of famous names and illustrious associations.

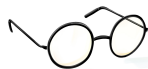


## Potions

Slughorn and Snape are both expert potioners, but the subject is not solely reserved for seemingly slippery Slytherins with deep reserves of courage. It is, however, a subject with hidden depths of its own. As Snape describes to Harry’s first-year class:

*‘I don’t expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses... I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death...’*

Let’s peek into the cauldron, then, and see what’s floating beneath the surface.



**It is often asked** whether a Muggle could create a magic potion, given a Potions book and the right ingredients. The answer, unfortunately, is no.

There is always some element of wandwork necessary to make a potion (merely adding dead flies and asphodel to a pot hanging over a fire will give you nothing but nasty-tasting, not to mention poisonous, soup).

Some potions duplicate the effects of spells and charms, but a few (for instance, the Polyjuice Potion, and Felix Felicis) have effects impossible to achieve any other way. Generally speaking, witches and wizards favour whichever method they find easiest, or most satisfying, to produce their chosen end.

Potions are not for the impatient, but their effects are usually difficult to undo by any but another skilled potioneer. This branch of magic carries a certain mystique and therefore status. There is also the dark cachet of handling substances that are highly dangerous. The popular idea of a Potions expert within the wizarding community is of a brooding, slow-burning personality: Snape, in fact, conforms perfectly to the stereotype.

## Author's Note

Chemistry was my least favourite subject at school, and I gave it up as soon as I could. Naturally, when I was trying to decide which subject Harry's arch-enemy, Severus Snape, should teach, it had to be the wizarding equivalent. This makes it all the stranger that I found Snape's introduction to his subject quite compelling ('I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death...'), apparently part of me found Potions quite as interesting as Snape did; and indeed I always enjoyed creating potions in the books, and researching ingredients for them. Many of the components of the various draughts and libations that Harry creates for Snape exist (or were once believed to exist) and have (or were believed to have) the properties I gave them. Dittany, for instance, really does have healing properties (it is an anti-inflammatory, although I would not advise Splinching yourself to test it); a

bezoar really is a mass taken from the stomach of an animal, and it really was once believed that drinking water in which a bezoar was placed could cure you of poisoning.



## Polyjuice Potion

Proving that Potions expertise does not begin and end in Slytherin house, Hermione Granger (of course) brews up a perfect Polyjuice Potion early on in her second year at Hogwarts. Shame she doesn't get any marks for it, because it's really quite the feat.



**The Polyjuice Potion, which** is a complex and time-consuming concoction, is best left to highly skilled witches and wizards. It enables the consumer to assume the physical appearance of another person, as long as they have first procured part of that individual's body to add to the brew (this may be anything – toenail clippings, dandruff or worse – but it is most usual to use hair). The idea that a witch or wizard might make evil use of parts of the body is an ancient one, and exists in the folklore and superstitions of many cultures.

The effect of the potion is only temporary, and depending on how well it has been brewed, may last anything from between ten minutes and twelve hours. You can change age, sex and race by taking the Polyjuice Potion, but not species.

## Author's Note

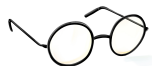
I remember creating the full list of ingredients for the Polyjuice Potion. Each one was carefully selected. Lacewing flies (the first part of the name suggested an intertwining or binding together of two identities); leeches (to suck the essence out of one and into the other); horn of a Bicorn (the idea of duality); knotgrass (another hint of being tied to another person); fluxweed (the mutability of the body as it changed into another) and Boomslang skin (a shedded outer body and a new inner).

The fact that Hermione is able to make a competent Polyjuice Potion at the age of twelve is testimony to her outstanding magical ability, because it is a potion that many adult witches and wizards fear to attempt.



## Cauldrons

Essential for Potions practice, first-year Hogwarts students are required to bring one cauldron (pewter, standard size 2) along with their wands, a telescope, a set of brass scales, and a set of glass or crystal phials. Which is quite a lot of unusually shaped equipment to pack in a school trunk. Good thing cauldrons are magic.



**Cauldrons were once used** by Muggles and wizards alike, being large metal cooking pots that could be suspended over

fires. In time, magical and non-magical people alike moved on to stoves; saucepans became more convenient and cauldrons became the sole province of witches and wizards, who continued to brew potions in them. A naked flame is essential for the making of potions, which makes cauldrons the most practical pot of all.

All cauldrons are enchanted to make them lighter to carry, as they are most commonly made of pewter or iron. Modern inventions include the self-stirring and collapsible varieties of cauldron, and pots of precious metal are also available for the specialist, or the show-off.

### Author's Note

Cauldrons have had a magical association for centuries. They appear in hundreds of years' worth of pictures of witches, and are also supposed to be where leprechauns keep treasure. Many folk and fairy tales make mention of cauldrons with special powers, but in the Harry Potter books they are a fairly mundane tool. I did consider making Helga Hufflepuff's Horcrux a cauldron, but there was something slightly comical and incongruous about having such a large and heavy Horcrux; I wanted the objects Harry had to find to be smaller and more portable. However, a cauldron appears both in the four mythical jewels of Ireland (its magical power was that nobody ever went away from it unsatisfied) and in the legend of The Thirteen Treasures of Britain (the cauldron of Dyrnwch the giant would cook meat for brave men, but not for cowards).

– CHAPTER FIFTEEN –  
Magical Artefacts

Cauldrons may be fairly commonplace in the classrooms of Hogwarts, but there are certain magical artefacts guaranteed to cause a stir even at a school of witchcraft and wizardry. From mythical, innately magical objects like the Sword of Gryffindor to seemingly everyday items imbued with enchantment like the Mirror of Erised, Hogwarts is a place to keep things safe.

It's not surprising, really: Hogwarts is built to keep its mostly teenage inhabitants secure, so what's a sword or a mirror? Magically hidden from Muggle eyes, bewitched to prevent Apparition and Disapparition in and out of the grounds, and manned by statues that can be activated to defend the boundaries with a single spell, Hogwarts is the perfect custodian.



## The Philosopher's Stone

Hagrid describes Hogwarts as one of the best places in the wizarding world 'fer anything yeh want ter keep safe'. He is referring to a specific object: the Philosopher's Stone. Moved from

Gringotts – which Hagrid calls ‘the safest place in the world’ – the Stone is installed in a forbidden corridor on the right-hand side of Hogwarts’ third floor, where it is guarded by a three-headed dog and some tricky enchantments. There, it is safer than safe from outsiders, but alas, not from a certain two-faced Hogwarts Professor called Quirinus Quirrell, who wanted to use the Stone’s Elixir of Life for his master, Voldemort.



### Author’s Note

**I did not invent** the concept of the Philosopher’s Stone, which is a legendary substance that was once believed to be real, and the true goal of alchemy.

The properties of ‘my’ Philosopher’s Stone conform to most of the attributes the ancients ascribed to it. The Stone was believed to turn base metals into gold, and also to produce the Elixir of Life, which could make you immortal. ‘Genuine’ alchemists – the forerunners of chemists and physicists – such as Sir Isaac Newton and (the real) Nicolas Flamel, sought, sometimes over lifetimes, to discover the secret of its creation.

The Stone is variously described as red and white in the many old texts in which it appears. These colours are important in most accounts of alchemy, and are often interpreted as having symbolic meaning.



# The Mirror of Erised

Harry manages to thwart Quirrell's attempt to get his unworthy hands on the Philosopher's Stone by means of another magical artefact: the Mirror of Erised. How's that possible? Let's reflect for a moment.



**The Mirror of Erised** is a very old device. Nobody knows who created it, or how it came to be at Hogwarts School. A succession of teachers have brought back interesting artefacts from their travels, so it might have arrived at the castle in this casual manner, either because the teacher knew how it worked and was intrigued by it, or because they did not understand it and wished to ask their colleagues' opinions.

The Mirror of Erised is one of those magical artefacts that seems to have been created in a spirit of fun (whether innocent or malevolent is a matter of opinion), because while it is much more revealing than a normal mirror, it is interesting rather than useful. Only after Professor Dumbledore makes key modifications to the mirror (which has been languishing in the Room of Requirement for a century or so before he brings it out and puts it to work) does it become a superb hiding place, and the final test for the impure of heart.

The mirror's inscription ('erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi') must be read backwards to show its true purpose.

