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Harry Potter

His last adventure

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Harry Potter's last adventure – a free Text by Bertram Eljon Holubek, Buildup Version 0.7

Harry Potter is the best known fantasy wizard. But by those who know real magic, the saga has been criticised for being too unreal. This unauthorized final episode stars a different Harry. He lives in the real world as an adult with real problems not only with real magic. Harry commands tricks, but they cannot save him in the end.



A very short Introduction and Disclaimer

Harry Potter has come to age. And they say that magicians die young. I think so too, since sorcery tends to empty the resources of lifeforce (mana, vril) quickly. First you think, like Jesus did, that you can master the spirits, and do any miracles at will. But you are lucky if the white lentworm in the deep eventually pays your sorcery bills. The evil Greys (rotten snakes) have a tendency to let some tricks succeed of some darklings or cumbersome types, to later destabilize their reality a lot.

This text in the buildup was written by a native speaker of German, so it has some faults. Since it is still incomplete I can't ask the authors of the original saga right now whether they might find it agreeable. It has a sad story: Harry is a mortal of course, who must die in the end. I tried my best to write suspense-packed fiction, that but also has talk about philosophy, science, culture and everyday life. Not all the magic that I describe in this text is real but most of it, or so I deem. This version 0.7 has the parts one to seven, but some little changes may be necessary later on. I will have to reread and correct the finished text. This buildup version should help to stabilize it.

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A Prologue in Paris

As it seems, the masters of Harry's destiny haven't yet decided over the death of her creature. But news are out now that the Warner Brothers, who may deem they own Harry Potter like a slave, have made up their minds (so to say) about a new series. Are fans supposed to watch Harry Potter start all over again, hustling through Hogwarts, learning everything anew from the first scratch of the parchments? Surely Harry would be shocked if he would learn about this plan. And probably he would think about ways to profit or magically benefit from this. Why not use the opportunity to brush up your past? This is the magic that we could also see in the classical Hollywood movie series "Back to the Future". Watching this again Harry might surely find that such magic is worth of giving it a try. So here is my draft of the last adventure of Harry Potter: Back to the better Past.

It all started when Harry was one day driving in a sports car through Paris, with the warm wind in his hair. In fact he didn't like it much there. Paris stinks, but not as badly as London does. The Parisians' parking sucks, so much that you can't risk to leave your sports car anywhere. They might shove it away with their bumpers to make more room. So what he did was, he drove back the fancy Porsche to the car rental company and left it there. But what now? Harry had at times been riding those electric scooters, but Les Miserables, the miserable lowly people of Paris, lately had decided to ban them. He would rather avoid the metro. You never know what kinds of rabble you could encounter there. So what he did was, he took a walk through some "aroundissmant" of the city, that he had never even known it exists before. And if you have a sense of magic, you will notice that cities change while you walk them. All reality is blunt after all. Science muggels never compute that. After a while of strolling the pavements, Harry got into a really strange backstreet. It was a dark and murky city quarter with some really weird looking guys. When he was window shopping a bit, he found a book shop of interest. With a thin grin he spontaneously entered. So what might he find in that dark and dusty shop? The *oulde* guy behind the counter looked Dutch or German to him. As it was to be expected, he knew Harry by the face, and warmly greeted him, yes even deferential. As it also was to be expected, his English was better than Harry's French, let alone his Dutch or whatever. The vendor then mumbled that he had something that might interest Harry on special bargain offer. Then he took out from a locked closet a really thick and old hand written spell book. Whoah! Harry felt his knees get soft. He realized that this was something very special! That book had been actually waiting for him, or someone else with his elevated powers! He looked at the yellowish rough leather cover. There was a faint tattoo on it, saying "Mama", at the side of a flaming heart. Was this thing bound in human skin or what else? The servile vendor explained that the author had sold his body to the Sorbonne university, centuries ago. Life as a scholar of magic can be costly. The author had encountered bad luck with some spells lately. But surely he had been with all his fervour engaged in magical research. And this book was supposed to contain his biggest finds. "It issa about how to brush up your past. *Extremement* helpful magic is this, I would presume", said the vendor with a smarmy grin. Harry Potter pretended to be rather disinterested, to not make him raise the price. He opened up the title page and found that he could not read a single word of the illustration graph. The author was a Zorro von Zitzenwitz. "A *Botch* wrote this!" said Harry to the vendor with alarm. He opened up some pages at random. It sounded like early new high Deutsch to him, a language that he never took the slightest interest in. "Sorry monsieur, but I can't read that odd outdated language", he said to the vendor. But the vendor only nodded and smiled. "This magic can change that." Hastily he opened up a drawer and took out a handwritten "cahier". As he explained, it was a translation of some most important chapter of the spell book. Harry's French wasn't half as good as his Faselmund, the language of the snakes, as he kept calling Parseltongue lately. Hogwarts hadn't been a qualified language school after all. But as the vendor explained: "Just follow the instructions, and you will have learned the language that you desire to know already in your younger days. It's what the book is about. Change your past for better or worse!" Harry was seeing reason in this. As he expected, the book was enormously expensive. He had planned to stay in Paris for some more time. But thinking twice about it, he decided that he could well fly home instantly, instead of eating fried frogs and *frites* at the hotel.

1. A Ball Game at Balmoral

Some weeks later summer had come. Harry found the weather rather hot, when he sat down on a park bench, somewhere near to the great palace of Balmoral in Scotland. At his side was one local representative of the Church of England, Scottish subdivision. Pressbitter Pargitter, cheeky, thin and old, was looking with some definitely sore looks at three sportive looking ladies busy in the park. They looked as if they had come here to play golf. In fact Harry realized that they had come here to practise putting, on the neatly trimmed lawn. But right now they were only talking. It made Harry yawn. But the elderly clergyman was not amused. “These guys really remind me of the three witches that met Macbeth”, he told Harry with a disgruntled voice. – “Well, what was wrong with these?” replied Harry smilingly. That was an offensive question that the cleric could not answer in a few sentences. He explained: “Women! Methinks it was a fault to admit them to Saint Andrew's in 2014. Can't you see what I mean? They came here to play golf, but they can't. They are so busy chatting all the time.” Harry nodded sleepily. “I agree”, he said politely. “They should get going their ball game now. This is Ballmoral after all.” They chuckled a bit. Then Harry asked the clergyman a really tough one. “Well, but what about Saint Andrew, at that golf club of his? Shouldn't he have a word over this issue?” That made the cleric think for some time. His face finally looked like that of a raw lemon eater, when he admitted: “That is what you came here for, professor Potter. Some people in high positions put a lot of trust into your extraordinary magical skills. I am all in doubts whether I should consider myself one of their lot.” After a while Harry replied: “You mean Prince Charles, firstly, do you not?” The cleric coughed with protest. “Isn't he the king now? Where were you to not know that the Church crowned him lately?” – “I watched that ceremony on the telly too. But I'm not sure whether I should subscribe to that. When it comes to who is the rightful king at any place and time, the King of Kings should decide over this, I believe.” That idea made the cleric angry to a degree. Then he decided to rise and let Harry alone. “Well, here we are again at the core of the problem we are facing right now. Let me not do like the women do, and waste more time with idle chatting. Professor Potter, do your best now.”

The clergyman left swiftly. So then Harry was alone in the park, with the book he had taken with him. It was “A Concise History of Philosophy”. Harry had started to read stuff like this only late in his life. It was when he realized, that so much of the stuff that he had learned at Hogwarts was of rather little value, or even plain, utter nonsense. Just thinking of Severus Snape ... The odd halfbreed had always found it so valuable and mandatory to speak out aloud the sorcery spells precisely, and to wave with the magical wand in accurate gestures. At first Harry had learned many spells in a stance of “strict observance”, like it was common in circles of freemasonry too. But later it had become a part of Harry's great story of success, that he decided to perform spells more freely, and often ecstatically, combatively. Often it seemed to produce better results if he pretended to be and in fact got really angry, and shouted out just a single word with the necessary fervour. That would make his “fire stick” produce the glowing sparks, that could work so well to disperse a crowd of adverse would-be wizards. His old-school wisdom just hadn't served him too well. So did the laws of magic change lately, or what was the reason for this? Harry had a feeling that he was right now getting nearer to the correct explanation of this phenomenon. Real magic was rather different from what the traditions said it was like, and what all the plain old witches and wizards in and around Hogwarts used to think it was like. One obvious reason was that they were not well educated, and too much into unreal fantasies. Some called them nevergrownups.

Harry now opened up the paperback. Onto the first page Marge had written her name with curvy block letters: “Margaude”. The divorce from his second wife had uprooted him, it had turned him into some kind of peripatetic guy. But that was a fate that he shared with many celebrities of the fields of science and entertainment. Harry only had had time so far to read a few chapters of the book. Aristotle had impressed him at once. When the question was: “What to do best with your short lifetime before it runs out”, Aristotle had brought up the idea, that it was a supreme idea for man to “regard the eternal entities”. That was supposed to be something uplifting and benefiting for the spirit. Regard the king and you feel great. Regard the loo and you feel that you must too.

But, like in all philosophy, there seems to be a hidden worm in the whole affair. Voila, who were these so-called immortals really? In ancient classical Athens, all the philosophers, and politicians, oligarchs, soldiers, priests, citizens, aliens and slaves alike had been supposed to believe. They were forced by the law and the public will to commit to that pagan Graeco-Roman religion. They were supposed to offer to their major and minor gods. It was like paying tribute to a king. The so-called gods, the immortals like Zeus or Venus, supposedly lived on top of the nearby mountain of Olympus. But the truth was, that no god nor goddess was living on that mountain top of course. Already in the days of Aristotle, all the Greeks and Geeks had known that there was no splendid royal palace on that mountain top, a place like Balmoral, where Harry was right now. "So maybe they were thinking of the other Olympus on Mars", Harry said jokingly to himself. Was this the reason why the US-Americans were searching for life on Mars so feverishly: to find new gods? He stared a bit into the bright afternoon sky. There was no life on Mars of course too. But maybe there was yet another Olympus, on a planet not yet found, that was circling around the red star Antares. That red giant star had received it's name from ancient astronomers, calling him "Anti-Ares". Ares had been the Greek name for Mars, the god of war. But while Harry thought about it, he concluded that he didn't believe in any living worlds next to Antares. It just didn't seem right that such an old red star out of shape should harbour good life. It's when you start to wonder, then you start to philosophize, that was an ancient Greek saying. He yawned again, and felt like in the mood for dozing. But he got up, knowing that he disliked this. Harry was a renowned professor of magic, not a sleeper on park benches. And after a nap. occasionally a fit of bad temper would hit him. The ensuing angry state of mind was what they called *woke* in politics right now. Could that also happen to the immortals, these supreme entities, whoever and wherever they existed, if ever? That was the question he was working on right now. The officials at Balmoral had called in Harry Potter, for to help them in a special case of ghost busting. So that was part of his job, all right. In the old days, Queen Elizabeth 2 had spent some weeks every summer at Balmoral, when Greater London had gotten too hot and smelly, instead of really great. But lately the royals had decided to cash in on that oversized palace. That royal guy Charles had his own organic farm. He used to philosophy a lot about traditional agriculture, until some pundits told him that he was a complete idiot at farming. Har, har, Harry found that it was the revenge of the ignoble. It was like the Irish deciding to kill thousands of milk cows to make more people drink whisky and beer. At Balmoral they had then decided to offer this stately palace for sale or rent or whatever, to some billionaires or celebrities maybe. In fact a Wall Street guy, a tough hedge fund manager called Dimon Leigh, paid Balmoral a visit. But something had scared that Ritchie Rich off at night one. A ghost! So Balmoral was haunted. That had been good news for the gossip press, who was eager now to dig out scary old ghost stories. At Balmoral however they had called in George Pargitter for help. The pressbitter was supposed to carry out some kind of exorcism, but found that he could not. The problem was unique, was it not? The ghost that had scared away that "Wall Street locust" from Britain, claimed that he was the original, biblical Saint James! That is why the pressbitter found himself unable to exorcise the spirit. The palace then called in Harry Potter, as a specialist of really tricky, yes hairy cases. Harry but found that he didn't know enough about ghosts maybe. So back to Aristotle. The court philosopher of Alexander the puny Great had commented on the Iliad of Homer. He found it remarkable that therein the gods were "eternal human beings". They walked and talked and feasted and feuded like mortals, but they were Eternals. Harry but had the notion that here lies a fatal error in the philosophy of Aristotle. He had a strong scary hunch that the real existing immortals were very different from humans. They were entirely alien. They were so-called snakes, were they not? *Nagas* was one Indian word for it. Thinking of this made Harry feel uncomfortable. He rose and started to take a walk. He tried to read on, but that was hardly possible. Aristotle had taken up the habit of walking while talking philosophy. That was why they called this peripatetic. Harry now wished he had a wife, or any guy, to talk to him about all this. He wished he had never married Marge. That French woman had been 24 years younger than he. With the natural magic of her youth, Marge had managed to estrange Harry from his rightful first wife Ginny. They had spent such an enjoyable and lovely honeymoon in a tropical island resort.

But so fast her natural Southern lusty, easy going nature had been overshadowed by raw fits of greed and bad temper. She had gained weight while her boobs sagged. A sudden strong feud had made the divorce inevitable. Now that he thought again about Ginny, he regretted to ever having broken the marriage with her. But Ginny too had lately developed her own faults. Why hadn't he married Hermione? He had the feeling that he had loved her much more in his school days than he had ever loved gingerly Ginny. And now that he thought about this, he had the strange feeling once again, that an inner snake voice was ready to comment on this. He got the idea that the name Ginny just means “girl, female” in that snake language Parseltalk, or rather Faselmund. Just such a name made “them” gain more influence. If these guys were the Eternals, it was definitely not advisable to always regard them with the believing mind. That would not make you feel and get great. *The eternal snakes suck vril, lifeforce!* That is what Harry concluded. It was a most basic error in the philosophy of Aristotle! He got a feeling that he needed to write this down instantly, to not forget it, like he possibly had done before. He checked his pockets for his ball pen, but the bleeding thing had run out of blood. When he then looked up, he found that he had walked near to the “three witches of Balmoral”. They had stopped chatting and were shyly watching him. As he took the blondest and prettiest closely in his eye, she blushed and walked a bit nearer. “Happen to have a pen?” he asked her with a thin smile. “Uh yes.” She took a thin pen from her handbag and handed it out to him, while asking: “You are Harry Potter, are you not?” – “And who are you?” – “My name is, ahm, Cindy.” – “Sindy”, he replied. He found it a fitting name for a young witch. He said it again: “Sssindy”, hissing it as if it were a word in that alien mysterious snake language. Maybe that had been a mistake. Her face clouded a bit, and she turned away from him without another word. Harry felt as old as Falstaff when he walked back again to the park bench where he had been sitting. He started to read again, and could hardly pay attention, since his eyes wandered against his will from the philosophy book to the boobs of Cindy. That was distracting magic not to be underestimated. But who was doing this? “Maybe Socrates knew that”, he said to himself, to motivate himself to read on. Socrates had been one of those early rationalists, who doubted that gods or higher beings or magic did exist. “I constate that, with one word, Socrates was a muggle. No, that is French thinking now.” Socrates had come to the conclusion that some inner voice was magical and not his own. He concluded that this strange voice within his mind must be the voice of the real existing god. Some years ago, Harry would have found that idea absurd and not worthy of further consideration. But lately he was not so sure, troubled now by doubts. “That magic, that is present naturally in all the world, seems to change rapidly right now.” He said that to himself, as if he was sitting in his classroom before his class. Nobody would dare to object, but what more could he say to explain this? Aristotle had written several essays, about his search for the gods, for the soul and for eternal life. The editor of his oeuvre had put all these essays behind Aristotle's texts about physics. That is why later philosophers called these topics “metaphysics”. Aristotle had been another rationalist, who didn't know much about any gods, and didn't want to speculate and to fall for goofy religious stuff. Harry turned back the pages, to read again the chapter about Thales of Miletus. They called this ancient Greek man the first philosopher. Thales had found that nature was replete with gods. That was a philosophy that Harry liked much more than that of the rationalists. “Thales knew that magic exists. But he didn't know whose magic it is. Neither do I.”

While thinking, Harry couldn't stop watching Cindy again. She finally was putting, but not well. He took out his all-black magic wand, a custom-made stick from the great Mr. Gregorovitch. The colour black just seemed to produce better results. When Cindy putted again, Harry whispered a funny spell in Latin: “*Pullus, redde mihi ovum meum!*” Spells worked better when they were also a little funny or mean. That spell activated the tractor ray function of Harry's magical wand. The golf ball that Cindy had just putted made a sudden turn. It speeded up and rolled directly in front of Harry's white sneakers. – “Uuuh!” groaned Cindy with disbelief. Then she grimaced, and went to Harry with a little anger: “Sir, ahm, Harry Potter, I must protest! This is probably misogynous magic, is it not?” – “Maybe it is”, replied Harry, with a professorial tone, “but this is a disputed question among us professionals and experts. Magic indeed fills the world, but who is working it? Muggles are too deluded to notice. I am glad that you are not a muggle, but obviously rather sly.”

2. Either Bogus or a Bogeyman

In the evening, Harry was having a meeting with two young gopher palace officers. Mr. Buckley and Mr. McPhee, in official shirts and shorts, were looking at him rather frosty. Or was there a bit of anxiety in their eyes? He had informed them that he intended to spend some nights in exactly the same bedroom, where this Wall Street executive had encountered that spirit. Reluctantly they had booked him in there. It was one of the glamorous bedrooms for official guests of the British royals. Since Balmoral was not a part of the Crown Estate, the royals could do with it whatever they liked. But of course, the palace was factually an important part of the national heritage of the Scots, jealously guarded by some of them. The suite he was shown in right now was supposed to harbour him for just a few night. It was stuffed with antiques: old gilded clocks, high shelves full of thick books, big couches, elegant crooked armchairs and splendid picturesque carpets. The two servants opened up the windows, to let the evening wind in, and closed the sets of curtains again. Mr. Buckley pointed to one of the clocks and explained: “This wall clock has a modern *squirrel camera* inside. That's what we call these gadgets here. So if a spirit may appear, he will be caught in the act.” – “But what happened when this locust guy slept here?” – “We could not see a thing. It was dark at night, and these indoors cameras have no infrared mode”, explained Mr. Buckley softly. He now looked at Harry sceptically. Harry knew that the muggles often were making such disgruntled faces. He tried to make a point by explaining that he had seen some rather shocking videos of poltergeist phenomena: “One such authentic video, that I have scrutinized, is showing an entire kitchen shaking. It looked as if a crazy invisible man was vandalizing it, tearing out the kitchen tools and the cutlery and rattling at cupboards and plates.” That was his field of expertise all right. He managed to let his voice sound tough and professional. The two young servants, who both had brown hair, still looked rather sceptical, but now a bit more scared. Harry had the idea that they were probably college students, who worked here during their summer vacation. – “We saw such scenes in your movies of course, *professor* Potter”, explained Mr. McPhee then. The big youngster grimaced shortly, looking straight into the camera, squawking out aloud with a high-pitched false witch voice: “So you claim to be a *professor* of magic! Isn't this a unique title in the academic world, dear-o-dear?” Harry suddenly felt a mean flush of heat rising to his cheeks. Was this suddenly an interview in front of that candid “squirrel camera”? He replied: “That is correct. I hold two rather rare doctoral and post doctoral degrees from an international university since 2010.” Suddenly his voice was sounding high and trembly! That too was one of those things that the muggles would never understand. Adverse magic, that wasn't constantly in the air but only at intervals, tended to suddenly interfere; at an error preferably or a crisis, to weaken and infantilize the human mind. – “What would be your academic title then?” asked Mr. McPhee, his voice now sounding shrill and high-pitched, like that of a whining heavy metal singer. – “Ph.D. DSS” – “So you're a doctor of social sciences?” – “No. In fact my special doctoral title DSS means *spiritual sciences*”. That was the hard part of the discussion of his curricula vitae. It made the two of them grin with disrespect. Harry felt sweat appearing on his forehead. He needed a shower now, since the day had been hot. He had lost much vril, that elusive lifeforce. But that unscheduled interview wasn't over yet. Mr. McPhee chuckled into the camera and put his index finger to his forehead. He now sounded as unfriendly as Robert the Bruce had been to king Edward's the First invading troops: “Well then Harry Potter, your Wikipedia website says that you received your degree from the BIU university.” – “That is correct again.” – “But this is just Bogus International, is it not? At least this is what the Internet says. No government respects BIU titles anywhere.” – “Wrong this time”, explained Harry with a thin voice. “In 2010, the BIU was officially acclaimed in Kenya, for a short time at least. Well, I was warmly welcomed there when I received both my official doctoral and post-doctoral, I mean, my two magical degrees. Powerful magic helps much in such technical affairs. Also donations helped me and my school a lot. As a matter of fact, it was very hot in Nairobi, and I needed this to happen fast.” Harry now nervously drew his costly ironwood wand, and was waving and shaking it. That shocked the palace officials, as if Harry had drawn a handgun. – “You heard the man. So don't be so crabbit, McPhee”, said Mr. Buckley, very softly. Mr. McPhee added: “Anyway, you're welcome professor.” The two young guys retreated hastily.

Suddenly Harry was left alone in that room so stuffed with antiques. So where the dickens was the bathroom? He put down his wand onto a couch, hastily undressed and took a shower. Fresher again, he started to worry about those “squirrel cameras”. Was there one in the bathroom too?

In the evening he got down to dine with pressbitter Pargitter, in his splendid white dinner jacket. They remained rather silent while eating. Afterwards they took some drinks at their table. The cleric drank blood red Campari bitter with soda. Harry preferred his usual glass of French wine. After some talk about the weather and the war in the Ukraine, it took Harry some time to start to talk again about the spook he was investigating. Since the ghost claimed to be a saint, he needed to learn some more about saints. But when he asked George Pargitter about Saint James, the old cleric only murmured: “I personally believe that it was not the original saint who appeared here. Surely it was a surly demon in disguise.” – “How can you be sure?” – George sighed. He raised his arms as if he were calling in heavenly gods and stars for help. When those helpers from above didn't show up, he folded his hands above his legs. “Sadly, I can't be sure of anything right now”, he admitted. “Just lately, it seems that the traditional saints have lost their usual shapes. They are not what they used to be. They seem to have lost their official rank and file in heaven, so to say.” He looked at his grey suit with discomfort, brushing away some crumbs with his fingertips. – “So what were the saints like in the old days?” Harry asked him politely. – “Saints used to be mighty! Take Saint George for instance. When I was a star in my young days, at Luton, I much believed in him and his sanity, I mean saintity, ahm, holiness ...” Harry raised his eyebrow to question that. With a lower voice the cleric explained: “You don't understand my talk about being a star, sure. It was at the boy scouts academy. There our leaders had respect mighty before Saint George. After I had passed all the field courses for to reach star level, I had hoped that they would tell me how to fight down dragons in class. But that didn't happen. They never mentioned his saintly legend with a single word! Maybe that was secret stuff for the still higher ranks only.” – “You mean that as a boy you believed that saint George really slew a dragon?” Harry had to grin. He suddenly felt like a muggle, who can't help making fun of believers. That was mean, yes, but George Pargitter was too much into unsettling memories of his boyhood, of a better past long gone now to be annoyed. George then started to tell an old family tale about some saint. He had had Presbyterian relatives in former East Prussia. They had been hard-headed Scottish sectarians, who had fled there in the seventeenth century before the civil war. “At that time Prussia was taking up freely refugees from many other countries. The Germans there were predominantly Lutherans. Lately they had become rather tolerant. In the Muddle Ages though they had been different. Thence, the Teutonic Order of crusaders had ruled the remote province with the sword and the shackle. The Catholic, I mean, all our saints seemed to approve. These German knights fought out a big battle against Lithuanian troops in 1311, under Grand Commander Henry von Plotzk. He won, but allegedly only because the Mother of God appeared on the battlefield in person to his aid.” George looked at Harry with a sorrowful face, as if he expected him to laugh out aloud. But Harry replied, after some thinking: “This is astounding. The story reminds me of those Nordic sagas of the Valkyries. Or rather, we should think about Zeus and the feuding gods of the Iliad.” – “Absolutely! Feuding gods, that's the jumping point of this!” agreed George. He now looked relieved, and continued to reaccount the history of ancient Prussia: “So the German crusaders of the Teutonic Order were in luck. But that ended in the year 1410 AD. A century later, the Lithuanians had teamed up with the Polish. As they jointly were fighting against the Teutonic Order once again, the Germans seemed to put their trust onto Saint George, the patron saint on their banners. The Polish however now called in Saint Mary for help, with the song “*Boga Rodzicza*”. That means in translation, “God's mother”. *Roadzitcha* ... The strange Polish word raised unwelcome memories now in Harry's mind. That sounded just like the last name of Zorro von Zitzenwitz, the author of that spell book that he had bought by chance in Paris. Harry had a hunch now that there was some kind of connection. But any research seemed to him like delving in a dangerous zone of magic, unsuitable for mortals ... Meanwhile George was talking on: “So Saint Mary seemed to have changed sides lately. This time the Mother seemed to help the foes of the Teutonic Order. That made those arrogant Krauts from Prussia definitely get nicer and more liberal.” The slender cleric with a strangely thin head

smiled thinly and concluded: "Not only this time, Saint Mary seemed to hear and help better than other saints. She is definitely more often active than other saints, including Saint George. But our problem with her may be, that mother Mary usually brings up more sympathies for the Pope in Rome and his minions than for us protestants. We must think that she is just mightier than most of the others, if not all of them together." George had finished his little speech well. He emptied his second glass and now seemed to anxiously await Harry's reaction. But right now Harry Potter was extremely distracted. The night wind blew up the gaze curtains in front of the open windows. For seconds this looked to him as if there were spirits looming behind them, cosmic entities searching for something that they could animate. He then explained to George, that he was sorry now that he had never heard a single word about saints at Hogwarts. "Ours was and still is only a practical school of sorcery", he explained. "We only teach there our traditional lore about ghosts. Helena Ravenclaw is our best known local haunting spirit." – "Who is she?" – "Ahm ..." Harry couldn't think now fast of some story to tell it to the clergyman. Many a lore was regarded as confidential. "One problem is that those *snakes* seem to work behind the ghosts. They are just stronger when it comes to such rather unreal, I mean defective, only formerly existing persons like ghosts." – "The *snakes*", repeated George. He loosened up his collar, and now his voice was getting even thinner. "You mean dragons of course. We still need to fight them, just like Saint George did." – "Sure", replied Harry. But really, when it came to such otherworldly wondrous beasts, he was all but sure what to think of them. They seemed to be active everywhere, in all reality, and not nice and easy to handle. Harry explained: "From all that I've heard, I think that the snakes are not for us to fight them. They seem to suck emotions, like love or hate, and grow stronger from it. Saint George was an African. I believe that Black Africans resemble ghosts. Both are weaker by nature. Therefore the Snakes are naturally nearer to them." – "Surely the reason why St. George later got martyred so terribly was his Nigger blood", concluded pressbitter Pargitter. The clergyman blushed a bit. It was still hot in that room. Without much more talk George Pargitter took his leave. Harry wasn't in the mood then to watch TV or check his e-mails, so he went to bed with the last evening light. Soon he woke up again though, and could not sleep. Should he take a cold shower? Lazily he just checked his e-mails. There was a new one from Dudley Hawke, the Hogwarts expert for physics and metaphysics. Harry had inquired him about the star Antares. With just some few lines Dudley explained to him, that astrologers believe that Antares was making people pugnacious. He wrote: "I reckon that the real source is the constellation Scorpius, the aggressive center of our galaxy."

There were sounds then, that made him wake up early next morning. "The saints", he murmured sleepily. He felt like pressed and dazed and could hardly move. Something was definitely in the room, but he could not see it. Slowly he left the bed. On tiptoes he sneaked to the couch, where he had laid down his black magical wand. And there was a ghostly snake! Right behind the gaze curtain it seemed to materialize. Harry acted with the fervour and terror that had often helped him to win a magical duel. He shouted: "*Shatzee Shatzamm!*" That was only a minor chastising spell, that was right now in fashion among all the juveniles and nevergrownups of Hogwarts. He waved the magical stick with an elegant gesture. But due to his nervousness he now laid a little too much creative magic into this spell. A bright rather than soft ray erupted from the wand. The ray burned a hole into the gaze curtain, with the size of the head of an infant. Then the ray torched the brown something that had been sitting on the window frame. Harry was still shaking nervously, when he switched on the lights and looked closely at the scene. There was smut on the window frame now, smelling like grilled beef! In fact it was a fried squirrel! At first Harry was shocked and sorry. But then he chided the dead animal: "Serves you right, intruder!" Harry tigered through the room for a while, until he stopped right in front of the "squirrel camera" hidden in it's clock. He waved his wand as if he was menacing, and spoke out aloud: "Since now you have seen me in action, better stop believing that magic doesn't really exist. However, I know you muggles well, who watch me in my films and then get envious. This is stuff like 'Keeping up with the Joneses'. You envy the Eternals who can afford a life that you can not, and you envy me for the magic that I can do while you can't. For guys like you I am either bogus or a bogeyman. You must one day realize that this is not the TV show called 'Discriminating Harry'" ... Someone seemed to laugh at him from afar.

3. Another Ball Game at Balmoral

Bop, bop, bop. The tennis ball moved, but Harry found it nicer to watch Cindy's big boobs move. "Out", shouted Harry mildly. The last ball, beaten back weakly by Cindy, had definitely been out. He walked to fetch it, sweating a bit. It was already hot at 11 am. At the western horizon though a thin dark line ascended. It would surely rain soon, like it often happened here in Scotland. When he returned to the net he saw that Cindy had given up their little match. She stretched and shoved in order her very blond hair. Harry saw that it was dark brown underneath at the roots. He could have guessed that she was some sort of typical fake. But still, he considered her a pretty, nice and comfortable companion. "Sorry I lost concentration", explained Cindy. "Suddenly my ball moved in a queer way!" – "Magic did this", explained Harry. – "Uh, sure. Why did you do that, Harry? Did you manipulate my game?" She was a bit annoyed now. Harry smiled politely. "Oh no, dear! Honestly, I would never do this, but unconsciously I can't stop. There's magic everywhere, in all reality. Even if we mortals are far from controlling or even comprehending it, we are a part of it." – "So this was the unconscious who did this." Cindy was ready to forgive him soon. She pointed out that she had heard about this in her course of psychology, but was struggling to understand. They went to pack in their rackets. Harry watched her secretly and found that he definitely liked her. He could hardly stop watching her boobs move. But he was not a senior teacher guy to mess with young girl students. Well, she was not his student, just a staffer. Now she explained to him with admiration in her voice: "Gee Harry you are so wise! There is so much that you know, and nobody else does. I wish I could be your student." – "Well, thanks. But Hogwarts is just a semi-private school of magic. It has no good reputation among the muggles." – "So why don't you take up a career at a common university? Surely you could teach, I mean, philosophy for instance or physics?" – "Unfortunately they don't respect my weird wisdom there." Harry looked at her shirt, that had the picture of a polo player in action on it. Then he looked at the yellow tennis ball, to stop himself from staring at her boobs all the time. He threw it up into the air. "Behold this ball. Can you imagine that this might be the entire universe?" Cindy didn't understand at all, so Harry continued: "That is just what the Big Bang theory tells us. In the beginning the universe was just as small as this tennis ball." Cindy was shocked. "Uuh! Really?" – "No, not really. That is just what astrophysics says right now. But to me that theory sounds as odd as the Biblical lore, that the Earth was created in just six days, including all the stars above. Both theories come from old clerics, by the way. The Book of Genesis is from Moses, who was an Egyptian priest of the fourth grade. The Big Bang theory was thought out by Georges Lemaitre, a Roman Catholic praytre." – "You sound like a super-expert of all of this", said Cindy with admiration. Harry nodded. "So maybe you understand now, why guys like me can't teach at the universities of the muggles. So much of their ordinary stuff is just obvious plain nonsense." – "Can't you put things right?" – "I could, if magic wouldn't stop me. Magic makes the muggles become so idiotic. Many of them just realize that they don't know a lot about science. Others choose to lie with the rest. The problem is that some kind of superior magic does this, a magic that even magicians can hardly understand." – "But who is in control of this strong magic?" – "The snakes", said Harry, smiling bitterly now. It was the scary aspect of all magic, and the reason why the muggles would never accept witches. The sky was meanwhile getting clouded and dark. Harry wanted to leave, but Cindy has fetched a broom. Now she jokingly pretended that she was riding the broomstick. "Harry, I wanna fly like you° Can't you teach me how to play quidditch? It looks so cool in your films." She took a tennis ball and threw it high in the air, and then waved to beat it with the broom. Harry then gave away a big secret: "The quidditch scenes of the films were made with the help of computer graphics of course! In real life witches can't really ride brooms. Eventually we can make people get lighter, until they may hover. It works best with virgins." – "Uh. I'm sorry", said Cindy, blowing up her cheeks now. – "But", added Harry with some more emotion, "there are magical technical gadgets that can indeed allow people to fly. You need special secret magical machines, with front and rear engines. That is why also in my classical Hollywood films, who are rather the work of the art of entertainment for juveniles and nevergrownups, they point out that it plays much of a role what brand of quidditch broom you ride." – "Could you show me such a broom?" Cindy was all ears.

Harry thought again about the truly down-to-earth sports called quidditch. That was played with ordinary brooms, not with some kind of handheld aircraft. 'Riding brooms' meant something else. Instead of saying that, he told Cindy: “I don't really need such things. I am older now, I definitely have grown too old for quidditch. I fly comfortable planes now, and don't play brooms games no more.” Harry gave Cindy a weak smile and threw a tennis ball into her direction. When she raised her hand to catch it, he used magic with a twist of the eye. The ball slowly moved away from her hand, and accelerated fast, until it banged loudly against the wire cage of the court. “Out”, she said, rather shocked. He smiled. “That was my secret way to win the championships. I just made the quidditch fly my way. Don't tell anybody.” – “Sure.” She nodded and stared at him with her mouth wide open. He suddenly coveted her. Harry felt the sudden strong move to get her, to take her into his arms, to caress her breasts. That would be extremely wrong, he knew that, although he sensed that she would not object. That was magic of the vile sort. So without another word he turned away from Cindy, and marched back to the round towers of Balmoral with slight despair.

He arrived at the castle with the first rain drops. “Hermione!” he had said to himself more than once. He had coveted her much, but she hadn't taken him. That was why he had taken that golden girl Ginny instead. He now wished he had tried harder with Hermione. That was surely extremely worrying. He was wondering whether Hermione was still alive and well. He hadn't seen her nor heard of her for years. The idea came to his mind, to try and get her anyway, after all these years of secret longing. He thought of the man on the throne. Charles was happy with Camilla, his first big love, a lady he had only married rather late in his life. Something like this was possible! As he was entering the palace, Harry made up his mind to try and contact again Ron Weasley and his wife. But soon later, when he was back at his room and busy with his tablet, he forgot about this.

In the evening he was again dining with pressbitter Pargitter, and another elderly cleric. This time instead of fresh roast beef the palace chef served them corned beef. So maybe his reputation as a magician had suffered from the squirrel incident. The other cleric, father Colluminus Manytackle, had come to assist George. He was a stiff grey midget of Irish Celtic descent and convictions, and also an ugly dark Jewish type, with mighty eyebrows and pitch black eyes. George Pargitter said with a smile, that his tiny colleague bore the nickname Little C. He handed over an etching print to Harry. It showed a worried old man with a beard and a Santa Claus bonnet reading. The oldster got haunted by demons, a big bird man, a pig nun and others behind his big chair. “So this is how we might envision Saint James”, explained father Colluminus. – “Or maybe this is the magician Hermogenes, his adversary”, said pressbitter Pargitter. “It can't be that the mighty saint James got so much troubled by demons.” – “But yes. Such troubles happen.” Harry didn't look at the scary illustration for a longer time. “I tell you, to me those demons here rather look like aliens from other planets. This one has a duck's bill, and that one a reptile's snout.” The clerics could not object. Instead Little C. told Harry the legend of saint Jacob Maior, the bigger, and Hermogenes:

The famous magician once sent out his friend Philetas to challenge Jacob the apostle. But when Philetas met the apostle, he instead became a Christian. Angrily Hermogenes now conjured his demons, sending them against Saint Jacob. Jacob but called in angels to chain those demons. That impressed Hermogenes so much that he became a Christian too. “At the behest of Jacob and god, the former wizard Hermogenes, now a believer in our Lord, threw away his spell books into the sea”, explained the midget with the mighty nose. “Harry Potter, I came to ask you now to do the same thing. Just commit your soul to Jesus, and throw away all your evil sorcery books. Then you will be saved, and your soul might even ascend to heaven right after you die.” – “That sounds great. But why can't you offer me a space flight as an incentive right now?” asked Harry politely. That question seemed to puzzle the Celtic type. Little C. snorted like a bull and rubbed his nose.

But pressbitter Pargitter reacted more coolly. He explained to Harry: “We brethren in the lord just wanted to give you an impression how Saint James may look like, in case you happen to see this ghost here.” – “I see”, replied Harry, and keenly studied Little C. He then brought up a weird idea that he had thought out earlier: “So if it's the original saint Jacob that you are hunting here, why do you not call him James instead?” The two old clerics took their time for the answer. “Nobody

knows this for sure”, admitted Little C. then. – “But I have the idea”, said pressbitter Pargitter, “that saint James is not really identical with saint Jacob. We may be encountering two different saintly persons here.” – “Nah, nah, that can't be”, said Little C. anxiously. “The Golden Legend of Jacob de Voragine does not differ between two such saints.” George agreed, but with a puzzled look towards Harry. Harry realized that he didn't know much about all of this, and thus could not contribute to the discussion. “Devour a Gene”, he said jokingly. That reminded him of the heyday when he had laid Ginny. That most beautiful blonde had been one of the leading girls of his class at Hogwarts. Of course he had used magic to get her. But their marriage had failed ingloriously. While a faint thunder was audible from the outside, where the rain now was gushing on the trees and meadows, he told the two: “Maybe we face a saint and a demon here. There may exist some saint James, the original saint Jacob ...” – “Surely at least two of them exist, Saint Jacob the Great and Saint Jacob the Greater”, interrupted him Little C. Harry replied: “That may be our working hypothesis. But additionally we face an impostor. Some supernatural person may have abused the identity of the saint. A demon, I guess, might try to win dudes by taking up the false identity of a saint they like. By that way, a dangerous demon I once knew gathered a number of followers he called horcruxes.” The memory of Voldemort still was sending shivers down his spine. Harry but showed with courage his iPad to the two older clerics. He explained that it often happens in the Internet, that wrongdoers “steal” the identities of others. They could only nod. Visibly the two old clerics were at the limits of their wisdom now, and could not manage to proceed to the next level. As they later spent the evening on a terrace, the two came up with the idea to try and conjure that saint or demon, next Sunday maybe. Harry wanted to agree, but his inner senses were suddenly warning him. He was feeling the danger to drift too much under the influence of these oldsters, who seemed to be so ignorant to him. He told them: “It seems to me that you have no idea who the supernatural people are you are dealing with.” – “So do you?” replied pressbitter Pargitter. Harry listened to the relaxed evening songs of the blackbirds, or thrushes or whatever. He felt too tired suddenly to answer that last question. He was a bit tipsy now. In the end he explained: “I at least feel strong enough to magically deal with those entities, and to out them, if they are rogues.”

Late at night, while he lay sleepless in bed, chiding critical voices and pains came in. It was like a punishment, for him working strong magic at the tennis court. He had to take a cold shower. Then he started to read, about the two biblical saints called Jacob. Jacob the Great and Jacob the Small, they both seemed to have been very close to Jesus. And all three had something in common: their mother called Maria. That sounded like a fairy tale, just like other parts of these legends. The idea came to Harry that it could help to debunk this tale. Who had invented this stuff? Another Jacob, archbishop Jacobus de Voragine, had written an official guidebook of these and other legends of popular saints. When Harry tried to sleep again, the bishop's name took up a tendency to persist. Half asleep, Harry started to murmur, as if he was praying: “*De Voragine ... Devour a Jean!*” Suddenly he was fully awake again. That was it! Was this an omen? Hermione Jean Granger has been his great first love. Now she was the wife of Ron, his former best mate at Hogwarts. Harry suddenly longed to see Hermione again, and to take her into his arms. He hugged his pillow and whispered with a coarse voice: “I still love you Jean! I'd love you again, more than ever!” But at the same time, he sensed that this was not okay. It was like his patronus was warning him, to not try to fetch Hermione Jean. He could not have the intention to *devour* her. Using his particularly strong magic for this was probably a sin. Still he wondered how she might react, if he would, in his older days, try to befriend her again. She had aged too, and had been a moody and silly type. He knew that she would notice, if he now would try to bewitch her, also using his erotic charms. But he could not do this, never. He needed to forget her, and decided to rather see Cindy again. But when he thought about phoning up and dating that young girl, the memory of a last bitter ruse with his ex-wife Ginny came into his mind again. Before she had left him with the kids, she had brought up some abominable accusations against him: *You are a death eater too, unconsciously. You are more comparable to Tom Riddle than you are ready to admit. Voldemort uses you as an anchor of reality. But that ghost is himself only a mask that demons use, who are angling here for you! They want to make you romance lots of girls and boys, to in the end devour them and you!*

4. The Question of Existence

On another day, Harry was still in bed at 10 AM, reading some more about Jacob the Greater and Jacob the Smaller. Definitely, two Jews named Jacob had been not only disciples but also friends or relatives of Jesus. But where were they now – dead or what else? He didn't know. He then read another chapter in the pocket book that Marge had left when she had moved out: 'The Concise History of Philosophy'. René Descartes was a philosopher he liked more than most others, not only because Harry had the same dark eyes. The Frenchman had been educated by Catholic fools. Later, just when the Puritans had removed the head of king Charles the first, Descartes had died as a refugee in Sweden. He must have disliked the popery, and the popes in Rome didn't like his philosophy. The big question of the philosophy of Descartes had been: "Do we really exist, and how can we be sure?" Descartes had developed the idea that people exist because they think. That was his famous lore of *cogito ergo sum*. "Say it in Latin if you can, it's not easy for native English speakers", said Harry to himself. He could do that now, but learning Latin was one thing that had estranged him from Ginny. The idea was that thinking allows people to master reality. Descartes had not been an atheist. Harry realized well that people are so complex, that there must have been a higher power who had created them. God had thought out them humans. That is why God has to exist too. Harry said loudly: "Apparently God has also thought out spirits, ghosts and saints. They exist in our world. But do they have the ability to think? Surely they have not, since they lack the brains and nerves, and the hormones to do that. But if ghosts don't think, then God must think for them. For him that should be a doddle." He found this philosophical idea great, and jumped out of bed to write it up in that philosophy book. Unfortunately his iPad had no integrated keyboard or pen to write. Harry took out the pen that Cindy had given him, and realized that he should give it back to her. So that was his excuse to see her again. His mind filled with a joy he rather disliked.

Cindy was busy at the palace. She was having a summer job, she had to work as a tourist guide and doing housework. When Harry joined her at her noon break, she was much less fond of him than she had been before. But Harry knew that this was just how women were like naturally. The female hormones, the oestrus made them eventually get especially amiable and enjoyable or not.