## Author's Note

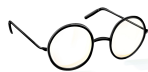
Albus Dumbledore's words of caution to Harry when discussing the Mirror of Erised express my own views. The

advice to ‘hold on to your dreams’ is all well and good, but there comes a point when holding on to your dreams becomes unhelpful and even unhealthy. Dumbledore knows that life can pass you by while you are clinging on to a wish that can never be – or ought never to be – fulfilled. Harry’s deepest yearning is for something impossible: the return of his parents. Desperately sad though it is that he has been deprived of his family, Dumbledore knows that to sit gazing on a vision of what he can never have, will only damage Harry. The mirror is bewitching and tantalising, but it does not necessarily bring happiness.



## The Sword of Gryffindor

The Mirror of Erised is not the only uniquely magical object to come to Harry’s aid during a battle of wills with Voldemort. The Sword of Gryffindor does the very same, more than once. First, when Harry pulls it out of the Sorting Hat to defeat the Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets, and later, in *Deathly Hallows*, when Harry instructs Ron to destroy Slytherin’s malicious locket with it. But the Sword of Gryffindor is a goblin-made object, which means its long and complicated history goes way beyond its unique Horcrux-destroying powers.



**The Sword of Gryffindor** was made a thousand years ago by goblins, the magical world's most skilled metalworkers, and is therefore enchanted. Fashioned from pure silver, it is inset with rubies, the stone that represents Gryffindor in the hourglasses that count the house points at Hogwarts. Godric Gryffindor's name is engraved just beneath the hilt.

The sword was made to Godric Gryffindor's specifications by Ragnuk the First, finest of the goblin silversmiths, and therefore King (in goblin culture, the ruler does not work less than the others, but more skilfully). When it was finished, Ragnuk coveted it so much that he pretended that Gryffindor had stolen it from him, and sent minions to steal it back. Gryffindor defended himself with his wand, but did not kill his attackers. Instead he sent them back to their king bewitched, to deliver the threat that if he ever tried to steal from Gryffindor again, Gryffindor would unsheathe the sword against them all.

The goblin king took the threat seriously and left Gryffindor in possession of his rightful property, but remained resentful until he died. This was the foundation for the false legend of Gryffindor's theft that persists, in some sections of the goblin community, to this day.

The question of why a wizard would need a sword, though often asked, is easily answered. In the days before the International Statute of Secrecy, when wizards mingled freely with Muggles, they would use swords to defend themselves just as often as wands. Indeed, it was considered unsporting to use a wand against a Muggle sword (which is not to say it was never done). Many gifted wizards were also accomplished duellists in the conventional sense, Gryffindor among them.

There have been many enchanted swords in folklore. The Sword of Nuadu, part of the four legendary treasures of Tuatha Dé Danann, was invincible when drawn. Gryffindor's sword owes something to the legend of Excalibur, the sword of King Arthur, which in some legends must be drawn from a stone by the rightful king. The idea of fitness to carry the sword is

echoed in the sword of Gryffindor's return to worthy members of its true owner's house.

### Author's Note

There is a further allusion to Excalibur emerging from the lake when Harry must dive into a frozen forest pool to retrieve the sword in *Deathly Hallows* (though the location of the sword was really due to a spiteful impulse of Snape's to place it there), for in other versions of the legend, Excalibur was given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake, and was returned to the lake when he died.

Within the magical world, physical possession is not necessarily a guarantee of ownership. This concept applies to the three Deathly Hallows, and also to Gryffindor's sword.

I am interested in what happens when cultural beliefs collide. In the Harry Potter books, the most militant of the goblin race consider all goblin-made objects to be theirs by right, although a specific object might be made over to a wizard for his life span upon a payment of gold. Witches and wizards, like Muggles, believe that once payment has been made, the object belongs to them and their descendants or legatees in perpetuity. This is a clash of values without a solution, because each side has a different concept of what is right. It therefore presents Harry with a difficult moral dilemma when Griphook demands the sword as payment for his services in *Deathly Hallows*.



### Time-Turner

Harry Potter is by no means the only Hogwarts student to handle unique magical artefacts. Indeed, when Hermione reveals in *Prisoner of Azkaban* that she's been using a Time-Turner to do extra lessons, Harry is as surprised as anyone – not least that a student, when presented with the chance to travel back in time, uses it as an opportunity to collect more homework. That's quite a commitment, even for Hermione – no wonder her regular use of a Time-Turner doesn't last more than a term.

Time-Turners clearly continue to hold a fascination for Hermione, decades later. As the article below – which was written before *Cursed Child* was staged – explains, the Ministry of Magic's stock of Time-Turners was destroyed during the Battle of the Department of Mysteries. But it was possible for certain unscrupulous witches and wizards with the time, money and appropriate expertise to build their own Time-Turners. Completely unauthorised, of course.

In *Cursed Child*, Hermione – now Minister for Magic – discovers one such illegal Time-Turner. But does she take heed of the lessons she learns as a third-year and destroy it before it falls into less studious hands? Well, let's just say, even Hermione is not infallible.



**In spite of the** many Muggle fantasies around the subject, time travel is possible in only a limited sense even in the magical world. While the subject is shrouded in great secrecy – investigations are ongoing in the Department of Mysteries – it appears that magic can take you only so far.

According to Professor Saul Croaker, who has spent his entire career in the Department of Mysteries studying time-magic:

‘As our investigations currently stand, the longest period that may be relived without the possibility of serious harm to the traveller or to time itself is around five hours. We have been able to encase single Hour-Reversal Charms, which are unstable and benefit from containment, in small, enchanted hour-glasses that may be worn around a witch or wizard’s neck and revolved according to the number of hours the user wishes to relive.

‘All attempts to travel back further than a few hours have resulted in catastrophic harm to the witch or wizard involved. It was not realised for many years why time travellers over great distances never survived their journeys. All such experiments have been abandoned since 1899, when Eloise Mintumble became trapped, for a period of five days, in the year 1402. Now we understand that her body had aged five centuries in its return to the present and, irreparably damaged, she died in St Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries shortly after we managed to retrieve her. What is more, her five days in the distant past caused great disturbance to the life paths of all those she met, changing the course of their lives so dramatically that no fewer than twenty-five of their descendants vanished in the present, having been “un-born”.

‘Finally, there were alarming signs, during the days following Madam Mintumble’s recovery, that time itself had been disturbed by such a serious breach of its laws. Tuesday following her reappearance lasted two and a half full days, whereas Thursday shot by in the space of four hours. The Ministry of Magic had a great deal of trouble in covering this up and since that time, the most stringent laws and penalties have been placed around those studying time travel.’

Even the use of the very limited amount of Time-Turners at the Ministry’s disposal is hedged around with hundreds of laws. While not as potentially dangerous as skipping five centuries, the re-use of a single hour can still have dramatic consequences

and the Ministry of Magic seeks the strictest guarantees if it permits the use of these rare and powerful objects. It would surprise most of the magical community to know that Time-Turners are generally only used to solve the most trivial problems of time management and never for greater or more important purposes, because, as Saul Croaker tells us, ‘Just as the human mind cannot comprehend time, so it cannot comprehend the damage that will ensue if we presume to tamper with its laws.’

The Ministry’s entire stock of Time-Turners was destroyed during a fight in the Department of Mysteries about three years after Hermione Granger was granted permission to use one at Hogwarts.

### Author’s Note

I went far too light-heartedly into the subject of time travel in *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. While I do not regret it (*Prisoner of Azkaban* is one of my favourite books in the series), it opened up a vast number of problems for me, because after all, if wizards could go back and undo problems, where were my future plots?

I solved the problem to my own satisfaction in stages. Firstly, I had Dumbledore and Hermione emphasise how dangerous it would be to be seen in the past, to remind the reader that there might be unforeseen and dangerous consequences as well as solutions in time travel. Secondly, I had Hermione give back the only Time-Turner ever to enter Hogwarts. Thirdly, I smashed all remaining Time-Turners during the battle in the Department of Mysteries, removing the possibility of reliving even short periods in the future.

This is just one example of the ways in which, when writing fantasy novels, one must be careful what one invents. For every benefit, there is usually a drawback.



## Pensieve

Given Pensieves allow their owners to collect, observe and relive thoughts and memories, these are magical artefacts that must be handled with care. Forget turning back time, wielding a sword, even pursuing immortality – is there anything quite so frightening as being able to vividly revisit any previous experience, any time? Let's dive into the Pensieve and find out what it's all about.



**A Pensieve is a** wide and shallow dish made of metal or stone, often elaborately decorated or inlaid with precious stones, and carrying powerful and complex enchantments. Pensieves are rare, because only the most advanced wizards ever use them, and because the majority of wizardkind is afraid of doing so.

The perceived dangers of the Pensieve relate to its power over memory or thought. The Pensieve is enchanted to recreate memories so that they become re-liveable, taking every detail stored in the subconscious and recreating it faithfully, so that either the owner, or (and herein lies the danger) a second party, is able to enter the memories and move around within them. Inevitably, those with things to hide, those ashamed of their pasts, those eager to keep hold of their secrets, or protective of their privacy, will be wary of an object like the Pensieve.

Even more difficult than the recreation of memories is the use of a Pensieve to examine and sort thoughts and ideas, and very few wizards have the ability to do so. Albus Dumbledore

is seen using the Hogwarts Pensieve in this way, notably in Chapter Thirty of *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, when he adds thoughts to the Pensieve and Harry's face turns into Snape's; Dumbledore is reminding himself of the hidden connection between Snape and Harry (that Snape was in love with Harry's mother, and is now – though immensely grudgingly – honour-bound to protect him).

Traditionally, a witch or wizard's Pensieve, like their wand, is buried with them, as it is considered an intensely personal artefact; any thoughts or memories left inside the Pensieve are likewise interred with their owner, unless he or she has requested otherwise.

The Hogwarts Pensieve, however, belongs not to any individual but to the school. It has been used by a long line of headmasters and headmistresses, who have also left behind their life experiences in the form of memories. This forms an invaluable library of reference for the headmaster or headmistress of the day. The Hogwarts Pensieve is made of ornately carved stone and is engraved with modified Saxon runes, which mark it as an artefact of immense antiquity that pre-dates the creation of the school. One (unsubstantiated) legend says that the founders discovered the Pensieve half-buried in the ground on the very spot where they decided to erect their school.

The name 'Pensieve' is a homonym of 'pensive', meaning deeply, seriously thoughtful; but it is also a pun, the 'sieve' part of the word alluding to the object's function of sorting meanings from a mass of thoughts or memories.

– CHAPTER SIXTEEN –  
Hogwarts Alumni

The Hogwarts Pensieve may be a unique magical artefact that allows the current Head to study the collective thoughts of their predecessors, but it is by no means the only source of reference available. The hallowed halls of Hogwarts are home not only to numerous robe-clad students but to a whole host of other figures, many only too keen to offer staff the benefit of their experience. Ghosts, portraits, poltergeists, ex-students who might pop their head into your office fire at any moment – when running a school of magic, the list of alumni is dauntingly long and potentially overwhelming. But even if a Hogwarts Head can never truly be alone with their thoughts, at least there's always someone around to listen.



## Ghosts

As Gryffindor's resident ghost, Nearly Headless Nick, explains to Harry, ghosts are 'neither here nor there...'

So, if that's true, what are they and where do they come from?



**In the world of Harry Potter**, a ghost is the transparent, three-dimensional imprint of a deceased witch or wizard, which continues to exist in the mortal world. Muggles cannot come back as ghosts, and the wisest witches and wizards choose not to. It is those with ‘unfinished business’, whether in the form of fear, guilt, regrets or overt attachment to the material world who refuse to move on to the next dimension.

Having chosen a feeble simulacrum of mortal life, ghosts are limited in what they can experience. No physical pleasure remains to them, and their knowledge and outlook remains at the level it had attained during life, so that old resentments (for instance, at having an incompletely severed neck) continue to rankle after several centuries. For this reason, ghosts tend to be poor company, on the whole. They are especially disappointing on the one subject that fascinates most people: ghosts cannot return a very sensible answer on what it is like to die, because they have chosen an impoverished version of life instead.

Ghosts can pass through solid objects without causing damage to themselves or the material, but create disturbances in water, fire and air. The temperature drops in the immediate vicinity of a ghost, an effect intensified if many congregate in the same place. Their appearance can also turn flames blue. Should part or all of a ghost pass through a living creature, the latter will experience a freezing sensation as though they have been plunged into ice-cold water.

Witches and wizards are much more susceptible to what Muggles call paranormal activity, and will see (and hear) ghosts plainly where a Muggle might only feel that a haunted place is cold or ‘creepy’. Muggles who insist that they see ghosts in perfect focus are either a) lying or b) wizards showing off – and in flagrant breach of the International Statute of Secrecy.



## Hogwarts Ghosts

Nearly Headless Nick is not the only ghost floating around Hogwarts. There are around twenty in all, including Ravenclaw's Grey Lady, Hufflepuff's Fat Friar and Slytherin's Bloody Baron (not to mention the many ghostly extras known to pop up in bathrooms and classrooms, and at Deathday parties). Sure, a draughty old castle is as good a place as any for a gang of ghosts to hang out, but how did they get there, why do they stay, and what's really the deal with Professor Binns?



**Hogwarts is the most** heavily haunted dwelling place in Britain (and this is against stiff competition, as there are more reported ghost sightings/sensings on these damp islands than anywhere else in the world). The castle is a congenial place for ghosts, because the living inhabitants treat their dead friends with tolerance and even affection, no matter how many times they have heard the same old reminiscences.

Each of the four Hogwarts houses has its own ghost. Slytherin boasts the Bloody Baron, who is covered in silver bloodstains. The least talkative of the house ghosts is the Grey Lady, who is long-haired and beautiful.

Hufflepuff house is haunted by the Fat Friar, who was executed because senior churchmen grew suspicious of his ability to cure the pox merely by poking peasants with a stick,

and his ill-advised habit of pulling rabbits out of the communion cup. Though a genial character in general, the Fat Friar still resents the fact that he was never made a cardinal.

Gryffindor house is home to Nearly Headless Nick, who in life was Sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington. Something of a snob, and a less accomplished wizard than he believed, Sir Nicholas lounged around the court of Henry VII in life, until his foolish attempt to beautify a lady-in-waiting by magic caused the unfortunate woman to sprout tusks. Sir Nicholas was stripped of his wand and inexpertly executed, leaving his head hanging off by a single flap of skin and sinew. He retains a feeling of inadequacy with regard to truly headless ghosts.

Another notable Hogwarts ghost is Moaning Myrtle, who haunts an unpopular girls' toilet. Myrtle was a student at Hogwarts when she died, and she chose to return to school in perpetuity, with the short-term aim of haunting her arch-rival and bully, Olive Hornby. As the decades have rolled by, Myrtle has made a name for herself as the most miserable ghost in school, usually to be found lurking inside one of the toilets and filling the tiled space with her moans and howls.

### Author's Note

The inspiration for Moaning Myrtle was the frequent presence of a crying girl in communal bathrooms, especially at the parties and discos of my youth. This does not seem to happen in male bathrooms, so I enjoyed placing Harry and Ron in such uncomfortable and unfamiliar territory in *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* and *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*.

The most productive ghost at Hogwarts is, of course, Professor Binns, the old History of Magic teacher who fell asleep in front of the staffroom fire one day and simply got up to give his next class, leaving his body behind. There is some debate as to whether or not Professor Binns realises he is dead.

While his entrance to lessons through the blackboard is vaguely amusing the first-time students see it, he is not the most stimulating teacher.

The inspiration for Professor Binns was an old professor at my university, who gave every lecture with his eyes closed, rocking backwards and forwards slightly on his toes. While he was a brilliant man, who disgorged an immense amount of valuable information at every lecture, his disconnect with his students was total. Professor Binns is only dimly aware of his living students, and is astonished when they begin asking him questions. In the very earliest list of ghosts I ever wrote for Hogwarts, I included Myrtle (initially named 'Wailing Wanda'), Professor Binns, the Grey Lady (then called 'the Whispering Lady') and the Bloody Baron. There was also a Black Knight, The Toad (which left ectoplasm all over its classroom), and a ghost I rather regret not using: his name was Edmund Grubb, and the notes beside his name say: 'Expired in the doorway of the Dining Hall. Sometimes stops people getting in, out of spite. Fat Victorian ghost. (Ate poisonous berries).'



## The Ballad of Nearly Headless Nick

Nearly Headless Nick's semi-detached head pops up in any conversation about the wizarding world's ghosts, so perhaps the time has come to introduce him in a manner more befitting of his status. So, late lamented lords, ladies and gentlemen, please find herewith presented the tale of the most dearly departed Sir

Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington, delivered in his own words  
(courtesy of J.K. Rowling).