When they were having a walk in the park, Cindy told him that she was neither really happy at Balmoral nor at her university in Leicester, where she was a student of medicine. "It's all so much about technicalities. The docs treat the human body like they treat a machine. They make this test and that test and analyse the results, without ever looking their patient in the eye with sympathy." Harry knew it wasn't right when he looked Cindy in the eyes. He found that her dark brown eyes were to his liking. He had learned to dislike Ginny's stinging blue eyes, when he had lost his love for her. But what was he up to now? Who was thinking for him now? It came again into his mind to give back the pen to Cindy. But he then realized that he had left it in his room. He patted with his flat hand against his forehead. And he had to concentrate hard on what Cindy said right now: "Uh, I would really like to study somewhere else. Hogwarts for instance, that would interest me. Once, while I was shopping in Lundun, I even rode to the King's Cross station, to just take a look, and maybe spot the Hogwarts platform. But of course there was no platform 9³/₄." She sighed, and suddenly seemed to put the blame for that platform swindle on Harry. He said with a thin smile: "That odd number is just an inside joke. Of course there is no such one-train platform, magically hidden in another dimension." – "But that is what all your official books say again and again!" – "Yes, but it's just to dupe our foes, and keep away all the fans and the nosey rabble." Now Harry explained to Cindy, that in truth the seasonal train to Hogwarts departed from a normal platform, twice a year: "We decided to keep that a secret. The Hogwarts express partly takes the same route the famous Flying Scotsman takes from London." Now Cindy smiled. "Gee, you just told me one big secret, Harry. So you trust me. I like that." – "I always found that we magicians should not be so secretive. That is but an idea that many other Hogwarts professionals don't share. Especially the board of trustees wants us to keep to our traditions. There are some dark spots in our past they want to keep hidden." – "Uh-huh! What do you mean Harry?" – "Well, one of our old problems is, that the evil Dementors tend to pester and scare kids already on the train. They are dangerous

demons. To fight them, some of us hold on to an eccentric, a rather politically incorrect racial lore ... You know the Nazis and their lore, don't you? The problem was that most of the Nazi kingpins belonged to a sect called Thule. Thule was having strong links to some British esoteric lodges. In fact some British esoteric and eccentric types, or call them wizards, had been the founding fathers of Thule. That is why in the time of war, Rudolf Hess, a Nazi second in rank only to Adolf Hitler, secretly flew to Britain. He wanted to meet British friends and try to broker a peace." She looked shocked and dismayed now. "You mean that British wizards, maybe from Hogwarts, co-founded that Nazi sect?" – "Probably not", replied Harry hastily. But in truth he was not sure. Winifred M. Williams, the wife of the son of Richard Wagner, had been one of these elusive sectarian types. That Welsh woman had even paid for the paper that Hitler used to write his book 'My Struggle'. "They detained Rudolf Hess in a special prison in Berlin for life, so that he may never talk about his sectarian connections. He lived a very long life there, because they didn't allow him alcohol." – "And what do you think about the Nazi ideology?" – "I heard rumours, that it was the inspired work of seers. There seemed to be cosmic principles looming behind this. Maybe the devilish evil Dementors made Hitler think out his lore. Some masons, surely liberal and tolerant types, wanted to hear the plans of the sky regarding Earth. They didn't trust their ears, when they heard what the Dementors told them, about the secrets of the races, and about Ragnarök, a future age of doom. All my life I chose to fight these ideas." – "I'm sure you are no Nazi." Cindy looked relieved. – "I feel like I need a drink now", said Harry. He was not so sure, and glad now that he had no blond hair and blue eyes. He had often thought that it was the Nordic race that had made Draco Malfoy so haughty and mean. Thinking about his whitish-blond main adversary at Hogwarts again, Harry found it hard not to hate him. But Draco had grown old too, and lost much of his former fervour. Back in his room and a little drunk, Harry thought hard about giving Cindy a job. He really liked her right now, not like he had liked Marge when they had first met, but much, maybe too much. Cindy was not as pure and classy as Ginny had been, and not as intellectual and easy to handle as Marge. Cindy was some kind of a typical rather hapless girl, a good-for-not-a-lot. He sensed that, but took this as a challenge. Maybe he had grown too cautious and critical towards women, after two failed marriages. As his trainee or personal aide, Cindy would get a great opportunity to grow mentally, magically. He was confident that Cindy would not get ugly and nasty as fast as Marge had, after just a few years. Cindy was too nice for that, and she was too weak to reject and fight him hard, like Ginny had done. Harry enjoyed how Cindy openly admired him. It gave him more self-esteem and backing. He sang now a song by Jennifer Lopez he hardly remembered: "If this would be a perfect world, I would be your pitbull. So let's dance again." To this he danced a little. Then he jumped onto the couch with a big shout: "Hayah!" – "Crack", made Cindy's pen, that he had put there and forgotten. It was made of cheap plastic only, no great loss. He but suddenly felt like awakened from a dangerous illusion. The risk was there that he would end up in bed with her rather soon. And that would weaken his magical powers – He knew that. But what could he do to stop himself from playing with fire? He looked around in this suite, and decided that he disliked all this fancy stuff. On one wall there was an odd old oil painting, showing some royals in ancient costumes. Right when he studied it now, he had the idea that it lately had started to change. That was normal for Hogwarts, that all the paintings changed all the time. That was just a typical side effect of so many deeds of magic. But lately Harry had started to read such things as a warning. He sang an old punk song now: "I was born with a plastic spoon in my mouth." That was most probably true for Cindy too. Then it didn't matter that she was, maybe, 35 years younger than he. Or was there some magic involved that made him think of Cindy all the time now? He thought again about how badly he had been attracted by the dark magic of Bellatrix Lestrange. That evil witch had managed to make him think that he really loved her, for some time. Cindy was no such witch. But maybe someone else was secretly trying hard now to make Harry make friends with Cindy, with the consequence that this weak girl would make him get dangerously soft and randy? To struggle free from that play with love, Harry checked his e-mails. Evan Wells, his secretary at Hogwarts, had been sending him a long e-mail. Harry had given that unique book of a Zorro von Zitzenwitz to him, asking him to try and find out more about it. Evan had found the old story of a

Jarislav von Zitzewitz, born around 1360. That nobleman from Muttrin, Pomerania had died in a border war against the Teutonic Order of East Prussia in 1410. Evan had found this name in the book, but was unable to decipher anything more. He but warned Harry: “The author of this book seems to have been no member of the noble clan of the Pomeranian von Zitzewitz. So likely is that Zorro von Zitzenwitz was just an impostor, who turned up in Paris under a similar sounding name. The name sounds like a joke in German, a joke with the word *Zitze*, meaning tit. But that word may also be read as a religious or esoteric paraphrase for a higher entity, a mother goddess. One source says that a word like *Zitza* was the name that the Slavs from Pomerania had given to their local fertility goddess. They would celebrate her at the rite of spring. Later, when they had to become Christians, they attributed this name to mother Mary. She allegedly then helped them to fight back the Germans to East Prussia, in the blessed year 1410 ...” Harry remembered that pressbitter Pargitter had told him more about that war only days ago. What a strange coincidence! On the radio, the BBC played a song by Taylor Swift right now: “It's me, hi, I'm the problem ...”.

At the dinner table Harry then met one more cleric. Moansignor Melchior Ottobriani, aka Monsy Mel, a renowned theologian of the Roman Catholic church, had joined George Pargitter and Little C. The feeble theologian wore the usual dog collar. George explained that he had called Monsy Mel in for professional help, to discuss the true story about Saint James: “When it comes to the life of the saints, the Monsignore is an internationally renowned university expert.” – “Thy gosh”, muttered Harry with a little disrespect in his voice. Monsy Mel mildly told some stories from the gospel. Jacob the Greater and another guy, maybe Jacob the Smaller rather than John Mark, had asked Jesus to grant them a special rank among the apostles. That had been the idea of Mary the mother, that the three should lead the original sect instead of Jesus alone. But Jesus had rebuked them for that plan, doubting that the two were ready to master his burden of suffering ... Monsy Mel drank coffee instead of table wine. He looked unhappy with the story. When Harry remained silent, Little C. said: “To me that sounds, as if the two Jacobs both wanted to be greater guys than the other apostles. But for their haughtiness Jesus degraded them.” – “Both became martyrs, like it was the custom”, explained Monsy Mel. “That is what the Wikipedia has too”, said Harry. He could not talk well while eating. But he had already spent some time reading in the Internet too. Now he took his time to point out how he interpreted these Bible stories: “The gospel says that Jacob the Major was the son of a Maria Salome. That Maria was the daughter of Anna, who was the mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus. So that sounds like Jacob the Great had the same granny that Jesus had, and also the same mother Maria, and was in fact his brother. The same seems to be true for Jacob the Lesser, the son of a Maria Cleophas.” – “The gospel indeed says that Jesus had had brothers. Jacob the Lesser was his younger brother, also called Justus, the Righteous One”, explained Mel with a sad face. But Little C. protested: “That is a misleading interpretation of the holy scripture. Jesus was Christ, who came down from heaven to earth without Jewish brothers.” – “There are many extra-biblical traditions and misleading interpretations. But one thing is sure to me, that Jesus had had brothers“, insisted Monsy Mel. “Jacob the Lesser, better known as Justus the Righteous One even was a high priest in the last days of that anti-Roman rogue state Judah.” – “Agreed. Saint Jacob the Lesser was so pious that the skin on his knees was as tough as dragon skin: He prayed day and night to our Lord Jesus, but surely never would have dared to compare himself to Him.” Ugly Little C. and feeble Monsy Mel stared at each others now with unfriendly faces. Then they suddenly both looked over to Pressbitter Pargitter, as if he could decide the old question. George said with a consoling smile: “I presume Saint Anna is even mightier than Saint Mary.” – Little C. shook his head vividly, but Harry sensed that the wight did this because he had a typical Jewish rebel instinct. George explained his view on US history then: “Saint Anna helped that Mexican general Santa Anna to conquer the Alamo in 1830 something. That was a wondrous victory for the notoriously inept Chicanos.” Monsy Mel disagreed: “But then Texas was founded, and the Yankees won in the end.” George nodded, but pointed out: “That was only because Saint Anthony supported the Texans. The Alamo is today a city quarter of San Antonio.” Suddenly the three clerics jointly looked over to Harry, as if he could decide that question. Harry found that he was losing his appetite. Finally he said: “Maybe your saints like to bicker, just like you guys do.”

5. Terror from the Blue Sky

At that night Harry was having a really vivid nightmare. He saw a mare indeed, a dark horse. Or was it a dark rotten snake? The rider was a young man who seemed to know and hate Harry. He and some disciples had red robes on, with snakes stitched into them. Then the rider opened up a book. It was the book of that Zorro von Zitzenwitz! They then all looked into Harry's direction. It was the wizard in red, who turned the book's pages. From it he took a wand that seemed to have great power. He hissed something in Faselmund that Harry could not understand, and pointed at him with the wand. Blue sparks sparkled. When that stopped, Harry was showered with pain. And he knew, he sensed with much angst, that the sorcerer in red was just a tool, of this one and other gigantic snakes. But then another, mightier snake appeared. Harry knew her as the Whitesnake, the antagonist of the man eaters. She took away the demonic red sorcerer's wand with her mouth. "Shush!" she then hissed to Harry. "The name is Shames Ssssh ..." He didn't hear the last name.

He was glad then when he awoke. His heart bumped wildly, and he was sweating, but soon these symptoms vanished. He went up, did some gymnastics and then took a cold shower, to refresh his cells with vril. He didn't want to sleep again in that night, and switched on the TV. He watched a most alarming report about that British power station called Drax. They were chopping off most valuable and primary woods overseas, to burn them just for to generate electricity. And for these acts of desecration of Mother Nature, they were granted government subsidies at the unbelievable sum of 2 million £ a day! They transformed green lands in Latvia and elsewhere into deserts! But all the fools and muggles of the UN and other such organizations thought that this was a fabulous idea, since firewood was regarded as renewable energy. Harry took out his own ironwood wand, and caressed it with his fingers. Natural wood was such a fine stuff, so valuable and magical! Of course it was preferable to burn coal instead of wood. But the problem was that the muggles were controlled and pestered by dark forces, those Dementors. Or call them snakes, or dragons. "The name Drax sounds too much like drake", whispered Harry, scared again. He put his wand away. One of the problems was, that it was easy to destroy with such wands, but hard to let wood grow. With the first light of dawn, the heavy curtain of sorrows seemed to lift from his shoulders. When Harry was dozing in again, he feared that this might potentially dangerous, but he couldn't help it. He thought of the Whitesnake. An old Hogwarts legend had it that the four founding witches and wizards of the school had jointly put a white dragon to sleep, in the year of 1001. It was the white dragon that the wizard Merlin had seen centuries before, winning over the red Welsh dragon. The house motto referred to him, in corrupted Latin: *Draco dormiens nunquam titillandus*. As Harry thought about it, the dragon seemed to manifest again, as a nun with tits. Harry wished her away.

He met Cindy then at her noon break. She was worried about her course of psychology. To Harry she showed her mandatory lecture. Cindy was supposed to read, digest and master a heavy book about the 500 theories of psychology. "I but have the theory that none of the 500 theories is really correct", said Cindy. "None of these academic fools seems to know one little thing about magic!" – "That is due to Sigmund Freud, the Jew who was the king of fools of this academic field", said Harry. Indeed the book seemed to really start with laying out the theories of Freud. Harry found this interesting, but Cindy interested him more. She had a really nice and tight dress on now, that well presented her buxom behind and her boobs. Harry was glad that it was blue and not red. He knew that it was a clear sign if a woman started to wear her best clothes in the presence of a man. She sat down on a park bench then, to eat the two sandwiches that she had taken with. Harry took her psycho book and started to read a little. It was tough fustian, doctrinaire and academic stuff. He could not really concentrate on anything, since the presence of Cindy sucked up his attention. Cindy much reminded him of Marge, with her sex appeal and her interest for intellectual topics. Harry was so much older than she was, but what the heck? He was still feeling young. He wanted to tell her about how he met and madly fell in love with Marge, but thought that this was surely not a good idea to start a little romance. He also had a hunch that it was maybe not a good idea to chide Freud now, the clever Jewish muggle. Instead he said: "After all I know, Freud thought that the mental problems of man are all rooted in his past. When as a child you encountered a trauma,

that will spoil all your adult reality.” – “Yes, exactly. What you need then is a therapy, to remove this trauma.” Cindy sighed. But Harry suddenly was fascinated by the idea. “Or maybe you need a spell. That is what I am just working at, me and my staff at Hogwarts. We are scrutinizing one old sorcery book from Paris. It is about how to magically better up your past. I guess that would be one way to remove childhood traumas.” – “Uh! Great!” Cindy was all ears now. She moved a little closer to Harry, and said with a charming voice: “Really, I would like to be involved in this. That could maybe help me pass my psychology exams.” Harry but was too much of a weathered professional to not instantly see the dangers. “I seriously doubt that. Let me warn you that all the varsity muggles strictly keep together, to defend their professional reputation and their income. One word about that you believe in magic and you are out, like a Jew in the Nazi era.” – “Uh huh. But it's all different at Hogwarts, is it not? It must be much better there.” – “Well, no. It's a pity.” Now it was Harry's turn to sigh deeply. He explained to Cindy that Hogwarts was some kind of asylum for the believers in magic. “Some witches and magicians started this around the unhappy year of 1000. It was when the Christians all awaited doomsday. They gave up on everything, to just pray and and prepare to perish. But in the blessed year 1001, when the “three pees” had been leading the clerics to nothing, that was when four renowned magicians secretly started their own business.” – “So Hogwarts was like a start-up in the business of magic.” – “It was highly risky at that time, and still is. But the four founding mothers and fathers succeeded, with their traditions and methods. That is why until today nobody dares to challenge these traditions, as faulty as they may be.” – “Faulty?” Cindy was shocked. – “Oh yeah! Harry closed the thick psychology book. “We have thicker books at Hogwarts. But they most often are filled with comparable rubbish.” Now Cindy was eating, she could not answer. Harry looked around in the park, and then up into the sky. There was not a single cloud up there. Harry knew that this was not agreeable weather. Sometimes the airy Dementors from above had a tendency to use an empty sky, to suddenly pour in, causing havoc. He stretched on the hard park bench, feeling more and more uncomfortable. To Cindy he told then the story how his first marriage with Ginny had failed. “When I was a mighty wizard at Hogwarts, I wanted to try and find new ways. I criticised the old recipes and methods, from ages long gone. I wanted to learn more about the outside world we live in too, about their achievements of science and technology. I wanted to reform Hogwarts. But Ginny, my hard-headed ex-wife, just did not agree. She joined the majority party of professionals of the business, who are unable and unwilling to get over their old ways.” – “Surely your ex was too scared to try out something completely different, an all-new way of magic”, supposed Cindy. Harry liked her reasoning. “Surely you are right ...” He could hardly think of old Ginny again. His eyes were like glued on young Cindy. He so much yearned now to take her in his arms. He could not sit still. He got up, and sensed the sudden disappointment of the magic. Then a sharp pain hit him, and forced him back on the bench! “Ouch! Damn it! A vile witch just shot me in the back!” Harry took his hands to his back, in pains, feeling really hurt. Cindy was shocked and worried. “This must be a lumbago! Should I call an ambulance or a doctor?” – “Or maybe you can help me. What I need is just someone to help me get back to my room. And maybe you could give me a little massage.”

Inside of the palace of Balmoral, he hardly managed to get up the stairs. Back in his room Harry didn't feel better. He undressed to his boyish shorts, and sank onto the broad double bed with relief. What did he expect to happen next? Cindy was obviously uneasy with the situation. She tried to give him a little massage. But she wasn't good at that. Her hands were soft and weak, and she didn't know what to do. Harry could have imagined that. Formerly, Ginny had done such a massage much better. Harry remembered again the dream with the red demonic sorcerer. So was this the spirit of James he was chasing? Had he struck him? Definitely! Suddenly Cindy stopped and whispered: “Omi God!” – “What is it?” Harry was just angry, he couldn't help it. He sensed that Cindy was scared now. She explained to him, that his skin seemed to change while she was looking at it. “It's like watching you through water”, she explained. Harry told her that he knew this since his childhood days. Many people had such “disappearing spots” at times. That could get stronger if they were magically active, or when the skin was slightly damaged after sunbathing. “This is one of the few aspects of magic that muggles eventually can see.” – “You know I am not

a muggle”, explained Cindy. Harry now stretched and tried to find a position in bed where the pains would disappear. Right then it knocked at the door. Mr. McPhee and another staffer came in to ask if he was alright, since they had seen him look sick. When Harry explained what was going on, McPhee chided Cindy: “Miss Merriweather, did you know that this is not a massage parlour?” Cindy blushed and off she went. Harry then told them that he had met “the spirit of saint James” just the other night. After some debates, one guy drove Harry to the next hospital. There he had to wait a long time. A physician then diagnosed a herniated vertebral disc. He chided Harry, telling him that he should have done physical exercises at regular intervals, preferably daily. They gave him a syringe against the pains, and wanted to hospitalize him for further diagnosis and treatment. But that idea gave Harry a horror. Since he was feeling a little better, he left and took a taxi back to Balmoral. He was a sorcerer after all, and had in mind to try out first if magic couldn't help him out of these health troubles. “I really should have done fitness exercises and sports regularly”, he told the taxi driver. The dark Pakistani looked at him as if Harry was a magical fantastic beast. At Balmoral he politely asked Harry for an autograph. – “You could rather give me a deduction from your damn high fare”, said Harry. When that wasn't possible, he left without giving the Paki what he desired. It was hard for him to climb the stairs pretending that all was okay with his back. And when Harry was again in his room, he was sobbing, close to tears. That was how it was like if you were growing old. He wrote an e-mail to Evan his secretary then, telling him that he would return to Hogwarts immediately, and wanted to see the book of Zorro von Zitzenwitz on his desk. “It's a drag to get old. It's the mortal coil, and no magic can help against it”, he then wailed, with God in his mind. He didn't know who God really was, but he had a rather depressing hunch now. In the evening, he was dining as usual with the three clerics. His back pains had come back with new strength. The three were very concerned about his health. But George reminded Harry, that the Bible seriously warns before sorcery. Harry hadn't the nerve to tell them, that he attributed his poor health to a magical attack of some hostile wizards. He had the idea that they had gathered at the mansion of the Malfoys exactly for that. He told them clerics: “I think I saw *saint James*, in a nightmare last night. He wore a red robe and looked much like a demon.” – “So it was true what that American complained about. That spook exists around here. No wonder”, said George after a while. Little C. agreed instantly, but he had this advice for Harry: “Surely you sorcerer should ask Saint James to beg the Lord to have mercy on you ... on your feet or on your knees, preferably.” The little monk could eventually produce a mighty and impressive voice. His idea was welcomed by Monsy Mel, who offered to “take Harry deeply into prayer”. But Harry sensed that kneeling down now in Balmoral's house chapel wouldn't do much good to his back. He was not fond at all of the three clerics now, and left the dinner table without drinking his glass of wine. He had the idea that he needed to find some more competent and less spleeny people now. But where could he find such people? Certainly not at Hogwarts, where other spleens seemed to rule like demons. He wondered why the three clerics were ready to think so fast, that the sorcerer that he had seen in his nightmare must have been their authentic Saint James. He asked George Pargitter: “Isn't it possible that a vile sorcerer, or even an angel, or a demon, only disguised as this historical saint? Isn't that even likely, when that ghost is obviously a wrongdoer?” – “That was the old heresy of Martin Luther”, replied George. “I hate to admit that he was probably right, when he concluded that the saints are in fact demons.” – “That can't well be correct”, objected Little C. But now the dwarf sounded not convinced. – “Our holy church maybe knows very little about demons. It is an old problem field”, explained Monsy Mel. “And most recently, while our former saints seem to have transformed into sadistic demons; our big problem is how we should deal now with those defective supernatural beasts.” George nodded to this, and drank some more wine. “We can't do like Aleister Crowley did, and worship demons now. Our churches are like bankrupt, spiritually.” Harry but had the idea, after all the rumours that he had heard, that some other religious groups or people were not bankrupt in the wake of the spiritual crisis, but thriving from it and controlling it. At night he hugged his pillow, trying to find that house dragon. But she seemed to be just asleep. Early in the next morning though, he was feeling better. He didn't forget to get up fast and refresh himself thoroughly. Fresh water was full of *vril*, of the virile magical energy, and always helped.

6. All's not well at Hogwarts

Hogwarts wasn't really far away from Balmoral, but it was a bit difficult to get there, and at times it was impossible to leave again, just like it had been impossible to leave Brigadoon. Evan had dared to fly to Balmoral in the night time, with one of the flying cars to fetch Harry. It was just an unsuspecting looking old Ford, who but had the usual four anti-g engines instead of four wheels. Late at night Evan had to fly very low, with a jaunt through the Lake District, to not get detected by radar. "Using these flying cars is getting more and more dangerous now. Lately they started using lidar, a special weather radar, around here. And with the tensions of the Ukrainian war, they might easily mistake us for a Russian drone, or even a nuclear rocket", explained Evan nervously to Harry. His hands trembled. – "So pay extra attention now, and stop chatting", replied Harry.

The next day was foggy but warm. He liked the weather. Despite of his tired and bitter mood, he took a walk into the park. It was a little dangerous around here, he knew that. The works of magic that so many people had tried and performed here, often had had the disliked side effect, that it had filled the perimeter of Hogwarts with lots of bizarre and nasty creatures. Worst were those giant spiders, that is what Harry had thought while he was young. Now he undressed at the side of the Hogwarts pond. They eventually used this pond for firefighting. That had been necessary when the library went up in flames. But all the goofy and spleeny people around here rather liked to occupy with their professions and their whims. Most did not care much for the business to keep Hogwarts financially sound. Many even shied away from administrative affairs. During his time as a student in Hogwarts Harry had never participated in a fire drill. He now stepped into the cool pond with relief and started swimming. Weeds and plumes of green slime drifted on the surface. Harry tried to avoid them. Rather soon, as he had feared it, he heard the unpleasant voice of Lady Murkus: "So this is Harrey Pottyr ägäyn! You have grown up, young man! You look swell. Well, well, so why don't you use your exclusive bathroom at your flat, but take a swim in my swamp?" – "I came to swim here, huff, cos I like the natural atmosphere, huff", replied Harry to the ugly chieftainness of the local pond dwellers. His voice was trembling a bit, and he could not speak well while swimming. He hated that. When he explained his health troubles in some detail to Murcus, she seemed to produce a bit of compassion for him. "So why don't you now ask for help all those canny witches of your school? Bellatrix Lestrange for instance. I remember her as such a nice and pleasant little girl, and also a powerful witch." – "So that's how you, huff, remember her? But that huff, lady, who was in class as bright as the, huff, night sky, she, huffa, died of evil magic years ago", replied Harry with some angst. It was the usual story of many young witches and wizards. The ministry of magic had lately starting to make trouble to them. Some people there demanded a new policy to bring down the high death rate. Harry's problem was that, during his school days and later, when he had become the cop and judge of all British magicians, he had participated in a large number of mortal feuds and killings of so-called death eaters. While swimming, he was not in the mood to talk on about this really dark chapter of his personal history, and Murcus was in no way liked and trustworthy. But one fact Harry liked to forget was that Bellatrix Lestrange, a mean black witch with foul mental tendencies, had been very close to him for some time. She had been a death eater. The bad habit of these evil witches was it, to consume their victims like predators consume their prey, without caring for their future well-being. In theory they would reap more vril by that demonic way than ordinary wizards, and thus get stronger and live longer. But typical death-eaters looked like grey zombies rather soon. That was because the evil Dementors had the habit of feeding on them. As he watched that ugly mermaid now, Harry had the idea that Murcus secretly was a death eater too. "Death eating doesn't really saturate", he dared say to her. The old chieftainness now grinned, and got closer to Harry. "You sound like you speak from experience."

Luckily just at that moment, a huge green ogre was nearing. It was a mighty old Frogger, with the size of nearly three meters and a noble high face. Harry knew that this was Trifon, who regularly came here to clean the pond from weeds, by way of eating them. Now he asked: "Murky Murkus, what are you up to, this time again?" The merchieftainness would not answer that question. With a snort the ugly mermaid did let go Harry. "You spoil the water quality. So make a blowout when

you're done, Trifon", said Murcus, before she took a dive. That left Harry swimming with the big ogre for some time. He enjoyed this, but was not able to talk much to him. Trifon was nice, and advised him to not worry about the weather. When he heard about his back pains, he advised him: "Do take in some duckweed. It's rich of protein. The Irish like it who also consume red seaweed." – "Bleah!" replied Harry. But since he was ready now to try out any possible remedy, he started to do like Trifon did, and swallowed some of the pond weeds. He found it hard to not throw up. When he then woke up, he found that all this had been but a dream. He was angry then, and could not remember that after swimming he had taken a little nap, on the mossy banks of the pond. But exactly that must have happened, Harry was so dizzy now that he took another swim in the pond. He was feeling better then. It had started to drizzle, only very softly, and only where ancient trees were standing. It was like the trees did attract the rain, sucking it from the clouds! Was it because they always wished it would rain more, and thus were doing plant magic? Harry had heard about such magic of the animals and plants. He could not remember if any sorcerer he knew occupied with this exotic topic. When he strolled back to Hogwarts, it came to his attention that some ugly monster seemed to sit on top of the steep facade. He could hardly identify this wondrous beast through the fog. Was it doing animal magic? And was it hostile or not? Harry stopped and just looked up, alarmed but not scared, and got nearer very slowly. He knew that some such magical beasts eventually could produce a terribly strong magic. Recently Ron Weasley, his former best friend at Hogwarts, had taken over the Hogwarts office of defence, and now was teaching how to ward off such beasts with the help of spells and tricks. It was the old job of Severus Snape. Such guys were especially in danger of falling for the lures of the forces of evil. "Pay attention now to the situation!" said Harry to himself. Should he call someone for help? He could see nobody right now. There were few people busy at Hogwarts, at the height of the summer vacation. But when he got nearer again to the facade, he finally realized that what he was seeing through the fog was only the rest of one of the fancy turrets! Indeed, he found bricks and boulders on foot of the walls of the main building. The turrets were weird and rather useless architectonic details. As far as he remembered, these playful details had been added to the old building when it got fundamentally renovated in the Victorian age. Now it would cost his school a sum, to have this turret restored by expert artisans. He needed to address that problem at the next meeting of the board. He had much work to do to save Hogwarts, and could not spend so much time on worrying over his bad health.

Back at his office, the book of Zorro von Zitzenwitz was not on his desk, like he had demanded it! Harry was having back pains and was in a bitter mood. So should he chide his secretary? Evan Wells had given the foreign book to Ron Weasley, to ask him for a comment. So Evan had only done what Harry had asked him to. Evan was a good young man, with a high brow, a pretty face and sandy blond hair, who but tended to stick too much to academic written stuff, and to not care enough about practical magic and people. Evan had not a lot of courage. Anyway, the Zorro book was written in some early German dialect and thus inaccessible right now. With a big sigh Harry started to do his own paperwork. There was a big heap of unanswered letters in his in-basket. He had to answer many letters of parents who were worried about the well-being of their kids. Harry needed to write to a number of alumni and influential donors, asking them for a little more dough. Most recently, Harry and his colleagues had worked up the somewhat shady history of Hogwarts during the Nazi era. But the results of that research were not well presentable yet to the press. At Hogwarts the leading magician, in fact the big man of that era had been Gellert Grindelwald. As Harry thought again of Grindelwald, he shuddered. That smart and ruthless sorcerer would have had the courage and the skills to decipher the Zorro book and make it usable. But Voldemort, the stupid undead super-rogue, had killed Grindelwald while searching for the coveted Elder wand. Manic guys they had both been, greedy for the applause of their colleagues, for fame and success, who tended to value too highly magical objects they possessed. Maybe that was a special problem for magicians, since they were so poorly respected by the outside world, dominated by Christians. At tea time, he was paying Ron Weasley a visit. His former best friend at Hogwarts had become a little greyish around the slender sideburns he was wearing now. He had also grown a small belly. "Professor Potter, you're welcome. What may I do for you?" His welcome sounded rather formal.

Harry knew that Ron was still upset because Harry had divorced his sister Ginny so bitterly. Ron now bade Harry to take a seat, and reached him a cup of tea. It was Earl Grey, the sort that Harry liked best right now. Harry ate ginger cookies and then told Ron: "I would rather need to change my lifestyle. I need more protein, said that Trifon beast when I met him in the pond. I also need to do more sports." – "Then why don't you join me and my wife, early in the evening on our regular bicycle tour?" Yes, why not? – "I could have done this yesterday, when my troubles were so far away. In fact I was a fool to not do this. Now it's too late forever." Harry then told Ron about his dislocated back disc. When Ron's face filled with sorrow, Harry was suddenly close to tears, that he of course could not allow himself. "We age so quickly! Often we only realize what we could and should have done when it's too late. Or maybe there still is a chance, especially and only for me, a chance to rearrange my past. I take it as an omen that right now, that weird book of Zorro von Zitzenwitz came into my hands. It is about how to rearrange your past. It's like the therapy of Sigmund Freud, meant to rid you from your childhood traumas. Did you take a look at the book? And what is your comment on it?" Ron didn't answer swiftly. Harry told him urgently: "Anyway, I need to ask you to hand it back to me now. Surely a language expert can translate that odd stuff for us. But we would need someone with a respect for magical affairs, not a university muggle." – "Harry I am sorry", said Ron now. He paused again and admitted that the book was gone. He had given it to his wife Hermione, and she had given it to Draco Malfoy! "So now the Malfoys have it." – "I can't believe it", said Harry with anger and disappointment. He could not well go visit Draco and demand back his book, or could he? Draco and his son Scorpius were the leaders of the traditionalist faction among the directors, administrators and teachers of Hogwarts. Harry had lately learned to be very cautious and polite with the two, to not risk another big magical feud. He then thought again about the nightmare that he had seen recently at Balmoral. He hated to return there and investigate some more. Suddenly he disliked the ginger cookies, since they remembered him of Ginny. But Harry drank some more tea now, and chatted about the need for more money. And when his usual wild courage came back, he told Ron emphatically: "My old friend and class mate! I am confident that it will help me if I manage to solve the riddle of the alleged saint James. That will give us some more reputation and more income." – "Surely it would be a good idea to ask this American to testify about the spirit he saw first. This Mr. Lee is a scared billionaire now, is he not?" – "That sounds like a mighty good idea. I am glad to have you in my team, Ron." Ron looked happy and relieved now. But Harry was not happy. "Ouch!" he said when he had troubles and pains to get up. When his despair came back, Ron advised him: "You might visit Hermione tomorrow. She is not that skilled in the art of magical healing, but she already did some good to some friends. We two try to keep this confidential, because healing costs her a lot of lifeforce."

Instead later on the day, Harry visited another physician. He walked to the train station and was lucky to catch the afternoon train to the next town. He then saw Dr. Mackenzie, who had had his sorrowful experiences with the magical folks. Despite of his prominence, Harry had to wait there a long time for the consultation, since he had made no appointment. The doctor gave him another shot of painkillers in the back. Then he consoled him, and advised him to give himself some rest, and to never forget now physical exercises to strengthen his back muscles. "Usually a herniated disc slips soon into place again, and stops making trouble with the passing time", he explained. Harry stared uncomfortably into the mirroring glasses of the elderly medical doctor. He recently had his eyes lasered, so that he would never again have to wear his signature glasses. He spent the rest of the afternoon shopping and lounging in a spa in that town of Mulgrave. There was no train back to Hogwarts on that day, and he had to wait until the night, so that Evan could come with a flying car to take him back home. En route Harry pondered about health magic. It was typical that sudden bad destiny would occur, that then would slowly go away. Expert witches attributed this to the natural healing magic of Mother Nature. But Harry had a hunch now that another, a titanic mermaid was in reality doing this. Any time he dared think of her, she seemed to shy away from him. She was very busy. Harry's back pains had come back, when he finally got back home. Now he could not sleep. So secretly he went into the class room of magic potions, and took in a potion of laudanum. That was a really strong painkiller, but due to the morphine it was really risky stuff.

7. The Need for Courage

Early in the next morning, Harry already got up. He hadn't slept well, but he was determined now to change his life, and to train the muscles and strings of his back. So he made a walk in the park. It was one of those white nights around midsummer, who were as bright and warm as the dream of endless summer in paradise. He took some time to investigate the rests of the turret. Surely it would be possible to rebuild that artful thing. But was it worth the effort and the money? "Maybe we need a very new Hogwarts, also on the outside. We have to modernize our school anyway", said Harry to himself. He was not the headmaster of Hogwarts, despite of one former candidature, because his colleagues found that he was too lazy in tendency for that demanding job. Instead he was regarded as the leader of the minority modernist faction. Now he longed a bit to have candy Cindy at his side, just to agree at times and admire him a little. Harry was waiting now for her to phone him up or send him a message, but that did not happen. Alone in his apartment, with a little sadness he prepared a mighty breakfast: Porridge with warm sterilized milk, and scrambled eggs and bacon with tomatoes and onion rings. He ate with a good appetite, but worried that he might soon get fat from such a protein-rich diet. Surely he should consult a diet expert some other day.

Later in the morning he undressed in the thickets around the pond, to take his morning swim now, that he lately considered as mandatory. But there he saw that ugly mermaid chieftainess Murcus was already on the surface and watching him. She giggled loudly when she saw his naked behind for a moment. Harry much hated seeing her, but he was determined not to give up on his health sports plans. So what could he do to distance her? As soon as he dared enter the Hogwarts pool, Murcus swam elegantly near to him. She probably had the strength of an anaconda in her sinewy body. "Haerry, darling", she fluted, "it's so nice you came again to visit me. I must say that I feel roeally lonesome at times, It's extremely boring in here, and I hate to leave. Would you like to share my breakfast?" She showed him a half-dead toad that was still trembling a little. – "Urgh", said Harry with a forced smile. "Thanks, but I already had an x-large breakfast of my own. Huff! Besides, I am not a frog eater." – "But you are tea drinker, are you not? That is not healthy, dear." Murcus grinned her ugly, mighty grin now, and seemed to feel more and more comfortable while swimming next to him. "Harry, my boy, I already liked you when I first saw your face. And you were only a puny darkling then. But then you went out with that gingerly giggling little girl. What happened to her?" – "Uff, huhuff." Harry was swimming and couldn't answer right away. Murcus smiled grimly. "Don't tell! It's a riddle, no? So let me guess. You ate her, didn't you? Yesterday you told me that you are a dead-eater." – "Oh no Murcus, hufflepuff, I did not tell you that ... " – "But you are!" Murcus took a little dive, and then surfaced right in his arms. "Harry, you are such a Prince Charmeng! And let me assure you that I am glad of your coming out. As a death eater, you gained a mighty reputation in my eyes. Let me give away a little secret of mine. I always was thinking of becoming a death eater too. So do you think I should give it a try?" Murcus dove again before he could answer. Then he felt that she was taking the toes of his right foot into her mouth. He screamed and shook his leg, until she stopped that. Grinning like a sinful little child she surfaced again. He forced himself to remain calm, and explained to her: "Uff, hu, huff. Don't worry about Ginny. Sorry to say, huff, but she left me with the three kids. I had a, huff. She then flamed me, at a big magical divorce. Now Ginny is working in California as an escapist therapist. That left me alone with the role to donate her huge sums of money every month. But Murcus, let me warn you that we at Hogwarts have no sympathy for death eaters at all, no never. I often put, huff, these to the high security prison of Azkaban. So let me warn you again Murcus, that there is a harsh law that forbids death eating now and forever. And please, leave me alone now to do my swimming exercises." To this news Murcus only burped with her mouth. Then she did let him go, and retreated into a remote corner of the pond. From there she watched him, while devouring the toad. Harry was much relieved when he awoke. He had slept again at the pond after swimming.

Back in his office then, he had a load of more mail to work through. The current president of the board of Hogwarts, Murny Chatterjee, was just touring through the USA, to reap more donations and public sympathy for his very ancient magical school. That murky third generation immigrant

in Britain was warmly welcomed at the annual meeting of the MACUSA, the Magical Congress of the United States of America. But, just like in Britain, public interest and donations tended to falter most recently. In Britain they had put the blame for it on the Brexit, and then on the Corona crisis. In the USA they blamed President Trump for anything. But the true problem seemed to be that, in the wake of a new era, fewer people had the impression that the old-time magical schools and professionals were competent and knew what they were doing. “Do I look like I know what I do?” asked Harry Evan, when his bright assistant entered his room. When Evan failed to answer correctly, Harry realized that he only wore a faded t-shirt and jeans shorts, and hadn't shaven well for three days. So what? The canicular days were coming, the hottest days of summer. An ancient climate legend had it that the star Sirius was making these days especially hot. Harry was strictly off duty, and only back in his office due to his ill luck. Evan then asked him politely how he was feeling. Harry pretended to be fine, but he had back pains again. At least Evan had good news for him: “Professor Potter, I wanted to inform you a. s. a. p.! I received right now from France a fine translation of the key chapter of the Zorro book. It was the text from that translation into French. I typed it into the computer before I gave it away. The English translation is in your e-mail inbox.” – “Well, well, well, Mr. Wells, that seems to be great work. But was this difficult translation done by someone of our profession, or by a muggle?” As it turned out, Evan didn't know that. He had just engaged a Frenchman for that 'micro-job' in the Internet. “We owe him a small sum of Euros. But if you first try out the spell, and delay payment a bit, then the massive EU inflation will cut the price in half. I mean, I know well that we are deep in financial troubles.” – “No no, better pay the Frenchman right now. And if this spell works out, we might pay him a bonus.” Despite of the troublesome financial situation of Hogwarts, Harry was determined to remain on the right side of the thin line that was drawn between the good and the bad. Only by this way he saw a chance to keep Hogwarts up and going. And maybe this Zorro text opened up a king's way out of trouble now, not only for Hogwarts but also for him personally. “We might be able soon to completely rearrange our entire history”, he told Evan. He smiled, but Evan now looked rather unbelieving. After Evan had gone, Harry looked at the gadgets on his desk. The big picture of Ginny and her, no his three kids was gone. In its stead there stood a little solar mill, that was magically turning as soon as the afternoon sun rays lighted up the solar panels. To Harry this solar mill symbolized his openness for a new era of technological progress. Then there was also a weird-looking little African idol, an ape-man. To Harry this symbolized his openness to multiculturalism. He found it okay that more and more non-European faces were recently seen in Hogwarts. The problem was though, that magic in general seemed to have a stronger sway on them, specifically black magic. That had been one of the problems that had made Ginny leave Hogwarts and him. Harry sighed, as he opened a drawer. The time had come to open up her most recent letter from Mount Shasta CA. As he had expected, there were bad news again. Sirius Potter, his son, had again had a date with a Black Maria. He was in jail now. *Drugs have been found in his room. Now they surely will put him into prison for some years. That means he will benefit a lot from your ongoing financial support*, wrote Ginny. Harry still liked her stilted clean handwriting. He but strongly disliked that Sirius had become a “junkie”. Maybe it was the fault of the name. But he refused to that thinking.

Exactly at noon, the plumber was paying Hogwarts a visit. It was Harry's job now, as the assistant headmaster, to lead him up into the luxury bathroom in the fifth floor of the main building. In the nineteenth century they had built this room for a number of privileged students only, sons of the upper class and the aristocrats. Now it looked filthy and worn down. The water only trickled a bit from the tubes. The plumber was a choleric type of guy. He tried a bit to open the water cranes, and then he unsuccessfully tried to dismantle one. That ended when he banged his tools onto the floor tiling. He then had to cool his head, and barked at Harry while telling him what he already knew: “The entire water tubes system from the cellar to the turrets needs to be replaced. They are all fa-ah-app, I mean they are fuddy-duddy, like old Dumbledore was. I could calculate a bargain price for your school, Mr. Potter. But right here, it's a waste of time for me to try out anything.” Back in his office, Harry really wasn't finished with the heaps of mail. But he had enough of it. He leaned back and listened to talk and music on the radio. Auntie BBC knows best what is good

for goofs. They talked a lot about global warming, with no word about the climate magic behind it. While a Claudio Abbado then conducted an orchestra playing some atonal Jewish “cat music”, Harry tried hard but unsuccessfully to not drift away into a nightmare. He did not dream anything he could remember. But when he woke up, he felt bad and very depressed. He tried to get up and could not, because of his back pains, and also because he was like stymied. So to calm himself he opened up the next letter. A weird feeling warned him. It was a blank crinkled envelope without a name on it. Someone from Hogwarts must have put it into the local letter box. Harry now thought of the stories of crackpots sending letters prepared with poison, or bacteria, to politicians. Should he beware of suspicious white powder? But with his typical wild courage he opened up the letter anyway. In it was nothing but a photographic photocopy of a tarot card. It was the trump 16, with the tower in flames. Someone had written on the piece of paper “JAMES STRUCK A TOWER”. That now really scared him. He got so dizzy and scared, that he could not work on. With a lot of effort he managed to escape from his chair. Slowly he walked back to his apartment. There he took an intensive cold shower. Then he sank on the couch, and just watched TV for a long time. He needed some time to find back his senses. Who was the Hogwarts expert for tarot cards and gipsy soothsaying? Harry didn't exactly know. That was a continental, exotic field of magic that he had never paid much attention to. But maybe he could ask Hermione about that. Harry was due at her flat in the afternoon anyway. He longed to see her, but that notion made him sweat again. It was out of question of course, that he should try to befriend her, to maybe estrange her from Ron. He told himself: “Harry, remember that you are old and sick!” He took a fast whisky drink then.

All was clean and tidy, and nicely decorated, in the apartment of Ron and Hermione. Harry saw funny illustrations of fairies, elves, dwarfs and valiant knights in the room that Hermione led him into. He sensed that she would have liked to have children, but that hadn't happened. He would have liked to have his children from Hermione instead of Ginny. That was what he thought now. Hermione bade him undress to the shorts, and then get down on the floor on a black gymnastics mat. When he did this, she kneeled down at his side. “Relax and don't worry”, she told him with her soft and dreamy voice. Harry then relaxed, while she used a fragrant oil to rub his back. She then rubbed it some more, while softly singing Celtic songs and spells he could not comprehend. When that was done, Harry managed to get up without feeling any back pains. He smiled, and the idea came to him to emphatically thank her, to kiss her, to embrace her! He had to struggle hard now to not offensively molest her. She seemed to sense this. When he smiled warmly at her, she bowed. “Master, your well-being is so important to us”, she murmured, with a slightly deferential voice. That made Harry win back some more self control. He murmured a “Thanks” and tried not to look at her again. While leaving her and Ron's apartment, Harry studied again her bright fairy tale decorations and pictures of elves and flowers. That reminded him of the enslaved, bedevilled and extremely ugly elf Dobby. There it was, the true difference between an elfish tale and reality. Of course Dobby had never visited this Earth, but the spirits of such wights often were a problem. Using a flying car, he studied the gap in the roof and merlon of the main tower of Hogwarts, that the turret had left when it had come down. The rests still looked like a crouching monster, and the danger was that more loose bricks would suddenly fall into the park. He looked around, there was no one there. So he hesitantly used his ironwood magic wand, to let some of the loose bricks melt and vanish, while partly melting and glueing others into place. That gave him an idea he disliked. He phoned up Evan, to ask him when exactly the turret had come down. This had happened only days ago, in the exact night when he had had the nightmare of James. Harry then said, loudly and seriously: “James, I curse you! I swear I will get you for this!” That but gave him the fearful idea that he was working black magic. He found that never advisable. He was convinced that he only should counter bad magic with good spells. Thinking then about the translation of the key chapter of Zorro's book gave him new hope. Maybe he could undo many a bad destiny by way of magic! He checked his phone again then, to realize that Cindy still hadn't written him. Should he give up the idea of romancing this rather hapless student of medicine? His gentle inner voice seemed to say: “Yes”. But he doubted that. Maybe what he needed now to get things going with Cindy was just a little courage. “Have courage, Harry”, he said to himself. And already that seemed to help.

8. A Keyword in Parseltongue

On some of the next days Harry was again reading philosophy. He found this stuff often too odd and old, but still valuable. The spirit that seemed to rule Hogwarts in modern times was a spirit of growing intolerance, regarding the outside world of the muggles. The ruling theory at Hogwarts among the teachers and opinion leaders was, that magical folks like them were a class better and higher up than all the rest, that witches and wizards were okay, while others were not okay. There was even a popular theory, that it much played a role whether your parents had been muggles or not. At one point one witch, Bellatrix Lestrange, had even had the guts to publicly defame Harry as a “halfbreed”. That wasn't true. Both his parents had been of the magical folks. They had just died early, like it was typical for wizards. Harry's motherly grandparents however had apparently been muggles. Therefore it was justified to call Harry a “quarterblood”. But Harry thought that this was mere “nonsense”. That was one internal joking term, referring to the proverbial stupidity of the nuns. The sometimes hot debates over this topic reminded Harry of the insane racism of the Nazis against so-called “Half-Jews” or “Quarter-Jews”, who only had had some Jewish ancestors. Of course, behind this Nazi ideology had been the traditional and bitter hostility of the Christians against the Jews. And the same Christians disliked and persecuted the magical people even more. But just the Christians were commonly not muggles. And while Harry studied philosophy a little now, on his own, he realized that so many great thinkers of mankind had not really been muggles. You can't be a dork with no sense of magic, if you at least realize that our world is not as stable as it seems, but constantly changing and unreal like fog. That had made Protagoras, a philosopher of the school of the Sophists, teach that “man is the measure of all things”. So was there no absolute truth, no real world, but just different fantasies of reality, all invented by different people? Most recently, the US-American writer Michael Shermer was one who had dared to expand and evolve that philosophical theory. He claimed that without people to think it out, even the universe would not exist. Maybe even Protagoras would not have dared to drive this theory that far. The problem was that such egocentric theories tended to deify people, while they reduced the gods and spirits to mere fantasies. So did gods and demons exist? It was typical for many magical people to do as if they were alone in the universe, but that was maybe the main reason why many spells were not working out, and why they often had such a bad reputation. As Harry had come that far with his philosophizing, he could not proceed on. Sitting in his office, staring out of the window, he was scared, and glad that Evan came in. Outside of gloomy Hogwarts the sun was shining, but Harry sensed that the weather was about to change soon. He then explained to Evan cautiously, that he found it not justified to strictly part and distinguish the magical guys from the muggles. “Not only magical people have a sense for changes of the weather. I believe that some muggles too can feel it, when stormy weather is coming in.” Evan nodded, and replied. “Some people have a sense for the changing weather, while others don't care. But what worries me more right now is, that some people have a sense for their financial troubles, while others seem to not care when they are about to go bankrupt, and can't even pay for the pay checks of their employees. Are you one of these?” Harry saw the logic in this, and he put away his philosophy books. With a jovial smile he replied: “The common idea among the magical people is, that they can just pull reality to put all things right with the help of magic. So what can we do when we are running out of dough?” – “We need to make money, by way of magic if possible.” Evan Wells was a lanky but attractive young man, with a sweaty shirt as blue as the sky at noon. He now suddenly was getting serious. Harry took out a big convolute of acts and files from his desk. That was the collection of the results of the unofficial investigation into the role of Hogwarts in the Nazi era. He opened up a folder and told Evan the story of Newt Scamander. Newt had been a magical guy who, during the thirties of the past twentieth century, had visited New York City. The official legend had it that Newt had taken with him a “magically expanded briefcase”. In this simple briefcase he allegedly transported a number of wondrous beasts, who then were causing much troubles when they escaped. – “What a strange story that is. It sounds droll, I mean very unreal to me”, admitted Evan. – “I got news for you about Newt. The real story of this is rather different, and much less flattering for Hogwarts.”

Harry then told Evan some details about the unpublished results of his investigation. “After 1945 we tried to show Newt as an upright anti-fascist and an opponent of the Nazis of course. In fact Dumbledore used a lot of his time and magic to 'make' that reality. But the truth was, that Newt never had such a briefcase full of beasts. But what he really had with, when he arrived at the New York City harbour, was a magical expanded wallet – so to say.” – “You mean ...” Evan left that sentence incomplete. “It wasn't exactly false money”, said Harry with a faint smile. “He just used a kind time warp, if I understand things right. With a special spell, he could double and triple the number of bank notes in his wallet. Such a spell is extremely helpful in the greedy USA. But one big problem is, that there are now three bank notes with the same serial numbers. They are really only the same bank note, but from different periods of time. The other problem is, that since all those bank notes are really only one piece of paper, they will eventually disappear magically. You need to be aware of this, and get away in time from the people and places where you used those double bank notes. If they then disappear, most Americans will believe that they lost them while they were drunk.” – “The Irish-Americans certainly will”, agreed Evan fast. Now some kind of crooked grin appeared on his face. It was a development that Harry Potter disliked. With a more serious face he now explained to his secretary the historical consequences: “So Newt was well liquid when he visited the USA. But while he was busy there plotting against old Grindelwald, another unexpected problem turned up. Suddenly he seemed to attract wild beasts magically. He got into troubles with such a lot of creatures, that he later claimed he brought them with him to America. The truth is but, that those beasts were moreless demonic. They must have sensed that Newt Scamander was a windy type of magician, a crook to be honest.” Evan now lost his grin. He seemed to sweat some more in the sticky heat of summer, since Hogwarts had no air condition. “We really could use another stormfront around here”, he said then. He opened the window some more and looked out, as if he wanted to jump. But Harry was not ready with his improvised little lecture. Now remember again what I told you about that big question of philosophy. Are we puny human beings all alone in the universe? Are all higher entities only our fantastic creatures? The name of Newt Scamander reminded me of the river Scamander, in the ancient landscape of Ilion. - “Yeah, master”, said Evan suddenly. “That's why they were calling him a Trojan.” – “Indeed. And today Trojans are unwelcome intruders into our computers, mainly of the so-called standard architecture. Some specialists who provide anti-viral software reside in Russia, by the way. From the Kaspersky firm the philosophical wisdom comes: “If you mess with Trojans and viruses, then sooner or later the Mafia will come knocking at your door ... And in Russia, the Mafia means the ruthless gangs of the Putin regime mainly.” Harry rocked with his chair a little anxiously. “That is just another aspect of common magic, but it is unwelcome to most magical people. Most witches don't want to hear of this. They ignore this, they are like muggles when it comes to this.” – “You mean, if you do bad things, then demons will notice and come to you?” – “Definitely demons do exist. They are not our inventions, but they are mighty and evil. They are those Dementors. Some of us think that demons are rather powerless and easy to control. But truly, their power is so huge and their ways are so clever and pressing, that they can delude and control us mortals completely. If other and better powers weren't present too, then demons would reduce us to enslaved idiots.” Evan was sweating more and more. He had heard enough now, and abruptly left Harry's office.

At noon he started with the text of the cahier, containing an excerpt from the Zorro book. It was a promise that one could do all things with the help of this special transformation magic, by way of changing and rearranging the past. The given example was that it was possible to learn languages instantly: “*Since you will have learned it in your past, you can speak and write it in your present new life*”, explained Zorro von Zitzenwitz to his readers. That promise impressed Harry a lot. A lengthy sequence of spells then followed. Frequent among the words was the term “sancttus”. So what did that mean: Sanct Tus? Harry supposed that this was the name of a Catholic Saint. That was but an idea he disliked. Was he supposed to invoke that unknown Catholic alleged saint, to help him with this exotic spell? Right now, while he was having so much trouble with a demonic James, that was maybe not the right idea. Spontaneously he closed the odd computer file. He was feeling dizzy now, and didn't want to spoil his luck of the day by risking to take a nap. With some

trouble he rose, to close the windows. It was getting too hot in his office in the afternoon, and the rainy weather front that he expected had not yet come. A front of bad magic too seemed to wait to come down on him. That made him feel very weak and distracted, when he took his walk through the park. He then went to take his now regular swim. He was very glad that Murcus the mermaid was not loafing and lurking in the pool or on the mossy banks. A merman of her tribe eventually told him that she was gone for some days, to fight with another tribe, over crab fishing and trade rights. Harry had a faint memory that the chieftainess had been a little nicer some decades ago. Murcus had well helped Hogwarts then with the staging of the legendary Triwizard tournament. So lately she obviously had gone bad. Harry supposed that this was typical for magical creatures. All the universe was unstable, but such strongly magical guys were obviously especially moody. Swimming gave him pains. While magnetic rays in the sky discharged, the best way to endure this was wetting the head. After swimming Harry felt tired and dizzy in the damp afternoon heat, so that he laid down on a shadowy bank off the pool to take a nap. But soon he met again that guy James. Now he was alone, wearing his red robe and a thin wand. Harry was stymied with fear. A strange will, much stronger than his own, made him perform a magical gesture of rejection. Then he soundlessly shouted the name of his adversary: "Shamus!" He realized that he had done so in Parseltongue. Already his strong will seemed to help. Harry but also lost a bit his hateful energy.

Later on that day, Hermione again gave him a magical massage in her and Ron's elfish apartment. Now Harry took the time to take a closer look at her. He had been too occupied with himself to do that when they had first met again. Harry now found that he didn't like Hermione half as much as in his young days. Her hair had turned greyish, and her once swell body lines were disfigured by too much body fat, at the belly and the hips. Hermione looked not really old yet but aged, and clumsy and humble. Harry had recently thought about trying to win her friendship anew, and her love too, maybe lately. But when he had imagined this, he had had another, younger Hermione in his mind. So was there no chance to change the past, and bring back and revamp old days? Even Albus Dumbledore, who knew so much that nobody else knew, had never said a word about such magic. Great philosophers like Arthur Schopenhauer had been of the opinion, that all the world, that the entire universe was only composed from will and imagination. But that did not mean that the will and imagination of a mortal could get strong enough to change everything that he desired. "I think it was a big mistake for you to part from Ginny, to fall for this French vamp." That was what Hermione suddenly said to him, while he studied and magically checked her so closely. "So now she's gone too, and you are alone. A big man like you should have a good wife at his side." – "I don't think so", replied Harry spontaneously. "I feel more free in my life. There is nobody now in my home who tells me to clean up and do things, when I just like to read on the couch. Ginny and the kids stole away so much of my precious study time. Sorry, but that's the truth." – "We are not immortals. I always found it unfair from God to create us that way." That notion of Hermione made Harry laugh. But he got bitter when he then told her about his latest bad dream: "I saw this rogue James again while dozing. So is he a ghost, a saint even, or a hostile wizard? I am still not sure about that. When I shouted out his name in Faselmund, he vanished. But that was hard for me in a dream." While she heard this, the bitter lines in Hermione's face got a little more marked. Softly she chided him: "You might better say Parseltongue, like it is the correct tradition here at Hogwarts." – "Yeah, I know", replied Harry, now distracted and amused. "Some girl Bibi, a very blond foreign student, once confused that term in class. We all joked about this a lot, and finally the entire school like started to rename Parseltongue into Faselmund." – "Yes, but I feel that was a part of a sly manoeuvre of the snakes and wights, to wipe out the traces of their works and their magic. You still manage to speak Parseltongue, do you not, Master?" – "Well, ah ..." Harry had to pause, to think again about this. He could speak that magical language of the snakes all right. But he had never learned it! How could that be? Suddenly Harry realized that he had obviously learned to speak Parseltongue during his school days by way of a spell, like the one he just found in the book of Zorro! He said with excitement and disbelief: "That is the exact magic of that poor Zorro! Obviously, I managed to master it in my future, and used it to let me learn that language." He faintly remembered that his son Albus had once done something like this, but unsuccessfully.

9. A Nudie on Broadway

Just two days later, Harry Potter was on a trip from Manchester to New York City. It was just on the tourist class, all right. For the trip he had taken the time to dress up like a British gentleman, with his narrow shoes shined and his colourful tie accurately tangled. Busy people were sitting in the big plane of the Irish airline, and Harry thought that he was now just one of them. He needed to get a little more busy now in his life. His back troubles were better now, thanks to the natural magic of Hermione, and Mother Nature and the remote idyllic Hogwarts. But that sudden health crisis had pushed Harry hard into some kind of midlife crisis. He was in a slight panic mode now, fearing that any time soon his back might fail him completely. He was definitely getting old, and that also meant that he was losing his usual magical strength, piece by piece, pound by pound. In the newspaper he read that just the other day, the former US-president Donald Trump, now facing a federal indictment due to improper handling classified documents, had much complained about “a witch hunt”. Harry took this term as a slight warning of destiny. His books and films had made him popular now, even if they were often telling fantastic adventures of him instead of all about his life as a wizard of top rank. So he was one of the most popular wizards of all the world, was he not? “Harry, you must not forget that magical people like you are facing strong prejudices in a world so dominated by hostile Christians.” That was what Bobby Farquhare, the former Muggle studies teacher, had once told Harry at school. Harry now remembered once again that witches and wizards were still rejected and feared by most of the common people. That was especially his concern, because he was so famous, and his face was so well known. Some of the magical folks, maybe many of them had a tendency to feel sympathy for and associate with other discriminated minorities, most notably the queers. Some also got the notion to become what the muggles were fearing: wizards who were much into black magic, hampering with the powers of darkness. That had been the fault especially of Voldemort, that most demonic magician. Thinking of him again, Harry was glad that he still had a nose and his normal rosy skin. Black magic could eventually make a mortal gain a terrible strength, but it would also inevitably make him ugly and defective. When he looked around in the silent plane full of tired businessmen, he found that a small black man from next row was looking at him all the time with silent excitement. Harry turned his head away with discomfort. Of course the Blacks were naturally more prone to black magic. But that ubiquitous but invisible and imperceptible magic was so strong, that it made many people react to it like puppets on a string to the directions of the invisible masters – those cunning super-snakes. He had time enough now to read through the thick London newspaper, including the business and financial news. So here were news about the secret masters and wirepullers of the societies of the muggles: Those elusive and little-known super-rich and ultra-rich. They had a tendency to flock at Wall Street NYC. Right now, in summer 2023, a typical financial crisis was troubling the stock markets. Due to the war in the Ukraine, the total worth of shares, investments and such financial assets had shrank to sum of only 255 trillion dollars. So what? For Harry that was an unbelievable cypher. Even if he would “make” coins and paper money with his magical powers incessantly, he would need more than a lifetime to procreate such a Himalayan of money. The good news though for the “Wall Street locusts” was, that the total worth of buildings and bullion had even gone up by five percent compared to year 2022. So that was why the real estate tycoon Dimon Leigh was so interested to get Balmoral into his mandibles. On one hand Harry saw a chance to reap some donations for his good cause from that billionaire, the chairman of the holding “Black Bulk”. On the other hand, Harry was more than a bit concerned about the sell-out of Britain to the Yankees. He had always considered the civilisations and cultures of America as defective and oversized. Defective but was what he was feeling, when he had difficulties to manage his luggage at the JFK airport. Only days earlier he had just been another rather normal man. Now he had turned into an oldster, who needed help with anything. He was glad for the moving stairways now and the taxis. “SELLING ENGLAND by the POUND” That was what Harry could read then, when he looked out of the window of his hotel. It was directly on Broadway, right above it, and it even had a live theatre inside. Harry felt like being in a gambling casino. A big billboard next door advertised a current musical, that tried to conjure again the esoteric spirit of the seventies of last century, the

age of the hippies. "It's a nudie. That's how they call such shows here", explained the page, who was carrying his bags into his room. The man in uniform grinned as if he was talking about a strip show. Harry then learned that they were dancing naked on the stage there, at some kind of Celtic rite, around "the Moonlit Knight". Nakedness seemed to be what appealed to the typical tourists. That was nothing Harry should take an interest in, or should he? Harry then realized that maybe he was too old for sex now! He was nearing to 60, and his back was like broken, like the famous Brokeback Mountain. Anyway, he had work to do and needed to prepare for that also mentally. He already knew that it was true what the Chinese Tao said on page one: Don't think of sex if you want spiritual wisdom. But still, he found it a typical strange coincidence that this show was just running at a time when he had come here to see a man who was buying what Britain had to sell.

Later Harry's wrist watch told him that it was midnight. He was still feeling excited and awake, when he strolled up and down Broadway, where it was just 6 PM. Busy, busy, busy ... in the rush hour the people were busy, and if you weren't you turned into a walking obstacle of their traffic. He had still so much time left until the show would start. During his only five planned days in NYC, he considered it a must to visit at least one Broadway show. And destiny seemed to invite him into that English show next door to his hotel. He arrived there at 01:30 AM wristwatch time, a little tipsy from a longer stay in a bar. The show then was surprisingly much to his liking. It had lively, colorful, professional and well arranged musical scenes, who gave so much to the eye and the ear, that the complicated fantasy plot was rather unimportant. He liked the music, that ranged from British progressive rock to folk tunes to lovely songs. The seventies must have been a great era. He had been a little too young for to now remember them. The political agenda, the big themes of that era were hard for him to comprehend nowadays. He watched this show with fascination: just like he would maybe watch a movie about Hannibal invading Rome with his war elephants. Harvey was a draft dodger in the last years of the Vietnam war. He had moved to Britain to avoid getting drafted in the USA. Now he was living in a hippie commune, with long hair and a mighty moustache. Rose was his love one, she was a bit meager. From their hidden shack at the "Firth of Fifth" to downtown London they were demonstrating against wars and cops; for drugs and love and peace, and against capitalism and the Americanisation of the world. They seemed to have a good time smoking "weed". Now Bomilkar, a Lebanese immigrant, became their leader. He was a pimp and a shameless drug dealer, but he provided *the pounds*, deprecated but also coveted by the hippies. They then tried to mobilize and indoctrinate the working class, but that ended in "the gang war of Epping Forest". Harvey then thought that they were not workers but a "new class", the vanguard of a new age of understanding magic, and of harmony with the supernatural world. But to the outside world they were just losers and filthy dropouts, and eventually anarchists and prostitutes. The "weed" marijuana then became their way to escape and enter the magical world. They entered into a dream world of fairies and strange beasts. Therein America could not intrude and invade. But the dreams of a British folk culture paradise were tricky. Bomilkar became their "tiny tyrant" now. He vowed to lead them onto "the ultimate crusade", to liberate Palestine and to create an Arab socialist society in that holy land, under the rule of the angel Gabriel. They indeed met a Gabriel Knight, who was transdressing as Britannia. They were overjoyed, and celebrated him as the savior of the new age. In one key scene the hippies then danced naked around Gabriel, who was lit by the light of the full moon. They demanded of him sex, to make them become more vivid and sexy. Gabriel was "leading the dance throughout the night", but he refused to lead them to Israel, instead pointing to the new constellations of the Lamp and the Shield. It then turned out that Bomilkar was possessed by a Vegan demon, who tried to make the hippies want war instead of peace. Bomilkar then fought against Gabriel. Gabriel won, but received a wound on his penis. So now his bisexual spell of fertility could no longer work. The next scenes but showed Gabriel at the side of two astronauts. The three travelled to the Moon. Sad and "sick from weed" were the hippies, who withered and died without the energy that Gabriel had provided. In the last scene the astronauts came back to old Harvey and Rose, bringing with them their three lunar brides. Gabriel held a starlight lamp now, that he used to enlighten the entire world. His bride, Diana Dawn, then provided her "Green Shield" to our Earth, to forever protect it from exploitation and destruction.

“He mister, the show's out!” A woman touched Harry slightly at his shoulder, to rouse him from a state of trance. The lights of the auditorium were just going on. Harry saw an old lady patiently smiling at him, and he tried to rise in a hurry. But his back pains wouldn't allow this to happen so fast. As he sighed the old lady understood fast, and helped him out of his uncomfortable seat. He murmured a “thanks”, and explained that he was just a little jet-lagged. It was nearly five AM on his wrist watch now. “You're British!” she realized. “In fact I'm Harry Potter”, replied Harry. She giggled and failed to believe him at first, thinking that his scar was just a fake make up of some fervent Harry Potter fan. She had seen “this boffo” many times. Her parents had named her after Eleanor Roosevelt. That first lady had been a fan of Broadway theatres. Already her mother had worked at a show, like she had too. “Even my great granny sang in Floradora, one of the first and greatest musicals on Broadway. Did you know that it came from Britain to America too? The best scene was that of a singing sextet of lightly dressed girls. All the men came only to see them. In fact some girls were so attractive, that many millionaires dated them. That happened to my great granny too. A millionaire took her to the altar. She had been just under thirty, so that had been her last chance for a wedding. She later said that it played an important role if you happened to have a good front or not ...” As they were strolling now over the illuminated Broadway, she smoked a fast fag. Harry was worried about the rabble that was gawking and idling here. But since Eleanor pretended to just not care, neither did he, like it was proverbial for New Yorkers. He saw the need to explain to Eleanor that he was not a millionaire. She replied: “Money may come, money may go. Our big money suddenly went away with the Black Friday of 1929, and the great depression.” Harry considered this to be a typical American history. She then asked him what he thought about the musical he had just seen: Selling England by the Pound, did that mean anything to him? It did indeed, but Harry was not willing to tell more of his sorrows to this talkative old lady. When they reached the portal of his hotel again he yawned, to signal to her that the date was over. But then she smiled with her yellow teeth and wrinkled face and said: “Or would you like to smoke pot in my apartment? It's not strictly legal, but it's a magical medicine against pains.” – “Ah, no thanks”, said Harry, and left her without another word. Later he realized that she must have meant weed.

Back in his hotel room, his feet were hurting from his too tight shiny leather shoes. He sank onto the bed with exhaustion and soon dozed away. But just an hour later he was awake again. Now he could not sleep, while memories swirled like a roundabout through his mind. It was extremely hard for him to get up, undress and take a cold shower. But he knew that only that might help. He was hard after all, he had survived many potentially deadly magical combats and challenges. He then wanted to read, and found more about the show in the Internet. The play was devised after a record from the one-time British supergroup Genesis. They had first staged it in the Westend, and in an Americanized version it had found it's way to the Broadway. The play's title repeated an old slogan of the British Labour Party. But instead of strong criticism of the so-called locusts, the hedge funds mainly from the USA, who seemed to be busy buying up most of the entire world, it had this strange story about the angel Gabriel and his demonic Palestinian adversary. “That is the consequence of the fact that magic does exist”, explained Harry in front of a mirror, as if he were teaching now at Hogwarts to his class. He had recently taken over the position of the teacher of muggle studies. That gave him an excuse to spend less time at Hogwarts, and occupy a lot more with the strange world outside than others. The muggles always behaved as if magic did not exist at all. But their entertainment, their fantasies opened up the entry gate to the magical world. From there then those wondrous beasts, and angels and ghosts and evil powers, influenced their reality. Harry understood now some more why the Christians had in ages past so much hated and fought against theatres. They had their own magical mystery show, and did not tolerate any competitors. So who was the angel Gabriel really, was he a sole figure of the Christians? Harry knew that the Bible foretells, that such angels would on doomsday trash the entire world with cosmic boulders. So from a Christian perspective, that angel was a devil in disguise! But in that musical, the angel seemed to be a standby for the saviour, who was maybe not ready for his show of enlightenment. “Patronus!” murmured Harry. Lately he had started to see his spiritual master not as a deer, but as the king of kings. But would God make his coming out amidst a frantic flock of nude youngsters?

10. The Methods of Americanisation

In a dream then, he saw the angel Gabriel again. He was huge, he was a giant. The angel held a spoon in his right hand. In fact it was the Big Dipper. He filled it with oil and showed it to Harry. "Add a wick and you have my Lamp", he explained gently. This dream of just a few seconds was a most valuable revelation, thought Harry. He absolutely needed to remember it and tell about it!

But when he woke up then, and thought again about it, he found the entire dream as fantastic and irrelevant as dreams commonly are. A wave of doubts troubled him, and washed away his former conviction; that angels live in the sky, that they do really exist, and eventually help the god of this world. Another inner voice then came on, it was strong and tried to dominate him. He was asked to become a Vegan. "Be a Vegan!" told the voice repeatedly. But Harry wasn't ready to give up on his protein-rich diet, the Atkins style. Down in the breakfast room he took in much scrambled eggs and bacon, and also drank fresh milk. That tasted slimy, but he found it probably healthy. On TV they were showing Wimbledon tennis, and he watched this for a longer time than planned. He looked at the faces of the spectators. The idea came to him that Cindy might sit there too.

On that hot day he had an appointment in the Black Bulk highrise on the third avenue. There Mr. Leigh was receiving him informally. He arrived there too early, and stared some time at the black and faceless building made of glass and steel. His back was hurting, and lately his feet were too. He had blisters on both of his dick toes, and could only cautiously and painfully walk. He found that he lacked his spiritual form, like a vanquished sportsman. Should he give up on this before he made a mistake? But he had extra come for this to America. He could not turn around and walk away again. "I will absolutely ask this manager for a donation of no less than 50.000 dollars!" He like swore that to himself. Thinking about the angel again gave him the confidence to enter then.

It was early in the evening, east coast time. A security man was leading Harry high up into that colossal building. They arrived in a rather empty huge floor, with blackened glass reaching from floor to top instead of outer walls. On the inner walls he saw some paintings of modern art only. One showed a gray business man with a heart-shaped red balloon. "It's a Banksy", said an elderly woman, who now came to receive Harry. "He's a British artist." – "Sure", replied Harry, who but didn't really know that man. The woman had an impressive big head, and cold dark make-up on her lips. Her shoulder-long nearly black hair was styled perfectly. Bruna Bronski was her name. She smiled coolly while she was leading Harry into the next room. But he saw from some little signs, from her glances and from the way her fingers moved, that she was nervous to meet him. In the next room, a small number of men, all dressed up in black business suits, stood with cocktails or juice or prosecco in their hands doing small talk. Seeing that Dimon Leigh was not ready to receive Harry Potter, Bruna started to make a little conversation. "How do you like New York?" Harry told her that he had much liked the Broadway show that he had seen the other day. "Many years passed since the day when I saw such a live musical last time. I hadn't imagined how good they eventually are." – "They are also extremely costly. You need twelve to fifteen millions right now." – "That is much dough. I guess it's hard to bring in that much money again." – "It is indeed hardly possible. But that is when sponsors eventually help. Did you know that our enterprise is among the major sponsors of that Broadway show? Mr. Leigh liked it too." Bruna now smiled more warmly, and took her time to study Harry. Harry avoided her brown eyes, although he liked her. He had the idea that enterprises of the hedge funds sort spend their time and effort to always carry together more and more money, and never are willing to give up on a single coin, just like magical dragons would. But he sensed that it was surely unwise now to say something like this to this business woman. So he started to talk some more about the show he had visited. "I must say, already the title surprised me. *Selling England by the pound*, that title seems to promise a black comedy maybe or a social drama, with a strong anti-American, or maybe anti-Arab tendency. But there was little or no such *anti-capitalist* tendency in this musical." – "Indeed", she replied, "that is the result of artful rewriting of the script. The original British version was of course more pro-British. But we then gave it to an American playwright, and another Hollywood screenwriter, to Americanize it some more. In this new version it soon may become a Hollywood blockbuster."

Bruna Bronski had spent some time to analyse the historical setup of the musical. “You may not know, Mr. Potter, how the tendencies were in society exactly 50 years ago. At that time, indeed many were talking in politics about classes and class wars. We Americans disagreed with most of these European or Third World tendencies, but could not avoid it that such people also infiltrated the United Nations.” – “It was the bad time of the Vietnam war. The commies were winning it in the end.” – “Yes, and that gave the Soviets many sympathies among those, who always support the winning team.” Brunna was getting a little nervous now, and her voice was sounding sharp, as she then explained: “But the seventies were also a time of big societal progress, of more personal and mental freedom. Many spoke then of a *new class*, as they were putting hope into the scientists and intellectuals, the artists and the media guys. They thought that the world was ready for a new age; of freedom, love and peace instead of tyranny, hate and greed. It was the age of women's lib, and of the end of the cold war, of racism and colonialism. It was that spirit that we tried to revive, with the help of this musical. Today many politicians are a part of this new class, most notably president Biden.” Harry nodded, but only reluctantly. *You mustn't forget that they are muggles.* He reminded himself of that, or that was what his fervour told him now to remember. He sensed that Brunna was certainly no muggle. She was too smart for that. She knew that magic did exist. But while all the world was thinking the old muggle way, she couldn't help but join in mentally. He then revealed to her: “After the show, I saw that angel Gabriel again. He was really real to me. He was different from us, and seemed to be of a wise, superior race. Gabriel showed me the Big Dipper. So maybe that is the constellation where he lives!” To his surprise Harry had come to this conclusion in the exact moment. But while he was still thinking, he watched Brunna. He sensed that he had just lost her, mentally. She failed to believe into his dream angel, and into his magic too. Her voice sounded friendly and cool again, when she then told him: “But did you know, Mr. Potter, that *angel* is a local slang word? Here next to Broadway, they call someone an angel who sponsors and donates to a Broadway show. That is what we do. We are the angels around here.” Harry was feeling anger now rising up in him. He was tempted to do a little magical trick, to just reduce the disbelieving haughtiness of that woman. But he had left his costly ironwood wand in his hotel room. In the latter days, after the death of the cunning wand-maker Gregorovitch, it was very hairy to still find and get a hold on such a stick. One big problem with doing magic among muggles was, that their reality was very volatile. Good magic could have strong bad side effects. You had to do this very subtly, best without them noticing. He hadn't planned anything like this.

Brunna was then introducing him to her boss. Dimon Leigh, the CEO of Black Bulk, was already rather old. He was huge and rather bald, and tended to hold his big head down a little, to better see and talk to the small people. Brunna told Dimon that he and Harry both liked that Broadway show. That made Dimon smile a thin smile. “Pleased to meet you”, said Harry. But in truth he disliked the bright blue eyes of this small giant. They didn't shake hands, because of the ongoing Corona crisis. That pandemic had ruined a large number of theatres, and that was another reason why Dimon was sponsoring that show now. He then explained to Harry: “There are still so many people in this world, who take up a resentful, hostile stance against our global economic elites. This musical shows some of them the way I like it. Those refuseniks easily make it to the tops in many countries, and then they try to take control of the banks and the financial enterprises first, and tax more and more the rich. They say that more and more laws and regulations are the way to luck, wealth and happiness for all. But that socialist *ressapee* failed so often already. They admit that, but put the blame for this, and for lots of bad things on us, *the rich* from Wall Street. But we are not to blame. Isn't it true that demonic Muslims, I mean that demons are in fact this planets biggest problem, Mr. Potter? I tell you, I saw a demon in my dreams, who really scared the hell out of me. Now nobody really believes me. It's because he said that his name was *Saint James!*” In a short time, that choleric and dominant manager had talked himself into an aggressive mood. Harry felt obliged to hastily assure to Dimon that he believed him. “In fact I saw that demon too, when I was asked to investigate into your case.” He then asked Dimon to tell him more about his nightmare. All that he had in his file was one print page from the British ministry of magic. But Dimon had already much forgotten the demon. He explained: “I just remember that he wore red.”

Harry then told him what he had seen: It must have been the same red spirit or sorcerer, who now rode a dark horse or a snake. Harry sensed that Dimon was not impressed by this story, and surely was having new fears now. “So what we hold in our hands are only two dreams”, he said with a bitter joking voice. – “I have more.” Harry then reached Dimon a copy of the letter with the tarot card and a claim of responsibility, that he had received in Hogwarts, signed by a James. But still the CEO was not impressed. “To me that looks like a typical prank of a student”, he said coolly. They paused, and strolled to the table with the drinks. Harry longed to have a glass of wine now, but it was surely not advisable to get drunk. He felt humble in the presence of that big man. Most pupils hadn't grown to stately size in Hogwarts. Harry was nearly two heads smaller than Dimon. He also had the strange feeling that his shadow wasn't as sharp and intense as those of the other guys, including Bruna. Anyway, he chose a glass of watered orange juice, and started to address the main point on his agenda. Hogwarts was another one of those old castles of Britain, who were in need of a big renovation. “But for to do this, we would need to find some investors first. That is why I am looking for sponsors.” Dimon however was visibly tired and getting nervous. He then explained to Harry, that many of the super-rich or ultra-rich on a worldwide scale were “working rich”. They had come from ordinary families, visited common schools, but eventually studied at Harvard Business School or another excellent university. “That concerns me too. We all live not in a yellow submarine, but in an economic liberal society. And if you want to stay afloat, and not sink to the ground like the Titanic, you need to sell good products to your customers, or you need to serve them well. But honestly, Mr. Harry Potter, do you have the impression right now, that you serve your customers well? Frankly, I find that your current results are less than impressive.” Harry could not think out a good answer to this fast. Dimon strolled away from him, his time was limited. Swiftly Bruna took care of him again, to maybe console him. She joked: “Do you know the writing on the gate to hell? Well, it says: *Don't ask for mercy as a refusal often offends.*” He hadn't heard this joke before, and he laughed with her. Bruna then seemed to apologize for her earlier disbelief. She explained to him that she had had no intention to deny the possibility that angels exist. But she found it hard to assess them. She was raised as a Roman Catholic, but lately that belief had moved away so far from her reality. “I was told that angels and saints exist. But if they were really with us, they should be all different, they should be rational, shouldn't they?” He was not prepared for that kind of spiritual discussion. He had never believed in hell nor any other afterlife. Harry struggled to explain to her now what his and his peers' official position was on this field. “Hellfire is just a myth, it is what rockets and bombs eventually bring. Sorcerers also may do this with their magical wands. But from what I have seen and heard, I doubt that unreal ghosts and spirits can do this too. I am not an expert on this field. We had one guy among us who was an expert for ghosts and demons. He died under tragical circumstances, like his predecessor did too. Since then we found nobody willing to occupy with this rather difficult field of magic.” – “Maybe this is what only Christian priests can do.” Now remembering the clerics he had met at Balmoral, Harry said: “No way. We from Hogwarts may be rather incompetent and deluded, and unable to impress muggles with fine results. But those Christian clerics are much worse, when it comes to understanding those supernatural entities. They tend to severely mistake good for evil angels, or demons or spirits, and vice versa.” Bruna got depressed now. She manipulated her hair, and Harry saw that she was wearing two big black pearls on her ears. He softly explained to her: “What puzzles me in this case is the intention that the ghost called James may have, as he decided to haunt both me and Mr. Dimon Leigh. In fact James did severely hurt me. So was this justified from his point of view, because we are about to sell England, pound-wise? Then he may be really an Anglican saint, who tries to protect England from a so-called Wall Street locust.” He sensed that she disliked that bad word locust! But Bruna smiled again and quickly changed the subject: “In the seventies there was so much hope that the young ones, that the *new class* was on their way to build up a better world. But instead the American gentry, the rich chose to massively promote neo-conservatives, like the hack Irving Kristol. The result was Reaganomics. My parents hated this Jew! But was he not of the chosen people, who have the favor of the supernaturals? It seems to me now, that most of us needed and wanted a better world, but the angels and saints did not.”

11. Great Changes can suddenly come

Back in his hotel room, Harry was feeling damn jet-lag tired and depressed. He was sitting in the lounge, drinking a gin tonic, since the wine was probably expensive here. He suddenly realized that he would have to save money from now on. Damn it, why hadn't he had more luck with that tough entrepreneur Dimon Leigh? He realized again that many muggles weren't really muggles, but secretly still adhered to some religious view. Most were Jewish or Christian. They held on to the Bible, which told them since the first book of Moses to “not let witches live”. Maybe this was the reason why Dimon had thought that the red ghost that he had met in his nightmare was *saint* James, while Harry had only magically encountered *a James*. “Maybe Dimon was just drunk”, said Harry to himself, trying to see the world like the ordinary muggles see it. *Remember you are not a muggle*, said his inner voice to him. Indeed! He knew a lot more about magical phenomena and how to deal with them – or so he had previously thought. Hesitantly he thought again of the angel Gabriel, this cosmic gentle giant that he had most recently seen. All the time of his life he had thought that such super-powerful guys, such angels did not exist. But now that he knew them better, he realized that all his convictions about magic, that all the traditions of Hogwarts were maybe faulty, that they were worthless if not dangerous. Sorcerers like him used to command and shout, to use magical objects and speak spells, to take in magic potions to make magic work. So far Harry had thought that even for mighty demons like Voldemort magic worked much the same. But there were other supernatural guys, who obviously were sky-hi more powerful, who secretly were in charge of the magic. The angels he had seen in a vision seemed to live in a star cluster far away. Apparently Gabriel's magic was strong enough to bridge the enormous distances of outer space. So was it wiser to do like the Bible believers would do, and ask God and such angels for help, and maybe saints and demons too? Should he now kneel down and start to pray, maybe in the next church, to Gabriel, for a miracle of healing? With sudden strong back pains he managed to get on his feet again, and then hobbled with aching feet to the elevator. Harry felt like crying. It was a drag to get old. He needed more youth, and more lifetime. But how could he achieve that, by way of which religion or magic? Maybe the best recipe was to try and better up his past, with the help of that text from the Zorro book. Now Harry was ready to give this at least a serious try. But switching on his Apple tablet, he firstly checked out his e-mails. There were two important mails in his inbox. One was from Murny Chatterjee, the current headmaster of Hogwarts, either nicknamed Munky or Murky. He wrote that it had come to his attention, “very sadly”, that Harry had been using once again the “incorrect and in fact German” word Faselmund, instead of the politically and magically correct word Parseltongue. Since the board of Hogwarts unanimously regarded Murky as the highest authority in such “very important matters of magical style”, he seriously admonished Harry to always avoid such “German Newspeak”, and strictly keep to the correct language also internally. “Aye, aye, hubshee”, said Harry to himself, remembering that this dark British Indian absolutely lacked a sense of humour when it came to such questions of the style. Then, thinking of who may have done this to him, he said to himself: “Hermione, you little snitch!” It must have been her, who had spread the word that he had recently used the word Faselmund. Indeed this was German, and it meant in translation something like Blabbermouth. It was sometimes very hard, if not impossible, to always use the current “Correctspeak” words only. Harry reminded himself to always try and not talk to himself loudly. He longed now to have a woman like Marge again with him. She had always been open for such discussions about styles. But now alone again, he was feeling more of the mental pressure of that “Leucrotta magic”, that always seemed to be ready to talk queer with his mouth, blabbering out aloud selected bad words. The other important mail had come in from Evan. His secretary had managed to bravely visit the mansion of the Malfoys, to retrieve the precious Zorro book. To his surprise, old Draco had been ready to hand it out to him at once. Evan then pointed out in detail the latest about this odd book: “The big recent fire in our library of course caused terrible losses among the books and files. But among the most important scriptures we managed to save, there was one with notes made by the late Gellert Grindelwald. As it turned out, he too had had the book of Zorro von Zitzenwitz in his hands. He checked it out, to judge that it was probably worthless to him, and did not acquire it.

He found historical reports of other wizards, who all had checked and discarded this unique book. The problem seemed to be that this magic, to rearrange the past, needs a fundamental, a revolting way to work. This magic also needs the acceptance and help of a ghastly underworldly power, that Grindelwald and others didn't value highly and disliked. Yet another problem was that a historical wand was needed for to fully amplify this indeed very helpful magic that otherwise is natural, and unconsciously done by most everyone, gods and demons, men and animals, even by plants! That special wand was lost in the year 1410 in Eastern Poland, possibly at today's Durmstrong school of magic. Yet another problem of this case is, that Zorro von Zitzenwitz issued serious warnings before grave consequences of this magic. Changing the past in a drastic way can lead to grave yet unnoticeable consequences. By changing the past you may also change your present and future.” So should he dare it? For half an hour then Harry stared at the translation of only one chapter of the Zorro text. It was chapter 6. Zorro von Zitzenwitz had written another warning on top of it: *So if you then are determined, to dare try out this magical remedy for your sufferings, despite of all my warnings, then do as follows here:* Harry hesitated to read on. A diligently worked out spell followed. It had the strange word *Sankttus* often, and the other strange word *Zitza*. Should Harry take this for the names of the Lord and of the Mother of God? Zorro advised his readers to speak this emphatically. He also explained that he was using his own magic wand to amplify the spell. He advised his readers to do this “the way that the mighty wizard Hindemith had shown”. Harry had never heard of this wizard, and he found this passage of the text especially cryptic. Checking the internet, he only found a Paul Hindemith, who had been a serial composer of atonal music. This again seemed to be a warning, that trying out this magic might lead to bad reality distortions. *Perform all this with love for the Zitze, yes revere her who lies underneath, and do not forget that she is not to blame if the spell will produce bad effects or none at all. Zitza is not a devil dragon.* That now was too much for Harry. Spontaneously he closed the file and switched off his iPad. To his ears this sounded too much like black magic, yes even like Satanism. He remembered the case of Aleister Crowley, who had been regarded as one of the leading magicians of the era till World War Two. That British wizard had definitely gone evil. Under the spell of perverted sexual rites, he had committed serious crimes, both worldly and magical. The evil spirits that he had dared to conjure, had made him get fat and ugly. Before he had been rather pretty, not unlike Grindelwald. Anyway, Harry Potter now thought that the Zorro book was definitely too much influenced by Roman Catholic religion. And he took that for nonsense and foul stuff, with a false god who died a long time ago ingloriously, and with saints who either didn't exist or were demons in disguise.

It was like an escape when he went out of the hotel in the early evening. Many buildings now had American flags raised or banners and cockades to ornate their shops and entries. It was the fourth of July after all, the national holiday of independence. He wanted to go to a department store to buy himself a new pair of shoes. But most of the shops were closed, and the streets of Manhattan were rather empty. Since he couldn't walk well right now, he decided to step into a cafe and just spend the rest of the day there. There he checked his e-mails again, hoping that Cindy would have written him. She hadn't, but he found a mail from Bruna Bronski of the Black Bulk corporation. Harry found it uplifting, that Bruna reminded him of the fact that he was a “great celebrity”. She invited him to meet her and some colleagues, and accompany him to the Fourth of July fireworks party in the Empire State Building. A mister Levine would also be with her, who was thinking about making Harry a business proposal. His private equity firm had heard that Hogwarts was in financial troubles. So they would maybe check out a way to help them out. “That means”, said Harry to himself after some thinking, “that this Jewish American heeds plans for a takeover of Hogwarts. So what?” This planet's biggest money was at home at Wall Street. The locusts there were always ready to invest money into any objects who were ripe for a tyrannical takeover. For Harry Hogwarts was but a vital part of the heritage of Great Britain, like Buckingham palace was. He was about to write a sharp denying answer to Bruna. But since he felt so lonely and ill in the Big Apple, he reluctantly wrote her that he would be pleased to meet her at the fireworks party. When he then got up from his table at the cafe, the surly mermaid on the seal suddenly seemed to grin to him. Harry took this for a magical sign, that he should not lose courage and trust in God.

Some people at the entry of the Empire State Building could hardly believe their eyes, when they saw Harry Potter, with the signature scar on his brow. “The roof top is grockle-laden today”, one tourist warned him. But Harry didn't mind, since he was a tourist himself. From level 86 Bruna Bronski took him straight to the top, as a “special VIP”. But up there he couldn't see much, since he was rather small in a dense cloud of bigger people. For the first time during his stay in NYC, Harry found at least the air tasting fresh. Wildfires out of control in Canada added to the typical stench of the megacity in a hot summer. Mr. Levine then was maybe as old as Harry was too, and they both somewhat disliked the noisy, tipsy bureau party atmosphere. So they soon retreated to a bar, that harbored few customers. There the old Jew started talking about Broadway shows, since Bruna Bronski had told him that Harry liked them too. “My all-time favourite show is *New York, New York*”, he explained, with a high glass in his hands. “It sports so many jumpy young people. The music is swell, just a bit too Portorican, I mean Chicano, for me. Well, they sing in the show that: *New York is the greatest social experiment ever*. And I still subscribe to that.” Harry nodded, absent-minded. He then told Danny that, according to his experience, Blacks were by nature too jumpy or lazy, or talkative or woke-angry. Then Danny explained how the races got along or not, in “failed melting pots” like Detroit or Baltimore. One recent problem was that too many Blacks concentrated in certain cities. Like at home in Africa, they tended to magically soon become so numerous, that the social structures faltered. Many got drugged, depraved and destructive, so that it was hardly possible to go shopping there. The few remaining shops were robbed and looted at terrible high rates, while into some areas the police just didn't dare to enter. Then Danny Levine asked Harry with a bitter smile: “But isn't your Ruritanian castle a bit comparable? From what I remember of these films of yours, social life at Hogwarts can suddenly become as murderous as a gang war in Harlem.” – “This is only sometimes true”, admitted Harry. He felt obliged to explain, that although Hogwarts was a British institution of course, it's legal status was comparable to that of the Vatican in Italy. “In London, the ministry of magic normally lets us do what we want to do. There was a time, after 1945, when they tried to more interfere into our independence. Some guys had the idea that we should be nudged, or even coerced to adapt our curricula, our guidelines and methods of education, more to that of standard British schools, public and private. We then had an interrogation and a dispute with some pundits, mainly from the Labour party. But that meeting turned into some kind of magical show. Mr. Dumbledore and Mr. Grindelwald demonstrated their magical powers so impressively to these muggles, that in the end they could only sit and stare at us, with no further questions to ask. Old Dumbledore once told me: *They closed and opened their mouths like fishes, and were making bubbles*. That is a known warning sign of immense mental forcing. They then jointly conceded, that magic was so special that it needed special methods of education. The problem but that I see right now is, that a majority of the staff of Hogwarts keeps to the traditional old methods and convictions of the founders. We hold on to traditions of magic that reach far back, into the most ancient times of Albion! But definitely, some of those traditions are no longer of value. That is why I call myself a modernist now. I search for ways to reform our most ancient boarding school. I am one of those who want to open up our eyes for revolutionary new methods and the thinking of the world of today. But the other faction, the traditionalists and the old elites, they want to keep to the old ways. Many of these now demand that more attention should be paid to the lineage of the magicians. They value highly sorcerers whose early ancestors had been wizards of the Celtic, and of the British type. I but find that this is largely a superstition. The people who foster this superstition use it as a lever, to challenge me and promote their lot.”