***It was a mistake** any wizard could make  
Who was tired and caught on the hop  
One piffling error, and then, to my terror,  
I found myself facing the chop.*

*Alas for the eve when I met Lady Grieve  
A-strolling the park in the dusk!  
She was of the belief I could straighten her teeth  
Next moment she'd sprouted a tusk.*

*I cried through the night that I'd soon put her right  
But the process of justice was lax;  
They'd brought out the block, though they'd mislaid the rock  
Where they usually sharpened the axe.*

*Next morning at dawn, with a face most forlorn,  
The priest said to try not to cry,  
'You can come just like that, no, you won't need a hat,'  
And I knew that my end must be nigh.*

*The man in the mask who would have the sad task  
Of cleaving my head from my neck,  
Said 'Nick, if you please, will you get to your knees,'  
And I turned to a gibbering wreck.*

*'This may sting a bit' said the cack-handed twit  
As he swung the axe up in the air,  
But oh the blunt blade! No difference it made,  
My head was still definitely there.*

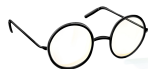
*The axeman he hacked and he whacked and he thwacked,  
'Won't be too long', he assured me,  
But quick it was not, and the bone-headed clot  
Took forty-five goes 'til he floored me.*

*And so I was dead, but my faithful old head  
It never saw fit to desert me,  
It still lingers on, that's the end of my song,  
And now, please applaud, or you'll hurt me.*



## Peeves

‘Are you ghoulie or ghostie or wee student beastie?’ says Peeves one night when Harry, Ron and Hermione alert him to their night-time wanderings beneath Harry’s invisibility cloak. Funnily enough, Peeves himself is not really any of those things. So, what is he?



**The name ‘poltergeist’** is German in origin, and roughly translates as ‘noisy ghost’, although it is not, strictly speaking, a ghost at all. The poltergeist is an invisible entity that moves objects, slams doors and creates other audible, kinetic disturbances. It has been reported in many cultures and there is a strong association with the places where young people, especially adolescents, are living. Explanations for the phenomenon vary all the way from supernatural to scientific.

It was inevitable that, in a building bursting with teenage witches and wizards, a poltergeist would be generated; it was likewise to be expected that such a poltergeist would be noisier, more destructive and harder to expel than those that occasionally frequent Muggle houses. Sure enough, Peeves is the most notorious and troublesome poltergeist in British history. Unlike the overwhelming majority of his colleagues, Peeves has a physical form, though he is able to become invisible at will. His looks reflect his nature, which those who know him would agree is a seamless blend of humour and malice.

Peeves is well-named, for he has been a pet peeve of every Hogwarts caretaker from Hankerton Humble (appointed by the four founders) onwards. Though many students and even teachers have a somewhat perverse fondness for Peeves (he undoubtedly adds a certain zest to school life), he is incurably disruptive, and it generally falls to the caretaker of the day to clean up his many deliberate messes: vases smashed, potions upended, bookcases toppled and so on. Those with weak nerves deplore Peeves' fondness for suddenly materialising an inch from the end of their noses, hiding in suits of armour or dropping solid objects on their heads as they move between classes.

Several concerted efforts to remove Peeves from the castle have resulted in failure. The last and most disastrous was made in 1876 by caretaker Rancorous Carpe, who devised an elaborate trap, baited with an assortment of weapons he believed would be irresistible to Peeves, and a vast enchanted bell jar, reinforced by various Containment Charms, which he intended to drop over the poltergeist once he was in place. Not only did Peeves break easily through the giant bell jar, showering an entire corridor with broken glass, he also escaped the trap armed with several cutlasses, crossbows, a blunderbuss and a miniature cannon. The castle was evacuated while Peeves amused himself by firing randomly out of the windows and threatening all and sundry with death. A three-day standoff was

ended when the Headmistress of the day, Eupraxia Mole, agreed to sign a contract allowing Peeves additional privileges, such as a once-weekly swim in the boys' toilets on the ground floor, first refusal on stale bread from the kitchen for throwing purposes, and a new hat – to be custom-made by Madame Bonhabille of Paris. Rancorous Carpe took early retirement for health reasons, and no subsequent attempt has ever been made to rid the castle of its most ill-disciplined inhabitant.

Peeves does recognise authority of a sort. Though generally unimpressed by titles and badges, he is generally amenable to the strictures of the teachers, agreeing to stay out of their classrooms while they teach. He has also been known to show an affinity for rare students (notably Fred and George Weasley), and is certainly afraid of the ghost of Slytherin, the Bloody Baron.



## Ministers for Magic

Peeves and the Hogwarts ghosts might stay firmly put within the castle walls, but the school's student residents soon grow up, graduate, and move on, after which an impressive number seem to secure themselves jobs at the Ministry of Magic. As we discover in *Cursed Child*, Harry becomes the Ministry's Head of Magical Law Enforcement, which is the very department that once tried him for performing the Patronus Charm in front of his cousin Dudley. And Hermione becomes... well, Hermione becomes the Minister for Magic, succeeding the great Kingsley Shacklebolt. Really, where else would she end up?



**The Ministry of Magic** was formally established in 1707 with the appointment of the very first man to hold the title ‘Minister for Magic’, Ulick Gamp.<sup>8</sup> The Minister for Magic is democratically elected, although there have been times of crisis in which the post has simply been offered to an individual without a public vote (Albus Dumbledore was made such an offer, and turned it down repeatedly). There is no fixed limit to a Minister’s term of office, but he or she is obliged to hold regular elections at a maximum interval of seven years. Ministers for Magic tend to last much longer than Muggle ministers. Generally speaking, and despite many a moan and grumble, their community is behind them in a way that is rarely seen in the Muggle world. This is perhaps due to a feeling, on the part of wizards, that unless they are seen to manage themselves competently, the Muggles might try to interfere.

The Muggle Prime Minister has no part in appointing the Minister for Magic, whose election is a matter only for the magical community themselves. All matters relating to the magical community in Britain are managed solely by the Minister for Magic, and they have sole jurisdiction over their Ministry. Emergency visits to the Muggle Prime Minister by the Minister for Magic are announced by a portrait of Ulick Gamp (first Minister for Magic) that hangs in the Muggle Prime Minister’s study in number 10 Downing Street.

No Muggle Prime Minister has ever set foot in the Ministry of Magic, for reasons most succinctly summed up by ex-Minister Dugald McPhail (term of office 1858–1865): ‘Their puir wee braines couldnae cope wi’ it.’

### **Minister: Ulick Gamp**

#### **Term of Office: 1707 – 1718**

Previously head of the Wizengamot, Gamp had the onerous job of policing a fractious and frightened community adjusting

to the imposition of the International Statute of Secrecy. His greatest legacy was to found the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

### **Damocles Rowle**

**1718 – 1726**

Rowle was elected on a platform of being ‘tough on Muggles’. Censured by the International Confederation of Wizards, he was eventually forced to step down.

### **Perseus Parkinson**

**1726 – 1733**

Attempted to pass a bill making it illegal to marry a Muggle. Misread the public mood; the wizarding community, tired of anti-Muggle sentiment and wanting peace, voted him out at the first opportunity.

### **Eldritch Diggory**

**1733 – 1747**

Popular Minister who first established an Auror recruitment programme. Died in office (dragon pox).

### **Albert Boot**

**1747 – 1752**

Likeable, but inept. Resigned after a mismanaged goblin rebellion.

### **Basil Flack**

**1752 – 1752**

Shortest serving Minister. Lasted two months; resigned after the goblins joined forces with werewolves.

### **Hesphaestus Gore**

**1752 – 1770**

Gore was one of the earliest Aurors. Successfully put down a number of revolts by magical beings, although historians feel his refusal to contemplate rehabilitation programmes for

werewolves ultimately led to more attacks. Renovated and reinforced the prison of Azkaban.

### **Maximilian Crowdy**

**1770 – 1781**

Father of nine Crowdy was a charismatic leader who rooted out several extremist pure-blood groups planning Muggle attacks. His mysterious death in office has been the subject of numerous books and conspiracy theories.