Tick, tick, tick ... Danny Levine was ticking nervously now with a fingernail against his cocktail glass. It sounded like his time was running out. He was obviously not well able to listen patiently to the explanations that Harry gave him. The Jew was just a typical muggle, who could not even sit still and listen to such pagan stuff. Harry sensed that Danny was asking himself: *Why should I care?* So he explained to him that he was maybe, no definitely on his way to find a revolutionary new way of doing magic, for the benefit of all the people of the world. “I may be able to change the past to the better soon. I could undo lots of historical traumas, for instance, World War Two!” Danny sobbed, and made bubbles with his mouth. He drank out fast and had to run to the toilet.

12. Why the Sun won't stop rising

When Harry and Danny stepped out of that bar, onto the pavements of Manhattan again, it was already 2 AM. There were still many people on the street. But Harry found that he disliked those many dark figures. He and the Jew were both old and rather small, and many of the street people here were young and looked scary. They walked to the next taxi stand. But it took only moments before one of those darklings stepped into their way. Harry saw white hands, a frizzy black mane under a dark hoodie, and long trousers with grimy edges. "I got me a gun! Freeze and gimme *all* your money!" hissed the darkling. He took out a small silver revolver. His hand trembled slightly when he pointed it at Harry. Harry sensed that the mugger was extremely nervous. Danny but had the nerve to explain: "Don't shoot, you moron! Can't you see that this is Harry Potter? That man is a celebrity!" That made the darkling look Harry in the face. "Pah!" He hissed with disrespect. "You freak can do magic only in your films, I bet." Harry slowly reached for his wallet, and gave his three hundred dollar banknotes and a few crushed ones to the mugger. The mugger hesitated and looked at Danny. He turned his head to look around. Harry took out fast his ironwood wand. With anger he shouted: "Patronus!" and let the mugger have a full dose of rays. First the hoodie of the darkling became a swirl of dissolving cotton flakes. A cloud of blood and glibber erupted from his body. Even his revolver partly melted. The mugger tumbled back, howling with pain. Harry didn't let him have another blow, that would have killed him. – "Whoa!" murmured Danny, "but now you lost all your money!" Harry could not answer right away. Danny waved to stop a taxi, while bystanders looked stunned at the partly molten mugger. While the taxi carried Harry back to his hotel, they both spoke no word. Harry paid with his credit card, and told Danny to not worry about his money. Now the Jew sadly smiled, and absolutely wanted to keep in touch with Harry: "Lemme make you an offer that you can't refuse." But Harry now just wanted to be alone. Back in his room, Harry turned up the air condition. The day had been as hot as usual, and he felt sweaty and burdened with guilt. He slowly undressed and took the usual cold shower. He couldn't read now to calm himself, and wished he had Bruna, or any other nice and sensible woman with him. "*Margaude, ma biche, je t'aime encore*", he whispered in bed. Then he remembered that she disliked it to be called a *biche*, a hind, since that reminded her of the English word bitch. Marge had been so fresh and uncomplicated at first. Life with her had been so easy, while it had been so troublesome and difficult with Ginny. He slept in, only to wake up again in short time. Now the atmospheric wave came down on him. He was feeling pains, especially in the back. He thought about getting up and take another shower, but that was impossible right now. He was just stymied and all in pains. "Patronus, help me!" He muttered this little prayer. He then turned his head, until he could see the modern art painting above his comfortable bed. He stared at the shattered blobs in black, red and yellow for some time. Suddenly the odd painting began to change and deform, not only in his imagination. While he was dozing, strange mean faces seemed to suddenly appear in the painting. He saw a devilish grin. It was just a typical magical effect. The experts attributed this to the "sleep of reason" without really comprehending it. Now Harry took this play of visual illusions as a bad sign. His hotel room was about to lose it's stability in time and space. It was due to him living in here and doing magic. He disliked to remember that much the same problem had occurred with Marge. She had been a rational and intellectual type. But when Marge met him she soon became fascinated by the magic. Marge had been brown-eyed, the type that Harry favoured, after his divorce from blue-eyed Ginny. She only had quickly lost shape and gained much weight. Harry reminded himself of the fact that his for love Marge had left him years ago. That nice dark French lady had lost her firm standing in reality, and had been unable to take another better stand at the side of Harry. He should not whisper to Marge that he was still loving her, since he wasn't! Alas, that force from above was just determined to still link him to that lady, or to any other girl. To himself said Harry: "Marge got so much into trouble because of you, Harry! The bad luck that you couldn't cope with had to land on her account ... Patronus, Lord have mercy!" He murmured that last sentence often. While falling asleep, he saw Marge in a short vision. She had grown fat and aged prematurely. Then he saw his Patronus, not as the usual deer but as an American wapiti. He switched off the air condition and opened a window. It was hot outside, but he needed the vril.

He then started to read again philosophy. He had three books now, and still liked the one best that Marge had left him, because of her name in it. He hated to remember how badly she had behaved when they had parted: The hateful speech, the tears, the sudden fits or rage, the unfair and insane accusations. The late Marge had been like possessed by demons, who had won, day by day, year after year, an ever tighter grip on her. They had made her spoil her body, by gobbling fatty food and drinking much wine. Then, when she had become lazy, ugly, fat, sick and sad, they made her make Harry's life stressful and uncomfortable. Harry was now glad that he was without a woman. Women were nice at first, but they were just not able to really cope with the natural magic. Then, when it took possession of them, they tended to think out most bizarre fantasies, pseudo-theories of witchcraft. On a field where men tried to find the truth, women tried to live with lies. He hated these bitter thoughts. To get over them he red about Bertrand Russell again, that maybe greatest British philosopher of all time. Like Protagoras and Descartes, Russell too had questioned that the world was really real. Russell even dared to question that his table did really exist. He asked, for instance: *Will the Sun again rise tomorrow?* The muggles found such philosophizing obnoxious and insane. They had thrown foul eggs at him at times, also because he had been a radical pacifist and protector of nature and the earth. Harry now stared out of the dark window while thinking. Of course the sun would rise again tomorrow, but that was not inevitable. He sensed that there was much magic needed to keep reality intact. That was what few men ever realized, while most or all women had a better emotional understanding of this. The famous Gaia theory, a rather scientific than philosophical theory originally devised by James Lovelock, stated that so much things had to be regulated on earth and above by unknown processes. Hundreds of conditions had to be really finetuned, to let this planet behave like it was needed to let nature function and life prosper. If this magic would miss out one day, this earth would soon leave it's path around the sun and dance a dance of death with the other planets, just the way alien planets were circling around distant stars. So why was man unable to understand and believe? Russell wrote that people were like locked in into mental prisons, whose walls were made of their traditional ways of thinking. He wrote that philosophizing was the way out of those prisons of prejudices and habitual opinions. But that was what Harry doubted. There was a forcing in the air, a demonic spell that mortals couldn't endure. Foul demons were making people get silly and insane. At Hogwarts they were called Dementors.

As it was to be expected, the sun did shine again on the next day. It was nearly noon, when Harry managed to get out of bed. He had to hurry for a business lunch with Danny Levine and some of his business partners. He took a taxi to a smaller restaurant in Brooklyn. It was called Ugly Doll, and run by typical assiduous Asians. While they were waiting to be seated, Danny introduced his old chap to Harry: "There are many rabbis in New York, but there's only one Robert Zuckerman. So call him the robbie, and consider him as wise as a rabbi, but not as stubborn as one." That was okay to Harry. He drank a plum wine cocktail, while Danny and the Robbie unfolded their latest business plans to him. Comparing Hogwarts to the Vatican, they had come to the conclusion that there was something that was missing at Hogwarts: "You wizards need your own bank! Hogwarts needs an internal bank. That would allow you guys to make big money, like investment banks normally do", explained Danny. – "Making money, that is not a magic we know a lot about. That may be one of the weak sides of our fortress", conceded Harry. He then explained that Hogwarts was indeed at the core a very old castle, with rests of medieval fortifications and later barbicans all around. "Our walls were vital during the insane Christian times, who aren't over yet." Danny and Robbie but then painted their business plan of a nicer future, where money enough would come in to turn Hogwarts into a very modern facility, an international institute of education and science. But Harry felt uneasy about the idea, to let those two elderly foreign Jews found and run a house bank at Hogwarts. Guys like Draco Malfoy would surely and grimly oppose such a plan. They had to stop discussing all this, when their food finally arrived. Harry liked his chopped pork with vegetables and rice. Robbie explained that they liked this Asian cuisine better than their own Jewish. The kosher laws demanded that meat had to be treated in a way that made it hard to chew and to swallow. "Maybe your god secretly wanted you to become Vegans", surmised Harry. He paid the bill for all three, with notes of hundred dollars, to show them that he had money enough.

After a stroll through the streets of Brooklyn, they entered a piano bar. This was one of Danny's favourite locations, it was run by a former model and Broadway singer. Danny and Robbie had meanwhile told Harry a lot about their business successes and future plans. Harry was glad that now their attention drifted away, to the photos of glamorous Broadway stars of yesteryear. Danny knew them all, and he could tell a story about many a forgotten actor, star or starlet. "So here is Liza Minelli", he explained. Liza had painted her big autograph on her black-and-white portrait photo. "Liza once received the Tony award, for her role in: *Flora the Red Menace*." – "Oh yes", murmured Harry. Suddenly he was shocked, and had to think of another title he had heard from that old lady Eleanor: "Floradora!" – "Yes", replied Danny, "that was another one of those really long-lasting shows on Broadway. "So now Dora is called *the red menace*? What is the meaning of this?" That was what Harry asked them. But the two Jews chuckled, as if he had made a joke. Danny then showed him and Robbie the really odd looking portrait card reprint of a Polish dame named Anna Held. Then he asked the piano man to play one of Anna's old songs: *I wish I really weren't but I am papa's wife*. The piano player had to check his notes. When he then played this very old song, Danny sang the text, grotesquely imitating a luscious dame. Harry but again had the faint idea, that there was a certain dreadful magic mentioned here. What if fathers fell in love with their daughters, and couldn't help it? Some men knew how to naturally use sexual magic, to make women obey and love them back. Danny now also sang another one of Anna's famous old songs: *I can't make my eyes behave*. Harry reminded himself of the fact that this often occurred to him too. On certain occasions, he could absolutely not avoid staring at the breasts of women, of any women, young or ugly, thin or fat, that he would see on the streets. With some hesitation he said then: "Dora, Anna, Tony, those names seem to unfurl a strong magic. That is why the saint Anna is regarded as the strongest Christian saint, but not the most helpful one." The two old Jews were very still now. Then Danny said, with admiration in his voice: "Anyway, I saw your magic tricks live. They are terrible, very impressive, in fact they are wondrous, supernatural. You are a guy not unlike Jesus." And Robbie added: "We two imagined that your case is comparable to that of the real inventor of the light bulb. They say that it was a New Yorker who invented this, many years before Thomas Edison. Heinrich Göbel was the name, a German immigrant was he. But he was unable to make money with this." – "The Germans made lampshades from the skins of Jews in Auschwitz", murmured Danny. Robbie signalled him to keep quiet. Very seriously the old Jew, who wore a light beige suit with suspenders, then explained to Harry: "Wizard, you are just ahead of your time. If you find business partners for the magic that you do, you could be a billionaire in no time." And Danny added: "Heinrich Goebles just failed to commercially exploit the light bulb. Those dumb Germans! We might help you to avoid a similar fate, and run into serious financial troubles now." That gave Harry a sudden heat flash in his face. He had trouble to explain, that he was not as much in control of that magic as he seemed to be. "Only lately I realized that there are supernatural entities, I mean demons and angels, involved in this. Most of the other folks at my institution however still behave as if they could do magic all by themselves. Their big problem is that sorcery is generally associated with evil powers, yes with the devil. That was the big problem for instance of Aleister Crowley, that most infamous British magician. He shamelessly fell for the devil. Today I always keenly avoid working black magic, to avoid getting such a bad reputation." Suddenly their talk was interrupted. A bunch of Asians entered the bar. The piano man stopped and left his seat in a hurry. Five, then six of the Asians looked grim, even furious, as they grouped around the table where Harry was sitting with the two Jews. "Haelley Potter! No wonder!" fumed the fogleman, as he patted the two fifty dollar bills on the table, that Harry had just used to pay in the Asian restaurant. As it turned out now, the two bills had identical serial numbers! Harry now really got a red hot head. "It's a mistake. It's magic out of control!" explained he. Robbie quickly changed Harry's dollar bills into some from his own wallet. He gave the Asians another hundred to make them leave. Then he just smiled at Harry, as they also left the bar fast now. "So don't tell us again that you are not in financial troubles." – "My troubles are rather magical than financial", assured Harry. But he was relieved that the Jews seemed to understand. Indeed, Danny Levine looked less depressed and doubtful now, and seemed to regard Harry some more as trustworthy.

13. Powerful Magic has By-Effects

“The Wasps here call us plutocrats, because we Jews seem to rule the world, with the help of our money. But that is just anti-Semitism.” That is what Danny told Harry, as the two tiredly strolled down Broadway again. Seven PM was just through, and Danny was determined to take Harry to his favourite show. “We can try and get bargain tickets now for *New York, New York*”, the multi-millionaire told Harry with a smile. Harry could hardly answer and pay attention to him. He was chiding himself. He had used his magic to multiply his dollar notes. That was not a crime that the muggles could put him to court for, since those dollar bills were not false money, but one official bank note that just existed two times. Now Harry anxiously doubted that any judge or jury would see things his way. And how could he have been so stupid and airy to use two of these dollar bills in the same restaurant? Danny meanwhile bought tickets at the half-price tickets booth. But when he handed out a ticket to Harry, the latter suddenly was shocked. “I can't believe it! That show is running at a *St. James theatre!* Lord, I can't go there.” – “What? Why not?” replied Danny aghast. Harry hadn't the nerve now to tell him the full story of his problem with a ghost called James. He just struggled to explain: “I fear that I might meet bad magic there. I need to take extra care now, that I don't lose my reputation completely. It's hard for me to shun those demons, who slyly are tempting and luring me into troubles. You know, so many muggles by tradition believe that we sorcerers must be wrongdoers, the devil's lot.” – “So what”, replied Danny. “What is wrong with a touch of evil magic? In my view you are a special VIP, Harry. We might compare you to Ozzy Osbourne for instance. When your many films came out, that scandalous black-metal music star used to have his own reality TV show. Or remember how *bad* black Michael Jackson indeed was, who but still has a commemorating musical running around here. Or think about Sweeney Todd, the British fantasy demon barber, who is popular once again right now on Broadway. Then there are the witches of Dorothy's magical world of Oz, evil or good, with their own show ...” Harry didn't want to follow Danny on this trail of argumentation. He solemnly explained to the banker: “I absolutely need to walk the line, like you Americans say.” His problem was though, that his feet were hurting again, and that he hardly could walk on. Also his back pains had come back on the evening. So he hesitantly went with Danny into that show. He soon realized that this was just another rerun of some older stuff. Harry didn't like it, since he disagreed with the main story, of a white artist mating with some Latino-Negrito woman. Why did those Blacks have to radiate like the African sun on stage all the time? As it was typical for such interracial marriages, it crumbled but too late, only after a baby was born. Harry got bitter, thinking about his crumbled marriages. When the show was out, also Danny was looking a bit tired and sad. But he still had the nerves to drag Harry into a bar nearby, explaining to him: “You may be gone tomorrow, in jail maybe, who knows? So let's treat this day as if it were your last one in the Big Apple.” Harry saw the logic in that. In the bar then, that was air-conditioned and nicely dark, they met again sanguine Robbie, and an ugly elderly Jew called Methuselach aka Sally. These had meanwhile worked out in great detail their business plan, that they now again explained to Harry on some kind of hand-held flip chart. They absolutely wanted to found an international Hogwarts bank. Harry thought that this was surely feasible. But would such a bank also pay off as expected? – “Let us take care of this, and don't worry ever about that”, assured him Robbie, smiling. Sally meanwhile had gone to and returned from the kitchen. He now carried a small metal plate covered with a damp towel. When Sally shortly lifted the towel for Harry, he could see three bank bundles of dollar notes: hundreds, fifties and tens. The Jew dryly joked: “Fresh from the laundry shop. Take them if you want them. You seem to need them.” – “Well, sure”, replied Harry hesitantly. “But where is the catch of this offer?” – “All of this is legal”, assured the gray Jew. He then explained that the Vatican bank, the IOR, nicknamed Institute of Old-Time Religion, had a special bad reputation not only since the days of the Polish Pope John Paul 2. “The Italian Mafia uses the IOR for money laundering. That mainly concerns drug money from the *narcotraficantes*, the big cartels. Since the Pope's private dwarf state has relaxed banking laws, money laundering is legal there. No court could put those bishops to jail for this. By the same way we could *wash* illegal money at a future Hogwarts bank, legally by international banking standards.” – “You must be of the Jewish mafia”, realized Harry.

Harry conceded that it was clearly an injustice, that the Roman Catholics had a Vatican while the Jews had no such institution. But what if that was due to God's mysterious plans? The three old Jews now looked at him. He had to give them an answer. But he wasn't ready for this. So he just looked around in the bar, to win time to think. A few tourists sat here, after the shows nearby had ended. On one wall, a big old poster of 'Porgy and Bess' showed that this place was multicultural and multiracial. Regarding that gave Harry the idea what to say now to the Jews: "That poster of that African-American Negro musical raises concern in my heart. Blacks are the typical victims of drug abuse and drug-related crimes, are they not?" – "Blacks just have more bad luck", replied Danny with a sad smile. He then explained to the others, that some regarded Porgy and Bess as the most classy Broadway musical ever staged. "Some say that this is as refined as a grand old opera. But it did no good to George Gershwin. Soon after he composed Porgy and Bess he died, still young. A Broadway legend has it that he lost his heart to his Bess, and lost his balls when he got a venereal disease." They all became very still now, thinking about death. Finally Harry said, like a teacher would to his class: "Definitely here we encounter once again the bad consequences of black magic. That magic may especially trouble exceptional, classy people, but naturally tends to stick more to the weak ones. And definitely Blacks are naturally weaker by the race. But that doesn't mean that we witches and wizards should not always strictly try to avoid the treacherous snares of black magic." Harry then went on to explain to the three Jews, that he was just about to evaluate and maybe test some experimental magic, to change history and the course of time. "But one basic question that troubles me right now is, whether those supernatural powers that I need to eventually make this magic work out are by nature evil and foul, or pure, sane and good-natured. The exotic old spell of a Zorro von Zitzenwitz, that I analyse right now, seems to demand that I invoke the help of a Zitza. Zitza was regarded as some ancient Polish mother deity. I am still not sure about that, and fear that she might rather be one of the Catholic saints, who are maybe rather demons." If he had a good day, Harry could speak well. His dramatic little speech made the Jews murmur with one another. – "Come on Robbie, be our rabbi now", said Danny to his partner and friend. Robbie Zuckerman was now wearing a dark blue pin-striped evening suit. He explained to Harry with a pleasant smile: "The gojim often call us plutocrats. It's because rich Wall Street guys are associated with Pluto. That doesn't mean the dwarf planet, but the ancient Roman god of the underworld. Pluton was just the god of riches and treasures of the deep. For Christians he maybe became a god of hell. But we Jews identify him with the demon Mammon. That is only a demon of the lowest rank. But just that name Mammon naturally reminds us of the *mamme*, the mother. So really, behind this spiritual folklore the very ancient belief into a Mother Earth is looming. No matter what the Bible says, we might say right now that we don't need to fear much such a deity." – "Mother!" said Harry. He was stunned, he was sad. A mother was someone that he had never really had. Sudden strong emotions rose up in his bosom. Then he reached over the table, to take the money that Sally was offering him on a silver plate. He just was sure that "mother" approved. But as soon he had done that, he thought again with fear of the book of that wizard Zorro. It had been bound with the own skin of that poor fellow, with a tattoo in front dedicated to a "mother".

Back in his hotel room, Harry couldn't sleep. His natural sense of time had been disturbed by the jet lag. He now surfed in the internet, and since it was a special bargain day of the mail order firm of his choice, at 2 AM he ordered a special expensive Apple watch and also a pair of comfortably wide sneakers. They would deliver it into his hotel room. He felt relieved when he again checked the big money that they had given to him. But his conscience kept haunting him. He knew about the promises and menaces of the Bible. Jewish thinking traditionally had it that one only needed to strictly keep to a host of Biblical commandments and rules, to get into the favour of God and stay out of trouble. However, that recipe had not worked out during the Nazi era, and maybe it never had. He said to himself, in front of the mirror: "I absolutely need to be good, as a prominent wizard. I won't end up in Azkaban." He turned away, finding his face not as impressive as during his younger years. He then explained with a softer tone: "I always thought that I had myself well under control. But now I find that there are higher powers who absolutely have us under control." He turned again towards the mirror and studied his face. It seemed to disfigure and become blunt.

He then was reading again philosophy, since that was the easiest way for him to fall asleep. The next chapter in his book was about Immanuel Kant. The puny German had lived in East Prussia all his life. It had also been the home of Copernicus, the Polish-German astronomer who had first dared to develop the correct model of the solar system, with the earth circling around the sun. The Roman Catholic church had fought with death threats against this Copernican model, since the Bible seems to purport that the sun is circling around the earth. Kant then dared to conclude that this and much else was just wrong of the Christian convictions. Harry thought now that Kant had apparently been a muggle. He had believed that the models of scientists like Copernicus, Newton and Galilei could fully explain the movements of the planets, without the need of any magic. That but was definitely wrong. Like Protagoras, David Hume and many others, Kant had started with his picture of the world. He could see no higher powers and sense no magic, so he supposed that both must be absent in the world. But he was a bit too cautious to subscribe to atheism, in strictly Christian Prussia. He was also too wise to be an atheist. That is why he must have come up with the idea of the “categorical imperative”. Commonly Kant's imperative was a term at the core of his moral philosophy. It was interpreted as follows: “Act only according to a will that could and should be valid as a common law.” But there was a hidden religious meaning in this complicated formula. What is a categoric imperative, strictly? “You must do that, absolutely”, said Harry to himself now. That was the way the Biblical commandments were commonly interpreted, There was not discussion about these laws. Harry sensed that Kant had dared here to step with his mind beyond the borders of rational, sceptical studying the world. This imperative was not visible nor explainable, but it was there. Kant could not find gods nor demons with his methods, but what he sensed was that there was a will that absolutely gave him orders. He believed that this will had to originate from God, and thus he believed in God in the end. Harry but was all but sure about the nature and the source of the categoric imperative, of these orders. These strange demands and wishes could suddenly fill your mind and bow your back. Right now that happened, while Harry was only thinking of them. His voice became alien, even coarse, when he stepped again before the mirror, now theatrically declaiming: “Harry, son, you absolutely need Kant!” He forgave his strange voice for that, since he was on Broadway. Many an actress had also become a stripper and a prostitute here. So should he try and make some girl, with the help of the hotel staff maybe? He had heard that prostitution was illegal in many states of the USA, and a whore also didn't really interest him. He started to read again about Bertrand Russell, right now his favourite philosopher. All his life, since his young days, Russell had been fond of erotics, maybe in an exaggerated way. Once dragged before court in America for his writings, the public prosecutor considered them as: “*voluptuous, libidinous, randy, unchaste, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac ...*” Like Immanuel Kant, Bertrand Russell had been a rationalist sceptic, a muggle who did not believe in higher powers or spirits. His own categorical imperative had had an erotic tendency, a drive towards sex and love. Now Harry realized that there was also such a categorical imperative active within his own mind. In front of the mirror, he took out his male member. Should he do it, should he become a Yankee on Broadway? He occasionally had masturbated. One consequence had been that he had become estranged from Ginny. While his back was hurting, and he was feeling old and tired, his sense of reason got active. Harry knew he had to get to results with the Zorro spell soon. He needed to get fitter again now, and healthier and younger. He switched on his iPad and opened the file with the Zorro spell. Then he just started to murmur, and maybe pray: “Sankt Tus! Mother Zitzah! I long for your love. I need you! Make me become a sound man again. Heal my back with thy magic!” He prayed and conjured for a while, also in bed then, until he became really erotic and excited.

Computers traced that back to the year 1410. Harry saw German knights – they were crusaders – bury a man. They thrust a wizard's staff into his coffin, cursing him. Then he saw the Broadway. It was void of people. Trees, grass and shrubs had overgrown large parts. Harry saw a man. He was old but ageless. He had golden hair and a long white shirt on. He laid down on Broadway ... When Harry woke up, he saw that Cindy was still sleeping next to him. He got up and tumbled to the window, worried. At his feet the Broadway was as crowded as ever. But across the street, the billboard now announced a different musical! It was his own: Harry Potter and the Cursed Child.

14. A Night Flight to the Great Lake

Some days later, Harry Potter was sitting in a dimly lit pub in the town of St. Andrews, just north of Edinburgh in Scotland, UK. It was on a Saturday, late in the afternoon, and he was waiting for Cindy. The town was famous for its many golf courses. On one of them Cindy was busy golfing with some team-mates. Harry looked out of the window. It was rather cold and moist outside, and the wind carried light rain into town. He had time enough now to work up the complicated history of the “affair of the cursed child”. That title meant him, or did it not? At the core of the problem was the time-turner. That was a complicated machine that was supposed to alter history, with the intention to specifically better it up. Harry could only vaguely remember the entire affair. About a generation ago, Albus Severus, his firstborn son, had been a student at the Slytherin college of Hogwarts. At first, all had been going rather well for him. But after some time, Albus had started to befriend Scorpius, the blond son of blond Draco Malfoy, that bitter arch-rival of Harry. Their relationship soon had taken up an erotic nature. Like Draco and Scorpius, Albus too became some sort of traditionalist. He was much more accepted at Hogwarts than Harry, since he was of pure magical blood. That must have been the reason why things had been starting to get wrong in the Potter family. After a bitter ruse with Harry, Albus and Scorpius had stolen and allegedly abused a time-turner, a machine to specifically better up the past. It had been their intention to prevent the early death of Cedric Diggory, once a rival of Harry during his years as a student. But, as far as Harry had insight into this case, that plan of the two juvenile would-be wizards to alter the past had dramatically and dangerously failed. It was by sheer luck that the entire history of Hogwarts, and of all the world, had not gone bitterly wrong! In an alternative timeline, the evil Voldemort seemed to resurrect and become a magical tyrant, as a devilish master of destiny and yet a pawn of the Dementors, otherworldly evil demons. “Thanks, Lady Luck, whoever you are”, murmured Harry now. He looked around in the gloomy pub. Then, seeing that nobody seemed to stare at him right now, like people often did, he reached into the pocket of his jacket. Harry took out one such time-turner. The magical machine had the form of a turnable hourglass inside of a big ring on a necklace. It was supposed to carry the owner back into time, one year with every turn of the inner hourglass disk. Harry smiled while he thought of this, and turned the hourglass some times. Of course nothing happened. This machine was a fake, comparable to the cylinders with a double bottom that show-wizards were using. The stories of time-travel were magical trick stories for the muggles only, who then believed that some wizards of Hogwarts had godlike magical powers. In reality a time-turner could not work, but why? Harry found that he didn't know much about this. Spontaneously he phoned up his peer Dudley Hawke, who was the Hogwarts expert for physics and metaphysics right now. Dudley held indeed a bachelor degree of physics from an American university. He had spent much time writing Wikipedia articles. When Dudley realized that magic does really exist, and that therefore much was wrong that the muggle physicists believe; the guys from the Wikipedia online encyclopedia had simply chucked him out, and withdrawn his right to write there. Harry regarded this as some lucky destiny, since by this way the man from Wisconsin had become a valuable member of the Hogwarts team of teachers. As he now phoned up Dudley's wired phone of his flat at Hogwarts, it was but another man who answered the call after a while. When Harry asked for Dudley, the man told him. “Sorry, Harry, Dudley is busy right now. He is with the Bare Belle, you know?” The man chuckled. Harry instantly recognized the soft voice of Guy Llewellyn. That was another good man of the growing modernist faction within Hogwarts. Guy was the expert teacher for history and creation science. Nevertheless Harry then asked him: “What do you then think of the time-turner?” – “That is a tricky machine”, replied Guy. “In fact the idea to travel back into time and to alter it always appealed to me. I always was so sorry that Gellert Grindelwald, the greatest ever wizard that Hogwarts brought up, was so terribly clutched and despoiled by evil magic. He reminds me of the legend of the brave dog Gelert, whose grave they show at Beddgelert in Wales. Once a prince found his dog with blood-stained jaws. He slew him, thinking that he had devoured his infant son. But in fact Gelert had protected the child from a wolf. I always hoped that this might have been true for Gellert Grindelwald too. He struggled so hard to be not even good, but fabulous. He was so great! His case is similar to your own, Harry.”

Some time later then, Cindy arrived. It was already really late, but due to the summer the evening sun came out for moments on the sky. Cindy was rather wet on the outside, and sad on the inside. She explained to Harry, that she was still a beginner. – “So what did you score, darling?” asked Harry politely. She showed him her golf score card file on her smartphone. “I scored 63 over par. That was at hole seven when we had to leave and cancel the game. It had started to rain too much. Nevertheless I enjoyed it. I guess today I have improved my handicap. Don't you think so too?” – “Absolutely, darling”, said Harry politely and kissed her. He was a weathered ex-husband after all. Then the idea occurred to him, to present to her that useless time-turner. “Now look what I have for you! Take this as a reward!” – “Uuh! Great! What is that!” Cindy became very excited, when Harry now put the gilded necklace with the time-turner around her neck. With a multitude of colourful glass and strass gems and it's polished rings in gold and white-gold, the object looked rather cheap and flashy like Asian bazaar ware. That was in fact what it was, it had been designed by some tinkers from Taiwan without any sense for real magic. But Harry now told Cindy: “That is a real work of magic. Now look at this hourglass at the centre. Just turn it around backwards, to turn back the time. Then you may get another chance to better up your past.” – “Harry, you are so generous! So you are gonna turn me into a witch now.” Harry hesitantly nodded, but because he could not help it. Cindy was just so wet and sweet now, and he loved the love she was giving to him. – “Turn, turn, turn”, she whispered, while she now turned the hourglass three times. “Take me back to the time three hours ago. And then let me better up my golf score.” Then she stared at the time-turner and at her arms. What did she expect, that the machine would teleport her away? Harry knew well that nothing would happen. While he stood up and took on his coat, suddenly Cindy cried out with joy: “Harry, it worked! I can believe it! Now I got 61 instead of 63 over par on my golf account.” Harry was shocked, when he looked now again on her digital score card. Cindy had obviously improved her result by two points. Or was this only an illusion? As he now looked at the cyphers on her rather small smartphone, they seemed to get blurred for an instant. He looked away fast. That was one of the strangest aspects of really existing magic! Tricks could happen and magic could work contrary to all rules, magical laws and expectations. It was since elusive superior powers were in control of the magic. Harry sensed that they were neither ghosts nor saints, nor the Eternals of ancient Greek sagas. The Snakes were doing such tricks to fool and compromise mortals like him. The funny necklaced hourglass hadn't done this but those snakes. It was their objective to fool people. Harry hadn't the nerve now to think about further implications. The news said that it was raining in Scotland, and that was at least indisputable. In his grey rain coat Harry then looked like a greyfriar maybe, when he left that pub in St. Andrews town. With luck they found a taxi fast. Harry asked the driver to drive him to land's end at the western beach. It was nearly dark when they arrived there, and no living creature was present. There wasn't even a roadside lamp. Outside the wind whistled and howled and whipped up the rain. Harry frowned and hesitated. The fool that he was hadn't thought about taking with an umbrella. “Are you sure Sir, that you two want to get out here?” asked the driver, a meagre Scotsman. “Or maybe I should wait?” – “That won't be necessary. A yacht will swiftly come to fetch us”, explained Harry with a grim face. – “He's Harry Potter!” explained Cindy. That info changed everything! Now the driver laughed. He jokingly said: “In case your magic might fail you, Harry, and your senses too, I could drive you to the booby-hatch. That final destination was maybe written on your baby blanket.” Harry and Cindy were not amused. But Harry already knew that it was often the background of a rest of Christian belief, that made people get so cynical and disrespectful towards him. If agnostic or atheist guys sneered towards the magical folks, it was often because they didn't believe in any magic, while their old mothers still were believers of the worse sort. Christianity was such a bad nonsense that it made many muggles completely insane. Silently they waited inside of the taxi for another quarter of an hour. Then Harry checked his smartphone again, to but find that it could not connect to the net. “There! Is it a helicopter or a plane?” said Cindy suddenly. She looked out of the window with amazement. Now Harry too saw the lights coming down from above, in red and green. The pilot now switched on strong landing headlights. “It's not a bird”, said Harry dryly, to Cindy and the stunned driver. They got out and watched the yacht land, on the sand of the shore.

The North Sea roared, and the spray tasted salty on Harry's lips, as they climbed up a ladder and stepped into the cosy cabin, while the four engines still vibrated. In there sat Barbara Blocksberg, a wise elderly witch that currently was teaching at the Durmstrang institute. She regularly toured from one congress and gathering and jamboree and Wicca coven to the next, during the long summer vacation. Harry knew her from several meetings, and he liked her much, although she had grown old meanwhile and was dyeing her grey hair white now. Also in the flying boat was the captain, Dudley Hawke. He greeted Harry with a dry "Hi", and swiftly let the vessel ascend to heaven again. Cindy was overjoyed! She wanted to make photos with her cellphone, but Harry took it down with his hand. "Better stop, before you publish confidential material!" He told her. – "But I'm not publishing it!" – "Are you sure that you know every American guy who eventually googles your phone, to automatically retrieve all unusual and interesting snapshots by way of an artificial intelligence demon?" Cindy realized that she was not sure. But then she suggested that Harry and his school should try to make a fortune with patenting such inventions like this flying yacht. "You could sell this at Wall Street for a billion dollars!" Harry but explained to her: "That is tricky magic, and it's not for the muggles." – "But this is not fair! Just think of the Titanic. Such flying ships could have saved the lives of all the passengers." Barbara now said: "But remember that human errors were leading to the catastrophe. The captain was possessed by a speed demon, that made him ignore all warnings and ram the iceberg. That would not change if we provided the muggled with such ufos." – "Surely it'd get worse", agreed Dudley, while flying low against the wind, with night vision goggles on. "Stronger machines mean that worse errors are possible." – "It's still not fair", insisted Cindy. – "It's a necessity, darling", said Harry with a fatherly tone. "One problem with these flying cars and airships and whatever is, that they need our working minds to work. They need us magical folks to be few in number. If the muggles would use them by the millions and billions, the magic could no longer support the spell that makes them work." With all the professionals against her, Cindy now gave up on her opinion. She suddenly looked tired, and a little withered. Harry didn't like her looks now. He compared her to Marge, who had also started to look sad and withered, before she then got so lazy and fat. In the end fat bolsters had filled her crinkles and wrinkles, making her look younger again. He then remembered the big feud that had parted Hogwarts. It had been leading to a fierce ray war. The death eaters had tried to seize control, but they had been beaten back by the good guys. *Are you sure that you are not a death eater too?* Harry didn't like to hear this from his inner voice. He realized now that it was maybe not so easy for him to protect near and dear people from this magic, that sucked vril and youth from them. Just like Marge had had, Cindy had no parents who were of the magical folks, and that meant she had little spiritual protection of her family tree. Silently Harry looked out of the window to distract himself. He saw that they were passing the Lake District. Spontaneously he asked Dudley to land here on some silent lake: "I absolutely would like to take another swim right now. Cindy and me, we are out of lifeforce!" – "Oh no, Harry, come on", replied Dudley. But, since Harry insisted, and while Barbara also backed him, Dudley landed his flying yacht in the middle of the 'great lake'. Here the wind was rather still, and there was no rain. While Dudley switched on the anchoring light, Harry now tried to sound as fresh and young as possible, as he asked Cindy: "Come on darling, let's take a swim." – "Harry you can't mean that!" She was now, like often, a bit furious on him. But Harry reminded her: "Since you absolutely want to become a witch, this is something that you must do right now." Like always, Cindy gave up on her opinion fast. She and Harry, and Barbara too, then undressed and jumped into the dark lake. The water was cool but not cold and well refreshing. Barbara even talked Dudley into joining them, despite his protest. They all swam in a little circle then. "Leviathan", gurgled Cindy. She was reading the name of the yacht. "Harry what's that?" He informed her, that it was the name of the main works of Thomas Hobbes. "The muggles claim that huff, he was the most important philosopher of all the huff, English areas." – "But what is that really?" – "A leviathan is a kind of mythical super fish, or a snake", explained Barbara. "Harry, what always wonders me is, that you write his name Thomas, but say Tomas to him." – "True, we English speakers are a strange huff, breed", replied Harry. – "I find that Tomas is just one of those mighty special names", explained Dudley then.

15. The Teacher's Meeting

Draco Malfoy looked old, when Harry Potter saw him again. He was wearing a yellowish jacket despite of the heat, and a futuristic looking pair of rimless glasses. “So now he wears the glasses, not I”, murmured Harry to himself. He then told himself: “Now better stop this, you fool. Don't talk to yourself.” He had it now, the Faselmund, the blabbering mouth. If it got that bad, he knew that he should rather take the rest of the day off, to walk and take a swim. But he could not leave right now. They were at the teacher's meeting, in preparation for the winter semester at Hogwarts. One of the secretaries was just talking. The number of year one pupils was lower than expected, and some of the older ones had written that they would not return. This was due to the crisis that also was hitting the churches. There were just less young people who took an interest in such “old stuff”. There were just less youngsters in general. To revert that trend, it had been Harry's duty to design a new advertising flyer. That was what headmaster Chatterjee held in his hands right now. And from the expression on the dark face of the hubshee, Harry sensed that 'Murky' didn't like the flyer. “On it we see a little girl, and a bubble saying: *I want to be a witch when I've grown up*. So far so good”, said Mr. Chatterjee. “Alas ...” He directly looked Harry into the face, as if the latter were a culprit who needed a wiggling: “One of our major problems is though, that the children at our school tend to grow up rather small and measly.” – “But that just accords to the tradition ...” said Luna, one of the traditionalist witches. “So what is wrong with being small but great?” Harry stopped listening to the debate. He sweated slightly. It was at the height of the canicular days, the hottest days of summer. Harry wished that Albus would sit at his side now, instead of the rather unmotivated Evan Wells. Harry's firstborn son had inherited his stormy courage. But only lately Harry had learned some more about the events that had been leading to the great marital crisis between himself and Ginny and the kids. Albus and Scorpius Malfoy had secretly tried out some really dangerous and experimental time-turning magic. The two youngsters had interfered into some key periods of his early youth. As one consequence, Harry's personality had been shifting dramatically then. He had become a modernist, a would-be reformer of Hogwarts. He had been promoted to the British ministry of magic, to become the supreme judge and cop of death eaters and other such malefactors. But one traditional major problem of witches and sorcerers was, that always too many rogues were among them, who were tempted or forced to use evil black magic. “It may be traditional and still acceptable, that we witches and wizards and British spiritualists are now what they call *the hobbit folk*”, said Mr. Chatterjee then. He held an Oxford university degree of English literature, and cared much for eloquence and magically and politically correct speech. “But *Brownies* is not a word that we should like to hear from the Muggles, as they refer to ourselves. But what do I see here?” He held up the flyer again. “That little girl has brown hair and brown eyes! That is like an invitation for discriminating speech. Yes, we might even regard this as racism.” The headmaster again looked over to Harry Potter. Harry didn't dare now to look him into the pitch-black eyes. Indeed, late in his life he had taken up the racist idea, that people with brown hair and brown eyes were in some magical way more prone to become magicians. It had been just a weird idea, but since Harry had mated Cindy he tended to more and more believe in it. – “So what natural colour would you prefer?” asked Evan, who had drawn the little girl on the flyer. The hubshee then explained that he would like to see a girl with black hair and black eyes on the cover. “We must find that the colour black for the hair and the eyes, is the best choice for leaders, protagonists and symbol figures. Black then sums up and stands in for all imaginable colours. Black is the ideal colour of diversity. And in diversity lies the future of our institution.” He stopped, as many teachers started to murmur and disagree. Some of the traditionalists looked over to Draco Malfoy, their traditional leader. But the old man, with blue eyes and now snowwhite hair, only smiled an absent smile. Draco seemed to agree to what he had heard. Harry found that Draco lately looked a bit demented. – “So what about the young Blacks? They are in tendency the goofs who still believe any old stuff, that others like Harry Potter want to discard. Should we not consider such a leaflet as racist, when it shows a white girl only?” That was what Guy Llewellyn said, who sometimes liked to play the adversary. Mr. Chatterjee then proposed that the girl should have brown skin. But in the end they asked Evan to better draw a wondrous beast of his choice.

“Does anyone know a James around here, who might have done that?” That is what Harry asked then. He passed around the strange letter of a James. Black magic had obviously brought 'a tower' down. But who was to blame? – “Maybe Kilroy's ghost did this”, joked Mr. Leadbetter, the new young teacher of lifestyle and physical education. He then had to explain the strange story of that famous 'Kilroy was here' graffiti. After World War Two had ended, some US troopers left this mysterious graffiti at many places, likely or unlikely. It was a weird insider joke. In war time Mr. Kilroy had been an inspector at a shipyard. He took up the habit of writing “Kilroy was here” on all workpieces that he had inspected and cleared. “Few people but know that his first name was James”, explained sunny Jon Leadbetter. The other teachers murmured the name. Ms. Graves, an elderly witch, explained: “The name Kilroy always sounded like Guy Fawkes to me. That name had a definitely negative magic. I was glad then that we didn't have a king, in French *roy*, that Mr. Kilroy could kill.” Ms. Holly Graves was the English language and spells teacher, who also spoke French well, and even old Anglo-Saxon fluently. Holly found that very important, despite of the fact that hardly any spells they used at Hogwarts were composed in Anglo-Saxon. Most or all of the literature from that era, when the Anglo-Saxons had ruled England, were texts from the Bible or other Christian lore or plain stuff. So why did Holly hold Anglo-Saxon in such a high esteem? That was what Harry always had criticised, regarding the lately large faction of the traditionalists at Hogwarts. Murny Chatterjee then asked Harry: “How many pupils with the name of James do we host right now at our school?” Evan had already checked this out: “We have a James Smith, a Henry James Covendish, and a James Treveller Boyle. The last boy is an orphan like Harry Potter was, and a darky, a really weird and moody type of guy.” – “But was he here when that accident happened?” asked Murny. Of course he wasn't, like the other two weren't. While the headmaster was pondering, and some colleagues had started to chat, Guy Llewellyn now lifted his piece of paper with the photo of a tarot card. “I know this style well”, he said. And while the teachers fell silent, he explained that this tarot card was one of a set drawn by the notorious Aleister Crowley. That Brit had been one most evil wizard, who conjured evil demons and carried out sadistic rites to win more lust. “Crowley was only one of a number of cases of really evil sadistic wizards and Satanists. There are a number of such cases. The cruel sacrifice of humans seems to be a constant problem during the ages.” – “Some call sadism *the British disease*”, said Hermione now. Harry didn't want to hear more about this. “Let's not speculate in a case where we need to know more”, he said. But Ron disagreed: “My intuition tells me that this James is some kind of evil outsider. I sense strong demonic magic every time I think of this case.” – Guy said: “Maybe he's a demon like Voldemort was.” – “My scar didn't tickle me up”, said Harry, pointing with a finger to the lightning mark on his forehead. They then talked some more about the demonic Voldemort, their most common topic of fear. The women even hated to remember his face, that had withered into a horny mask. Holly explained once again, that the name Voldemort sounded to her like the French term *death flight*. “That is definitely a false name, just like his horror-mask-like face was a fake”, she explained. – “I believe we should forget now about him. He's beaten and gone”, speculated Harry. “I think this because it's not a problem any more to say his name. – “I think so too”, agreed Hermione, who looked bitter and tired today, surely due to the midday heat. “But just that may be the reason, why now this James tends to become our new worst foe. He was chosen by the magic that always fills space and seeps down from the sky. Otherworldly demons are behind this magic. They search for people or places they can reach. If they can't find one guy who pleases them, they soon find a replacement.” That too was a theory often heard about the demons. They concentrated on one worst case. Ron grimly said to his wife: “So you think that this James is the replacement for Voldemort?” – “*Vol de mort ... death flight*. I think that the Snake demons are meant with this name”, suddenly said Luna Lynch, the former astronomy teacher. She ducked when all stared at her. – “I like this James”, said Draco suddenly. When all now stared at him with disagreement, he manipulated the goggles that he was wearing. They were in fact augmented reality goggles. They were showing to Draco, the transfiguration teacher and second assistant headmaster, tiny pictures and informations about selected topics. Draco smiled and said: “I mean Henry James Covendish. He is a noble guy. I can sense this.” – “You only like him because he's blond”, supposed Murny.

At noon they were sitting in the still rather cool great hall, eating fish soup Provençal, or spaghetti bolognese, or veal cutlets with broccoli and potatoes, or Vegan salad with an 'astronaut's dip' and breadcrumbs. Harry didn't like the other dishes, so he took the salad. They discussed some more about the James mystery, now with Barbara and Cindy too. That went on when they went out into the park, to take a bath in the pool and relax in the shadows of the trees. Now old Barbara was the first witch to remove her clothes, while explaining that she was a naturist. That was traditionally more accepted in East Germany where she came from. "And isn't nakedness natural, and the old in-style especially for witches?" she then asked. – "So this is the reason why they call you *Bare Belle*", supposed Harry with a smile. To his surprise Barbara denied that. "That nickname came to me from my old German nickname. *Bärbel* was how they called me in school", she explained. Harry then found it strange that he hadn't heard of this story before. Also, he hadn't seen Barbara nude before. He surely would have remembered her flat hanging breasts. But could it be, that by way of some strange magic, his entire world had become a little more erotic? He didn't know, and he wasn't sure whether he should like this or not. After the bath, to absolutely stop himself from taking a nap, Harry sat upright and started to read another philosophy book. This one was a bit tougher than the concise beginner's book that Marge had given to him. It said of Thomas Hobbes, arguably the most important ever British philosopher, that he had been the first all rational and daring thinker of the modern age. Hobbes had factually refused to still believe in the often absurd myths of the Christians. Instead, like other rationalists, he had started with a view on himself and on other people. Most famous of his philosophy still was the idea that all people together formed a super body, the leviathan. Harry found that strange; since according to the Bible, the Leviathan was some kind of magical super-whale, one of those 'Snakes'. He then started to discuss this with Dudley Hawke, who was an expert of such philosophical quandaries. Dudley explained to them, that at the time of Thomas Hobbes, the European philosophers were still struggling to get over the medieval age of scholastics. "The problem is one of ontology", explained Dudley in a professor's style. "It starts with the notion that people exist." – "Sure", replied Harry. – "But the big question is: What more does exist? The old scholastic wisdom used to get from people to their *forms*. The thinkers of that deeply spiritual era found that *forms* existed that were shaping people. Just think of his leviathan, formed by people who were all rather similar. Thomas Hobbes got the idea that the names are such forms. So names exist with and above people. That philosophical idea of his is called nominalism ever since." – "That name derives from *nomen*, Latin, the name", said Harry. He was proud now that he made this point, but it was something that he had just read in that book. Barbara had been listening too. Now she looked coolly and a bit scared, when she explained that this philosophy well accorded to her magical research. Barbara Blocksberg was an international acclaimed expert of magical language questions, especially of the murderously problematic field of Parseltongue. She said: "I believe that Toma is one of those special magical names. And also James must be another such name." After moments of silence, she continued: "Those names are strong while they shape people. But I sense that devilish magic sticks on both of these names like grime. In fact this is what lately some Düsseldorf guy seems to construct, or I should say, affirm." Dudley then asked: "But why are these names so problematic?" – "Maybe because these names are the names of some terrible snakes", explained Barbara. "So names are not just words, but they link us to other creatures. Those Snakes but seem to be as undiscoverable to us, as Hogwarts and Durmstrang and other schools are to the muggles." Barbara suddenly sighed, and spoke no more.

Some time later, Harry suddenly saw the Leviathan. It was swimming in the pond. It was a fish, white and seemed to be caught in a fisher's net. She was the Lady of the Lake from the Arthurian tales! Harry wanted to ask her something. But before he could do so, Cindy awakened him with a slight cry: "Harry I'm scared!" She tiredly crawled to him, she was topless now. Harry liked her curvy breasts, who were but a little wobbly. When he kissed her, her lips tasted like the bolognese sauce that she had been eating. Suddenly Barbara sang a little melancholic song: "Beauty finds refuge in herself ... Lovers wrapped inside each others lies ... Beauty is such a terrible thing ... She is suffering yet more than death ... She sucks you deeper in." She stopped to explain: "This is an old song from the Manic Street Preachers." – "James Bratfield's band", remembered Dudley.

16. Big Plans and Promises

Back at his office, Evan surprised Harry with good news: “I asked Draco Malfoy to give back the Zorro book. He said he had sent it to Jacob, the current librarian. Jacob and his sibling Jude have digitized the book, to make it's content available to all researchers. I already stored a digital copy on our computers. Wanna take a look?” – “No. I just want my expensive and unique book back”, replied Harry. He took the occasion to visit again the Hogwarts library, and to take a look at some other books too. That was always a bit difficult for him. On the way he met Neville Longbottom, his old friend and admirer and now the janitor of Hogwarts. Neville informed him, once again, about a magical problem that he encountered in the library. “I can go in there and still read some books I like. But old Miss Pinch don't really like me. Every time I dare touch one of her precious books, she gives me a little eclectic shock, or so it seems. It slightly hurts.” Neville was really sad now. – “That is just natural static discharge”, explained Harry, once again. But he wasn't really sure about this. “Don't drink so much beer. And don't forget to wipe the great hall now every time after we had lunch”, he advised Neville as he left him. He then entered the now air-conditioned library with the intention to not let old Madam Pince daunt him. She still knew him from the time when he had just been a young student. But Irma Pince was absent. Jacob was at the main desk just by chance. Without looking up he murmured “Closed!” when Harry entered. Harry but didn't let that skinhead fob him. Seeing him Jacob became more cooperative. He handed out the Zorro book to Harry and explained: “I didn't know in what section to put it anyway. And I can't imagine any guy who might take an interest in it. This book was written in a very odd dialect from ancient Germany called *käslausch*. It was the dialect of the old Ermland, a Catholic region in former East Prussia. There exist hardly any experts for this special fustian even in Germany. It was maybe a provocation that this Zorro wrote his book in his homeland's dialect, instead of the Latin that was common in the world of the intellectuals then.” – “Maybe Zorro's Latin wasn't that good.” – “You bet. Draco Malfoy already tried in vain to have this book translated. But maybe it's destined, that it will apparently keep it's lore a secret forever.” – “Maybe was for May, but we are in July now”, joked Harry with some disappointment. He took the heavy book. When he just wanted to leave, he but heard a thin, high-pitched voice that he instantly recognized. “So is it Harry Potter again!” Irma Pince had heard him talking with Jacob, and she now left the section of forbidden books. It was one of the parts of the library that was still smelly and half-destroyed from the terrible fire. “I must complain about your past behaviour again, young man”, said Irma now. She then explained to Harry, that he apparently had “abducted and abused” more books than she previously knew of. With feeble legs she went to the desk, to take one book out from a drawer. She opened it up for Harry, to show him lines and annotations that were definitely done with his youthful handwriting. “You also left dog-ears when you wanted to mark a page. What a shameful misbehaviour this is!” She took out one book after the other, to put it onto the desk. – “I can't remember doing all this”, murmured Harry. But he had some slight memories of the times, when he had been very unstable in reality. He had been here and there, at the most unlikely places, dwelling in forests sometimes, reading a lot to kill time. That had been in the year before the death eaters and bad guys had tried to raid Hogwarts. They had tried to catch him and devour him. To protect him, some strange good magic had obviously made him lose his firm standing in reality. “It appears to me right now, that my past got worse lately. Or, more correctly, I got worse in my old days”, he said then. But Harry realized that the old lady did not comprehend. Irma Pince loved her books more than any people. To console her Harry spontaneously committed, to try what he could do to 'undo' the terrible fire. It was a vow that he hoped to comply with by using the Zorro book. Irma Pince at once believed him. She suddenly radiated, with her small face full of wrinkles. “That would be very nice of you, Harry. It would be a mighty deed, young man. Let me assure you that I always believed, that you are the chosen one. I just didn't know whether you would master the magic or be it's slave. Lately I am sure, that you are a good boy. You are the authority now, like Dumbledore was in his days. Whenever I think of you I must find that your powers have grown again. I love that. I adore you, master!” Irma now slowly stepped around the mighty main desk, to get close to Harry. When that very old woman touched his arm, Harry felt a slight electric shock. He like fled from her library.

The consequence of this was, that in the early evening Harry was sitting again in his bureau, with the heavy Zorro book before him. He stared on the eerie flaming heart tattoo and the dedication to the mother of the author on his former skin. Then he stared out of the window. The comfortable heat was suddenly gone, since a front of rain clouds had appeared over Britain. Outside it already rained slightly. The weather for the next days was expected to be cool, windy and showery. Harry switched off the radio, to now really concentrate on this book. According to an expert that Jacob had consulted, it was partly written in *kaeslausch*. That was a forgotten dialect from East Prussia that nobody today knew and cared for even in Germany. That dialect was related to *Breslausch*, a dialect from ancient Lower Silesia, and from there to *Sächsisch*, the old dialect of Saxony, and to the Anglo-Saxon that had been spoken in England until the days of William the Conqueror. Harry saw the chance to use the time-changing magic of the book to magically learn that language. The problem was though, that he could not really comprehend the spell-book without that language. And just the cover of the skin of the author seemed to warn him, that Zorro von Zitzenwitz didn't really learn how to safely handle and get to good results with that special magic. "Should I try to become the only living expert of early *case-lawsh*?" That is what Harry asked himself, and then he just didn't dare to even think more about this spell. On his desktop computer he opened up the file of the translation of a key chapter into French and then English. It was only chapter six. He opened up the book and tried to decipher that chapter. The handwriting was hardly decipherable to him. But he saw one word again that he recognized: Sancttus. He now realized that this word was in fact a compilation of two parts of the common Latin word *Sanctus*, with a painted cross in the middle. The author had not used a magical refill quill, like the one that Miss Pince was using. The idea came to Harry to try and get some such quill too, instead of using the bleeding ball-pens of the muggles. He found it so hard to concentrate instead on his work with that book. The author had used the word 'Sanct † tus' frequently. So what did this interrupted Latin word really mean, in that odd East Saxon dialect? Harry googled the word Sanctus. It just meant holy in Latin. So what or who was Sanct-Cross-tus? "Croustus. Krusty", murmured Harry. "Is this a name for a crab?" He googled Krusty. It was the name of a fictitious clown from the TV cartoon series 'The Simpsons'. According to the internet Krusty was a Jew, who eventually could get as famous, influential and vengeful as the god of the Jews. Harry sensed that anyway, this author must have been rather near to Christian religion. That had been typical for wizards not only in the dark Middle Ages. In the TV cartoon series then, Krusty Krab was the name of a crab burger restaurant. Harry liked crabs, but in their peeled and cooked versions only. He then concluded that the magic of this book was obviously too much old-time Christian magic for his modern times. But then again, it had worked before for him without problems. He tried hard now to remember what had happened, on that day when he had been alone in his hotel room just above Broadway. He had visited a musical that he had liked. He sang a line he remembered: "New York, New York". But he really hadn't liked that strange Latino-American *telenovela*. Hadn't he seen another? As he tried to remember, the three Jews came into his mind. Harry had taken their drug money. He realized that he should expect the Jewish mafia to try and haunt him now at Hogwarts with their smutty business plans. He was glad then that Hogwarts, intrepid fortress of British witchcraft and sorcery, was magically protected against any such curious muggles. They would drive from one town to the next, and never find the dirt track that was leading to Hogwarts, through the murky and always nebulous spider forest. Just when he tried again to read the Zorro book, Evan entered his room excitedly. Harry's young tall assistant carried a brown paper bag. When he emptied it on Harry's desk, a living chicken fell onto the Zorro book. It struggled to get up, and then ran around on the desk cheeping. "That is the solution to our problem with the ad flyer", explained Evan Wells joyfully to stunned Harry Potter. He then showed him a draft of a chicken, with the text bubble: *I want to be a magical phoenix at Hogwarts once I've grown up.* – "A nice idea", murmured Harry, while thinking. "But a chicken is not supposed to turn into a phoenix. – "This chicken is!" explained Evan. He had bought it at a midland country fair. "It's a cock of a rare race called Phoenix, renowned for their mighty tails." – "Well, in that case ..." Harry now remembered that Dumbledore had once shown him a phoenix. It had been a cock, vamped up by optical magic. Albus had grilled and eaten the cock in the end.

In the evening, most of the teachers were sitting in the teacher's lounge in the seventh floor of the main tower. Outside it was stormy. Wind rattled at the window frames, and rain thrashed against the glass. The windows were not pivot-hinged and had to be closed. Harry now sat depressed and bored with Cindy, who was reading her psychology book, marking passages with her text marker. He disliked to see that in public, since it made her appear so muggle-wise. But Cindy was scared to sit alone in Harry's apartment, that was so magically unstable, like everything else at Hogwarts. Harry assumed that she really loved him, but also seemed to hate him a little. It was a situation that he knew from Ginny, and from Marge too. Both of his ex-wives had accused him at some time: *You abused your magic to abuse me! And then you made me fall in love with you, madly!* Harry remembered well what Ginny once had said to him, with a sudden shrillness in her voice. He was glad now that he would maybe never ever hear her voice again. Such unfair accusations were very typical for women. He understood now why his son Albus once had said to him: *Pa, I am sick of women!* That was typical thinking for those queer boys, who were accepted nowadays.

Right now Dudley, Barbara and Guy entered the teacher's lounge. The three had wet hair, after a walk in the park that the rainstorm had interrupted. When they sat down next to Harry and Cindy they were just discussing the old mystery question: Where exactly lies Durmstrang? That school of witches and sorcerers in East Europe was protected by special camouflage spells, and even the ordinary wizards and witches of other countries were not informed about its proper location. But Barbara Blocksberg was one of the few who should know where Durmstrang was situated, since she had a job there as a language teacher. But Barbara explained, once again, that she was obliged to strict non-disclosure. "Igor Karkaröv, the former old headmaster, would have killed me if I had dared to *fasel* out their best heeded secret. He was such a rogue! On one occasion, Igor got angry on a young promising wizard. Since young Vlado was popular and a mighty wizard, Igor didn't dare to kill him the usual way, at a duel. So they whisper that Igor used a super-poison that rogues from the Russian secret service gave him. He sprayed that on Vlado's toothbrush. That is at least what rumours say about Vlado's sudden death." – "How unfair! How typically devilish!" Dudley was shocked. – "Oh those Russians", affirmed Barbara. But then she groaned and put her hand to her mouth. – "I heard that Durmstrang lies in Lapland", said Harry. "That is at least what Jocelyn Kay once said, the chairlady of the board of directors." – "Reckon the old witch is a liar, but not a good one", said Dudley to this. Cindy now put away her book. "Harry I can't study when people are talking", she complained. And then she said: "Igor is definitely a Russian name. So I guess that his school must be located in Russia." – "Strictly, no", said Barbara to this. Now Guy said: "This eternal discussion reminds me of all the legends about king Arthur. There are a dozen or more places in Britain who claim that they once harboured Arthur's legendary castle Camelot. In Wales they link details of his saga to many places and names." – "Yeah, and in Scotland there are many places who allegedly are very near to Hogwarts and Hogsmeade, our train station village." Dudley smiled while looking at Cindy. Harry said: "The official travel guides say that we are not far away from Dufftown, the home of the Glenfiddich whisky bottling plant." – "Yeah, lies over lies", said Dudley. "But the hotels and whiskey bars there welcome all the tourists, who drive and hustle through the towns there in their vain search of Hogwarts, that truly lies right here where we are, in old England." Just then came the servant girl with the tablet of drinks. Harry took his usual glass of wine, Cindy took a two-thirds pint. – "All hail to England", said Harry. They cheered to that, with the exception of Guy. He then explained that visions of extinction were troubling him: "With us human beings being so measly and deluded, I fear that Mother Earth doesn't bear us any more. The saying goes that the Great White is about to replace us with truly immortals. They will be much better able to cope with magic, without falling for the temptations of the demons." Harry saw the logic in that. He then pointed out that Jacob Bilstein, the librarian, had been a daredevil in his younger years. "Lately he came to his senses, and now he does good work as a librarian!" – "I like him too. But what is the name of his sibling?" asked Barbara. Harry suddenly knew that he knew, and said: "The name is Jude." Barbara was stunned: "I heard some Russians whisper, that Jesus had had brothers, with the names of Jacob and Judas. After his death they became wizards too, of comparable strength." – "I heard that too", said Cindy then, "that Jesus was just a wizard."

17. Questionable Games and Rites

The next day was windy and cool. The sun was shining at intervals. A fierce rain shower had just drenched the quidditch arena. The teachers were having a now regular appointment with Jonathan Leadbetter, the new teacher of physical and moral education. Jon was wearing a training suit. He held a quidditch broom in his hand. He had auburn hair. He was sinewy and tall, not a muscular jock but rather a long-distance runner. The teachers were wearing training suits too. Harry looked around and found that Luna L. was still the most erotic woman among them. Many of the other teachers looked rather unfit. And wasn't Harry unfit too? He looked at his mirror image, in one of the puddles on the plashy red ground, with alarm. He found that he looked too old. But he had to listen, since Jon explained loudly to the teachers what they knew already from regular articles in the Daily Prophet. The board of directors liked them all to get more sportive and fit. Some experts from the ministry in London had considered this to be the best method to prevent 'tendencies of black magic and magical duelling'. While Jon explained that, he seemed to look directly at Harry Potter. – “Sure”, murmured Harry and bowed his head. But he heard Draco Malfoy talk back with an annoyed voice: “We experts of magic at Hogwarts should better replace that *board of oldsters* with an iconic new leader! We need a mighty wizard that could walk on the path that Grindelwald and Dumbledore paved for us.” – “Hear hear”, said Guy Llewellyn softly, who also looked rather unfit. But Jon was not impressed by this sudden rebellion of the two old men. He jogged towards Draco with a smile, and then asked him to show his leadership skills, by leading the entire group at the initial jogging round once around the quidditch field. Jon clapped his hands and yelled: “So what are you waiting for, guys? On track! Onward ho! I shall teach to the last one of you a special lesson with my broom.” He then shooed them onto the oval tartan track with his quidditch broom. Harry found that the red plastic surface had already sucked up the rain water, so he had no excuse not to start running. A certain authoritarian style had always been common at Hogwarts, that was seen by many as an asylum for dreamers and goofs and good-for-nothings. Some of the fatter and elderly women were not able at all to start running now. “I am still a bit tipsy from last night, and need some refreshments first”, explained Miss Boyce, the tardy teacher of Wicca arts and herbal medicine, as she walked out. Also Draco left the arena without any further comments. But the rest hesitantly started to jog at least a bit. Harry started to jog, and soon realized that he was too weak for this. – “So march quickly, old chap”, said Jon, when Harry stopped jogging. Harry found that style really annoying. But okay, he walked fast, seeing the reason for this. Hadn't he had troubles with his back? He could not remember. Guy Llewellyn first tried to walk at his side, but he soon fell far behind. But it was Miss Cunningham, the ancient history and runes teacher, who finished last that round of limbering up. – “Huff! Puff! Now I could become the chairman of the house of Hufflepuff”, said Harry jokingly to Dudley, who had been among the first to finish the round. He felt strangely alone in that wide sports arena of empty tribunes. They had to stretch and loosen up their muscled then. Afterwards, Jon took Miss Cunningham to the front before the other teachers, and there gave her his light quidditch broom. Then he explained again the rules of this game, for the few who had never bothered to really learn them: “Okay guys and gals! Many false rumours exist regarding quidditch. In the Harry Potter films we see our kids actually riding their brooms! This is of course Hollywood Mythology only. In reality, quidditch is hardly different from the little known sports called floorball. This is a fast and easy hockey game that is especially liked by students. Instead of the usual hard hockey cudgel, the floorball players prefer a thin plastic racket. And instead of such hockey gear, we quidditch players prefer our soft but tough brooms. Did you get that, little miss?” – “I may be small, but I am not your *little miss!*” fumed Miss Cunningham. Jon jumped with joy. “Hey, I like that! Now you get combative. Quidditch is a combative sports after all. So show me what you can do with your broom.” He threw her a ball, and took another broom. By that way, Jon indeed made Carla Cunningham get at least a little sportive. Right now Barbara Blocksberg murmured to Harry Potter from behind: “That is not the natural way on how we witches use our broomsticks. You should know what this ritual originally means.” – “Yeah. *Riding the broomstick* means witches get horny. Men can do that too.” Dudley was well informed about that ancient rite. Harry was a bit shocked. He jokingly said: “No sex please, we're British!”

At tea time, Harry and Cindy were sitting again in the teacher's lounge, with Dudley and Barbara. Harry was bored and frustrated. Prodded and challenged by Jon Leadbetter, he had participated in a quidditch training match of the teachers, and then in another "iron man extra round" run around the field. Now his muscles were aching. Harry felt old and void of vril, the glamour of any living creature and the brilliancy of all matter. He should have gone swimming again in the fire pond. But the weather was cold now, and he feared a bit to encounter again the dream-catching monster mermaid called Murcus. Now he drank tea instead and tried to look fresh and eager, to not appear too old at the side of young Cindy. To her he said: "When they once asked Winston Churchill about the secret of his long life, he told them it was 'no sports'." Harry chuckled, but Cindy was not amused. Psychology always was making her moody and disrespectful towards his field of expertise, magic. She then asked: "So how old are you really?" -- "I was born ... in 1980, or not?" To his surprise Harry found that he could not well remember the exact year of his birth. Was he having mental or magical troubles? Some scenes from his early adventures, that he remembered well, definitely seemed to belong into the era of the 1960's. But at some later time, apparently his time at Hogwarts had been reallocated into the 1990's. "Maybe I used time-changing magic to rejuvenate me, by wiping out some years of my past. I can't expect to well remember this, if I only did this, no rather, if I will have done this in my future." That topic now did really interest Cindy. She put her thick psycho book away, and took out the glamorous time-turner that Harry had presented her. She turned the hourglass a few times, and then complained: "But dear, every time I use your time turner the exact way you taught me, all that happens is exactly nothing!"

"No wonder", said Dudley suddenly. He had just come near with Barbara and was hearing the last remarks of Cindy. He then explained to Cindy: "The goofy muggles believe that time is just like space, that it is a dimension that you can travel through, back and forth. But in reality, time is like a river that flows. You see the water passing, and then it's gone. It'll never flow backwards. That is why you can't travel back in time. The past is a nowhere land that does not exist any more. And most of the matter that used to be the past now is something else in the present. That is why the famous Einstein formula $E=mc^2$ must be wrong, the formula that seems to integrate the time into a cosmological model that can be turned around." Dudley got sad. "When I tried to teach that to some mad bible badgers at home in Madison, they but chucked me out of the physics department, claiming that my lore was anti-Semitic." -- "Oh those Muggles!" Barbara sighed. -- "Muggles are just extremely demented and blind for reality", explained Harry to Cindy. -- "But we have to live with them!" -- "Sure", said Dudley. When the good-looking American now smiled at cute Cindy, Harry got a little jealous. Barbara but was bitter too. She looked old and tired. Today she wore a flashy necklace with some glittering charms on it. One showed a screech owl, another one was a simple black cross. When she saw Harry studying this, she covered the cross with her slender old fingers, and explained: "I find it wise in Eastern Europe to wear a cross too. The Christians there are often still so full of prejudices against witches, and hateful and tyrannical. After all. the magic of Jesus and his minions was and still is strong, is it not?" -- "Sure ..." said Harry absent-minded. It was a disliked topic. Harry now remembered again the talk about the brothers of Jesus. "Just a month ago I met some Christian clerics. When we talked about the haunting ghost called James, we all knew that his original name had been Jacob. But these faithful simpletons purported that, according to their scriptures, Jacob had had a brother named Jacob too." -- "Lies over lies", said Barbara. "But if the recent rumour is correct, that Judas Thaddeus and Jacob Justus were the real names of the two brothers of Jesus, then the Christians must have changed the name of Judas later into that of a Jacob." -- "And that also solves the riddle of the saint James", said Cindy agitatedly. "They renamed Judas into James, because they were ashamed that Judas the traitor had been one brother of Jesus." -- "Cindy you are great", said Dudley, with his blue eyes locked at her buxom neckline. Suddenly Harry wished that he had blue eyes too. Barbara but remained in her sombre mood. "Correct me if I'm wrong. But there is yet another false name for Jude aka Jacob the elder. I think that he was also called Thomas, *saint* Thomas. This is one of those names I find worrying. The name Thomas links, via Parseltongue, to Toma. Toma then seems to be one of the strongest Snakes, out there in the abyss of space. She is a female, and her definitely evil magic scares me."

Harry now dared mention a name, still feared most at Hogwarts: “*So that explains Tom Riddle!*” He had spoken a bit too stormy. Now all looked at him, even old man Guy, who was standing at a distance with his whisky glass. Harry had trouble to explain the idea that suddenly seeped into his mind, as if a wise spirit was sending it to him from afar: “Tom Riddle is commonly seen as You-know-who, the most terrible and demonic wizard of all time.” – “Lord Voldemort”, said Guy then while he joined Harry's round. Harry dared only to nod, silenced again by old fears. “But one of the big riddles of Tom Riddle was, that he hadn't really been that evil and powerful. In some way, the evil likeness of snakelike Voldemort seemed to overshadow and possess Tom Riddle. Once I thought that Tom Riddle was only one horcrux among others, one anchor of Voldemort in reality. But Tom Riddle was more. He was Voldemort come alive, he incorporated that demon. So now I see a chance to better understand this. Since there exists a demonic Snake called Toma, then she may have chosen Tom Riddle because his name was a Toma name. Her magic made Toma search out and try to possess other Toms and Thomases too, like for instance, this or that saint Thomas.” Harry now looked at Barbara, hoping that she might help him to develop this new theory. But she dared only nod. It was Guy then who talked next. “When I was young, I once walked all through Soho up to St. Anne's court. It was a backstreet, dedicated to the strip and prostitution business. I thought to myself then: What the fuck, sorry, what on earth has saint Anne to do with this smut?” He grinned. “I had a vision then. This rarely happened to me. I saw a ghost, a kind of angel called Anne. She was definitely alien. She was snake-like. She seemed to be a heavenly queen, who had surrounded herself with many an amorous courtier, just like queen Elizabeth the First had done.” – “A cleric once told me, that he believed that St. Anne was the strongest of the Christian saints”, explained Harry. Barbara said: “Maybe that happened, because this Snake Anna linked to her.” – “But St. Anne's dead”, said Cindy. Harry got angry, and wanted to tell her to keep quiet. But then the idea seeped into his mind that she was right maybe, without really comprehending 'that' Anne.

It was Friday evening. Naked in his apartment with Cindy, Harry found that the evening was still young, and too precious to watch the telly again for hours. His muscles were still aching from the sudden fitness and endurance training. Harry took his ironwood wand and played with it, absent minded. Then the idea came to him to fly a bit, to impress or maybe scare Cindy. She was in the bathroom, rubbing and studying her face in the mirror, and then twitching and clipping her bulky eyebrows, to make them look more elegant. Harry hovered up to the ceiling, and then was hiding just above the bathroom door. When Cindy came back into the bedroom, she couldn't find him.

At once she got scared. “*Hærræe?*” she cried. – “Up here!” – “Uuh!” She wasn't shocked now but relieved. And then she demanded of him: “So you can fly, and even without a broom! I wanna fly too.” Harry flew down to the ground, and then he let Cindy hover a bit, with the help of the anti-gravity magic that he worked. But he soon landed her on the floor again, explaining that flying by this way was costing too much vril. When Cindy pulled a face, he consoled her with another idea: “But let's ride the broomstick instead!” It was an obscene bedroom rite of his boyhood years. He and the boys would gallop and jump through the bedroom with a broom between their legs. That child play could get erotic or painful, but Cindy was soon enthusiastic about this. Harry took out his two brooms. Then he smeared some herbal potion on her skin and on his own too. Excited by the smell of elderberry oil, they then danced around naked riding brooms. He hadn't expected that this little witches' game would soon get very lusty. They both 'rode' over the bed and back to the floor, jumping and laughing, and stimulating themselves with broomsticks. That made them both 'come' at the same time. Harry was aghast! He hadn't had such a strong orgasm since many years. He really felt like a witch now rather than a man, and also was a little ashamed. When they then went to bed, Cindy slept in soon and woke up again. Now she was nervous and wanted more sex. Unfortunately Harry wasn't able now to make his little man stand tall. He slept then, and seemed to see many naked witches, most of them elderly, looking into his direction and sucking vril from him. That scared him. Harry woke up again, wet with sweat. He stood up, tigering naked through the room. – “Come to bed old man”, murmured Cindy. – “I am *not* an old man!” shouted Harry. “I'm as fit as any night-owl!” Agitatedly he jumped onto the couch. “*Crack!*” made his ironwood wand, that he had put there. Harry had damaged his wand, as if a hostile spirit had arranged this.

18. Of Wondrous Animals and Men

Days later, Harry and Cindy were sitting in his office. Cindy was doing her daily reading for the psychology class at her university. She was scared to spend her days alone in Harry's flat, and she could not stand the strange atmosphere in the air-conditioned library. So now she sat at the other side of Harry's desk. Harry found it nice to watch her boobs move in her navy-style blouse, but it also was distracting. He had lots of paperwork to do, and he also had to think about how to get to a new magical wand. And then there were those frequent disturbances! Right now Evan entered Harry's office, followed by the headmaster Murny Chatterjee and his not-quite-as-dark assistant, who but was from the West Indies. 'Murky's' skin was even darker than that of Rishi Sunak, the current prime minister of Britain; but he seemed to have some more brain, judging by the size of his forehead. Now the headmaster waved the new flyer that Evan and Harry had drafted. His face showed that he did not agree. "So sorry, but this *phoenix chicken* of yours just won't do, professor Potter!" Evan had drawn a chicken that was hoping how to learn to transform into a phoenix, by going to school at Hogwarts. But Murny didn't believe in phoenixes. He then explained to Harry that the traditional phoenix that Evan had drawn looked unreal, and was a fantasy bird after all. And then he got excited, when he pointed out: "Also, this male chicken may remind kids of the sad fate of the typical male chicken in a UK poultry farm." He seemed to wait now for an answer, but Harry had none. To him the fast, pressed style of Mr. Chatterjee's talking sounded like that of poultry too. It was Cindy then who murmured shyly: "They get killed." Evan made a sad face to this. – "Indeed", said Murny. "We should realize that 29 million unwanted chickens get killed in Britain every year. I find that shocking, since I am a strict vegetarian." Harry now nodded, since he saw the logic in that. – "So do away with that chicken of your's, and better find another funny animal for our leaflet", said Murny while he gave back the draft with the phoenix to Evan. Murny Chatterjee then complained some time about the "subtly incorrect remarks" of "old and gray Guy Llewellyn". Before the two darkies left, Murny's assistant said: "Harry, what about some kind of Mickey Mouse?" Harry could only stare now at the negroid head of the mongrel from the West Indies. Evan later said: "Surely our Shaggy likes Mickey Mouse because of the black skin." – "In reality mice are grey", said Harry. "I have a feeling that this colour is magically problematic. But Mr. Chatterjee is surely a good thinker. We can be thankful for his sense for possible problems." Cindy now said that in medicinal research they were always using white mice: "I believe that is because white mice bring better luck." Harry wasn't ready to believe that, but he didn't talk back. Evan then came with the brown paper bag that had become the home of the chicken that he had bought. "So what are we going to do now with our poor phoenix chicken?" – "Do away with it. You heard what Murky said", advised him Harry dryly. That made Cindy protest loudly. "Oh no, you absolutely can't kill that nice chicken. Harry, we could raise him in one of our greenhouses or winter gardens, could we not? Or we could take him home, as a pet for a while." – "You want to keep this chirping, littering chicken in our apartment?" Harry could not believe it. *Are you nuts?* he wanted to add. But he was experienced with women, and decided to better swallow his words. Evan then said, as an excuse: "I had hoped the chicken would serve us well as a cock some other time. *Hark hark, the watchdogs bark! I hear the strain of chanting rooster. Cry Rockabilly-boo!*" Evan left the office then with his chicken bag, and Harry was back with his pile of unanswered letters. Right now he had to write lots of letters to old friends and alumni of Hogwarts. He was the most famous and renowned wizard of Hogwarts after all. His magical popularity seemed to even grow with the years. Instead he opened the drawer in which he had stored his broken wand. The polished wooden tool still was intact on the outside but was slightly curved now. He tried it with working a little magic, and cast a test spell over the little photovoltaic mill on his desk: "*Sol luce amazoni!*" That was meant to make the solar mill rotate. But it didn't move a little bit, in the dim light that came in from the foggy day outside. "Maybe it just needs a new dragon-heart string at the core", he explained. "For to get this, I'd need to slay a dragon first." – "Can't you send it to a normal repair shop?" asked Cindy with a sorrowful face. But there was no such shop, since the last one of the Ollivanders had retired. What Harry knew was that such futuristic tools carried not dried parts of beasts but integrated circuits of a super-technology inside, brought there by magic.

At lunch Harry chose the sea food soup, today called *Beulahbase*. It included whelk, mussels and glibber that he could not easily chew. He liked the fried cakes with chocolate sauce much more. The weather was foggy. At a walk in the park, he suddenly wished to get rid of Cindy now, who had been following him all day. So he explained to her that it was a noble British custom, that the women and the men would spend their afternoons separately. He knew that Cindy disliked this. The other women at Hogwarts poorly accepted her or not at all. Cindy was not a witch nor even an apprentice, and moreover a “Muggle-born”. It was the common belief among sorcerers, that such a deplorable childhood was making people mad with haughtiness and incompetent. Some of these later would become demented and bedevilled simpletons, as they realized that magic really existed. Harry believed that too when he thought about it. But his problem was that he was partly a Muggle-born himself. That had made him start and lead the modernist movement at Hogwarts, to find a way out of this trap of his own 'ignoble' birth, below the station of other sorcerers. As he thought again about this now, the idea again came to him to try and work up his past with the help of the magic of the Zorro book. Couldn't he try to turn his mother Lily Eriasynthe, back in time, from a deluded muggle into some kind of believer? At the time of his birth, his parents had lived at Godrics Hollow, a small village of the magical folks hard to find on any map. He might travel there once again, he thought, to try and cast a spell that could better up the dire fate of his parents. They had been murdered by Voldemort. Harry's father, Tucker Potter, had been a wizard, who but never managed to convince his wife Lily, a muggle-born, to dare and occupy with magic. On the countryside many folks just were Christians, who feared the Christian gods and ghosts too much. He said to himself: “Or maybe they rather believed, that they should beware of witches like us. If my mother had known that I would become a most powerful wizard later in my life, she might have feared and rejected me.” He tried to imagine how his mother had been. But when he tried to find a vision of her face, instead his magic showed him some kind of iconic likeness of a Virgin Mary, for the time of the blink of an eye. That made him like Christianity a little more than ever. Harry now sped up a bit to join Guy Llewellyn, who was walking alone too. He asked him about Jesus: “Do you believe that he is still somewhere?” – “The Christian lore has it that he resurrected from his tomb by his own will. But how could Jeez do that when he was dead?” asked Guy back. – “Another wizard maybe awakened him from the tomb. That should be well possible.” – “Sure”, agreed Guy. “You just need to rearrange his past. If Jesus didn't die at the cross, he just lived on. I heard some Jap say, that a legend has it that after his resurrection, Jesus wandered all the way to Japan, where he became a priest of the Shinto religion.” Harry found this plausible. But he asked Guy: “So if Judas was his brother, and a wizard too, then do you think that Judas cast a spell that made Jesus resurrect?” Guy had to admit that he didn't know that. But he reminded Harry of the fact that Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald, those leading wizards of Hogwarts of the twentieth century, had been close friends at an early stage of their lives. “Only later they became grim enemies. That is how we today remember them, with Albus as the good guy and Gellert as the devilish wrongdoer. In reality it was not so simple to part good and evil here. I still foster the idea that Gellert still did his best to resist to the evil that we all must face. We mortals are just not so good.” – “I believe that Gellert Grindelwald wasn't good at all”, said Harry. It was the political line of Hogwarts. It was an unforgivable fault to like the devil, Crowley, Hitler or Grindelwald.

But hadn't Jesus been really helpful? That was what he thought when he rested in the afternoon. Alone in bed he found that idea uncommon, and suspected that it had come from Cindy. They had talked about Christianity. Cindy still seemed to find it social and okay in general. Harry seriously had warned her, pointing out that medieval Christians had committed many atrocities and killed many witches, with sadistic cruelty. *Jesus is the supreme devil of the Christians, is he not? At his behest any people he disliked were thrust into his hellish torture chambers, dead or alive.* That was what Harry secretly feared. But now he felt tempted to still try and work Christian magic for his own sake. The magic of the Zorro book had a Christian touch. Harry longed to find out more about this! Under his blanket, Harry became erotic now. He murmured the spells or prayers of the Zorro book: “Sanct Tus! Mother Zitza! Help me with divine magic. Undo the fire in our library!” Again Harry asked those mysterious spirits to better up his past! He satisfied himself and slept in.

When Harry woke up again, Cindy slept at his side. She was on her back slightly snoring. Harry knew that she'd possibly want sex if he would wake her up now. Right now he wasn't in the mood for that. So silently he got up, took his clothes, and dressed in the living room where the kitchen was too. He wetted his hair and left. Should he work some more now in his office, or rather join Dudley and the others at the teacher's rest room? He liked to have a drink now. So he entered the stairhouse of Hogwarts, that was always a bit chaotic. Due to all the magic that had been worked here, mostly by incompetent juvenile students, the stairs were constantly changing and leading to here and there and nowhere. All around were portraits of magical folks and historical landscapes. A superstition had it that some of these dead guys were still living in their pictures as ghosts, and eventually would make the stairways lead to this or that level or room. But that was nonsense of course, since people cannot live inside of paintings. The problem with this magic out of control was though, that even looks at paintings could alter the past! Dead people would change back in time, and thus the present could change too. Harry now tried to avoid looking at the paintings. He looked around for the stairway to the first floor. There the teacher's rest room was situated, with its noble boarded walls and elegant baroque chairs. But Harry saw no such stairway. The one he could find right now seemed to lead to the second floor. So Harry spontaneously decided to go to the library once again. He had always things to study and open questions to look up. In the library there were thousands of books that he had never ever opened, or even taken a look at the cover!

Despite of the late hour of day, several teachers and house guests were still sitting in the library, and reading or writing. At the desk at the gate a young guy sat, he was reading too. When Harry entered he looked up, and then rose to greet him with respect. "Professor Potter! You're welcome. How may I help you?" – "Tell me your name!" replied Harry. He was surprised that he could not remember the name of the man – or was it a woman? The name of this guy was Jude Bilstein. "So you're the sibling of Jacob." Harry smiled. He was relieved to at least remember the name of the director of the library. Harry then told Jude, that he needed to find out more about a special book written by a certain Zorro von Zitzenwitz. As Harry had expected it, Jude had never heard of this man. He then switched on a ceiling lamp. It made his shaven head shine. Jude then searched two catalogues, the older one and the new one. After Jude could not find anything related, he still did not give up. He took his keys fast and bade Harry to follow him, to the room of forbidden books. "In there we have another secret registry, Sir", he explained. Harry nodded, thinking worriedly that he should know this, but probably forgot about it. He looked around and found this place marvellous. It probably took a week to dust off all the shelves. "Hadn't there been a big fire here? I heard rumours that it happened in the last days of the attack of the death eaters." But Jude knew not of such a tragic event. "I can try and find some tales from this time, in the past volumes of the Daily Prophet", he offered. But that was not what Harry was interested in right now. He and Jude then entered the room of the forbidden books. It smelled some more of dust and evil magic. Here Harry unexpectedly found all the books about horcrux magic again. Albus Dumbledore had taken them away into his rooms. "Hey that is great stuff", said Harry, in his typical boyish fashion. But also the secret catalogue had nothing about any Zorro. In another room then Harry helped Jude to handle a huge encyclopedia from the eighteenth century. Therein, well-read witches, wizards and librarians long gone had listed lots of finds and comments from their times until the dark middle ages. Harry explained: "I think that Zorro von Zitzenwitz lived in the years around 1540 AD." He and Jude then searched for some time, but could not find anything. When Harry was about to give up, Jude suddenly said, with his gentle voice: "Now here are older news about this Zorro." – "He must have resurrected like Jesus!" Harry stood stunned before this huge printed encyclopedia of wizards and wizardry, reading the following note: *Von Zitzenwitz, Zorro was truly of a really low birth. Maybe he was identical with the Pomeranian alchemist, juggler and bard Bodo Bagginsky. He entertained and aided the knights of the Teutonic Order in the war years of around 1400 AD and was knighted. But when they lost the war against the Lithuanians, they put the blame on him. For sorcery and sodomy he was condemned to death and hanged. They buried him in the year of 1410 AD at the place later called Tannenberg in the land that later became East Prussia. Into his coffin they put his staff, that allegedly had been the staff of Hermogenes. His wand went missing.*

19. Psychological Muggle Mouthwash

Days later, Harry sat once again in the teacher's rest room. It was early in the evening. During the past days, the atmosphere there had been somewhat tense. Harry knew why. To the outside world he was the glamorous icon of valiant British sorcery. But here at Hogwarts he was only the leader of the minority faction of modernists. The number of his friends and followers was small. Most of the other teachers and associated wizards, the alumni and friends and board members held on to the gathered wisdom of past ages, that had been written down during centuries in many thousands of sorcery books, who until today filled the library. Currently the enormous library took most of the first and second floors of the main building. More rooms were needed, since there were more books, stored in cellars and vaults. That was what Dudley and some of the witches were talking about right now. Harry sat with Barbara, who looked tired and depressed. He felt uncomfortable on the antique baroque chairs, but the furniture surely helped to stay awake and concentrate on the things that were discussed here. Now Guy came, with three glasses of whisky on the rocks. – “I'd rather have a glass of French wine”, said Harry to Barbara. “But it has become too expensive. They don't buy it any more around here, saying that we should buy British instead. It's due to the Brexit.” – “Your food has also deteriorated”, dared Barbara mention. “It's more typically British now, and that means it's more bad.” Old Draco was hearing this, who stood nearby. He now came to the house guest from Germany and barked: “But our manners and styles have not gone worse. I say: Let's have a toast. All hail to England!” All cheered, with the exception of Guy, who was a Welshman. When Draco left, Guy taunted: “All England drinks British now at least. Harry's new lover drinks lager. Only Harry Potter seem to still prefer French Chateau Margaude.” That remark made Dudley and some of the others around laugh. – “Don't remind me of that name”, said Harry. Now he would have liked to have Cindy by his side. But all the conservatives around here didn't tolerate that muggle-born with no official position at Hogwarts in their rest room. After a while, Barbara started to talk again about her studies with the mysterious Snake language Parseltongue. For decades now, the aged German language expert had gathered testimonies on that field. But Barbara had not managed to even put together a small wordbook of the language that the Snakes allegedly were using: “The few words I managed to identify seem to be mostly garbled or phony hissed versions of words in English, German and yet another language. Sometimes I think that the lore of Parseltalk is only a hoax. It seems to me that the entire idea of Parseltongue is just *a trick of the tails* of these Snakes.” Now the people around laughed irritatedly. More came to listen. It was grey-blond Luna L, currently only writing for the Daily Prophet, who asked Barbara: “And what would be that third language?” – “The language of the Parsees, a dialect of ancient Persian. This is what my intuition tells me.” – “Very mysterious”, murmured Harry. He was irritated too, and felt discredited. His official legend had it that he could talk Parseltongue without ever having learned it. But on the few occasions when he had managed to *fa-se-l* the language of the snakes, he had been completely fetched and overtaken by the magic, to the point that he was rather unable to control what he was saying. “When I talked in that tongue, those Snakes were truly talking with my mouth”, he realized now. Ron Weasley then admitted: “That was exactly what I experienced in such a situation. I wasn't talking Parseltongue but they were. And they didn't like to stop that.” Harry felt ashamed, and drank out his whisky too soon. Barbara meanwhile felt encouraged now to talk some more about this. She explained that some German had spread the news, that an alien planet called Letar was near to this earth and similar in it's entire creation: “Letar dwells behind Sirius. And there the Parsis are what here the Jews are: They are regarded as God's own people, but wrongly.” – “Who was this German?” – “One of his classical names is Zeus”, said Barbara, “Germanic Zio.” – “So that is what *Tus* means!” Harry blurted that out, and realized that nobody understood him now. Barbara nervously twisted her necklace, and then kept on explaining: “I told this to Bibi, my daughter, who at that time was attending Hogwarts. Bibi then came up with the funny name Faselmund, renaming Parseltongue. That is German and means: *Blabbering mouth*. And it refers to the fact that those Snakes often speak with our mouths, making us talk nonsense or things we didn't want to say.” The listeners were shocked now. It was headmaster Murny who finally said: “Let's not blabber here. The name of the language is and will remain Parseltongue.”