### **Porteus Knatchbull**

**1781 – 1789**

Was called in confidentially in 1782 by the Muggle Prime Minister of the day, Lord North, to see whether he could help with King George III's emerging mental instability. Word leaked out that Lord North believed in wizards, and he was forced to resign after a motion of no confidence.

### **Unctuous Osbert**

**1789 – 1798**

Widely seen as too much influenced by pure-bloods of wealth and status.

### **Artemisia Lufkin**

**1798 – 1811**

First female Minister for Magic. Established Department of International Magical Co-operation and lobbied hard and successfully to have a Quidditch World Cup tournament held in Britain during her term.

### **Grogan Stump**

**1811 – 1819**

Very popular Minister for Magic, a passionate Quidditch fan (Tutshill Tornados), established Department of Magical Games and Sports and managed to steer through legislation on magical beasts and beings that had long been a source of contention.

**Josephina Flint****1819 – 1827**

Revealed an unhealthy anti-Muggle bias in office; disliked new Muggle technology such as the telegraph, which she claimed interfered with proper wand function.

**Ottaline Gambol****1827 – 1835**

A much more forward-looking Minister, Gambol established committees to investigate Muggle brainpower which seemed, during this period of the British Empire, to be greater than some wizards had credited.

**Rodolphus Lestrangle****1835 – 1841**

Reactionary who attempted to close down the Department of Mysteries, which ignored him. Eventually resigned due to ill health, which was widely rumoured to be inability to cope with the strains of office.

**Hortensia Milliphutt****1841 – 1849**

Introduced more legislation than any other sitting Minister, much of it useful, but some wearisome (hat pointiness and so on), which ultimately resulted in her political downfall.

**Evangeline Orpington****1849 – 1855**

A good friend of Queen Victoria's, who never realised she was a witch, let alone Minister for Magic. Orpington is believed to have intervened magically (and illegally) in the Crimean War.

**Priscilla Dupont****1855 – 1858**

Conceived an irrational loathing of the Muggle Prime Minister Lord Palmerston, to an extent that caused such trouble (coins turning to frogspawn in his coat pockets, etc) that she was forced to step down. Ironically, Palmerston was forced to resign by the Muggles two days later.

### **Dugald McPhail**

**1858 – 1865**

A safe pair of hands. While the Muggle parliament underwent a period of marked upheaval, the Ministry of Magic knew a period of welcome calm.

### **Faris “Spout-hole” Spavin**

**1865 – 1903**

Longest-ever serving Minister for Magic, and also the most long-winded, he survived an ‘assassination attempt’ (kicking) from a centaur who resented the punchline of Spavin’s infamous ‘a centaur, a ghost and a dwarf walk into a bar’ joke. Attended Queen Victoria’s funeral in an admiral’s hat and spats, at which point the Wizengamot suggested gently that it was time he move aside (Spavin was 147 when he left office).

### **Venusia Crickerly**

**1903 – 1912**

Second ex-Auror to take office and considered both competent and likeable, Crickerly died in a freak gardening accident (Mandrake related).

### **Archer Evermonde**

**1912 – 1923**

In post during the Muggle First World War, Evermonde passed emergency legislation forbidding witches and wizards to get involved, lest they risk mass infractions of the International Statute of Secrecy. Thousands defied him, aiding Muggles where they could.

## **Lorcan McLaird**

**1923 – 1925**

A gifted wizard, but an unlikely politician, McLaird was an exceptionally taciturn man who preferred to communicate in monosyllables and expressive puffs of smoke that he produced through the end of his wand. Forced from office out of sheer irritation at his eccentricities.

## **Hector Fawley**

**1925 – 1939**

Undoubtedly voted in because of his marked difference to McLaird, the ebullient and flamboyant Fawley did not take sufficiently seriously the threat presented to the world wizarding community by Gellert Grindelwald. He paid with his job.

## **Leonard Spencer-Moon**

**1939 – 1948**

A sound Minister who rose through the ranks from being tea-boy in the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes. Oversaw a great period of international wizarding and Muggle conflict. Enjoyed a good working relationship with Winston Churchill.

## **Wilhelmina Tuft**

**1948 – 1959**

Cheery witch who presided over a period of welcome peace and prosperity. Died in office after discovering, too late, her allergy to Alihotsy-flavoured fudge.

## **Ignatius Tuft**

**1959 – 1962**

Son of the above. A hard-liner who capitalised on his mother's popularity to gain election. Promised to institute a controversial and dangerous Dementor breeding program and was forced from office.

## **Nobby Leach**

**1962 – 1968**

First Muggle-born Minister for Magic, his appointment caused consternation among the old (pure-blood) guard, many of whom resigned government posts in protest. Has always denied having anything to do with England's 1966 World Cup Win. Left office after contracting mysterious illness (conspiracy theories abound).

## **Eugenia Jenkins**

**1968 – 1975**

Jenkins dealt competently with pure-blood riots during Squib Rights marches in the late sixties, but was soon confronted with the first rise of Lord Voldemort. Jenkins was soon ousted from office as inadequate to the challenge.

## **Harold Minchum**

**1975 – 1980**

Seen as a hard-liner, he placed even more Dementors around Azkaban, but was unable to contain what looked like Voldemort's unstoppable rise to power.

## **Millicent Bagnold**

**1980 – 1990**

A highly able Minister. Had to answer to the International Confederation of Wizards for the number of breaches of the International Statute of Secrecy on the day and night following Harry Potter's survival of Lord Voldemort's attack. Acquitted herself magnificently with the now infamous words: 'I assert our inalienable right to party,' which drew cheers from all present.

## **Cornelius Fudge**

**1990 – 1996**

A career politician overly fond of the old guard. Persistent denial of the continuing threat of Lord Voldemort ultimately

cost him his job.

### **Rufus Scrimgeour**

**1996 – 1997**

The third ex-Auror to gain office, Scrimgeour died in office at the hands of Lord Voldemort.

### **Pius Thicknesse**

**1997 – 1998**

Omitted from most official records, as he was under the Imperius Curse for his entire term of office, and unconscious of anything that he was doing.

### **Kingsley Shacklebolt**

**1998 – present**

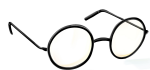
Oversaw the capture of Death Eaters and Voldemort supporters following the death of Lord Voldemort. Initially named as 'caretaker Minister', Shacklebolt was subsequently elected to the office.



## Hogwarts Portraits

Important (or self-important) they may be, you won't find any Ministers for Magic displayed on the walls of Hogwarts. Instead, the portraits that adorn the castle's corridors and common rooms show historical wizarding world figures of varying significance, while the pictures in the Head's Study depict previous headmasters and headmistresses of varying helpfulness.

And while a portrait can never be an adequate substitute for its subject – as Professor McGonagall tells Harry in *Cursed Child*, ‘I was advised as I took this job to not mistake the painting for the person...’ – portraits of previous Hogwarts Heads do have many uses...



**Hogwarts portraits are able** to talk and move around from picture to picture. They behave like their subjects. However, the degree to which they can interact with the people looking at them depends not on the skill of the painter, but on the power of the witch or wizard painted.

When a magical portrait is taken, the witch or wizard artist will naturally use enchantments to ensure that the painting will be able to move in the usual way. The portrait will be able to use some of the subject’s favourite phrases and imitate their general demeanour. Thus, Sir Cadogan’s portrait is forever challenging people to a fight, falling off its horse and behaving in a fairly unbalanced way, which is how the subject appeared to the poor wizard who had to paint him, while the portrait of the Fat Lady continues to indulge her love of good food, drink and tip-top security long after her living model passed away.

However, neither of these portraits would be capable of having a particularly in-depth discussion about more complex aspects of their lives: they are literally and metaphorically two-dimensional. They are only representations of the living subjects as seen by the artist.

Some magical portraits are capable of considerably more interaction with the living world. Traditionally, a headmaster or headmistress is painted before their death. Once the portrait is completed, the headmaster or headmistress in question keeps it under lock and key, regularly visiting it in its cupboard (if so desired) to teach it to act and behave exactly like themselves,

and imparting all kinds of useful memories and pieces of knowledge that may then be shared through the centuries with their successors in office.

The depth of knowledge and insight contained in some of the headmasters' and headmistresses' portraits is unknown to any but the incumbents of the office and the few students who have realised, over the centuries, that the portraits' apparent sleepiness when visitors arrive in the office is not necessarily genuine.



## Sir Cadogan

Sir Cadogan may be slightly unbalanced, but he is certainly no scurvy braggart. Indeed, according to Percy Weasley, he is the only portrait subject brave enough to become Gryffindor's Password Keeper, after the Fat Lady's picture is attacked by Sirius Black. As such, Sir Cadogan's portrait surely merits a little closer inspection. Stand and fight, scoundrels!



**Before the wizarding community** was forced into hiding, it was not unusual for a wizard to live in the Muggle community and hold down what we would now think of as a Muggle job.

It is widely believed in wizarding circles that Sir Cadogan was one of the famous Knights of the Round Table, albeit a little-known one, and that he achieved this position through his friendship with Merlin. He has certainly been excised from all

Muggle volumes of King Arthur's story, but wizarding versions of the tales include Sir Cadogan alongside Sir Lancelot, Sir Bedivere and Sir Percivale. These tales reveal him to be hot-headed and peppery, and brave to the point of foolhardiness, but a good man in a corner.

Sir Cadogan's most famous encounter was with the Wyvern of Wye, a dragonish creature that was terrorising the West Country. At their first encounter, the beast ate Sir Cadogan's handsome steed, bit his wand in half and melted his sword and visor. Unable to see through the steam rising from his melting helmet, Sir Cadogan barely escaped with his life. However, rather than running away, he staggered into a nearby meadow, grabbed a small, fat pony grazing there, leapt upon it and galloped back towards the wyvern with nothing but his broken wand in his hand, prepared to meet a valiant death. The creature lowered its fearsome head to swallow Sir Cadogan and the pony whole, but the splintered and misfiring wand pierced its tongue, igniting the gassy fumes rising from its stomach and causing the wyvern to explode.

Elderly witches and wizards still use the saying 'I'll take Cadogan's pony' to mean, 'I'll salvage the best I can from a tricky situation.'

Sir Cadogan's portrait, which hangs on the seventh floor of Hogwarts Castle, shows him with the pony he rode forever more (which, understandably perhaps, never much liked him) and accurately depicts his hot temper, his love of a foolhardy challenge and his determination to beat the enemy, come what may.



Azkaban

When Sirius attacks the Fat Lady's portrait he is acting out of desperation, his reputation already in tatters. He's recently escaped Azkaban, a feat that makes him seem particularly dangerous when taken on top of the crime for which he'd been unjustly imprisoned – the alleged murder of his old friend and fellow Marauder, Peter Pettigrew.

Although he should never have been there, there's no doubt 12 years in Azkaban changed Sirius. 'I think the only reason I never lost my mind is that I knew I was innocent,' he tells Harry, Ron and Hermione. '...But I was weak, very weak.'

It's obvious that Azkaban and its Dementor guards are not part of a prison system that believes in reform. But how does it manage to so completely wreck the sanity and sap the will of most of its inhabitants?



**Azkaban has existed since** the fifteenth century and was not originally a prison at all. The island in the North Sea upon which the first fortress was built never appeared on any map, Muggle or wizarding, and is believed to have been created, or enlarged, by magical means.

The fortress upon it was originally home to a little-known sorcerer who called himself Ekrizdis. Evidently extremely powerful, but of unknown nationality, Ekrizdis, who is believed to have been insane, was a practitioner of the worst kinds of Dark Arts. Alone in the middle of the ocean, he lured, tortured and killed Muggle sailors, apparently for pleasure, and only when he died, and the concealment charms he had cast faded away, did the Ministry of Magic realise that either island or building existed. Those who entered to investigate refused afterwards to talk of what they had found inside, but the least

frightening part of it was that the place was infested with Dementors.

Many in authority thought Azkaban an evil place that was best destroyed. Others were afraid of what might happen to the Dementors infesting the building if they deprived them of their home. The creatures were already strong and impossible to kill; many feared a horrible revenge if they took away a habitat where they appeared to thrive. The very walls of the building seemed steeped in misery and pain, and the Dementors were determined to cling to it. Experts who had studied buildings built with and around Dark magic contended that Azkaban might wreak its own revenge upon anybody attempting to destroy it. The fortress was therefore left abandoned for many years, a home to continually breeding Dementors.

Once the International Statute of Secrecy had been imposed, the Ministry of Magic felt that the small wizarding prisons that existed up and down the country in various towns and villages posed a security risk, because attempts by incarcerated witches and wizards to break out often led to undesirable bangs, smells and light shows. A purpose-built prison, located on some remote Hebridean island, was preferred, and plans had been drawn up when Damocles Rowle became Minister for Magic.

Rowle was an authoritarian who had risen to power on an anti-Muggle agenda, capitalising on the anger felt by much of the wizarding community at being forced to go underground. Sadistic by nature, Rowle scrapped the plans for the new prison at once and insisted on using Azkaban. He claimed that the Dementors living there were an advantage: they could be harnessed as guards, saving the Ministry time, trouble and expense.

In spite of opposition from many wizards, among them experts on both Dementors and buildings with Azkaban's kind of Dark history, Rowle carried out his plan and soon a steady trickle of prisoners had been placed there. None ever emerged. If they were not mad and dangerous before being placed in Azkaban, they swiftly became so.

Rowle was succeeded by Perseus Parkinson, who was likewise pro-Azkaban. By the time that Eldritch Diggory took over as Minister for Magic, the prison had been operating for fifteen years. There had been no breakouts and no breaches of security. The new prison seemed to be working well. It was only when Diggory went to visit that he realised exactly what conditions inside were like. Prisoners were mostly insane and a graveyard had been established to accommodate those that died of despair.

Back in London, Diggory established a committee to explore alternatives to Azkaban, or at least to remove the Dementors as guards. Experts explained to him that the only reason the Dementors were (mostly) confined to the island was that they were being provided with a constant supply of souls on which to feed. If deprived of prisoners, they were likely to abandon the prison and head for the mainland.

This advice notwithstanding, Diggory had been so horrified by what he had seen inside Azkaban that he pressed the committee to find alternatives. Before they could reach any decision, however, Diggory caught dragon pox and died. From that time until the advent of Kingsley Shacklebolt, no Minister ever seriously considered closing Azkaban. They turned a blind eye to the inhumane conditions inside the fortress, permitted it to be magically enlarged and expanded and rarely visited, due to the awful effects of entering a building populated by thousands of Dementors. Most justified their attitude by pointing to the prison's perfect record at keeping prisoners locked up.

Nearly three centuries passed before that record was broken. A young man was successfully smuggled out of the prison when his visiting mother exchanged places with him, something that the blind and loveless Dementors could not detect and would have never expected. This escape was followed by another, still more ingenious and impressive, when Sirius Black managed to evade the Dementors single-handedly.

The weakness of the prison was demonstrated amply over the next few years, when two mass breakouts occurred, both involving Death Eaters. By this time the Dementors had given their allegiance to Lord Voldemort, who could guarantee them scope and freedom hitherto un-tasted. Albus Dumbledore was one who had long disapproved of the use of Dementors as guards, not only because of the inhumane treatment of the prisoners in their power, but because he foresaw the possible shift in loyalties of such Dark creatures.

Under Kingsley Shacklebolt, Azkaban was purged of Dementors. While it remains in use as a prison, the guards are now Aurors, who are regularly rotated from the mainland. There has been no breakout since this new system was introduced.

### Author's Note

The name 'Azkaban' derives from a mixture of the prison 'Alcatraz', which is its closest Muggle equivalent, being set on an island, and 'Abaddon', which is a Hebrew word meaning 'place of destruction' or 'depths of hell'.

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8. Prior to 1707, the Wizards' Council was the longest-serving (though not the only) body to govern the magical community in Britain. After the imposition of the International Statute of Secrecy in 1692, however, the wizarding community needed a more highly structured, organised and more complex governing structure than they had hitherto used, to support, regulate and communicate with a community in hiding. Only witches and wizards who enjoyed the title of 'Minister for Magic' are included in this entry.

– CHAPTER SEVENTEEN –  
Exploring Hogwarts

Sirius Black’s escape from Azkaban is arguably his most impressive and certainly his most serious feat, but it is not the first time he successfully evades enemy capture. In his Hogwarts days, Sirius and his fellow Marauders – James Potter, Remus Lupin and Peter Pettigrew – made steady progress around the castle and its grounds, mostly by night and often in the form of animals. Sure, they weren’t being pursued by Dementors, but their ability to avoid being caught by either Professor or student was a solid testament to their exploration and evasion skills (and possibly also to the quality of James Potter’s Invisibility Cloak).