Back at home he met Cindy. She obviously had slept much, and now was moody and dissatisfied. Had she been crying? She had been working hard with her psychology study book. Now she was eager to talk to someone about it. And she questioned Harry: "Do you consider yourself mentally sane? Or are you disturbed?" – "So what if I am? I get disturbed frequently. Often negative talk is trying to steal my attention or pestering me. The Snakes are constantly hissing to me. I know their language, or so I think. That is why my fellows call me a Parselmouth", explained Harry, trying to take this disliked topic lightly. – "Then maybe you need medication and therapy", explained Cindy. She lay stretched out on the bed in her white negligee, and now she showed him her book. The gesture reminded Harry of the horrible holy books of diverse clerics. He knew that Cindy had right now that time of the month when she was not in the mood for intercourse, but the more in the mood for bickering. She now laid out to him, that one basic doctrine of psychology was that any mental disturbances had their origin and were rooted in traumas of the patients, most notably in hurts of the childhood. – "That is just typical muggle mouthwash", replied Harry. "Can't you get over that while you are in Hogwarts?" But the idea suddenly interested him. And since Cindy looked sad and study-stupid now, he explained to her once again that he had tried hard right now to better up his own past. "I used the magic of the Zorro book two times, and it seems to work out well. It is also about removing childhood traumas." – "So then tell me about your childhood. You may realize that talking therapy can help you as well, to resolve those troubles of your past. What do think was your biggest trauma?" – "It was when my mother died. Voldemort killed Lily at our home, in the village of Godrics Hollow. I was but too young to notice. I was only one year old. He had noticed that I would possibly vanquish him some day, so he changed his past to kill me and my mother before I could grow." – "What a terrible tragedy", said Cindy. She now yawned, and rose to fetch her tablet pc and a pen. Harry sighed. He had planned to watch TV now and have a good time. – "That Voldemort must have been like a father for you, who became a rival for the favour of your mother. It is a typical Freudian conflict", explained Cindy then. Harry didn't think that at all, but he was too polite and tired now to talk this out of her confused mind. "When I grew up I missed my mother much. That was maybe leading to the other big trauma of my life." Cindy took notes. "Yes?" – "It was when my marriage with Ginny broke up." That story made Harry get really disturbed and nervous. He now tiggered back and forth through the bedroom. "She suddenly got so terribly angry and aggressive! I had never imagined she could ever have grown so horrible! This became a big trauma of my love life." – "You better lay down now, and relax." Cindy made him lay down on the bed. Then she sat at his side with a professional face. "You must have done something. What did you do to make her get so angry?" It was another disliked question. Harry was ashamed of the answer: "I broke our marriage. I, ahm, kind of double-dealed with Marge. I just had a little affair. I hadn't thought this would end up in a Wars of the Roses. That is a trauma that no therapy can remove from my past." – "So your wife Ginny didn't forgive you? Why not?" – "The problem was that Margaude was one of my girl students. I was her teacher, and she was just twelve." Now Harry was feeling the hot blood rush to his cheeks. Cindy now got angry. She stood up and nearly let her tablet fall to the floor: "You did *that*? Harry Potter, how could you!" Harry now spoke fast to try and placate her. "Marge already had big breasts, just like you have. And she was lusty. She came to me with her magic, every time I was dozing. I was having wet dreams. When it was too late to stop them, I was sensing that she was doing this with her broom. She was a virgin. The atmosphere in the entire class was tense. I mean ...". He wildly gesticulated with his hands now, staring up to the spider-webs around the ceiling lamp. "... I was renowned to be the greatest magician of all time in all Britain, aside of Uri Geller. Everybody wanted me. All the girls liked to talk to me and flirt with me. Due to all the fantasy films, they had of me the idea that I was still like one of the boys in their mixed classes. I hadn't grown to be big and very male, so they all in some way treated me as a forever juvenile." Harry now looked up to Cindy, to find that she had stopped making notes. Suddenly she reminded him of the mother he had never had.

They slept in then. *You fool don't know our language*, hissed the Snakes. Harry rose startled, and was in no mood to sleep again. He took a cold shower, which always helped. When he came back to his room, he found that Cindy was packing up her travel bag. He hugged her to make her stop.

20. A Shopping Trip to Hogsmeade

On Friday he took the minibus to Hogsmeade. It was the day of the weekly shopping tour. Cindy had left Hogwarts for some days of golfing and visiting her parents. Harry was secretly relieved, but not willing to admit this to himself. He had started to masturbate regularly. He was ashamed of that, but by this discrete way he could fantasize about interesting women in lively visions. He especially liked to think of Hermione. Already at a boy he had found her especially tempting. He found this more enjoyable than the sexual artistry with Cindy, that demanded of him what he just not always had: A little man that could stand tall for at least a quarter of an hour. Harry typically was extremely distracted. At a time when he was busy on his bed, chair or couch with Cindy, he would suddenly be forced to think of something else, for instance of his damaged wand. And then his male member would start to resemble his wand: It would get curved and fail to function. Now while he was sitting in the bus and waiting for the departure, he thought of sex once again. It was scary for him, that he tended to think more and more of sex right now. Wasn't that comparable to an addiction? *The scare must always be there.* He then thought of the laudanum, the drug cocktail that he had taken in some few times. He had always stopped that because of the fear of getting addicted. He was glad now when tiny Miss Cunningham entered the minibus, to take a seat at his side. Instantly she began to talk nicely to him. It was like a floodgate had been opened. Harry had the idea now that by way of masturbating, he was redistributing his vril to lots of elderly women. Carla now assured him, once again, that she was and would remain a committed member of his modernist faction at Hogwarts: “Dear, you may find it strange that I, the ancient history teacher, should not be a traditionalist at our fortress of knowledge, wisdom and truth. But as we regard the traditions of sorcery, we must find that the four legendary founders of Hogwarts at their time had been what we would now called modernists. Methinks that Rowena Ravenclaw had been much influenced by Christian religion. It was in 993 AD, when the Christian sheep were expecting that the world would go under in the year 1000. It was Christian influence that made her design a new lore of sorcery, that was untraditional and even hated by Slytherin and most of the British magical folks at her era. She seems to have hoped that Jesus would welcome and gratify this on judgment day. A prophecy had it that the saviour would appear on a November 11 in Holy Cologne, with 11.000 of his wives, at the site of their martyrdom. Jesus married all nuns, they are his brides, you know? One of them was Saint Ursula. Ursula had been a British lady on the Grand Tour.” – “But that didn't happen in the year 1000”, reminded her Harry. – “Nor will it ever. Anyway, the saying goes that when the saviour should come to redeem Earth, the end of the days of Hogwarts is due to come. Ours is just a realm of a thousand years, and our time will end with the end of Christian religion. So what? I believe that the old days of a more traditional British witchcraft should then find their renaissance. That will be the time when the mythical hog, who allegedly was leading Rowena Ravenclaw to our place, later called Hogwarts, will get void of magic. Our traditionalist witches and wizards then will be replaced by a new generation of sorcerers, hallowing their sleuth hounds and what they eventually search out in the woods and thickets, that will have overgrown Hogwarts.” – “Phew!” Harry found it amazing what that little old woman with her little head had thought out. “So you think of a revival of the old era of British witchcraft? That scares me. I must find that I don't wish the old days to return when historical Rowena, the queen of king Vortigern, was laying the foundation for their castle in the hills. They were encountering magical troubles. The dragons, I mean the Snakes, didn't allow this. They tried to placate them with the sacrifice of a human. Priests had chosen young Merlin for this. He must have been a guy not unlike myself.” That made Carla Cunningham stop grinning. She suddenly looked sad and tired, and a little tear rolled down from her right eye. “I remember what Ginny once told me, your wife. She too found that the influence of Christianity had had good effects on our pagan British religion and sorcery.” Now Harry was getting bitter. “Surely Ginny is good at heart. That is why she became a leading traditionalist, after the days of our war against the evil death eaters. But some years later, to me it appeared as if the traditions of the Middle Ages just would no longer do. We have to get over the old errors and shortcomings.” Harry tried to talk mildly. But now Carla looked a little angry. He only remembered later, that *shortcomings* was a word that the tiny old witch particularly disliked.

It was raining when the minibus landed in Hogsmeade. Most of the passengers then firstly walked over to the pub, to have a drink and eventually hear there about special offers and bargains. Some would take the train later to the next major muggle town, where everything was cheaper and more modern. Harry Potter but remembered that he had found the Hog's Head pub too dingy, years ago. He became the only passenger who decided to not follow the others into town, but to rather walk the streets for a while to reconnect himself to nature. He took out his wand and spoke: "*Sol lucet amazjoni*", to activate the umbrella function. Only when this function didn't function, he became aware again that his wand was broken. Despite of the rain he strolled out of town until he reached the welcome board with the huge emblazon of the town, saying: *Visitors beware of the sorcerers and witches and their beasts who live and dwell here*. The emblazon showed two unicorns, wands and sparks. To Harry this image looked like a message, saying: *Wondrous beasts do all the magic with sparks, and with your wands*. "But we do magic as we like it!" murmured Harry to himself.

He then went to the Hogsmeade wandmaker's shop. The magical folks still called it *Ollivanders*, since it had been a branch of the famous Ollivanders Wandmakers firm, that once existed in the Southwarke of London. During the wars against the death eaters, the main shop of Ollivanders in London had been raided and looted several times. Later it had reopened, but the last watchmaker of that traditional firm, Garrick Ollivander jr., had retired a decade ago. Now also the branch shop in Hogsmeade had found a new owner, Mr. Thelonias Twaster. He was rather shy, and Harry had never met him in person so far. As Harry now opened the screeching door and went in, he looked around first, to try and get an impression of the quality of the shop and it's keeper. Mr. Twaster was not young and a little bald. He wore the brown overall of a manual labourer. Instantly he recognized Harry Potter, and became a bit deferential. "What an honour is this! Professor Potter in person. How may I help you?" – "With a new wand, of course." Harry looked at the wooden shelves, where many wands lay. Obviously Mr. Twaster had made the shelves all by himself. But how good were his wands? There were plenty of them, but Harry knew that it took a very special magic to introduce a cone into them. He now found that he didn't like the impression on the face of this man. He sensed that he was at odds with him, magically. But maybe that was only a false prejudice ... – "Of course you will only want first quality, the very best selection. So what about a very special elder wand?" Mr. Twaster fumbled at his keys and then opened a locked wardrobe. Harry was shocked a bit. *The Elder Wand* had been one of the most powerful wands that ever had been constructed. That was at least what the gossip was saying, that was what the Daily Prophet used to tell to it's readers. Regarding the actual power of magical wands, it rather played much of a role what people believed that they could work with them. The wandmaker then put on a silky glove and opened up a noble leather cartouche. He pulled out a shimmering, feeble looking wand, and smiled as he showed it to Harry. "That is one of the last coveted works of Mikew 'Mosquito' Grigoravitch. He could pulverize a mosquito at the ceiling with them, from a distance of twenty feet, without damaging the whitened ceiling." – "Great!" said Harry. He stretched out his hand to take over the wand. But Mr. Twaster flinched swiftly: "Unfortunately, the current market price of such very rare objects is constantly rising, to reach astronomical dimensions." – "So what do you demand?" asked Harry bluntly. The greed for that wand was now in his eyes. But he hadn't really expected to hear the price of: "Six point six million pounds! And this is still a good offer for good customers and friends from Hogwarts." Harry was shocked for a moment, he was speechless. He hadn't checked his bank accounts for some time, but they were rather depleted, from the purchase of the Zorro book in Paris. Should he rather buy a cheaper stick, one that was suitable for pupils? With a stony face, he drew out his damaged ironwood wand, to lay it on the counter. "Before we talk more about this, let me first ask you another question. This is my old wand. He got a bit out of shape. Would you be able to repair it?" When Mr. Twaster looked at Harry's old wand, his face darkened. "What kind of alien ware might that be?" – "It's ironwood, allegedly from Madagascar. Mr. Gregorovitch found it to be excellent material." – "Well, from my British point of view, such work is rather untraditional. In my shop I only sell and work up finest traditional British ware. All my wands were made from finest British trees and shrubs, from cherry to oak. It would be below my professional honour to even try and get to similar results with the help of such a *Negro rod!*"

When Harry entered the pub, the Football Women's World Cup was just live on TV. Just as he took a seat at the counter and watched, the English team reached an early lead against Denmark: 1:0. The negroid Lauren James had shot the goal. Harry was stunned. – “Harry Potter! You look wet. Where's your talking hat?” asked Yrsula. The lady behind the counter was compact and as pretty as a former whore, but she kept the pub nicely clean. She now told Harry: “Sorry, but we still don't serve French wine here. Our hog mead but was freshly brewed.” – “No, better serve me a bottle of Newcastle Brown. Brown is my favourite colour”, said Harry. They all knew that, like they all knew too much of him anyway. – “Did you manipulate the game, Harry Potter?” asked an old man from the village, pointing to the TV screen. Since Harry didn't bother to answer, the man told the pub that Harry occasionally manipulated soccer games. “Once he came in, when Sky TV just showed the premier league games. It was Man United away playing West Bromwich Albion. Manchester was leading 5:2, they had won the game, with only ten minutes left. But Harry Potter didn't like the result. So he took his wand ...” The man made a great gesture as if he was witching, “and then a Negro scored a goal for West Brom. So what. They started again fast, and in the exact minute this Negro and another Negro scored another goal for West Brom. The exact Negro then equalled out the game a few minutes later. That was the final result: 5:5. Harry was glad.” – “I am a West Broomwitch Albion fan for some time now”, explained Harry to the pub. “Did you know that that town became famous for England's finest manufacturers of brooms?” Most had heard of that. But now Ron Weasley said: “You only could do this magic because of some special rules of black magic. Did you realize that it always is so easy to help those Blacks with anything they do? It is because the demons are always ready to help them especially in certain competitive sports.” – “But not as well in every-day life”, added Jon, the sports teacher who was sitting at Ron's table. Harry took his beer and joined them. Soon he had to tell them about the scandalous rise of prices of magical wands. Ron knew that problem well. – “Above six million pounds, that's still only the transfer sum for a big football star”, explained Jon lively, who did not easily lose his humour. – “I have a plan how we could get to that money, and even make much more”, blurted Harry out. He could not refrain from telling them about the irresistible offer of those Jewish super-rich to found a Hogwarts investment bank. Ron didn't like the idea. “Since the Gringotts wizarding bank went bankrupt during the financial crisis, with all their bank notes suddenly having only waste-paper value, the magical folks has come to strongly dislike such experiments.” Harry but explained to his former best friend that *his* new bank was meant to serve not the magical community but make money in the London financial district. “We need more real world money! And Jews know better than any other peoples how to make it.” – “But this is another aspect of this imbroglio of racial and ethnic magic. It may eventually not work out for you and me.” That was what Barbara said. The prominent German witch was sitting at another table with Dudley. Both had listened to Harry and Ron. – “Now you sound like a racist and an anti-Semite”, joked Dudley. Barbara didn't laugh to this but looked a bit scared. Harry meanwhile had nervously taken out his wand, telling Ron: “I always searched ways how to make money with our magic. I mean, that is what we magical folks can do best, better than any other people! We can show them the magic!” – “The muggles are like deaf dumb and blind for this”, said Ron with a bitter smile. – “They're scared”, supposed Barbara. “When Muggles see miracles, they typically interpret them by their traditional ways of belief. For Christians this means: They believe that any sorcery must originate from their devil. His Biblical name is Asmoel, in Persian Aeshma. That means: *God Sam*. Via Parseltongue it refers to Gasama. It is apparently a snake who is a lord among the Dementors. Our big problem in Germany is that we witches were always linked to such Christian devils, for instance by Goethe. At our traditional holy stone of Blocksberg, on our festive days the witches eventually dance with carnival devils. I also blame for this the dementing heritage of the GDR, the atheist leftist republic that once ruled East Germany. Harry now said: “Talk of the devil and he'll come. That is what Goethe wrote.”

“*Weia! Au Weia!*” Barbara suddenly shrieked and rose in a hurry, stumbling backwards. Harry saw that there now lay a piece of paper on her table that hadn't been there before. Ron Weasley fetched it and said: “It's an apparition.” Harry looked at it with alarm. It showed again a copied Aleister Crowley tarot card. It was “The Devil!” The text said: *Your master grants you the leave.*

21. The True Origins of Magic

At first I thought you were the loser, Harry. You were dark, puny, poor, odd, simple, near-sighted and wooden like Pinocchio. But then your magic impressed us all. I thought: Whew, that freak is stronger than ten men. He's a comic book superhero. So I took you. But now I realize, that your powers came from the dark forces. You're not a superrogue, but a bait, that they used to fish me.

Harry woke up with a cry, realizing that he had been dozing against his will. In his lively dream he had heard Ginny again chiding him. Now he was *woke*, that means he was filled with an angry desire. Suddenly he coveted her again. She should still be beautiful. He longed to masturbate with her in his mind. But this was probably a bad idea; since he knew, or imagined, that she still hated him. *Carla loves you*, said a treacherously gentle voice to him. That gave Harry shivers and fears. Who were the creatures who could work such strong and subtle magic? Who, who, who, the dogs of Sirius? No, the Snakes of course. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and then looked again at his paperwork, at his desk before him. He could not do this now. He wanted to rise, but couldn't. With an effort he got up, and had to sit down again. Just then Evan entered Harry's office. Today his aide also looked pressed and a little bitter. But then Evan forced himself to smile, since he had found the document that Harry had wanted him to fetch from the library. It was an old treatise by Albus Dumbledore: *The true Origins of Magic. An Analysis of Will Shakespeare's ›The Tempest‹*. “We had been talking about this”, reminded him Evan, “and apparently you were right, professor Potter. Golly, that manuscript may fundamentally change our view on how magic really works. It is very untraditional material.” – “Indeed.” – “So the traditionalists are wrong, when they claim that old Albus had been one of them.” – “They are deluded. But aren't we all?” Harry yawned and rubbed his face. Then he looked at the rather yellowed treatise. It had been printed on withering paper non-woodfree. Evan was leaving, and said in the door: “There is so much magic in this play of Shakespeare, that it makes me wonder why the muggles generally like it. Maybe it's because it explains magic more correctly than our scholarly wisdom can.” Harry nodded, absent-minded. He had to struggle now to get up and leave. It was already tea time, but he didn't want to join the rest of the staff in the main building. He but also disliked to spend the rest of the day alone at home. He had a fit of rays to counter. He took a long walk in the park, until he could breathe more freely again. Meanwhile he tried to remember what he knew about *The Tempest*. The protagonist of the play was Prospero, some kind of Italian pope of the sorcerers. They had chased him away from Milan his home town. He had been lucky that they hadn't killed him. Alone in a leaking boat then with his daughter, Prospero miraculously had landed on a Caribbean island. There Prospero had encountered a spirit in distress. Ariel then became Prospero's magical servant. That invisible spirit proved to be valuable, helpful and friendly to the sorcerer, and nicely misleading and mean to his foes. Prospero now allegedly could work great miracles! He then raised *the tempest*, a hurricane. But in the end, when Ariel left him, old Prospero found that his magical powers had left him too. “So all of Prospero's great magic was in fact only the work of Ariel, this friendly spirit of magical music. Did Prospero realize this?” Talking to himself, Harry could not answer that question. He vaguely remembered *Arielle*, a gloomy mermaid film he hadn't seen. “I don't like Star Wars and mermaid films.” Meanwhile he had arrived at the Great Lake, that was situated not too far away from Hogwarts. He still felt pressed and distressed, and knew that a cool bath in open water could help best against the rays that were doing this. Nobody was near, so he undressed and stepped into the cool water. After a refreshing swim Harry stepped out again, and spontaneously decided to rest a little in the warm evening sun. There Murcus the grim mermaid appeared to him again. “Harry Potter, you're welcome! Surely you came here longing to see me.” – “No way. I thought you live in the fire pond now.” – “Yes, but sweetheart, I've been searching for you! Lately you've become *so* erotic! Tell me that you love me!” The mermaid gave him a hug with her mighty arms, that nearly squeezed the air out of his lungs. – “Mu-Murcus, no! Stop this!” gurgled Harry. He was feeling her slimy green make-up on his cheeks now, and with a great effort he freed himself from her hug. He was still naked, but he reached out for his damaged wand, that he still wore in his trousers. Then he shouted at her an anti-mermaid spell: “*Sirena sardina!*” Murcus melted into a fish and disappeared in the lake. Harry but was stunned! His damaged wand had still worked!

The weekend then was dedicated to the meeting of the board of directors and elders of Hogwarts. Currently the president was Jocelyn Kay, an elderly witch with legendary enormous powers. As Harry entered the dark great hall of Hogwarts, J. Kay already was sitting at the head of the tables, who had been regrouped for the occasion into some kind of rectangle. A wall carpet right behind her head showed the impressive seal of Hogwarts. Her hair was dyed blond, and she wore a black and purple robe with an impressive golden necklace. The meeting hadn't yet begun, and she was talking to Barbara Blocksberg who now sat next to her – on Harry's chair! While Barbara was whispering with her, Jocelyn was drinking red tea and nibbling a Graham cookie. Then she said to the German witch, with her polite, dignified voice: “My Hogwarts is really no place for a cross at a necklace, dear.” Barbara nodded and hid the little cross on her necklace with her hand. Then she left the room, and Harry could take his seat. Jocelyn smiled at him her patronizing smile, and then told him: “Harry Potter, you look younger again. That must be due to the rejuvenating magic that your son Albus tried out some years ago with his time-turner.” – “You are surely right”, said Harry. He hadn't the nerves now to tell her that these hazardous experiments of his juvenile son had nearly lead to a historical disaster, and had also estranged him from his children and his wife. Instead he told her: “Definitely, the magic of rearranging the past is very complicated. Right now I spend a lot of my time with further studies on this field.” – “I'd be very interested to hear more from this, when it is ready for everyday use”, told him J. Kay. Harry realized that she knew well that this magic could have enormously detrimental side-effects. But right now professor Pickwick entered the room. He was one of the most charismatic British magicians, and had only recently come back from a congress in America. He took the place at the other side of J. Kay, and was all smiles when she greeted him warmly. Then the white owl called Hagrid hovered into the room. It dropped a big white drop onto the floor, and then it let fall a letter into the hands of the chairlady. She didn't open it but said, a little sadly: “Draco Malfoy now writes that he can't attend. He was always a naughty boy.” They laughed about that. “Draco lately got a little demented”, said Ron. “Right now he left for Bayreuth, to regard Wagner operas.” – “I don' like mermaids”, sang Harry. J. Kay then opened the session with ringing her silver bell. Headmaster Chatterjee gave a lengthy overview over the recent problems that were troubling Hogwarts. The number of young students had dropped dramatically. They tried to counter this with more advertisement. But shouldn't they also try to modernize the lore of Hogwarts? Wasn't it high time for a fundamental reform of the old-time magical curricula? Most could already read from her face that J. Kay did not like to hear that proposal. Like the large majority of the teachers and the personnel, the elderly chairlady was a traditionalist. “I assume that Rowena Ravenclaw encountered similar problems, when she had her historic dispute with the renegade Salazar Slytherin. She bravely remained with the traditions of the school she co-founded, and that proved soon to be the way out of the spiritual crisis of her time.” – “Hear, hear”, said old professor Pickwick, and most of the other teachers applauded or nodded. Harry saw that old Guy Llewellyn was the only teacher now who vividly shook his head. After that, it was Ron Weasley's turn to report about the problematic shortage of magical wands: “The core of the problem seems to be the failure of the Ollivander family to bring forth a skilled successor to their last master wandmaker Garrick junior.” – “The main branch of the family has died out. It's not an inconvenience but a catastrophe, comparable to global warming. In the US of A too, there exist no able wandmakers right now”, explained professor Pickwick then. – “That would leave Russia as the last field where we could hope to find a replacement”, said Ms. J. Kay. “I mean Durmstrang of course.” The board members and teachers fell silent, and the hall seemed to get a little colder. It was an old witch who retold then the story of the Ollivanders, whose house traditions allegedly reached as far back in time as to 385 BC. “Three centuries *before Caesar*, the art of British wandmaking had already come to a full bloom!” – I don't subscribe to that”, replied Ron now. “Actually, we haven't found any wands that were made at a time before the foundation of Hogwarts.” – “Oh no! The original staff of the great Gwydion lies in your exposition room”, said Guy Llewellyn. – “Yes, but that is not a staff with an active core”, said Ron. They looked at J. Kay then, who was thinking. The chairlady of the board finally uttered a sibyllic dictum: “That problem was also one that Rowena Ravenclaw knew. That is why she decided to go *hog-warts*.”

On Sunday noon Harry Potter was eating Yorkshire pudding “Jamie Oliver”. He maybe took too much gravy, as he later thought. He sat at the table with Ron Weasley and Hermione. She seemed to have a bad day and stared at him with a sour face. On the same table sat Jon the Jock, who now warned: “Don't eat so much, Harry, if you don't do more sports. You know that your nation needs you to be in good shape.” – “I'll go jogging in the afternoon”, promised Harry, and he did mean it. But when he was really feeling fed up and dreamy after the big meal, he found it extremely hard to even get up from the chair. He then took a walk in the park as usual. When he met Dudley and Barbara there, and also Guy came along, they spontaneously decided to leave the usual ways and venture into the murky forest. “I still know the old shields here saying: *Forbidden Forest. Giant spiders and other wondrous beasts freely roam here!*” – “So now it's called the *Spider Forest*”, said Barbara, reading out aloud the new guidepost, looking a little scared now. Mr. Chatterjee and the board members had given the old forest a new name that sounded not so ominous. They now strolled to the cottage there. The old hut was inhabited by Jasper Dickens. He had taken up some of the many little jobs and responsibilities of Hagrid, whose grave they found in the garden. “He lately had become very obese”, remembered Harry. “When one day Hagrid missed at dinner, we knew that something very bad must have happened. We found him where he had died. There was no coffin for him, and due to his weight of above 50 stone we could not move him. So we buried him here. Fat people and wild wizards die young.” – “You're the exception from the rule”, said Dudley. And Barbara said: “Destiny tends to keep alive the prominent people for a longer time, if they don't get too bad.” – “So who's really good and who's bad?” said Guy. They walked around. The forest was rather still and looked like any other musty forest. Harry vaguely remembered that he had seen shadowy giant spiders creep here. They had been wondrous beasts only, who didn't really live in the real world. Dudley said: “Due to the laws of evolution we would have to expect giant spiders living everywhere. But the fatherly creative magic that fills the world seems to only allow giant spiders in jungles.” – “It is because of the cold that they can't grow here”, supposed Guy. – “They could grow hair”, replied Harry. – “But they did not, maybe because we don't love them enough”, supposed Barbara, shuddering. Guy now sang dreamily: “Sodomy, masturbation, pederasty, father why do these words sound so nasty?” When they stared at him aghast, he said: “Excuse me much. They sang that in the old hippie musical *Hair*. We all used to have so much hair in summer 69.” Barbara now said: “In German sodomy means sex with beasts. I am sure that that perversion was related to the wondrous beasts.” – “The original Sodomites surely didn't have sex with spiders”, joked Guy. Harry was shocked: “Guy, the spider forest doesn't do you well.”

They soon walked back to the park, and on to the Great Lake. There Harry wanted to have his usual swim, braving the cool and humid weather. But since recently he was afraid of the mermaid Murcus, who had a tendency to always make him fall asleep to haunt him in his dreams. “What I don't know is whether she is really real”, explained he. That was the big question regarding the whole lot of magical creatures, from the unicorns and mermaids to the Christian gods, ghosts and devils. “Thomas Hobbes had much courage. He dared to discard all traditional religious fantasies, while concluding that such types didn't exist.” Guy but disagreed: “Hobbes didn't know mermaids because he never saw one. The Lady of the Lake has a tendency to not show up to muggles.” Guy suddenly smiled, and looked nicer at once. He told to the others the famous Welsh legend of the shepherd of Llyn y Fan Fach. “He had been a young man from the village of *Myddfai*, a dreamer who used to stare into the lake *fan Fach* for hours. In the lake he saw a most beautiful Lady, who was also most wise and charming. The legend has it that he took her for his wife, around the year of 1220. But when he beat her three times she left him. Their children became famous herbal and magical healers. The Lady was the true origin of their magic.” – “She is unfair!” said Harry then. “I always only encounter the ugly local mermaid. – “It's maybe because Wales is a blessed land”, said Guy. – “Did you say *Myth fé?*” asked Barbara. As Guy nodded, she took out a notebook and pointed to one of the names she had noted there. She then explained with a trembly voice: “To me it seemed that in Parseltongue, the word Fee is strongly connected with the Hogs. I mean aliens here, descendants of pigs, like Miss Piggy.” – “So what about sodomy now?” asked Dudley Guy. “I've encountered some so-called house elves, guys with swine ears. These types really scare me.”

22. A Ruse at the Birthday Party

On Sunday night, they bade farewell the members of the board of directors with a gala dinner and an ensuing ball. Harry Potter dressed up in his blackest suit, putting on his too-tight leather shoes and also a bow tie in blue, white and yellow. Professor Pickwick wore a bow-tie too, and his one was flashier than Harry's. He danced a few rounds with Jocelyn Kay, who now wore a glittering skin-tight red dance costume and a tiny blue witches' hat with the Sun and the Moon on it. Harry remembered the story how J. Kay had invented the initiation rite of the talking hat, who sorted the newbies among the students into the four colleges of Hogwarts. The idea had come to her from the saga of 'The Wizard of Oz', where a phoney wizard had used similar tricks. Of course the rite of the talking hat was a trick. In reality J. Kay was evaluating the pupils. Then, on the basis of her spontaneous intuition, she used sound and animation technology to make the youngsters believe that the 'magical hat' had chosen them for this or that house of Hogwarts and thus honoured them. When J. Kay then came to dance with Harry, she was all smiles. "Dear, I feel ten years younger in your arms, or maybe fifty", she confessed to him. He was sensing with his hands that she wore a stiff corsage under her dance costume. Obviously the magic of rejuvenation had its limits. His feet were already hurting, and he couldn't well make conversation while waltzing. Then came a foxtrot. She sang the title: "S' wonderful!" Harry realized that wonders didn't only manifest when he cast a spell. Magic was everywhere in the world, and naturally people always were sensing and using it. The muggles never really noticed and understood. But were the magical folks really wiser? From what he knew he doubted that. That is why he had started the modernist movement. When they then paused, and sat down and took some more drinks at the table, she had worrying news for him: "Professor Pickwick recently met Ginny in San Diego. She was inquiring about her return to Hogwarts, with Albus and Scorpius joining her. I would like to see her again here, and Murky would agree. I but wanted to hear first what do you think of that, son." Harry just opened his mouth and produced a bubble. "Hopefully the ghost of Diego can't dispense with her", he then said. "Ginny got terribly angry on me when we met last time." – "Dear, you did many wonders in your life, but that was surely not one of them." Now she looked like a chiding teacher before him. J. Kay was a little bigger than he was. "I was really upset too and sorry when it came out that you were having an affair with that young exchange student from Beauxbatons. What was her name?" – "Marge", murmured Harry. He now felt like a student discussing a serious misdemeanour with his teacher. But he explained to her, that their marriage had already been in trouble before he had fallen for that under-teen witch. "Ginny had become moody and obtrusive. She seemed to get so sticky, like glue. And when it was too much for me, she reacted with jealousy and sudden fits of rage." – "Dear, you probably still don't know about the secret troubles she had had", explained J. Kay coolly. The chairwoman of the board explained to Harry then, that Ginny had once told her about her secret anxieties and magical troubles. "Demons seemed to suddenly pester and plague her more and more. For her it was like getting pushed by an invisible demon. When she moved, she would tumble against tables and the frames of doors. She felt *possessed* sometimes, and nasty strange voices would fill her mind and try and talk with her mouth." – "She had the *Faselmund*", said Harry. "But I never had that so badly how she'd had it. I could not understand what spell was doing this! I still can't." J. Kay nodded, and looked wiser now than she maybe was. She explained to Harry Potter that the magic that fills the world has its own laws and tendencies, some good and some evil. "You and Ginny engendered three classy kids. While that was going on, all went well in your marriage ... *more or less*", she said, suppressing Harry's upcoming protest with waving her hand. "But when your reproductive phase was finally over, the magic seemed to separate you from her. It was as if a cosmic spirit wanted you to turn then to other women. Maybe the intention was that you should have more kids. Some say that this is some kind of archaic role model for a *holy king*. And are you not a king, son, a king of all the wizards of the entire world?" – "I doubt if I could dare to see me that way." Harry was feeling pressed and ashamed. He then explained that he believed that the magic that had been separating him from Ginny was probably the work of all the witches and women of the world. "Everybody likes me and wants me. The girls don't want me to stay with just one woman. They suck vril from me. That is what makes me get forcedly erotic."

Later in the evening, Harry Potter got a little drunk. Guy was besotted too, and warned him now with his grumpy voice: "Let me warn you before the pretty present that the fellows prepared for you tonight. That might soon turn out to become a heavy burden on your back. How is your back anyway?" – "My back is fine of course", replied Harry. He was irritated. Lately Guy was getting really eccentric. When Guy reminded him, that Harry had had serious back troubles just a month ago, Harry couldn't remember that at first. With much effort only he realized, that he had had an accident when he had been romancing with Cindy. But what had happened then? He remembered that he had been in New York City. "I saw a musical on Broadway I really liked. It had the music of the British rock group Genesis. I knew that record from my teenage days. I was fifteen when it came out, in, ahm, the year 1973." – "So you're really just ten years younger than me", reckoned Guy. Harry then retold Guy what he remembered of that musical. Guy said joyfully: "So you saw *Hair!* I like that musical. It has a lot of classy songs." Harry had not the nerve to explain to the besotted old man, that he was rather sure that he had not seen *Hair*. He took yet another glass of wine, and put it away again instantly with much effort. It wasn't normal for him to drink so much. So what was wrong? When he pondered about this, he realized that he was upset because of the news that Ginny intended to come back to Hogwarts. He was not prepared to meet her ever again. He now also decided to dislike Guy. Lately the old man maybe had become too much of a swine. He thought again of what Dudley had said earlier that day: *The fatherly magic of creation*. Could it be true that a fatherly god really did exist? Sometimes Guy had reminded him of the father that he had never had. He had also found such a replacement father in Dumbledore. But that old homo had eventually become a little too cosy. He thought again about the therapy play session that he'd had with Cindy. She had told him that she regarded Voldemort as a father figure. "Codswallop!" fumed Harry. But when he thought again about this, he concluded that maybe Voldemort was not so far away from the grim, vengeful and bad-tempered figure that the Bible painted of 'the father'. What if God the creator got in trouble due to one of his creations? He would erase it from history. And then midnight came. With the clock striking twelve, suddenly all the lights went out, and all the people got excited. Seconds later a spotlight caught Harry, who only realized then that it was his birthday once again: July the Last. He rose with a forced smile and waved to the people, who now came to him, and cheered and cried out: "*When the clockwork strikes twelve, put your books on the shelf, Happy Birthday Harry Potter, sings the prettiest elf!*" Then they started a little show in the great hall. The spotlight followed him to the high chair that they had put up for him on top of a table. Harry Potter had to climb up and sit there, staring in the dark of the room with the hot searchlight blinding him. But soon the room was lit up, while the people down there were lighting up candles, lanterns and fairy lights. Little lamps and firecrackers then illuminated a large number 42. It was made of paper and now rose to the gallery of the first floor. Harry had thought that he was really already 43, but what the heck? "It's magic", he said to himself. And really, he was the great star now of his school, he was the holy king of Hogwarts. He smiled when the music started again. Since this was the witching hour, there also seemed to be ghosts visiting the fete. Not only Harry now seemed to see ghosts clad in old-time duds. A sphinx was there and a centaur, and no mermaids. Most of the ghosts looked like wizards and witches of past ages. Helena Ravenclaw seemed to briefly appear, chased through the hall by the Duke in chains, her spiritual counterpart. Then a noble ghost rider rode into the hall. Harry knew him! This was Alexander the small Great. But the next part of the show was definitely more to his liking. Now half a dozen of pretty young girls danced into the room, with brooms in between their legs. They had on only knee long plaid skirts, and their naked breasts were mostly small. But the audience cheered when they performed an artful and not too erotic witches' dance at the centre of the hall. One was naturally blond, but the others had brown or darker hair, like Harry preferred it. He felt his male member rising in his trousers, and had to rearrange it. A brief glance sideways showed him J. Kay. The chairlady also looked a little drunken now. At her side were Ron, Hermione and Murny. The headmaster now climbed a chair to get behind Harry's throne. He put a diadem on his head, and then whispered loudly to him: "These six senior students are all sixteen, and of pure magical blood. As you can imagine, they all would surely, gladly *welcome* you, now that you have become their holy king."

When the witches' dance was over, the music changed. They played disco now and rock, from the 60's to the 80's or so. It was the music that the elderly members of the board knew and liked. The six senior students had to get dressed, at the behest of J. Kay. Some old men were staring at them, as if the girls were there for them to dance with. But then they climbed on the table where Harry sat, grouping around his high chair. One of them shouted against the loud music: "Harry Potter! You know what we think?" – "Everybody loves me", said Harry. He could hardly see her face in the dark. She then explained, that she and the others, and many other young ones too, wondered why Harry was not active on Instagram or Tiktok or other social media. "We would all love to be your followers. You could make millions of them all over the world." Since he didn't answer but only grinned, a beautiful girl who was chewing gum now asked him with her high-pitched voice: "You're a heart breaker, are you not?" – "With my erotic charms, I could break a billion hearts", shouted Harry, in a state of magical intoxication. He could not help it, he was the king now. Now another girl within earshot asked him: "Do you happen to have some trips to Cockaigne?" Harry didn't want to understand that. He abruptly rose. Bedevilled by vile magnetic rays from above he nearly fell down to the floor, but the shrieking girls managed to grab him and put him safely back down to the ground. There Harry danced wildly with them all, still followed by the sharp light ray of the spotlight. The mood of the party got a little wild now, with the deejay playing songs by the Rolling Stones and the Beatles, and even some punk. A little jostle started, when more and more people wanted to get closer to Harry. He shouted out aloud the lyrics he knew: "Pleased to meet you!" and "Satisfaction!" The next song but made him tumble and get worried: "*I am the god of hellfire and I bring you. Fire! I'll take you to burn.*" Harry was aghast, fearing that now the good mood of the party would suddenly vanish. But all the people around him danced on like normal. Suddenly he had a shiver, that testified of strong magic manifesting. He heard the distorted, deep voice of a man. Despite of the loud music Guy was heard, since he was shouting with the help of forceful magic! That carried his voice into minds too, forcing all people to listen and believe. Guy Llewellyn cursed "*That damn Nigger ...*" The old Welshman stopped, and continued with a lower voice: "*... Arthur Brown!*" Then he cast a furious spell: "*Furor divinitatis Shazam!*" A blinding lightning ray erupted. The music stopped. The ray had thrashed into the gallery of the first floor, right to the place where the deejay just ran away from his partly molten equipment. Harry ducked instinctively with the girls. All the people around shrieked and ducked too. He saw wizards draw their magical wands now. Harry tried to see Guy, but still blinded by the spotlight he saw hardly anything. Then headmaster Murny Chatterjee shouted with a trembling voice: "Guy Llewellyn! Your behaviour is scandalous!" – "It is unacceptable", confirmed J. Kay, who spoke softly now. – "Unacceptable are the things who are going on here. I tell you, something is foul in the castle of Hogwarts", shouted Guy back. It was a relief when the spotlight left Harry alone, to focus on the besotted teacher. Guy stood on the stairway to the second floor and was waving with his magical wand, still shouting: "Can't you feel it? The magic here is going wrong track at a fast pace! I saw the signs. More and more negative signs point to some figure that we all should dislike and reject: The devil. Lately even the sweet Lady of the Lake appears in the shape of an ugly nasty mermaid called *Murcus*, which means: *Darkling*. Harry Potter is supposed to be our holy king now. That's all right with me. But I warn you that something is missing. In the very old days, before the Celts and Romans invaded Albion, the holy king was always inseparable from the White Goddess. That truly divine counterpart would ward off any dangers and negative magic. But right now the Great White of the deep got somehow lost, in alternative possible realities as it seems. We witches and wizards hardly know her at all. That is what makes people crazy now and fall for devilish magic." – "Aiwaz herself is bedevilled", was what one old wizard now said, a member of the board. "That was what made Aleister Crowley get so evil." – "Crowley was a slut searching for wisdom, who but got too depraved in Catholic Italy!" – "Crowley made Hitler big!" – "He was a vile Satanist!" More and more wizards shouted now, and their angry voices made the rest of Guy's wild speech incomprehensible. Harry was feeling tired and too old. To the girls he said: "Let's go to bed." To his surprise, none of them seemed to be willing now to follow him. Maybe it was better that way. The clock in the hall was just striking once when he left Hogwarts. Outside it was raining again.

23. The Magic of the Hogs

“When Pygmalion saw the way the women behaved, he was disgusted by the many faults nature had instilled in the female sex. For a long time he lived as a bachelor, without a wife to share his bed.” That was what Evan read out for Harry, when they met again in his office. Harry's assistant then added: “I have the idea that the name of Pygmalion should rather have been Pigmalion. He must have had a moral history of debauchery.” – “Surely he had been a jerk”, supposed Harry. He felt tired now. But his huge wrist watch reminded him that he had to attend a crisis meeting at 10 AM about the misdemeanour of Guy Llewellyn. “Surely Guy is a jerk too”, Harry now told Evan. – “Aren't you too?” That last question was what Evan must have thought before he left the room. Harry could clearly hear this in his mind. Telepathy was working, but only occasionally and often not in a controlled way. He knew that well, but he was unwilling to think about the implications. Since it was already a quarter past nine, he didn't bother now to start with his daily work. Instead he relaxed a bit in his armchair, and took out the staple of recent issues of the Daily Prophet. The only newspaper of the magical community still came to them every week, but lately it had gotten thin, and few people were really reading it. Harry took glances at a number of recent issues, who often showed his likenesses on page one. But one July issue showed another Brit on page one, a man they also currently called king: Charles the Third at his royal startup visit in Scotland. It was the tradition that he visited the stone of destiny at Edinburgh and also a cathedral of a Saint Giles. The animated photo showed him clad in a Scottish kilt. The article explained that king Charles had to walk at a procession, without being allowed to let Cpl Cruachan IV carry him. Was this a chaplain? No, apparently it was a wondrous beast, that could talk and even write in the Internet!! Harry now learned that even this pony had it's own Instagram page: “*I am the official mascot of the Royal Regiment of Scotland ... Working hard! ... Meeting Fans!! ... Adventures!*” – “Me too!” said Harry to himself now. So why didn't he load up his own fan pages into the social media? He suddenly got startled, when Evan shortly opened his door, to let enter Jocelyn Kay into his room. – “Working hard, my wunderkind?” asked the elderly chairlady of the board with her faint smile. Harry was ashamed and swiftly put away those newspapers. J. Kay then informed him that they had put Guy Llewellyn under house arrest. “Since old Guy used to be an ardent follower of your little flock of modernists, I would like to inform you briefly, before the official teacher's meeting begins, that we must take punitive actions against him. Murky, I mean Murny Chatterjee is very upset about his misbehaviour. His state of slight intoxication cannot excuse him. Guy could easily have killed Mr. Dickens, who was operating the sound system last night. Imagine what a tragedy that might have been, and a scandal too that the Ministry of Magic would have had to diligently gloss over. We are therefore determined to terminate the assignment of Guy Llewellyn at once. He will be asked to leave Hogwarts immediately. He probably will have to surrender his magical wand to the Augurs of the Ministry in London. What do you think of this, Harry?” – “He was an old man anyway. Maybe it is high time for him to retire”, said Harry coolly. – “But what do you two think about the things Guy was saying last night?” asked Evan, who still stood in the door. J. Kay looked back at him with a startled face, and her voice suddenly sounded ungracious: “Young man, know then that it was never the custom at Hogwarts to hold the *Great White* in great esteem, since even the earliest times of Rowena Ravenclaw and her three companions. Especially Godric Gryffindor seems to have been an opponent of the so-called *Lady of the Lake*. He was feared as the best duelist of his era! But that Mother Earth seemed to care for some of her blond weaklings more than for those rough and knightly types like him.” Harry nodded, much agreeing with what 'the spiritual mother of Hogwarts was saying. Yes, he even wished to write that up now, to never forget it. But Evan even then dared to talk back: “But wasn't that Lady of the Lake the traditional source of royal and magical wisdom and good luck, since the glory days of King Arthur?” Harry sensed that J. Kay had a sharp rejecting answer on her tongue. But suddenly she seemed to bow a little, and in her elegant tweed costume she now looked more typically British. “That may well be true from a royal British perspective. But Rowena Ravenclaw was not that much British. She was much of a Gipsy, a Seero they say today. Therefore she chose a different way of magic, when she founded our school. She successfully tried to make *the magic of the Hogs* accessible for us all.”