We’ll get to the Marauders and their magnificent map soon enough because, of course, they weren’t the only ones keen to learn as much about Hogwarts as is possible outside a classroom. Generations of students attempted similar illicit reconnaissance missions and night-time wanderings, from Tom Riddle to Arthur and Molly Weasley to *Cursed Child*’s Albus Potter and Scorpius Malfoy. Even Dumbledore is not immune to the odd middle-of-the-night walk, especially when in pursuit of a chamber pot.

But, with its vast grounds full of magical creatures and its hidden rooms full of whatever the searcher required, no night-time wanderer could ever hope to uncover all of Hogwarts’ secrets. There is, however, someone who can open up a few more doors. In this, the final stop on our Hogwarts tour, J.K. Rowling walks us

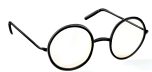
through some finer details of hidden Hogwarts and sheds a little light on an outstanding mystery or two.



## The Chamber of Secrets

The opening of the Chamber of Secrets causes major disruption during Harry's second year at Hogwarts. It also caused major disruption for Hagrid years before – in fact, it got him expelled after he was wrongly accused (by Tom Riddle, naturally) of being the one who'd opened it and unleashed the beast that killed Moaning Myrtle (then just plain Myrtle Warren).

And yet, for all the trouble it generated, the Chamber of Secrets remained so well hidden, for so long, pretty much everyone dismissed it as a legend. Although, as Hermione points out to History of Magic teacher Professor Binns, many legends do have a basis in fact.



**The subterranean Chamber of Secrets** was created by Salazar Slytherin without the knowledge of his three fellow founders of Hogwarts. The Chamber was, for many centuries, believed to be a myth; however, the fact that rumours of its existence persisted for so long reveals that Slytherin spoke of its creation and that others believed him, or else had been permitted, by him, to enter.

There is no doubt that each of the four founders sought to stamp their own mark upon the school of witchcraft and wizardry that they intended would be the finest in the world. It was agreed that each would construct their own houses, for example, choosing the location of common rooms and dormitories. However, only Slytherin went further, and built what was in effect a personal, secret headquarters within the school, accessible only by himself or by those he allowed to enter.

Perhaps, when he first constructed the Chamber, Slytherin wanted no more than a place in which to instruct his students in spells of which the other three founders may have disapproved (disagreements sprung up early around the teaching of the Dark Arts). However, it is clear by the very decoration of the Chamber that by the time Slytherin finished it he had developed grandiose ideas of his own importance to the school. No other founder left behind them a gigantic statue of themselves or draped the school in emblems of their own personal powers (the snakes carved around the Chamber of Secrets being a reference to Slytherin's powers as a Parselmouth).

What is certain is that by the time Slytherin was forced out of the school by the other three founders, he had decided that henceforth, the Chamber he had built would be the lair of a monster that he alone – or his descendants – would be able to control: a Basilisk. Moreover, only a Parselmouth would be able to enter the Chamber. This, he knew, would keep out all three founders and every other member of staff.

The existence of the Chamber was known to Slytherin's descendants and those with whom they chose to share the information. Thus the rumour stayed alive through the centuries.

There is clear evidence that the Chamber was opened more than once between the death of Slytherin and the entrance of Tom Riddle in the twentieth century. When first created, the Chamber was accessed through a concealed trapdoor and a series of magical tunnels. However, when Hogwarts' plumbing

became more elaborate in the eighteenth century (this was a rare instance of wizards copying Muggles, because hitherto they simply relieved themselves wherever they stood, and vanished the evidence), the entrance to the Chamber was threatened, being located on the site of a proposed bathroom. The presence in school at the time of a student called Corvinus Gaunt – direct descendant of Slytherin, and antecedent of Tom Riddle – explains how the simple trapdoor was secretly protected, so that those who knew how could still access the entrance to the Chamber even after new-fangled plumbing had been placed on top of it.

Whispers that a monster lived in the depths of the castle were also prevalent for centuries. Again, this is because those who could hear and speak to it were not always as discreet as they might have been: the Gaunt family could not resist boasting of their knowledge. As nobody else could hear the creature sliding beneath floorboards or, latterly, through the plumbing, they did not have many believers, and none until Riddle dared unleash the monster on the castle.

Successive headmasters and mistresses, not to mention a number of historians, searched the castle thoroughly many times over the centuries, each time concluding that the Chamber was a myth. The reason for their failure was simple: none of them was a Parselmouth.



## The Great Lake

Located somewhere above the Chamber of Secrets, Hogwarts' Great Lake is home to many fantastical watery beasts and sunken

secrets. Even the Marauders couldn't hope to map these vast depths.



**The grounds of Hogwarts** function partly as a nature reserve for magical creatures which have difficulty existing in Muggle-inhabited areas.

The lake is full of creatures that would make a Muggle naturalist swoon with delight – if terror did not seize them first. There are Grindylows (vicious little water demons), merpeople (of a hardy Scottish strain) and a giant squid, which is semi-domesticated and permits students to tickle its tentacles on sunny days, when it basks in the shallows.

### Author's Note

The lake is the setting for the second task that the Triwizard competitors must face in *Goblet of Fire*, which is also my favourite task. I find it satisfyingly creepy; I like the diversity of the methods employed by the competitors to breathe underwater, and I enjoyed plumbing the depths of a part of the grounds that had never been seen before. In the original draft of *Chamber of Secrets*, I had Harry and Ron crash into the lake in Mr Weasley's Ford Anglia, and meet the merpeople there for the first time. At that time I had a vague notion that the lake might lead to other places, and that the merpeople might play a larger role in the later books than they did, so I thought that Harry ought to be introduced to both at this stage. However, the Whomping Willow provided a more satisfying, less distracting crash, and served a later purpose in *Prisoner of Azkaban*, too. The Great Lake (which is really a Scottish loch, apparently freshwater and landlocked) never did develop as a portal to other seas or rivers, although the appearance of the Durmstrang

ship from its depths in *Goblet of Fire* hints at the fact that if you are travelling by an enchanted craft, you might be able to take a magical shortcut to other waterways.

Giant squid genuinely exist, though they are most mysterious creatures. Although their extraordinary bodies have been washed up all over the world, it was not until 2006 that a live giant squid was captured on film by Muggles. I strongly suspect them of having magical powers.



## Hufflepuff Common Room

Back in the castle, albeit several floors down, the Hufflepuff Common Room is as warm and cosy as the Great Lake is wet and inhospitable. Harry may never have reason to visit, but in true Hufflepuff style, their Common Room is always ready to welcome its students.



**The Hufflepuff common room** is entered from the same corridor as the Hogwarts kitchens. Proceeding past the large still life that forms the entrance to the latter, a pile of large barrels is to be found stacked in a shadowy stone recess on the right-hand side of the corridor. The barrel two from the bottom, middle of the second row, will open if tapped in the rhythm of ‘Helga Hufflepuff’\*. As a security device to repel non-Hufflepuffs, tapping on the wrong barrel, or tapping the

incorrect number of times, results in one of the other lids bursting off and drenching the interloper in vinegar.

A sloping, earthy passage inside the barrel travels upwards a little way until a cosy, round, low-ceilinged room is revealed, reminiscent of a badger's sett. The room is decorated in the cheerful, bee-like colours of yellow and black, emphasised by the use of highly polished, honey-coloured wood for the tables and the round doors which lead to the boys' and girls' dormitories (furnished with comfortable wooden bedsteads, all covered in patchwork quilts).

A colourful profusion of plants and flowers seem to relish the atmosphere of the Hufflepuff common room: various cacti stand on wooden circular shelves (curved to fit the walls), many of them waving and dancing at passers-by, while copper-bottomed plant holders dangling amid the ceiling cause tendrils of ferns and ivies to brush your hair as you pass under them.

A portrait over the wooden mantelpiece (carved all over with decorative dancing badgers) shows Helga Hufflepuff, one of the four founders of Hogwarts School, toasting her students with a tiny, two-handled golden cup. Small, round windows just level with the ground at the foot of the castle show a pleasant view of rippling grass and dandelions, and, occasionally, passing feet. These low windows notwithstanding, the room feels perennially sunny.

\* The complexity or otherwise of the entrance to the common rooms might be said to give a very rough idea of the intellectual reputation of each house: Hufflepuff has an unchanging portal and requires rhythmic tapping; Slytherin and Gryffindor have doorways that challenge the would-be entrant about equally, the former having an almost imperceptible hidden entrance and a varying password, the latter having a capricious guardian and frequently changing passwords. In keeping with its reputation as the house of the most agile minds at Hogwarts, the door to the Ravenclaw common room presents a fresh intellectual or philosophical challenge every time a person knocks on it.

Nevertheless, it ought not to be concluded from the above that Hufflepuffs are dimwits or duffers, though they have been cruelly caricatured that way on occasion. Several outstanding brains have emerged from Hufflepuff house over the centuries; these fine minds simply happened to be allied to outstanding qualities of patience, a strong work ethic and constancy, all traditional hallmarks of Hufflepuff House.

### Author's Note

When I first planned the series, I expected Harry to visit all four house common rooms during his time at Hogwarts. There came a point when I realised that there was never going to be a valid reason to enter the Hufflepuff room. Nevertheless, it is quite as real to me as the other three, and I always knew exactly where those Hufflepuffs were going when they headed off towards the kitchens after lessons.



### The Marauder's Map

And now we end our exploration of Hogwarts with those purveyors of aids to magical mischief-makers – Remus Lupin, Peter Pettigrew, Sirius Black and James Potter; aka Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs; aka the Marauders. Their magnificent map of the castle and its grounds is not only invaluable to other troublemakers such as Fred and George Weasley, but also

an incredible magical tool that offers an unfettered view of Hogwarts to anyone with the ability to access it. Not Snape, then.



**Perhaps no students (even** including Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger and Tom Riddle) have ever explored the castle and grounds of Hogwarts as thoroughly and illicitly as the four creators and contributors to the Marauder's Map: James Potter, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin and Peter Pettigrew.

James, Sirius and Peter were not initially impelled to explore the school grounds by night out of devilment alone (though that played its part), but by their desire to help their dear friend Remus Lupin to bear his lycanthropy. Prior to the invention of the Wolfsbane Potion, Lupin was compelled to undergo an excruciating transformation every full moon. Once his condition was discovered by his three best friends, they sought a way to render his transformations less solitary and painful, which led to them learning to become (unregistered) Animagi, so that they could keep him company without harm to themselves. The ability of Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew and James Potter to become, respectively, a dog, a rat and a stag, enabled them to explore the castle grounds by night undetected. The interior of the castle, meanwhile, was mapped over time with the help of James Potter's Invisibility Cloak.

The Marauder's Map is a lasting testimony to the advanced magical ability of the four friends who included Harry Potter's father, godfather and favourite teacher. The map they created during their time at Hogwarts appears to be a blank piece of parchment unless activated by the phrase: 'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good,' a phrase that, in the case of three of the four makers, should be understood as a joke. The 'no good' of which they wrote never denoted Dark magic, but school rule-breaking; similar bravado is evinced by their use of their

own nicknames on the map ('Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs').

The magic used in the map's creation is advanced and impressive; it includes the Homonculous Charm, enabling the possessor of the map to track the movements of every person in the castle, and it was also enchanted to forever repel (as insultingly as possible) the curiosity of their nemesis, Severus Snape.

Although the precise circumstances surrounding the makers' loss of their map are not given in the Harry Potter novels, it is easy to conclude that they eventually over-reached themselves and were cornered by Argus Filch, probably on a tip-off from Snape, whose obsession it had become to expose his arch-rival, James Potter, in wrongdoing. The masterpiece of a map was confiscated in Sirius, James, Remus and Peter's final year and none of them were able to steal it back from a well-prepared and suspicious Filch. In any case, their priorities changed in their final months at school, becoming far more serious and focused on the world beyond Hogwarts, where Lord Voldemort was successfully rising to power. All four of the map's creators would shortly be inducted into the renegade organisation headed by Albus Dumbledore, the Order of the Phoenix, and a map of their old school – no matter how ingenious – would no longer be of use to them except as a piece of nostalgia.

The Marauder's Map was, however, of immense use to the young Weasley twins. The story of Fred and George's acquisition of the map is told in *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*. It was a mark of their high esteem for Harry Potter, and their belief that he stood in need of assistance with a destiny none of them yet fully understood, that they later gifted the map to him, unwittingly passing it on to the child of one of the creators.

The map was subsequently confiscated from Harry Potter by a Death Eater in disguise at the school, who recognised it as a likely source of his own discovery.

## Author's Note

The Marauder's Map subsequently became something of a bane to its true originator (me), because it allowed Harry a little too much freedom of information. I never showed Harry taking the map back from the empty office of (the supposed) Mad-Eye Moody, and I sometimes regretted that I had not capitalised on this mistake to leave it there. However, I like the moment when Harry watches Ginny's dot moving around the school in *Deathly Hallows*, so on balance I am glad I let Harry reclaim his rightful property.



We've explored as much of Hogwarts as the Marauder's Map shows, and more. Mischief managed? Well, perhaps. For now.

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By the time the Weasley twins bequeath the Marauder's Map to Harry they already know the Map's contents by heart. 'We don't really need it anymore,' says George.

And yet if this trip through the wizarding world has demonstrated anything, it's that even with a wand in your hand and a magical map in your pocket, it's impossible to explore every alley and corridor. From the travails of transport to the complexities of Muggle-wizarding relationships to the almost impenetrable mysteries of wand-making, there's a lot to get to grips with. We began this journey with baby Harry asleep on the Dursleys' doorstep. Since then, we've travelled all the way to Hogwarts right alongside him, and still, we've only skimmed the surface.

Which is as it should be. Harry's magical education happens inside a building full of trick staircases, moving portraits and third-floor corridors guarded by three-headed dogs (and that's not even mentioning the grounds.) Hogwarts is so full of secrets, even the Marauder's Map can't reveal them all. The Room of Requirement is Unplottable. Professor Binns believed the Chamber of Secrets was a myth. Dumbledore himself never found either.

And yet – Hogwarts might be unknowable, but it is by no means unwelcoming. On the contrary, it provides sanctuary for anyone who seeks it. Sirius and Snape. McGonagall and Trelawney. Harry

and Voldemort. Lupin, Draco, Hagrid. For a draughty old castle, it's pretty warm.

So, as the Hogwarts house-elves pack the Great Hall full of delicious food and the Common Room fires continue to burn bright, we'll draw the curtains tight 'round the four-poster bed and say farewell – but not goodbye – to this magical place. Besides, if we let the wizarding world keep some of its secrets, that means there will always be something else for someone to explore, there in its alleys and corridors.

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There are five million children living in orphanages worldwide – even though eighty per cent of them are not orphans.

Most children are institutionalised because their parents are poor and cannot adequately provide for them. And while many institutions are established or supported with good intentions, more than eighty years of research proves that raising children in orphanages harms their health and development, increases their exposure to abuse and trafficking and serious reduces their chances of a happy, health future.

Put simply, children need families, not orphanages.

Lumos, a charity founded by J.K. Rowling, is named after the light-giving spell from Harry Potter that brings light to the darkest of places. At Lumos that is exactly what we do. We reveal the children hidden away in institutions and transform systems of care

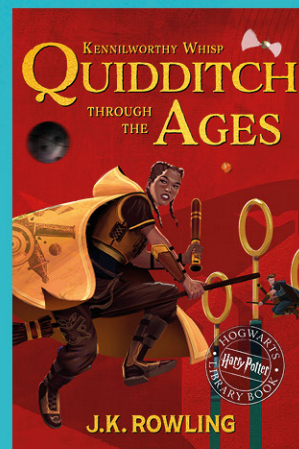
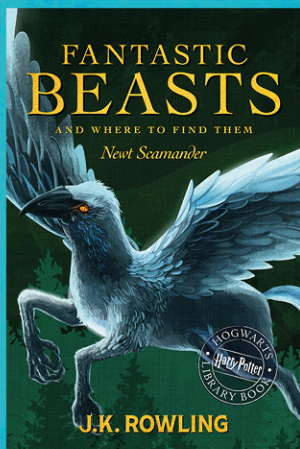
globally so that all children have the families they need and the futures they deserve.

Thank you for buying this book. If you would like to join J.K. Rowling and Lumos as part of our global movement for change you can find out how to get involved at [wearelumos.org](http://wearelumos.org), @lumos and Facebook.

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# Harry Potter

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