At the crisis meeting then, headmaster Chatterjee talked a long time about the misdemeanour of Guy Llewellyn. Then other people talked about that a long time, with a likewise tendency. Harry meanwhile checked his e-mails. The Jews had written him again, and were asking for a meeting in London, and maybe an evening in the Westend. Then he called up the Safari browser to take a look into Instagram. It was a social media platform for emendations of the ego. “Why are we not present with Hogwarts in Instagram”, he then asked the surprised teachers. – “That is a very good question”, said Murny Chatterjee. But as it turned out, the majority of older traditionalist teachers found such advertisement methods a little too daring. Percy Weasley was back from his vacation, and now explained that he preferred to discuss that question really only in the presence of Draco Malfoy, the leader of the traditionalist faction. Already as a student 'Perce' had taken all the house rules and traditions very seriously, and lately as a senior teacher and leading administrator he had become even more conservative. Harry respected him for the big workload that he was mastering, but he found that Perce had become some kind of blimp, while he himself was the superman now, who could fly by way of magic and astound the world. So why should he not show it to them all? The next problematic discussion erupted over the fact, that they had yesterday celebrated Harry's forty-second birthday only. But according to the official documents, Harry was born in 1980 and already 43! Who was to blame for that painful error? After a short uneasy discussion it turned out that Barbara Blocksberg had been at the origin of the fault. That house guest had heard a Tommy tell the wrong number on the Klassikradio, a Bavarian classical music network that she had been listening to via the Internet. Murny warned that the Germans seemed to be at the moment getting more and more trendy when it came to key topics like magic, but not necessarily well informed. Dudley then explained why he had decide to believe in that wrong number: “Barbara told me and us all, that Harry's exact age was obviously constantly and unnoticeably shifting. In her view, as an expert of languages, just the number 42 seemed to heed a special magic. In Parseltongue the number 42 seems to be some kind of terminator.” Now several teachers objected, and pointed out to the fact that the obviously very confused German witch had often told them that Parseltongue didn't really exist. That was a theory that Harry disliked. Ron Weasley then argued: “Of course the Snakes have a common language. But since they are obfuscating lots of such things, we may not know yet it's exact nature and it's name.” Harry agreed: “That is why we take Faselmund as a makeshift name.” Now Murny chided Harry once again for using that incorrect “German name”. He then told the others about the proposal of some “American super rich” to give Hogwarts some financial syringe with the foundation of an internal investment bank. Percy and the traditionalists didn't like the idea, and reminded of the fact that the Gringotts wizarding bank had gone bankrupt during the financial crisis of 2009, with the British government being unable to bail them out. But Murny was fond of Harry's idea, and due to his strong support the teachers reluctantly gave Harry the okay to get this plan going. Carla Cunningham then pointed out that this was one of the three traditional domains of the 'magic of the Hogs'. “Making money, that was what Helga Hufflepuff apparently had in mind when she agreed to become a co-founder of Hogwarts in the fabled year 1001. Some years earlier Rowena Ravenclaw had founded our school, but things were not going well. But then Godric Gryffindor and Helga Hufflepuff effectuated a breakthrough on the fields of that very powerful magic, that is obviously extraterrestrial. Godric was able to manufacture the first really working magical wand. I only recently learned this from a manuscript that I found in the secret section of our library. To me it seems that our library got some kind of refill spell most recently.” – “Absolutely! That is what I did, with the help of the magic of the Zorro book.” Harry blurted that out. Now all eyes and ears were on him. Ron and several others now pointed out, that the magic of the Hogs was a domain where Hogwarts had reached a unique level of excellence.

All the time, Luna Lynch had silently taken notes. Now she lifted her hand and bade the others to listen. When Murny allowed this, she said with a soft and depressed voice: “I think I should warn you before putting too much trust into the magic of the Hogs. It is strongly linked to astrological influences that I consider as negative, yes demonic. That is at least what my female intuition tells me.” The other teachers didn't like to hear that. But Dudley, currently the teacher in charge of this field, pointed out: “Our big problem is that we don't know much about who the Hogs really are.”

The teachers were all still very excited when they terminated the meeting, to take the lunch break. Harry now took the omelette with onions and crabs, and found once again that it paid off to think modern, and to critically put old traditions to the test. Loudly he asked: “What do we really know about the four founding fathers of our venerable institution? Lately I must find that I am hearing so much new stuff about Rowena Ravenclaw, Godric Gryffindor and Helga Hufflepuff. We used to be so locked in our tradition, to strictly keep to the things that they were teaching us. But lately I find that their teachings seem to change, just like all the past is constantly changing. Lately the traditions of Hogwarts seem to get more and more volatile.” The others listened while they were eating. Percy then said that Harry reminded him of Salazar Slytherin: “Slytherin was one of our venerable founding fathers. But he ruined his reputation when he became a rebel against Rowena Ravenclaw.” – “I believe that ruse had something to do with the fact that he disliked the Hogs”, said Carla Cunningham. – “Not officially”, said Ron Weasley while chewing. Then Ron said to Harry Potter, with a tense face: “I believe that the time-changing magic of your Zorro book right now brings many changes to us all, maybe too many. So maybe this book could also show us the way to resolve the biggest crisis that we face right now: The extinction of wand makers. Harry Potter, you rare nut, you accidentally cracked up your wand's active core. So wand making should be the field where you should centre your activities right now.” Harry was eating and could not answer. In his stead Carla Cunningham now said: “In the days of it's foundation, the making of powerful wands was the field where Hogwarts excelled. It was before the Ollivanders occupied with this.” – “But the Ollivanders always were proud of the incredible high age of their traditional British craftsmanship”, said Percy Weasley. – “Then that must have been an advertisement lie”, said Ron. Harry but said: “That needs not be so. To me it seems now that our history is unstable. Maybe the past was rearranging just on that special troublesome field of wand making, with the consequence that this art hadn't been invented prior to the foundation of Hogwarts.” – “And the same may be true when it comes to the field of flying machines. That is another field that seems to be only accessible by way of using the magic of the Hogs”, said Dudley. – “The third field is alchemy”, said Carla, “I mean gold making.” Carla then explained that in the very early times of Albion, apparently all the magic had been worked without the help of magical wands. “In those blessed days of yore, the holy king would be seen as the living magical wand. He would do magic naturally, according to traditions and the calendar. The holy king would indeed receive help from the mother goddess of fertility. In that so-called golden age, all the people believed in the religion of the mother.” The tiny expert for ancient history then explained that it had been a German from Switzerland, Johann J. Bachofen, who had brought up this theory. Bachofen had worked up finds and old sources to conclude, that a matriarchal society had been the oldest society of humankind. “Many rock carvings and other finds from the stone age show us our faceless mother goddess.” Most knew that but didn't find this so important. – “And what about the holy king?” asked Harry. Now Carla explained: “The tradition had it that any holy king was chosen as the companion of the mother goddess. Apparently he often was rather stupid, insignificant and powerless, compared to her divine powers. He was just an idol, she was the goddess. People would revere him and love her for a while. But after a short time his term of rule was over. That was too bad, but he was just a king for a season.” – “What happened then to him?” – “Some say that the people devoured their holy kings in the end”, explained Carla now, “just like the Christians like to devour their Jesus at the holy supper.” Percy said with a shudder: “Our traditions are surely more refined and worthy.” They all suddenly stopped chatting and even chewing, when old Guy Llewellyn stepped into the room. He said with a stressed voice: “Needless to say that I'm sorry, and also useless, is it not?” – “You are still under house arrest”, reminded him Murny Chatterjee. – “But I need to eat too, and anyway, I'm leaving today. But let me warn you first. You all don't know much about how strong evil magic really is. It is treacherous! It may come to you with big promises at first, to soon harm and bereave you.” With angry moves Guy stepped to Harry. All gasped when he suddenly drew his magical wand. But he smiled, and banged it down on the table before Harry. “Take this as my birthday present, holy king. May the goddess shelter you. Your time of rule will end soon.” Guy sat down next to him, with two schnitzels on his plate. It looked as if he was having his last meal.

24. Some long and sad Tales

In the afternoon, Harry was sitting again in his office as usual. Now Evan entered with a joyful face. He had drawn yet another sketch of the leaflet that they wanted to print and let distribute, to win more young students for the Hogwarts academy of sorcery. Now the big image on front was showing a grey mouse with her long tail in it's front paws. Looking down on it, smiling curiously, was little Alice in Wonderland, with her signature Alice band in her golden hair. The mouse was saying a text from the book: "Mine is a long and sad tale." – "It is a long tail", replied Alice, "but why do you call it sad?" Harry laughed when he saw this. The accompanying text then said that at Hogwarts they were explaining you things that ordinary people otherwise would never compute. Harry thought about the flyer sketch for a while. To Evan he predicted: "Surely Murky Chatterjee will not like this, once again. It shows a blond girl, and he is not in favour of the natural blond. In our school the blond traditionally play the bad roles only." – "Yes, but just such a silly blond girl is what this leaflet is showing. The non-blonds who see this cartoon will laugh and find Hogwarts okay", explained Evan. Harry hesitantly nodded. He realized now that Evan was rather blond too. When Evan left, he took out again the past unread issued of the Daily Prophet that he was seeing through right now. He couldn't just throw them all away without at least taking a short look at the covers. "So old man Charles visited the cathedral of a Saint Giles in Scotland. Who the dickens was that?" Surfing the Internet he learned, that the original name of that Giles had been Aegidius. His fairy tale had it that Aegidius was nurtured by a hind with her milk. Beforehand Aegidius had protected the hind from the hunters of the West Gothian king Wamba. The king's hunters had shot an arrow at her, who had hit Aegidius instead. Aegidius then prayed to God that his wound would never heal, and that was what happened. "So he seems to have been a holy beggar who didn't like to work", said Harry to himself. He found that this hind had been a wondrous beast. Lately J. Kay had taken a special interest in such creatures. But the chairlady of Hogwarts already had departed. The nicer wondrous beasts apparently had a tendency to avoid her. Harry threw that issue of the Daily Prophet into the trash can. But then he thought again about it, and fetched it to take it back onto his desk. There was something to this story that he had maybe missed to compute! That was what his intuition told him now. "Giles!" Harry said that name again to himself. He was puzzled now that the name of Aegidius had changed so dramatically in English. Surfing again the web, he found that the name reminded of the so-called 'gila monster'. That was a biting poisonous lizard from the deserts of Central America. On photos that little lizard looked black and extremely ugly. Could it be that the odd name of Giles had something to do with that sneaky dragon? When Harry thought about this, he had a hunch that maybe this was the name of one of the mysterious Snakes. He then asked: "Did she have a long and sad tale? Do you?" *Voldemort*, said a strange cold inner voice. That scared Harry. He got the hunch then that this message meant that Gila was dead. So how could it be that the names of Christian saints had a tendency to turn into dead Snake names? He surfed again the name Giles, to suddenly find Gilles de Rais. That Frenchman had been one of the weirdest and most gruesome perverts who ever lived. As a knight he had been fighting against the English troops, at the side of Joan of Arc, his protégée. But since he loved arts and the culture of courts and arranged splendid Catholic masses, he got himself in serious financial troubles. That is why Gilles became a conjurer of spirits and an alchemist. He tried to conjure the devil, asking him to show him how to make gold. He also abducted and tortured to death many dozens of boys. Obviously Gilles de Rais had been a homosexual child murderer. Harry then was shocked. Could it be that this sad tale was the consequence of the strange Snake name that had been given to that French nobleman? He realized that, despite of all the wisdom that the wizards and philosophers of all centuries had tried to gather, people still knew so little about the magic that constantly was working on them. Could he find out more, on his way of modernism? He suddenly doubted that. Checking his e-mails then, he found that he missed another mail from Cindy. He suddenly longed to have her back in his arms. But she hadn't written him again. So maybe it was over. He thought of the girls that had danced before him at his birthday party. It was a shame for a teacher to mess with his students! So couldn't his magic help him to get at least his Cindy back? The magic drove him to take out his penis. Under his desk he rubbed it, while commanding: "*Sindee! Write me!*"

At tea time, the hard core of the modernist faction was meeting in Guy's office. The offices of the teachers lay all in the new administration building, that had been built in the Victorian age. When Harry entered, Dudley just said: "Just get rid of all that frigging old stuff!" – "I fucking cain't", replied Guy with a grumpy voice, imitating Dudley's Midwestern accent. Then he took out some colour magazines from a bottom drawer and hurled them into the bin. When Carla took a curious look at them, he explained: "It's just porn, Ma'am." Then came Barbara with their usual cups of tea, and they sat down and relaxed a bit. Guy explained that he wasn't too sad that he had to leave Hogwarts now: "Maybe I can finish my thesis now. It's about the crazy world of Aleister Crowley and other such masons." Crowley was not the favourite topic of any discussion in Hogwarts. That sex-mad British astrologer and summoner had once issued an abominable text called *The Law of Thelema*. This devilish 'law' contains articles calling up grim warriors and cruel rogues to do what they like, and to kill and torture. Guy said, bitterly looking at his stapled books and papers: "What I try to find out is, where this devilish stuff really came from. The legend has it that Crowley was in spiritual contact with an Egyptian priest, who dictated into his quill. But in truth this damned stuff certainly has no connection to any Egyptian lore." – "It probably came to him from the stars above", speculated Dudley. "Aleister Crowley had been too much into astrology. Gaze at the stars and you may easier hear what they tell you. But better don't listen, since evil seems to be terribly strong out there." – "That is why Luna Lynch resigned from her assignment as the astrologer and astronomer of Hogwarts", remembered Harry. He looked out of the window. The spider forest looked nicely green now, but Harry had a hunch that cosmic spiders somehow were influencing and spoiling it. Now Barbara murmured, with a look into her notebooks: "To me it seems that the *Law of Thelema* originates from just the person who claimed responsibility for it." – "And that would be?" asked Guy. – "The Lema." – "So who's that?" – "I don't know. One of the demons of the Hogs, maybe." Barbara didn't want to talk more about this, and now took out one of Guy's old books to read. – "Keep that book if you like it", said Guy sadly. "I can't take them all with me." – "Where are you going now?" – "I dunno. Maybe to Godrics Hollow. Empty houses enough still stand there. The problem there is though, that the next supermarket is many miles away. I would have to go angling there and also start a little farming." – "Why not? You could try and rear some pigs", proposed Harry. "It is not a great job, but in the eyes of most muggles wizards are still less reputed and liked than swine farmers." Guy agreed: "The Welsh triads report of three powerful swineherds. One of them was Pwyll, the son of Pryderi, the lord of Annoven. Pwyll was called a powerful swineherd, because no one was able to deceive or force him." Carla Cunningham then said: "In the days of yore of Britain, the swineherd could occasionally become a mighty seer and a wizard too – or so they say. The legend of Bran tells us that on one fine day, the swineherds of the Irish king Matholwch saw a forest swimming in the sea! It was approaching the coasts. They ran to tell that incredible news to their king. But as it later turned out, it was Bran the superhero. He had been travelling to Ireland with his fleet, and the primitive Irish herdsmen had never before seen longboats with masts on them." They all knew that fairy tale, but this surprising explanation made them laugh. – "Don't tell that tale to Luna L. She married an Irishman", said Harry to Carla. They sat there and talked with Guy for a longer time. Barbara went again to fetch more tea and some pieces of cakes from the main building. Carla went to her office to bring some gin, that she only drank herself. Guy then served the men his home-made cider. When Harry didn't want to try it he urged: "Come on guy, it's British wine!" Harry found it impolite to not drink with him. Guy then talked some more about his most recent research: "We all are wont to chide Hitler now. The world has damned his Nazi lore." – "Destiny refuted it", said Dudley. – "The shooflies don't like it, who like to visit Europe by lifeboat for a lifetime vacation, living here on dole or as criminals." Guy opened up some of his esoteric and historical books, pointing to passages he had underlined. "But where did this racial lore really come from? Hitler didn't all think this out by himself. There was a time when that artist manqué was living in Vienna in an asylum, taking in mescaline and all sorts of other drugs. Then Hitler was reading Houston Stewart Chamberlain. That British racist gave Hitler his idea about Aryan supremacy. The lore that Whites are of a better evolved race, in comparison to Gooks and Niggers, surely isn't wrong. But who are the Aryans really? Persians!"

Guy was the biology teacher of Hogwarts too. He now lectured a longer time about the invisible division lines that separated continents and human races. “The typical muggle teacher of biology is thick as a brick when it comes to creation science. But he at least knows Wallace's line. That is an invisible division line that separates the fauna of the continents Asia and Australia. Darwinists use to think that this line *evolved* naturally, ha, ha, ha. They say that the beasts of Asia had to stop at the sea that divides Bali from Australia. But it's a real miracle that the Asians never managed to cross the Wallace line too. Traces have been found in Australia by early settlers from South Asia. But any racial Asians died out there! It is undeniable that there must exist unknown natural laws that strictly keep the six human races apart. That is what people didn't know who strived to fill the world with the white race.” – “That is surely due to the Snakes and their cosmic laws”, said Carla. Harry was shocked. Suddenly he realized that this was the field where he was investigating right now. “So that also explains why the Jews, the Americans or the Arab oil sheiks don't own Britain today. They'd surely like to buy up and take over and dominate everything here. But some kind of magical invisible separation line stops them.” – “True”, said Guy, and the two ladies nodded too.

When Harry Potter finally left the office building it was already eight o'clock PM. Guy Llewellyn had given him a little staple of his odd books, that he had worked through and wanted to leave to “a daring thinker”. Now Harry took them with him to his apartment. Tired as he was, he put them on his bed first without sorting them into his book shelves. On his bed he started reading them a bit, books like: 'The Rise and Fall of the Thule Society', or 'Hitler's Masonic Svengalis'. He hadn't taken much of an interest in Nazi era stuff so far. Guy had often underlined the same few names. Theodor Reuss was one of them, Aleister Crowley was another. Sexual magic had often played a key role in their esoteric careers. Crowley had tried to find God by way of an *erotic consecration*. “So hadn't he found him ... or her?” said Harry to himself. Then there was the name of Rudolf Glauer, aka von Sebottendorf. He had been a Turkish mason, and an agent too from the Kaiser's secret service. Adolf Hitler had been another such agent. After the end of the monarchy, Rudolf had given Adolf a jump start with his political career, when he founded the Thule society. Guy had drawn a circle around another name: Dora Kunze, Rudolf's rather unimportant sister. Harry deciphered his handwriting: “*Cherchez la femme*”. That means that if you wonder about events and the course of destiny, then try to find the women in the background, and analyse their actions. Harry then tried in vain to find out more about Dora Kunze. So maybe that idea was a false track, to think that a woman had been the wirepuller of the Nazis? Harry got a hunch that this track was not misleading. But it was leading far away from this world, into some forbidden sector of outer space. He yawned, and put the books away. Reading had never been his favourite pastime. Some inner drive urged him to take a nap now. “So am I a daring thinker?” Harry had never regarded himself as a wise man, but he had always been proud of his wild courage. Now he thought about switching on the TV set, to rummage through the list of recent serials. Instead he stood up, and put on his training suit and his bathing shorts too. The day was rainy, but he hadn't had a swim today, and he wanted to keep up this habit as long as it was possible, since it was doing him good. There was nobody in the park when he strolled to the fire pond then. But thinking of Murcus the mermaid, he spontaneously decided to march on, and have a swim in the much larger and colder Great Lake. “You are not a chicken, Harry Potter”, he said to himself. But when he arrived at the Great Lake, it had started to rain again. He was absolutely in no mood now to undress and jump into that cold lake. He put his towel above his head, and said to himself: “So where's your wild courage now?” Then he decided to take another short walk over the nearby humps and meadows, until it would stop raining. He found a footpath that was but leading directly into the spider forest. Should he enter? He stopped, thinking for some time about it. Then he decided to follow that new path into the forest. He was curious where it would lead to. The dense forest was already rather dark. But someone had cleared the footpath from weeds and broken branches. Then the silhouette of a ruined stone building appeared before Harry. It was the rest of one of the old barbicans, the fortifications from the time of the civil war. Harry searched the ruined fortress for a time, until he found a dark door hole. He took some steps into it. Suddenly there was a soft flutter on his arms. *Spiders!* There were spiders everywhere in this vault! He shrieked loud, and rushed out and away.

25. Ghosts of a worse Past

On the next day, Harry had been taking a 'French breakfast' only: two greasy croissants, one of them with chocolate chunks, and a mug of black coffee. He was feeling nervous while sitting at his desk. Instead of working he was reading feverishly in some books that Guy had left him, who had finally left Hogwarts in the morning. The ominous Thule sect fascinated him. It had been at the core of the Nazi movement when it grew in the wake of World War One. The chief thinker of it had been a Professor Karl Haushofer. Some historians called him the grey eminence of the Nazi party, the pope. He had been one of those racialists who considered the Aryans as the best race of them all. Haushofer had been a globetrotter, who had studied many a religious and occult lore in India, Tibet, Japan and other countries. But he hadn't found Super-Aryans in Persia. An odd myth had it that a secret subterranean city called Agarthi harboured a super-race. It was a fantasy story only, that told of survivors of an apocalypse who were supposed to live in Tibet. When the Nazis came to power; Heinrich Himmler, the chief of the SS, had sent out several expeditions to Tibet, maybe to find Agarthi and that hidden super race. But if Agarthi really existed, then it was still protected by strong magical spells, that also were disguising Hogwarts. Harry then thought again about Rudolf Hess, the vice-fuhrer of the Nazi Reich. His unauthorized flight to Britain was still one of the big riddles of modern history. What had Hess had in mind? Harry Potter had a hunch now that maybe Hess was trying to find another invisible mythical, magical retreat: Hogwarts! As he then opened up another such book to read on, he found some old porn pictures. Obviously Guy had used them as bookmarklets. Harry got excited now, but also scared. He looked them through. They showed women while having sex, sporting the real thing in front of the camera. On one odd photo the hooker had even sex with a dog. On another photo a victim received a flogging. Harry found just these perverse photos extremely erotic. "The British disease", he murmured, when he felt his male member getting stiff inside of his trousers. Should he dare it, here in the office? He sat still and listened. Evan next door remained silent. So he took out his penis and manipulated it, while staring with fixed looks at the perverse porn photos. "Come on you sluts", he murmured. His magic then told him that both women were already dead. But other women were responding to his sexual desires. They connected and sucked. Hermione was always present with her mind. Soon he came, and ejaculated into a paper towel. But right then a loud bell suddenly was ringing outside of the building! Harry had never heard that sound before. He panicked a little. Evan then rushed into his office shouting: "Fire! Fire!" Neville Longbottom also came in, shouting: "Harry, hurry!" Then also Evan's chicken rushed into Harry's office, chirping excitedly. – "Better pack in that damn cock of yours!" chided Harry, also to himself. He closed his trousers, and then he and Evan hurried to get outside of the building. The teachers and the personnel soon all stood on the plastered way and on the lawn. But it was a false alarm only. Murny walked out of the building, followed by his negroid aide Curvin aka Shaggy, and the do-all Jasper Dickens. The headmaster then explained to the crowd, that this had only been an exercise. But next time, all staffers should be prepared to have fire extinguishers and axes ready, and also know how to cast fire-stop spells. "We also have a fire hose! It is in the garden house that lies next to the fire pond", he told them. "Don't forget that tomorrow is the day of our weekly training session, that the ministry in London considers as rather mandatory. We might combine your exercises with a voluntary fire drill. Do I see the hands of volunteers?" – "Not mine", said Harry with a grim voice. He marched back into his office. Back at his desk it took him a while to realize that someone had pilfered some of Guy's old porn shots. "Maybe it is better that way", Harry said to himself. He thought that he should be worried, that just the perverted photos had excited him so strongly! He put away Guy's old books, Then he caught Evan's chicken and put it back into it's brown paper bag, once again. But when he was ready to start his work of the day, he found that he got extremely distracted right then. Just at the onset some kind of evil magic would try and make him think of the porn photos again. Harry nervously painted the picture of a fantasy devil on a blank piece of paper. He knew well that the devil did not really exist, or did he? He got a little scared and went out to Evan's room to tell him: "Maybe we really should do some research work to find out what deities or ghosts really exist. It seems to me right now, that there are demons with us who like and demand of us perverted sex."

At the teacher's meeting then the new leaflet was discussed. Murny Chatterjee was happy with it, since Evan Wells had explained it to him "by the right way". But Draco Malfoy, just back from the Wagner festival, suddenly didn't like the idea of this advertisement campaign in general. He raised the old reservations that had troubled and parted Hogwarts for so long a time: "We should instead take more care that only new students of pure magical blood join Hogwarts. If we would only take up newcomers of a noble birth and a certain noble style, then the quality and reputation of our old venerable school would certainly, naturally, reach a higher level. And then more young students would certainly regard us as what we really are! We are, after all, the elite of a new age that is dawning right now." – "Hear, hear", said Percy Weasley, and the other traditionalists too showed their consent. Harry found that this discussion reminded him of a discussion in the Lower House, where the respective party people would always only applaud to what their speakers were saying. Murny but stopped the applause soon by talking again. He explained that "in reality the entire business of magic" was undergoing hard times in the era of today: "Our traditional clientele is slowly vanishing. People move away from our villages like Godric's Hollow, to rather live in big cities like Birmingham or Manchester. Only old people remain who die in the end. And things are not better in the Southwark of London or the East End. There too, many magical folks rather adapt to the world of today. If we want to recruit these for our academy, we should better go new ways of advertisement." Now the few modernists nodded and applauded. Harry was among them. "Should we not also try to show more presence in the modern social media? I mean, websites like Instagram or Twitter are the trendy media right now, that bring in fame and followers. These are the media where our young people communicate and inform themselves." – "I must object!" said Luna L. now. The reporter looked tired and moody when she pointed out, while staring at her pen and her writing pad: "I find that we should better support our traditional media much more. Most notably *the Daily Prophet*, now only appearing weekly, is our traditional way to spread all words that we would like to spread." – "But who is still reading *the Old Prophet*? Only the old people are", said Dudley, who was rather new at Hogwarts. "Maybe we should put it into the Internet." Now Draco objected: "I warn you to not start too much noise in the crazy world of the muggles. They might feel forced to notice us, and then they would do what they always did: They would try to defame us witchers and witches and try to bring us down. Also the quality of our lore might take serious damage, if we would allow our traditional magical folks to mingle too much with the modern people." Harry disagreed instantly: "Draco, you say this because our traditions are partly not okay, and even criminally faulty. But I follow a different way of magic, a sane and good way. This is why I am a modernist. I say that we should not shy away from ideological confrontations with the muggles. We magicians are much nearer to real wisdom, when it comes to understanding and explaining the world. They would have to fear that we debunk and ridicule their Darwinism!" Ron Weasley agreed: "We should really swiftly start a small Internet campaign, instead of putting so much hope and effort into newspapers and hand-held leaflets. But let me assure you that I also support the ideas of Draco Malfoy. Are we not the elite of a new era? We should take more care that we don't fall behind in this world, that is fundamentally and drastically changing right now, more than ever. Right now we face the acute crisis, that we are running out of makers of magical wands. And I don't mean those cheap wands who are sold to our less promising students, those who do not contain an active core." – "The fakes, yes, they indeed damage our reputation", said Dudley. And Draco said, while transfixing Harry Potter with his weird goggles: "It made all the difference when Hagrid bought a rare really working wand for young Harry. With that wand only he was able to excel at class and in conflicts. We might call Harry Potter a cheat." Harry grinned. They still talked on agitatedly when they went to the lunch break. – "Ron, could you explain this problem of yours with the wands?" asked Grace Boyce. Since the old lady seemed to suffer from a hangover, Ron did as if he hadn't heard her. It was Dudley then, the expert of physics, who told her the secret of the art of wand making one more time: "Our wand makers only whittle the outer core, that is traditionally made of wood. The active core is inserted into the hull by way of highly secret spells. X-rays or a MRT eventually show the presence of highly integrated alien circuitry. That is what they call: The magic of the Hogs. But we also may call this: The curse of the Hogs."

At noon there was fish and chips or roast beef with beans. “Can't I have both meals?” asked Harry Potter the man at the counter. Of course he could, and he was eating with good appetite, leaving behind the beans. He sat at the table of the house of Ravenclaw now with his friends, while Draco and the circle of the house of Malfoy were sitting at the traditional table of Slytherin. When Harry looked over to Draco, the two of them seemed to look each others in the eye with their traditional hostility. Also that was a tradition in Hogwarts, that the traditionalists seemed not willing to end.

The park was still wet from rain showers. When the rain paused, the two rivalling groups met by chance in front of the gardens and glass houses. “Harry, how's your dick?” shouted Draco. Harry was shocked, until he realized that Draco meant his magical wand. – “It's better in shape than an old dragon”, he replied. To show him he took out his wand, the new one that Guy had presented him. With shouting a strong “*Martyr trémathr*” he activated it, using an old spell that Godric had invented. The magical handgun spat out a strong fiery ray, that thrashed into a nearby linden tree. When Harry scorched and deformed the young tree, most of the teachers looked depressed and terrified. – “This is tree outrage”, murmured Barbara into the silence. Carla said: “Godric did that often. For him that was like an offering. It would also scare the muggles and increase the fame of our school. He used to say: *Better a tree than me.*” – “But to whom did he offer?” asked Luna L. – “Surely to the griffin”, explained Carla. “That is why Godric chose Gryffindor as his esoteric name.” – “But who was that griffin, that wondrous beast, really?” asked Harry. Nobody seemed to know that. Only Barbara dared to murmur: “I suspect that Dora played a role here, the mighty demon of Sirius. But she is not a griffin. Dora is an evil Snake.” – “So what about the griffin, the wondrous beast? Do they really exist, or in our fairy tales only?” – “Godric maybe didn't know”, speculated Ron. The current teacher of spells and magical defence then asked Harry to show him his new wand. “Rosewood”, he stated when he investigated it. “Maybe it comes from the age of Godric too. He seems to have been the only wizard of his era, who could fabricate wands with an active core. It was maybe a part of his special field of Nordic magic, commonly called Goetia.” – “Surely wand thrashing is what Harry Potter can do much better than wand making!” Draco and his big group left them with these last words. – “I disagree”, said Harry then to his friends. “The idea comes to me right now, that I could maybe fabricate more wands right now, with the help of the special magic that I most recently discovered.” That stunned Ron and Hermione too. She said: “You mean the magic of the Zorro book?” – “Sure”, said Harry spontaneously. “Methinks that I could change the past, for instance, and thus make Godric fabricate more such active wands. He could then have hid them somewhere, as a depot for a time of trouble. We would find that depot, and *bingo*, we would all have a lot of new wands.” – “That sounds like a great idea”, said Dudley admiringly. But Ron was more sceptical. “To me it seems that such an experiment might turn out to be highly dangerous.” – “And let's not forget that we don't really understand that German book. Even Barbara is unable to decipher that”, said Hermione. She mustered Harry and then said, with a sudden spiteful tone: “To me it seems that Zorro von Zitzenwitz had been a sort of cockhound. He did let himself carry away from the powerful sexual magic that can soon become a dangerous affair with the demons, with very destructive and cruel demons, like that Dora.” – “So are these a match for our magic?” Harry took back his wand and waved it with excitement, suddenly feeling all-powerful. “There was more than one magician who had the notion that he could control and even force those demons to obey him. Jesus and Faust were some of these. Demons are evil, yes, but they are demented and rotten.” – “That is one field of really dangerous and untested magic”, warned him Barbara. Harry suddenly felt fierce anger rising in him. How could that foreigner, a mere woman, dare to criticise him? But Harry saw in the faces of the others around him, that they shared Barbara's concerns. So he only pocketed his wand again, and told them with his usual rash courage: “So that is why I am a modernist. We need to proceed with our traditional wisdom! We need to do more research work on so many critical and unexplored fields. Just like the scientists of the muggles, we could find out much more about the world that we live in, and the people and beasts who exist in it or beyond.” He paused, thinking rapidly: “When it comes to the art of wand making, we could for instance try and summon the ghosts of famous wand makers, like Garrick Ollivander senior or Godric Gryffindor. They could also explain to us who they really are, now.”

26. Elusive and Pestering Aliens

It is useless attempting to make a bouillabaisse away from the shores of the Mediterranean. That was what Luna Lynch, born Lovegood, had explained in a recent issue of the Daily Prophet. She had taken this from the book 'French Provincial Cooking' by Elisabeth David. With this quotation the kitchen personnel of Hogwarts explained why they were calling their fish soup *Beulahbase* or were using other creative titles. Luna had previously been the astronomy and astrology teacher at the little observatory of Hogwarts. At first she had enjoyed the job. But then the news had come out, from the so-called Düsseldorf prophet, that lots of aliens exist who secretly are contacting if not pestering this isolated Earth. That lore had been confirmed by testimonies of people who had encountered alien abductions. Luna had then had such terrifying experiences too, until she found that she could not continue with her job. Now Dudley Hawke was thinking about taking over the job for the next semester, as he kept saying. In the evening of a foggy day Harry Potter still sat at his desk and was reading such news. He was a little nervous now. A séance was due to follow at the onset of the night. Ron Weasley had invited him and others to this. They wanted to try and conjure some mighty spirits from the age of the foundation of Hogwarts, most notably Godric Gryffindor and Rowena Ravenclaw. Ron had told Harry confidentially: *We need to find out more about the art of wand making and other so-called Hogs' technologies.* Harry supported the idea. But now doubts came up in his mind. The might and glory of Hogwarts was based on the strange fact that only the sorcières and sorcerers of this school had mastered some supreme technologies. But had the mastering of these magical arts of the Hogs really brought them luck? Harry doubted this, thinking again about the most bitter wars that had raged at Hogwarts most recently. Often the Daily Prophet conjured the glory days when Dumbledore's Order of the Phoenix had managed to fight back the awful wizarding sect of the death eaters, that had been possessed by the ghost of Voldemort. Hogs were not ghosts. Their technologies originated from their alien planets. There were 63 of these planets, and they were all either miserable or very miserable. Their lode star was the star Naos in the southern constellation Puppis. Those few facts were circulating right now as unconfirmed rumours in many scientific and esoteric circles. But only the Daily Prophet had so far dared to occupy some more with this stuff. In one long article Hermione had written about her sad experiences with so-called elves. Typical for those ghosts were their long ears, who reminded of the ears of swine. The Hogs had not been created from apes, but they had evolved from swine. They eventually appeared on this planet as ghostly house elves. These elves then appeared to be ugly and goofy, they were poorly fed and miserably clad. Dobby had been one such unlucky guy. Harry had been so glad when Dobby had died. He now realized again that elves of that miserable sort were bringing bad luck. Thinking of Guy again he said to the Hogs: "Get offa me, shooflies!" Now he suddenly wanted to have his usual glass of wine. He decided to take his daily walk to the teacher's rest room, and switched off his blue glass desk lamp. But then he switched it on again, reminding himself of the fact that he needed to be in good shape tonight for Ron's ghost séance. So he was reading some more. In another back issue Grace Boyce, the teacher of herbal medicine, had explained her views regarding magic potions and herbal medication. She had experimented herself with diverse herbs, weeds and drugs, and now she concluded that herbal medicine was in general overrated: *The most valuable and effective ingredient in many herbal medicines is often alcohol,* she wrote. Harry tended to believe that, but he asked himself: "Valuable or noxious?" That was a question that nobody dared to ask Grace, since the elderly lady had a serious alcohol problem. She still was a good teacher and an assiduous writer of articles of the Daily Prophet. In another article she laid out the story of the infamous German physician Samuel Hahnemann. The 'Cock Man' had invented the esoteric lore of homeopathy. According to that, magic and medical potions could also work without any substantial ingredients at all. So that was magic, and magic came along with foolery. How could this be that just such foolery was really effective? As Grace speculated, the Dementors were doing this, the evil demons. Sama was one of their leaders. Like others, Sama seemed to have a tendency to link to people with a similarly sounding name. Harry now realized, that a silent gadfly was circling his lamp. He in vain tried to shoo her away. "Talk of shooflies and they'll come", he said to himself. The same was true for the Snakes and the Hogs.

“Maybe it isn't a good idea to make use of the magic of the Hogs away from their home planets.” That was what Harry said when he finally appeared in the common room of the Ravenclaw tower. Ron and Hermione had asked some staffers to prepare a special table for their séance. It was late in the evening already. The personnel was organized in the union and often hardly ready to spend some extra working hours after 5 PM. Now Hermione was lighting up candles, also in front of the pale-white marble statue, that stood there just in front of an outward semi-circle of empty shelves, that was one of the turrets on the outside. The beautiful statue reminded of the legendary statue of Pygmalion, that had allegedly come alive when that Phoenician mason had persistently romanced her. It was supposed to show Rowena Ravenclaw, who maybe indeed had been a witch who was wont to use her erotic charms too, for her benefit and her pleasure. Her legend had it that Rowena had been the descendant of continental gypsies, but her exact tribe of origin remained unknown. The round table then had a big hole in the middle, and around stood twelve stools. Hermione had drawn a ban circle with magical symbols in the midst of the hole using spray chalk and children's chalk. If banshees would appear, they hopefully would be unable to step across that chalk circle. Draco then came too, a little late like often, and carelessly dressed. When finally the headmaster and his shaggy assistant Curvin N. Spury appeared, the circle was complete. Ron Weasley wore a stately white gown now, and he looked like a king Arthur that bade his knights to take seats at his round table. Harry chose the seat right next to him, but now he was directly facing Draco Malfoy. Six ladies were always sitting at the table, since it was regarded as helpful when men and women were alternating at the séance. They all had to stretch out their arms and spread their fingers, so that every little finger would touch the little finger of the next neighbour. Then, when all was as it should be, Hermione asked Barbara Blocksberg to sing an incantation, one of her strange verses: *“They've got no horns and they've got no tail. They are prickly like thorns, some are horny, and making us wail. They are worms.”* Harry had the strong hunch then that this was alien and maybe demonic magic that the elderly German witch was conjuring right next to him, with her singsong that had a slight German accent. He thought about disconnecting the circle, but then his courage made him continue. The demons were terribly strong after all, there was no way to avoid them. *“Sleeping Beauty awoke, in her castle the grail. She lies covered with thorns, in her coffin, not ready to fail, in the dorms.”* Harry disliked this mysterious lullaby, but Draco suddenly seemed to welcome it. At his side sat some kind of blond Valkyrie: Ms. Mather, the new teacher of biology. And then a shadowy ghost seemed to materialize at the centre of their magic circle! Who was it? “Rowena Ravencroft!” murmured Hermione, with some ecstatic fear in her voice. But that White Lady remained a pale shadow without clearly recognizable facial features. Gently and concise she told her conjurers just a few words: *She's dead.* Very soon that White Lady seemed to fade away. Harry saw in the faces of the others, that they were very excited but also bitterly disappointed by this short vision. The tension vanished. They lifted their hands, and the first round of the séance was over. Ron now explained: “The mysterious White Lady is the ghost that is most often seen in British haunted castles.” – “She's the one that I was calling”, murmured Barbara. “She's the only White Goddess. She used to be the *Dornröschen*, the Sleeping Beauty in the castle of thorns. But lately her prince came to kiss her woke. Now she apparently thinks that she can better do without us older folks.” – “She at least bothered to appear to us. So let's try and conjure some other spirits too”, proposed Dudley. The American was eager to win more esteem in Hogwarts. Ron then bade the participants to join their hands again in the proscribed way. Now it was Hermione who did the incantation. She sang a Celtic or maybe elfish singsong that was hardly understandable. After a while, the spirit of the White Lady seemed to appear again. The lights of the candles flickered, when she turned around, and found that she was unable to leave the circle. Harry realized that he knew her face! “Helena Ravencroft!” He and Ron Weasley spoke this name at exactly the same time. But Barbara said, now with a low and depressed voice: “I don't believe. She is just the same White Lady again. The Snakes are doing these illusions, but often not too well.” The disbelief of that foreign witch changed everything. The White Lady now seemed to destabilize. For a moment diverse faces appeared on her head. Finally her face became that of a grotesquely deformed and ugly evil witch. *“We will trash your earth. Read the Bible!”* She hissed these words like a snake.

Carla and Barbara now shrieked, and several others lifted their hands, to disrupt the circle. It was a shock when the spirit didn't seem to bother. Now the White Lady had become a dark grey witch with substantial hair loss. The demon wanted to spit out more words, but could not manage this. – “Go away!” commanded Draco. The demon now turned towards him, and easily was able to cross the magical circle. Draco got up in a hurry and tumbled backwards, into the niched cabinet where the statue of Rowena Ravencroft watched. But then Ron Weasley raised his wand, and spoke out a distracting ban: “*Fuimus Troyes!*” The demon seemed to lose its firmness and slowly vanished.

The séance was over very quickly. Harry stood up and went to the window front. From there he could see the spider forest. It seemed to wait like a dark menace under a grey evening sky. Ron looked tired and old now. He said, with resignation in his voice: “I had planned to mainly conjure and question Godric Gryffindor. But right now, the ghosts are obviously not what they used to be. – “Troy was the golden city where Anna lived, the mother of all the local gods and demons”, said Barbara now. – “Can't you keep shut for a while?” chided Draco now, who obviously tried to get over his anxiety. Barbara shyly said, looking at Harry: “Am I wrong to believe in the city of gold, that used to lie in the far distance? It's gone now, but those demons still remember it. They moved away from it on their flight into death, their *vol de mort*. But some of them still favor Trojans.” – “The demonic Snakes liked to devour and to ruin Troy. They ruined more than half of the planets of the Hogs”, said Hermione. “These are now the very miserable of those alien planets. That is at least what recent rumours say.” – “So maybe we should beware of the magic of the Hogs”, said Harry now. He took his seat again at the round table, and waved also Draco to sit down again. He then told the story of the mythical city Agarthi, that was supposed to exist in a cave below Tibet: “This ancient Tibetan story has it that a super-race of Aryans lives in Agarthi. They are preparing for the new age, the age of Aquarius. Then they will have their coming out. And maybe only they are good enough to master the magical arts of the future, that right now are only known on a few worlds of the Hogs.” – “You mean that some ugly Tibetans are supposed to become the supermen of our future?” Draco uttered an ugly laughter. The Valkyrie at his side felt obliged to laugh too. Carla now dared to point out: “That is not a tale from the large field of Tibetan history. The myth of a *coming race* was really the work of Edward Bulwer-Lytton, a fiction writer.” Dudley agreed: “E.B.L. also realized that there exists a lifeforce called vril. But he didn't really understand it, the force that makes water get brilliant. That seems to be another find of science that we humans are just not able to understand and master.” – “So maybe the coming race will do this”, suddenly said Murny, who looked rather daunted now. Shaggy nodded to this. Harry said with a sorrowful face, creasing his forehead: “I know the muggles well. For years I lived among them, in France. Most are Christians in principle, that means that they traditionally believe in Jewish supremacy. But if they really think about this, they don't believe in anything any more. When Hitler invaded France, many started to believe in him. That is why the French lost the battle of France against the Nazis so fast. The Germans had the manly size, the blond hair and the blue eyes after all. But they were not the chosen race, most obviously.” – “The coming race will be all new maybe”, said Barbara, now with a very low voice. Suddenly Shaggy, the West Indian mongrel at the side of Linda the Valkyrie, raised his brown hand and bade for the word. While all looked at him with amazement, he pointed out: “The coming race is maybe not fixed yet. Ole Charlie Darwin and Herbie Spencer said that the struggle for life may take most different people to win in the end. So the coming race could also be a black race, couldn't it? I personally believe that the Ethiopians will do well in the future. I mean, Haile Selassie was a great emperor, was he not?” Shaggy broadly grinned. – “He was a tyrant who did not tolerate any talking back”, reminded him Draco. They all laughed a bit. Then Carla told them what she knew of the house of Ravenclaw: “Lady Rowena had taken up her esoteric name to point out that she still adhered to Odin. It was the supreme god of the Norsemen, who at her time were still mighty in Strathclyde. But that religion was coming to an end. Odin the father god just failed to appear, when they tried to conjure him with offerings as usual. That gave them the idea to try out something new. It was Salazar Slytherin, a gipsy from the thence Islamic Portugal, who then made Rowena change her beliefs. These gipsies were seeing themselves as the chosen race now, since some of them were of Aryan descent. That is what *pure-blooded* meant!”

27. Evaluating Superhumans

The mysterious story of the hidden Tibetan city of a super-race fascinated Harry. He took off the next day from his office work, to try and find out some more about this in the Hogwarts library. Jacob was on duty today, who wasn't as servile as his sibling Jude but maybe better informed. He helped Harry to find a book that discussed many ancient stories about super-human beings, telling him: "Humanoid angels are generally believed to dwell in heaven, that means in the sky above us. But one story from the Bible says that angels were also visiting the famous priest Lot by foot. The Jew had had a heathen temple that was a whorehouse too. His daughters were working there. The alleged angels then desecrated the temple, ripping off golden ornaments from it's idol. When the people of the town of Sodom noticed this they became angry. A mob formed that wanted to fetch Lot and his angels. But Lot barricaded the temple, and gave his daughters to the mob. That made those Canakites, I mean those Arabs, fornicate with the whores. When they were done with that the mob dispersed. Lot managed to flee from the city with his womenfolk and the alleged angels. Soon later Sodom went up in flames. The Bible says that the wrathful God hurled down fire from the sky. But in truth the original Sodomites became the victims of a raid of a war band of Hittites, under the warlord Tidal the second, that was also employing Jewish mercenaries from the tribe of Dan as scouts. So this is how things were like in the old days of the Jewish super-humans." Jacob grinned, and his neatly shaven head shimmered in the dim ceiling lights. Harry hadn't the nerve now to ask him about the Vikings or the Persians or other Nordic to Aryan super-humans. In the register of the book then he didn't find the word Agartha at all. When he googled it, he found out that Agartha or Agarthi was the mythical underground centre of the world, from where allegedly subterranean tunnels were leading to all other regions. So it wasn't only the invention of a British scifi writer! With growing fascination he stared at the bizarre Tibetan illustrations. Should he not try and find that mythical super-city? Maybe the real super-humans were only living there in the underground. Maybe Agartha was really a place not unlike Hogwarts, maybe it was the wizarding school of the Aryans of Tibet. One of the special books that Guy had given him told Harry, that in the bad years of the Nazi Reich, a very strange mixture of esoteric Asians and other supporters of the Nazis had lived in Berlin. Professor Haushofer, the pope of the Nazi ideology, had apparently brought them with from Tibet. His teacher and travel mate to Tibet had been the czarist Russian Georg Gurdjiev. Even the young Stalin too had been a friend of the Gurdjiev family, while he had studied theology. As it seems some Tibetans had told the Nazis that they had come from Agartha! Was this a hoax or what else? The Tibetans had fought in Berlin with the Nazis to the bitter end. Harry was relatively sure that these 'Agartha-Tibetans' had not crawled through a tunnel to Berlin. Maybe Ignaz Trebitsch-Lincoln, a Jewish-British globetrotter and mason, had met them in Tibet. That rich Jew had also been one of the conspirators of Kapp's coup attempt, at the side of Hitler. British masons had often tried to direct world politics. And were they not linked to sorcery too? Harry now put away those books of the muggles, and turned again to documents of the history of Hogwarts. He was surprised to find out that there existed more material about it's half-legendary early history than he had previously thought. Recently Jocelyn Kay, the current chairlady of the board of directors of Hogwarts, had written her own book called 'Magical Money Making'. Harry only opened it to skim through the pages. He found that J. Kay had researched and written a lot about the legendary riches of king Arthur. Definitely the castle of Camelot had become especially rich from the trade with tin, that was used to make bronze. When the Anglo-Saxons had invaded Britain and made it theirs, the remaining Britons had apparently seen in the riches of king Arthur a sign of his magical powers. J. Kay then pointed out that Sir Kay, knight of the round table, had allegedly been one of her earliest ancestors. But his could not replace the original magical blood. "I absolutely need to be rich", said Harry to himself, after having read this. He looked at his big watch, to find that it was already too late to study on. But feverishly he still opened up another book printed in Hogwarts. It was about the four founders. Since Rowena Ravenclaw had been at least half of a gipsy of pure Aryan blood, hadn't she written something about Agartha too? Harry found nothing about this topic right now. He but knew that the magic of books could help him to eventually find just the things he wanted to, but not at a time when his luck of the day was gone.

Alchemy, precisely gold making, is the field that the muggles value highest. It saved many of the magical folks, that they at least pretended that they could make gold. However, just this seems to be especially difficult even for the most able sorcerers. At Hogwarts such alchemy became one of the fields that the legendary founders hoped to master: The wrongly so-called magic of the Hogs.

That was what J. Kay had written in her recent book. According to the Daily Prophet it already sold well not only within the closed circles of the magical folks. “No wonder”, murmured Harry. – “What?” asked Ron, who sat at his side today, at the teacher's conference. Ron was drinking hot coffee and munching French biscuits. He looked carelessly dressed and uneasy. But Draco, at the other side of the tables, looked even more depressed. Murny but broadly smiled, while he stepped into the room. Harry now whispered to Ron in a hurry: “Our gracious lady J. Kay wrote so much in her new book about gold making. But what wizard ever could really do this?” – “Don't ask me such tough questions today”, murmured Ron, rubbing his forehead. Murny started the conference with reviewing their séance at the Ravenclaw tower, and pointed out: “We sorcerers must regard the results of that séance as a major success for the modernist movement in Hogwarts. Despite of our diligent preparations, we experts were unable to conjure and identify a single ghost. Only the so-called White Lady appeared to us, and then a grey demon went after Draco. These apparitions were obviously representations of deities, or rather dangerous demons, and not authentic ghosts of deceased people.” Draco now instantly objected, sounding a little faint at heart: “This session was not made according to the rules. We started at 10 PM but should have waited until midnight, when the witching hour traditionally begins.” Hermione seemed to have expected the objection. She explained: “You are right when it comes to the traditions. But it was our plan to perform this séance at an early time, when we and most of the others around were were still well awake. After midnight, when the normal mortals already sleep, their minds drift away into mostly meaningless dreams. Then such dream images may also appear as we try to conjure ghosts. They may show us ghosts then, but not ghosts who really exist, but only vain fantasy images, like we watch them on Netflix.” – “Well, from our point of view this séance was a success”, added Ron. “It showed that we eventually summon and contact not the ghosts of dead persons, but are getting fooled by the magic of the Snakes. These super-worms may eventually show us ghosts or wondrous beasts. But that is only jugglery, that these Snakes may perform with their sophisticated machines.” – “This is an untraditional and false view”, crabbed Draco. “In the night of Harry's 42nd birthday, many wizards and witches conjured ghosts. Then we all saw the images of historical persons or wizards long gone. I remember I saw king Alexander. Then there also appeared the well-known likeness of Helena Ravenclaw.” But Hermione explained: “Allegedly the Snakes often use human or alien helpers, who pose as ghosts, like actors would do. Some call these actors bots. They may not act as ghosts while they are magically active, but unconsciously while they are asleep.” – “Hold it!” murmured Harry. That info wasn't new to him, but right now it seemed to be just the missing fact that he had been searching for. He needed to note this fast. So where was his iPad? He switched it on and waited for it to boot. But at the same moment headmaster Murny started talking again into his direction: “Anyway, we must see this experimental séance as a very good confirmation of the views of Harry Potter, our lucky star. Not without reason he became so magically famous all over the world. Obviously it is time now for us magical folks to give up our traditional reclusion. I say: Let us step before the world to show them our magic.” Now many traditionalists loudly objected. Draco took off his goggles and explained: “So you say that our traditional way to work magic and regard the world is faulty. That may be correct, let me concede that. But what should we then say to the nosey muggles when they ask us to explain magic? Our traditional lore has it, for instance, that ghosts of the dead exist, who may be conjured by way of artful spells or diligently composed rituals. However, if ghosts don't exist we would have to start all over again, trying to explain such phenomena that we all know by a different way.” – “Exactly”, said Harry. “But the consequence is that we would have to do much more basic research, to find new explanations for lots of known phenomena of magic. That is what I do right now, that is my modernist way.” He was surprised when Luna L. now dared to object, with a bitter smile and a faint voice, staring at her hands: “The fundamental problem seems to be, that we might not like the things that we find by Harry's way.”

In the afternoon, the time had come for the now regular fitness training session of the teachers. Jon the Jock made them warm up and run around the quidditch court. Then he formed two teams with brooms. Into one team he took the rather fit teachers, and the other team was formed by the so-called 'unfits'. – “Now it is time for our first irregular test match”, he explained. Harry was a little tired and dozy now. When he found himself being the captain of the 'unfits', he protested: “This is all but fair. Each quidditch team should have an equal share of fit players.” – “You made a point”, said Jon to him. “That was just what I have in mind too.” He now parted the team of the fit teachers into two training teams. To the unfit teachers he explained: “They will play quidditch now. The job of the rest of you is to sweep the arena. Don't forget to also remove the weeds from the crannies. Any time a team on the field scores a goal, you may also do a little cheerleading.”

When Harry went to the teacher's rest room at tea time, he was feeling depressed and also really tired. Instead of the usual piece of tart or cookies he took an apple and fresh plums now, hoping that this would render him fitter, like he had been in his young days. But then he thought again of the magic of the Zorro book. Was there no way to use these exclusive spells to make him become fitter? He but had the notion now that this magic was really turning out to be some kind of secret religion. Those spells were prayers maybe, a religious service to Zitza and her prophet Saint Tus. He thought that he maybe shouldn't try this again, until he knew better what to think of these. He absolutely needed to learn how to read the Zorro book. Surely this magic also had bad by-effects. “Any medication eventually has by-effects. So what about the by-effects of magic?” asked Harry then, when he sat there with tired Dudley and sad Barbara again at their usual table. Barbara now remained strangely silent. She looked so beat that Harry suspected that she had health problems. With a pressed voice she then explained: “The Snake demons are really very cruel. They relish to send us pains and bad luck. From above they strafe and terrorize us with their rays, to cause fear and havoc here, just like the butcher Harris did in World War Two. They're fighting in our heads with takeover attempts. And any progress in understanding that we make, makes them react with fury and fear. These cosmic devils may especially pester and attack people like me, just because we learned too much about them. Really, I can't endure this no more. I need to get out of here. I need to leave.” Suddenly she wept. Looking at Harry Potter, she waited for him to object. When he remained silent Barbara just left, moving painstakingly slowly now. Jon the Jock had watched her. He now joined Dudley and Harry, and coolly said: “No pain no gain.” Dudley but explained: “She is so bitter about the demons. But methinks often that the demons eventually also might be helpful.” Harry said: “Sure. Wasn't this the recipe that made the founders of Hogwarts succeed?” He then waved Ron and Hermione to join him. Exhausted as they both were, they had skipped their regular bicycle tour today. Also Luna L. and others came now to listen. Harry explained to them all, with the money-making recipes book of J. Kay in his hands: “I am just reading the new book of our mother superior. As it seems she still brings up new stories about Rowena Ravenclaw and the founders. Before the year 1000, Rowena seems to have been another anxious Christian. But when Jesus didn't perform a second coming, she became a follower of Odin again, thinking that he was the father and Jesus only one of his sons. That special faith but didn't make her really wise and rich. Later in her life she was trading with arms, jewels and other goods of dark origin. Godric the former Viking had more luck. He invented the first really working wands. But where did his luck originate? The explanation may be that he called himself Gryffindor. We may read this as: *Dora's Griffin*. That means, that he helped Dora with some spells, as a bot maybe. So who is Dora? She's a terrible evil demon from Sirius, that is what the German rumours recently say.” They all looked sad now, when Harry paused. Hermione then demurred: “But that doesn't explain the magic of the Hogs.” – “Correct. But the planets of the Hogs are far away, and their situation is precarious and miserable. The demons, with their planets, are in the middle. They too decide and wrangle over the proliferation of technologies. They pester the Hogs much more than us. Godric's companion was Helga. She chose the witching name Hufflepuff. It was a reference to the demons of the Hogs. We know “huffing and puffing” from a tale by James H. Phillips. In it a big bad wolf blows down the houses of the three little pigs. That is what the demons do to some of the Hogs. They blow down their houses with storms. If we team up with demons we eventually help them.”

28. Too weak for the Truth

Days later Harry then stood in the train station of Mulgrave. The express train to London had just arrived. At his side stood Barbara Blocksberg, on her way to a sightseeing trip. – “Hi Harry! Nice to see you again!” suddenly said a voice from behind that Harry knew and disliked. As he turned around he saw Shaggy, who grinned broadly. Harry forced himself to be polite, and said: “Hi Sh . . ., I mean hello Curvin. After you!” And he stepped aside, to let enter the negroid staffer before him.” – “You're so polite!” said Shaggy. The three entered the rather empty first class wagon then without reservations. Shaggy entered one room and held open the door for Harry. But Harry went on to the next compartment, followed by Barbara. She looked relieved when she took a seat right opposite to Harry, who smiled thinly: “That Negro mongrel would have blabbered incessantly all the way to King's Cross station.” – “It's okay by me.” – “So how are your pains today?” – “Screw it”, said Barbara with a forced smile. Harry found it strange that Barbara was suddenly using such a slightly obscene language. So was this because he had started to have a sex life again, first with Cindy and then with loving himself? He now told her the strange story of how Shaggy had made a career at Hogwarts: “It was when I had madly fallen in love with Marge. We got married three days after her eighteenth birthday. Then we were flying to Barbados for a romantic honeymoon. Our tourist guide there happened to be such a Darky. I was really nice to him, and we even drank together and listened to his Reggae music. I also smoked his dope once—I din' like it. But when I much later came home to Hogwarts, Murky Chatterjee had taken another such negroid guy as his personal assistant, just at the time of my holiday. Now I think that these two events are magically linked. Let's just call this the magic of the races. Sometimes I even think, that this is because I am the spiritual anchorman of Hogwarts. Much that is happening there only happens because of me, and according to my rules.” Barbara looked sceptical but didn't say anything. So Harry talked on: “I had waited for Marge over five years. I was so happy when we could legalize our affair. I had a so enjoyable love life with her. But somehow the sex seemed to waste and spoil her. That is what I could not understand and still can't.” Now Barbara finally talked, with a depressed voice: “I say that this is due to the demons. Sama, Dora, Toma and the rest of them, they push us wanting sex. They may bring us pains, to make us obey. They like to torment, because they are sadistic devils by nature. If we get lusty, if we have sex, that seems to stimulate and distract them. The problem with sex is that it becomes an addiction soon. Even thinking of sex can deplete your resources of mana, of lifeforce. They suck your lust, and by this way they make you their slaves and their evil tools. Thus an addiction may start, a slavery that may change all your reality to the worse.” Harry breathed heavily, staring out of the window at the landscape rushing by. He realized that he had already vaguely known and feared something like that. “So that is why the monks always avoided to have sex and feel lust”, he said. Barbara tiredly rubbed her temples. “The demons procreate the evil voice, that may fill your mind and distract you much. They blabber at me all the time, trying to turn me into an evil witch.” Harry nodded. “I guess that must have happened to the founders of Hogwarts too. That explains why Godric seems to have become a servant of the demoness Dora. As it now seems, he acted as her bot. He pretended to be a demonic wondrous beast, a griffin. He was helping with his magic to grab and claw and immobilize people. And Helga Hufflepuff must have helped to raise bad storms.” – “That meets the common accusations that the Christians raise against our magical communities. They believe that we are doing evil magic as servants of devils. That was surely sometimes true, and maybe still is. But the muggles are not seeing the good sides of our professional work. We healed and helped many with our magic!” Barbara now got a little angry. That was typical for witches and wizards, when the talk came to the traditional persecution of sorcerers by the Christian churches. Barbara now asked: “But aren't the Christians much worse than we are, when it comes to cooperating with demons, or even serving them? In their biblical book of revelation, the Christians appear as the minions of demons who are determined to destroy this earth. The Bible promises to the Christians an afterlife in a cloud cuckoo's heavenly Reich. It is a vain illusion of demonic liars and cruel tyrants: Help us *angels* to bomb your home planet to pieces, and you'll get a reward after you die. Can't they sense that these are just vain lies?” Harry now remembered the confused clerics he had met at Balmoral. “I think lately some can”, he said.

They stopped talking when the door of their compartment opened. It was Shaggy, now without his usual broad grin. “Listen Harry to what just came into my mind ...”, he started as he entered. – “Now listen Shaggy, we'd like to be alone”, replied Harry. But since Shaggy didn't understand, Harry pulled out his magical wand and spoke a slight spell, with his commanding voice: “*Foras muscá terrenda!*” With his pancake face first, Shaggy was turned around and witched out of the door, that closed behind him. That scene made Barbara laugh a little, and Harry had to laugh too. “Punitive spells, who are just a little nasty, seem to work especially well when spoken in Latin”, he explained, now talking like a professor to his class. Barbara knew this and explained: “Maybe it is due to the fact that Latin is the traditional language of the Christians. They still dominate our western culture, as demented as they sadly are.” She now touched the cross that hung around her neck. For a moment Harry now felt sympathy for the Christians too, but then fear won the upper hand. He was feeling it too now, the inner evil voice that seemed to constantly fill his mind with idiotic prejudices, like: *Negroes are not different from normal people, since races do not exist.* In truth they were just more demented, and prone to evil magic and bad luck. As he was trying right now to modernize the traditions of sorcery, not only at Hogwarts, wasn't Harry like obliged to get over such obviously wrong misconceptions of the muggles? The problem was that the demons vividly talked against this! The evil inner voice tended to speak up in sudden strong fits. It could become very pestering and obsessive. It could mislead and damage the human mind. The demons were known at Hogwarts as Dementors. They easily made sensible people obey to their nonsense, who knew that they got demented but could not help it, because they were too weak for the truth. Harry now told Barbara the story of the best hours of his honeymoon on Barbados: “For a number of times I went diving there. I also did this later with Marge in France. The films of Jacques-Yves Cousteau had motivated us, like: *Il faut aller voir* – you need to go and see. But at first we could not understand why Cousteau had named one of his films *The Silent World*. While diving, there are so many sounds: The hissing sound of your breathing with the aqualung, and the disturbing rumble of the bubbles that you breathe out. I only got it when I read that the National Geographic Society had honoured Yves with a medal saying: *To earthbound man he gave the key to the silent world.* Down there there is a special mental silence, because the water may interrupt the constant noise that comes down from the stars!” – “It's the underwater world of our great white mermaid”, explained Barbara. But that was something that Harry was hardly ready to accept. “She doesn't appear nice to me.” – “She is just very stressed, and right now she seems to withdraw her support from many people and sites she previously was fostering.” – “Heck!” Harry nearly cursed when he now realized that this was maybe the explanation for the crisis of the art of wand making. He was just on his way to the ministry in London, to confer about this. He and Ron had planned to complain about the “exploding prices”. Barbara remained unimpressed by his vivid complaints about “this racketeering”. She then told him about her daughter Bibi: “My little girl is one of the best witches of Doitschlaend, that is Germany. And – she does this all without using any magical wands. Using such powerful artillery, like your magical wands, was never the custom among us German witches.” – “That is quite contrary to the common reputation of you Germans”, replied Harry. Barbara then told Harry a lot more about Bibi, who was a devoted rider. “It worries me that Bibi is rather immature. She seems to always remain a teen, even while she is in her thirties. She still relishes to ride all day long with her girl-friend Martina, instead of trying to find a cute husband.” – “My daughter is maybe not different.” Harry now found it hard to explain to Barbara that his daughter had rather ruined her life with drugs, and was currently working in a drug clinic in California as an assistant nurse. “We keep telling lies to reporters about this. They can hardly find out the truth, since we magical folks traditionally live secluded lives and heed our secrets.” – “And how are your sons then?” – “Albus is fine. He got happily married with Scorpius Malfoy. They both currently work as some kind of healers and auditors. Sadly, my second son Sirius was just jailed for drug trade. I really should hate drugs.” Harry sighed, and rubbed his eyes. “But my problem is maybe, that due to the special magic that protects me, I can try out most drugs without having to fear an addiction.” He didn't tell her now that he was also visiting London to meet some Jewish mafia cronies, who had in mind to found a bank at Hogwarts to “wash” their drug money.

They then had to change trains at York station. As soon as Harry appeared on the platform he was spotted by a school class of teenagers, mostly girls. The girls giggled excitedly, and some tried to get near to him to shoot selfies with him. Harry used the opportunity to hand out some of his new advertisement flyers to some of the girls. He found that he really liked to appear as the superman. But he got a little scared, when the frenzied girls started to touch him here and there, and would hardly let him step up into the train. “Ho girls! This is not the Beatlemania!” he shouted at them. But maybe it was comparable. The event worried him when he sat again in the train. Barbara was already a bit exhausted and sleepy. Harry then stared out of the windows, and dozed a bit, falling into a light trance. When he suddenly woke up he was daunted. He suddenly had to think about the naughty acts that he had recently done in Hogwarts. He had even masturbated under the desk in his office! How could he behave in such a perverted way? The thrill had excited him. He failed to understand himself now. “We are all so cooped up in Hogwarts”, he explained to Barbara now. “That seclusion maybe makes us all a bit eccentric if not crazy.” – “It was because of the hate and the persecution of the Christians”, said Barbara. “Many still don't tolerate our beliefs.” – “We had no beliefs”, explained Harry. – “Lately more and more of the magical folks tend to believe in the White Goddess. Isn't she the true god?” – “The Mermaid?” Harry got a shudder when he thought of that. “Certainly I would not welcome the idea, that a German religion would become the new religion of Hogwarts. We thus would transform from a scholarly academy into a religious sect.”

Harry suddenly got so nervous and fidgety that he could not remain seated. Murmuring excuses he left Barbara, to walk through the rattling train to the next toilet. At Hogwarts he would have taken a shower now, but right now in the train he couldn't even wet his head. The toilet then was occupied. He waited, and suddenly realized that maybe Shaggy had bad news for him Harry had secretly masturbated with porn photos on his desk, and some of them had disappeared during the fire alarm! Later he had seen Shaggy leave the office building. Hot wrath rose up in Harry. He spontaneously went through the train to find that Negro and question him. Shaggy was sitting in the second class now, at the side of some elderly tourists, reading a newspaper that could hide his dark face too. “Shaggy!” raged Harry when he found him, raising his magical wand against him. “Did you take away the private photos from the desk of my room?” – “No, Harry, I ...” Shaggy was so shocked now that he could hardly answer. Harry tried to think of a spell to force the Darky to tell the truth. But remembering spells was much easier in Hogwarts than here, in the mad noisy world of the muggles. – “Maybe James stole something from your room”, stammered the negroid aide now. “Harry I don't do such things. Believe me, I loves you like everybody does.” – “Well, in that case ...” Harry was suddenly ashamed, while all the passengers around stared at him. He could read the headline of one article of the newspaper that Shaggy was holding. In Iran the vile Mullah regime had just threatened once again to punish women severely who weren't wearing the foulard, the Islamic head cloth for the women. “Fitting for unfit Aryans”, murmured Harry, when he left Shaggy alone. He wanted to move back to his first class seat, but now found that the teens had spotted him again. Here in the train they were even more excited. “Harry would you like to sign your name on my T-shirt?” said one. She opened up her blazer and showed him her shirt. It was grey and showed the colourful logo of Hogwarts. Harry realized that he could easily win this girl for his class, and maybe millions of fans more from all the world. But then she also raised her t-shirt, and showed him her bra. She was giggling excitedly. Harry tried to turn away from her, but now another girl handed him out her slip. – “No, no, leave me alone”, he now bade them. But his voice sounded weak, and he doubted that he was really meaning it. He had a strong erection. When he tried to pass another girl, she suddenly pressed her swelling breasts against him. “Harry I love you! I am Mabel”, she confessed to him. Then she and another girl hugged him and kissed him demandingly. Harry was absolutely shocked! But he could not stop this right now. It was just sweet! “This is getting absolutely out of control!” murmured Harry, while he hugged and kissed around, from one girl to the next. Very soon yet another girl sank into her knees before him. She managed with fast fingers to open up his trousers, and tear down his undies. With a shrill laugh she then took his penis into her mouth. Harry looked around, hoping that nobody would see. But he saw that some of the girls even filmed videos of his face, while the three made him ejaculate.

29. The Sun on Oxford Street

It rained into the sunlit Oxford street in London, when Harry took a walk there. He looked out for a rainbow, but there was none he could see. He vaguely remembered that some time ago, some 40 years or so, here he had met an eccentric street preacher. The tiny man had adorned himself with a high rising billboard. One could read it while he was handing out leaflets to the pedestrians. He was spreading the lore that you could overcome sexual desire by way of a protein-free diet. When Harry had seen that he had asked himself: *What's so bad about sexual desire?* Now he found that he understood that street preacher a little better. Harry still was shocked about the scene that had happened to him in that train. How could these rather ordinary girls behave in such an offensive way? Such behaviour wasn't normal! Was this mass hypnosis or a curse? It took him a while to realize, that maybe his own sexual misconduct, performed strictly privately but very obsessively at Hogwarts, had reshaped his destiny in such a way. He murmured to himself: "They maybe just did what was the tradition, but not in Britain but in ancient Albion." – "What?" asked Barbara, who was walking next to him. Harry found it hard now to explain his thoughts to her. "There was maybe an early time when all the people around here and elsewhere adhered to witch cults. The women and their idea of a great goddess dominated all the world then. They would choose holy kings, but to handle them in a strict way, a way strictly fixed by bad traditions." – "Destiny would choose such men." – "Sure." Harry stared into the windows, irritated by her comment. At the side of the pavement sat a man in a wheelchair. So who had chosen him for this role? He continued: "Anyway, maybe such a holy king was mainly chosen to become a wizard of special strength, a superhero like I have become. You can do a lot of good with your magic. A good holy king can become a blessing for his country. Everything goes well then, and the harvests succeed, bringing wealth to all. But at the same time, the fixed traditions wanted the holy king for the girls maybe. Destiny like throws him not to one woman but to many, to all of them in the end. The girls would cheer to him and suck from him, and consume him in the end, in short time maybe. They told me at school of the prehistoric calendar, that was having fixed dates for the annual rituals. Those are the rules according to whose I was lately chosen, right now on my irregular 42nd birthday. It's the so-called Rite of Spring. They would fornicate at Carnival and kill the king at Pentecost." He then sighed. "It looks as if maybe it's high time for me to die." Barbara took her time with the answer. "Now look Harry, it's already August, and you are still alive. Surely you shouldn't regard destiny in such a depressing way. Your thoughts also shape the world you live in. It is your optimism too that paves your way into a solid future." – "Sure", conceded Harry. "And by the same way I may also reshape my past to the better. It's positive thinking that is needed." He still stared from the sunlit street into a rather dark presentation window. Then he was spotted by two young women. "Omigod! It's Harry Potter! Hi Harry!" they jubilated. Harry took down his face and had to move on fast. Suddenly he was thinking about the recipe of that street preacher. Was it maybe time for him to take up the strict Vegan diet? Possibly he would be able to better control his sex drive by this way, that lately had absolutely gotten out of control. But he sensed that he could maybe not really vanquish those unbelievably old, surely cosmic laws of magic by such an individual way. As they strolled on, he spontaneously bought himself a London baseball cap. It was all black with just the faint silhouettes of the Tower bridge, Big Ben and the London wheel on it. Harry took it on to hide his signature scar. Then he spoke a little spell, maybe: "Destiny, please let me not turn my proud London into a pig pen!" He then realized that this spell again sounded like a prayer. As a holy king it was his duty to downlink to Mother Earth. That was what Carla Cunningham had lately told him more than once, the Hogwarts expert on this field. He was supposed to share the vril that he was earning as a holy king with Her, for the sake of his country and all creation. But he already knew that She was a mermaid, and he hated her a little. If he now would start adhering to that goddess, would it not mean that She would strictly judge him according to that old ritual calendar? *No*, she whispered right now. She often spoke monosyllabic, exhausted and in pains as she was. Barbara now said: "Surely that was the reason why already your marriage with beautiful Ginny had to fail. She was a good woman, but you were maybe not made for just one woman." – "No no, she lately developed her bad faults." – "But that was because destiny separated you two."

Later on that day Harry went to visit the ministry of magic. It was situated in GOAT London, the Greatest-of-all-Time London. The mere fact that it existed had been a big secret in centuries past. In the sad era of the Witchfinder General and his lot, witches had been awfully persecuted. Many of the magical folks, often unorganized simple people who by chance had known some spells or spirits, had been tortured and burned alive at the stake, as offerings to the bloodthirsty deities and demons of the Christians. When the wise men got a little wiser in the crazy world of the Muggles, the magical folks had but managed to suddenly take a stand against their enemies of the Christian churches, and win limited support of the government. That had happened after William of Orange had been chosen to become William the Third, the new king of Britain, in the blessed time of the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Those years had been the years when daring British seafarers were venturing out into the seven seas, to reap fame and fortune. To erect a worldwide British Empire they also needed the help of magic. 'William' was a magically blessed name. That was what many wizards thought until the present day. Harry thought that maybe the name Harry was such a good name too, but thinking about all the escapades of the ex-prince Harry Windsor he was not so sure. He just entered Abbey road. Here was the location of the entrance to one of the secret tunnels that were leading to the Ministry of Magic residing in old bunkers from the times of World War Two, and maybe further on to Calais, to the Etna, and finally to the Tibetan-Aryan underground city of Agartha. Harry took the turn then into Bolton road. From there, a broken-down telephone booth allegedly served as the lift, down to a secret entry of the tunnel network. In the dingy red booth a tourist stood with the earpiece pressed to his ear. When Harry walked by the booth he could hear the faint automatic voice repeating the same text all over again: "This is M-O-M. Please wait ..."

It was just a little joke of the ministry's telephone buffs to mislead all too nosy Harry Potter fans. But was it a coincidence, that the abbreviated name of the Ministry of Magic sounded just like the word Mom? Lately Harry tended to think that truly a mother goddess was in control of the magic. He then had a lunch at a nearby restaurant, and went to the toilet there, and down into the tunnels.

"Get rich or die tryin', said Atlas Engelwood then. The big broad man was currently the minister of magic. He now sat in his blue suit in front of a desk, that was loaded with files and books. The minister grinned while he studied the advertisement leaflet that Harry had given him. – "What do you mean?" asked Harry, looking at Atlas with a confused disrespect. He had to stand before the minister now, at the side of Joan Trollope, his fat-bottomed secretary. Minister Engelwood then explained to Harry what he thought youngsters were thinking, if they were thinking about joining Hogwarts for to receive an education there: "They will want to get good jobs and get rich later. If you explain to the kids how they can do this, you will win many for your academy of magic." – "Frankly, I believe I could win as many fans for my school as I would like to win." Harry was not in a good mood now. It was generally cool in the underground caverns of the ministry, but a huge ventilation tube was blowing warm air directly into his face. He took off his new black baseball cap then and got a little angry, when he explained: "I happen to be the holy king of Hogwarts and maybe the rest of the world. I already am extremely popular, and right now I am about to become even much more popular. In fact, sometimes the girls behave like crazy when they encounter me. That is becoming a little of a problem." Atlas nodded, while he studied the flyer. "All hail to the holy king, I say. But then again, wasn't that only the exotic lore of the late poet Robert Graves?" – "True", said Joan, his secretary. She wore glasses and a light green cardigan. "Mr. Graves worked out his mythology of a prehistoric religion while he was writing on Mallorca, in *Catholic* Spain." Harry said: "This is much more than absurd mythology. There are rules who bind any holy king. I have experienced that myself." Atlas nodded to this, but replied: "As I remember this, the holy king is supposed to die after a year or so. Since you just became 42 or so, we may calculate that you will die next spring." – Joan explained coolly: "Frenzied fans will maybe tear him to pieces and eat him up to consume his lifeforce." Atlas asked Harry with a smile: "Or how do you plan to survive the next year 2024?" – "That remains to be seen", replied Harry with a bitter voice. Atlas now suddenly sounded tough, as he told Harry: "Thanks to *Mom* we but already foresaw a Harry Potter crisis. In the event of you getting out of order, the entire business of magic would suffer enormously. So the best way to not having to put you down in 2024 is to topple you beforehand."

Soon later the minister and some officials and elders were meeting in a conference room. Harry stood in front of them, and again had to show around his new Hogwarts ad flyer and explain it. The elderly officials were not amused as they regarded the mouse on page one. “J. Kay recently wrote a lot about her wondrous animals”, explained Atlas Engelwood, holding up her most recent book. “But to me it seems that these treacherous beasts are just not liked by the ordinary people.” – “Maybe the principal Chatterjee should rather have written more letters asking potential donors and any people in luck for buckshee”, supposed Joan Trollope dryly. Atlas nodded: “It's the same ever question of our business: How can we make money by way of working magic and miracles? Jesus could do great miracles, but he apparently never found out how to capitalize his abilities. It always saved Hogwarts in troublesome times that the local wizards were much better able to reap profits from their magic.” – “That was what the magic of the Hogs was at least good for”, judged Harry. One expert of Church affairs then explained: “Jesus seems to have discarded the magic of these descendants of pigs. He drove their spirits into pigs, who then got into a frenzy and rushed into the local lake, where they drowned. The disciples maybe then won pork for some month. But until today the Christians deny strictly the possibility that any aliens may exist on nearby planets in outer space. Only we magical folks used to know better.” Harry said: “We often saw elves with the ears of pigs in visions. I remember well Dobby, that demented and miserable little fellow.” – “Surely the Hogs exist”, said Atlas finally. “That leads us to the question how to best make use of their special magic.” He sighed. “It's the question that troubles us most right now: The exorbitant rise of the prices of magical wands.” That was the main point on the agenda of the meeting today. All the ministry's servants and experts who were present at the meeting now listened up. But the minister could not tell them more than his conviction, that the market naturally makes the prices. Harry whispered to Joan Trollope: “That is why Ron was sending me here, instead of attending in person. He said that it's useless to complain about high prices to those neoliberal pundits, who are dominating British politics right now.” – “Psst!” hissed Joan, like a snake. Atlas just summarized some ideas from the new book of J. Kay: “It still remains unclear whether magical wands with an active core ever existed prior to the foundation of Hogwarts. Definitely at least Godric Gryffindor managed to assemble some of these, using the magic of the Hogs. But Godric maybe didn't share his great secret with anyone else. When then William the Conqueror and his Normans invaded into Britain, they tried to wipe out what they considered as “that nest of witchery, robbery and the trade of booty”. During those troublesome years, as it seems, the secret of wand making got lost. Only some centuries later we hear of magical wand making again. In 1260 a Jonathan Olivandrus carried that art from Rome to London. Jonathan had been a German wood trader from the town of Oliva in East Prussia.” Harry had heard that story too. He now retold something that he had heard from Barbara: “Some Germans see this as a confirmation of the lore, that the Germans play a key role on the field of magic. They say that this is because their underworldly goddess secretly chose Germany as her holy land.” – “That old lady must be in trouble deep”, said Atlas with a frown.

Angus Engelwood interrupted them when he entered. The brother of Atlas was a bit smaller and looked more stressed. Harry remembered that the two brothers had once been jointly sitting in his class, a decade ago. Harry had worked then as the secretary of magical prosecution. Now this was the job of Angus; who had become, in a way, Harry's superior officer. Angus greeted Harry only by waving at him with one of his leaflets. Harry's affair with Marge had damaged his reputation among the ministry's cops. Suddenly Joan shrieked: “A mouse!” There was still some animal life in the ministry's caverns. Harry saw a grey shadow scurrying along one wall. Eagerly he drew his magical wand, seeing the chance now to show them what he was really still worth. “*Simia voraca siem*”, he shouted. It was a spell in garbled Latin against mice, making Harry become more agile. He then jumped like a monkey to catch the mouse, but was stopped by a chair, who banged at his head. That made him really get wild. He now shouted: “*Shitstorm Shazam!*” At once a ray burst out from his wand. Harry killed the mouse, reducing it to a shower of dust. But once again he had put too much effort into his spell. While he was shaking his hand, the fizzling ray caught the left foot of Joan. Her leather shoe and stockings were melting, then her foot partly disintegrated. She gasped, and cried out with pain while she sank to the polished floor. – “Oops”, murmured Harry.

30. A Market Analysis

Harry spent the following evening alone in his hotel room. He had chosen a rather cheap hotel in the East End. After his shameful sexual clanger in the train to London, he found it wiser to avoid the big hotels that the tourists were frequenting. Now he listened to piano music on radio four and drank vodka from a bottle, again and again asking himself: "How could that fault happen to me?" Checking his e-mails he found that Cindy still hadn't written him. But Angus Engelwood had sent him a long message, telling him that Joan was fine given the circumstances. They had amputated the rest of her foot in the hospital and were giving here a dialysis. Harry had wept a little when he had read that message. Harry was absolutely shocked and ashamed because of what he had done. Chasing a bleeding mouse with such a magical firearm was really too dangerous! "So stupid!" he told himself. Then he thought that maybe the demons had done this. They seemed to have gotten nearer and nearer to him lately. Maybe they had cleverly organized such an incident to discredit him. Now that he thought of it, he realized that he hadn't thoroughly tested the rosewood wand that Guy had left him. The wand seemed to be already old. Sometimes such wands had a bizarre tendency to not react well to the spells of the owners. He disliked to remember now the story of the famous Elder wand. That strongest wand of them all had developed quirks, that made it hard to handle under normal circumstances. In the end, Harry had dropped that calamitous thing into a gorge. Now he drew his rosewood wand, and thought about to dispose of it too. But given the financial problems that he was in, that would definitely be just another disastrously wrong deed. He then took out from his travel bag the book that he had taken with him. The 'Greatest Spies of all Time' promised suspense. Guy had left it to him. Harry longed to read now, to escape from his absolutely nerve-wrecking self-accusations. He read the chapter about Klaus Fuchs, arguably the worst ever spy of all time. That German physicist and communist had worked at the Manhattan project, the atomic bomb project of the USA, and divulged that secret to the Soviets under Stalin. "An abominable German again", said Harry to himself. He then tried to analyse this case. Klaus, that name was just the German version of the name of Santa Claus of course. So it was likely that Klaus Fuchs received a more or less Christian education. There was not a word about this in this muggle book. But Harry had read through the Gospel several times. That was helpful on the field of muggle studies. He now remembered again that Jesus had told the Christians to strictly remain poor. The disciples were originally supposed to surrender all their belongings to the sect of Jesus. So they had been communists. In principle the commies of history had been strict atheists. But as soon as they would perceive at least one true miracle, they were lost for the atheism of Marx and Engels. Harry remembered that Marx had developed his tyrannical ideology right where Harry sat now, in London. "Another abominable German", he judged. But no, Marx had been rather a Jew. The two main co-conspirators of Klaus Fuchs, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, had been Jewish too. Harry thought that the fear that the Christian clerics instilled into the minds of their simpletons was eventually making people become insanely fearful communists. But how could those rather ordinary citizens get to the idea to divulge the secret of mass destruction weapons to Stalin, that atheist and mass murderer? These spies had risked to unfetter the demons of war for a World War Three. In fact, only with the backing of their new atomic bombs the commies had risked to start the Korea war. Harry took another sip of vodka, to find that he now hated the taste of this Russian swill. It surely was not wise to punish himself for the several blunders that he had recently made. Surely it played a major role that the atmosphere down there in the bunkers of the ministry was so unsound, and void of vril. Such a typical office microclimate was prone to make people sick and erratic. And had he not the means to revert that fatal destiny? He thought about this for a longer time: The magic to change the past. He now feared that erotic spell. It had an addictive tendency. But he had no choice but to do this one more time. He wet his head again and went to bed, and in the dark he whispered his kind-of prayers to Mother Zitza and her son Sanct Tus: "Please Mother of Earth, or whoever you are, come to my aid with your mercy! Undo this tragical accident that I caused!" He then masturbated in a rather effeminate way, that was leading to a strong orgasm. He fell asleep then. In his dreams the Mermaid seemed to appear, singing sadly: "I am to blame!" He was relieved when he realized that she didn't mean his accident, but those old cases of espionage.

It was Friday when Harry was meeting three American Jews in Whitechapel. The huge market there of food, commodities and rummage seemed to be a fitting venue to informally discuss the foundation of the planned investment bank. Harry soon sat down with Robbie Zuckerman and his business partners Eli and Ralph in a street food restaurant. Robbie found it a bit sad that this place had lately become more and more Asian instead of Jewish. But he got glad and vivid again, when he presented his business proposal to Harry, first on his laptop computer and then printed out in a folder. “We would propose that you give your new baby your own name: The Harry Potter bank.” – “But this bank won't be really my own. It would be yours”, demurred Harry. – “Sure. But your name just sounds good on the cover. People love it”, explained small Eli Hawker, a lawyer from Washington D.C. His colleague Ralph Rabel added: – “Just think of all the Harry Potter cooking books. There is even a Vegan cooking book that sells well, presumably, mainly because of your name on it's cover.” Harry saw the logic in that argumentation. But still he dared to object: “We want to do serious business with this bank, and not just add another item to the big pile of Harry Potter merchandise. So wouldn't something like *The Hogwarts Jewish Investment Bank* be more appropriate?” – “We should not mention the word Jewish in that correlation”, explained Robbie, who sweated a little in the warm and slightly stinking air. And Ralph explained: “We should want customers of all sorts, not only Jews to invest at our bank.” Eli added: “Some *Aryans* just dislike us Jews much.” – “No wonder”, said Harry bluntly. Ralph whispered to Robbie: “What if we get into tsores with that freak?” – “We won't”, assured him Robbie with a smile. Harry meanwhile stared at the business plan and the graphs. He didn't understand much of this all. Maybe he should hire himself a lawyer too, he thought. But then again, he also hadn't hired a chef de cuisine, when he had agreed that some marketing professionals were using his famous name for cooking books of the odder sorts. He looked at his smart apple watch, to realize that an expert from the financial press that he had asked to come by and take a look at these treaties had missed his appointment. So what the heck? He now explained: “Truly, we wizards of Hogwarts are in a difficult situation right now. The numbers of young student are receding. But at the same time we also need more income, to buy modern magical wands for instance. That is why I am making plans right now of a thorough modernization of our academy. We magical folks always lived secluded lives. But now we all surely need to adapt some more to the modern world out there. A solid house bank would surely add to our reputation.” – “But too much publicity would surely be not advisable”, warned Eli now. He had a small chin and always looked a bit worried. Harry nodded, as he remembered that the Jews also had in mind to 'wash' money with the help of his bank. He didn't really know what that meant, but sensed that this was rather illegal. Well, who cared at Hogwarts much about the loads of laws of the muggles? The witches and wizards there had their own traditional rules. Harry relied again on his typical rash courage, and in less than an hour he just signed the treaties. Robbie looked relieved then when he said goodbye to his lawyers, and strolled with Harry some more across the market. He explained that for him, it was still a bit problematic how to correctly classify Hogwarts: “You are neither a church nor a sect, that could just rely on the alleged gods and their revelations. Often it's easier for them to make money just the traditional way. Take the Christians, for instance. The clerics collect their church taxes with a simple trick: Either you pay, or we will thrust you into our dungeons after you die, and there you will rot and burn forever.” – “That won't happen of course” assured him Harry. “In truth out there in space there are no spirits of our deceased, but dementing demons and aliens of many planets. I recently realized this, when I did some research regarding the alleged Saint James and other ghosts.” – “Sure”, said Robbie, but his face revealed that he still wasn't so sure. He continued, now with some more respect in his voice: “But professor Potter, if these are your results, why don't you make some noise about them to the press and the peers? Science news like these would definitely brush up the reputation and ranking of your institution. And, as you surely know, when it comes to attracting youngsters to a school, the ranking plays a prominent role.” Harry nodded, but he explained that it was difficult to publish such esoteric papers in established science magazines: “One of my personal problems is that I only hold a post-doctoral degree from the little respected BIU university.” Robbie smiled and said: “So what? That is still better than a PhD title from a Brownie university in outer space.”

As soon as Robbie had left for the airport, Harry received an SMS on his watch. Luna Lynch had written him, that she and her husband were now ready to meet him at the market. She bade Harry to switch on the GPS function of his phone, and apologized for the delay. Indeed soon later Harry met Luna and David Lynch. Her husband was a big and good looking reporter of financial affairs. Right now David but looked rather upset, and Harry realized that the two had maybe just had an argument. Luna looked depressed and held down her eyes, but that was what she recently nearly always did. They then sat down outside of a street cafe. Harry gave David the treaties he had just signed. The business reporter seemed to be not in the mood now to thoroughly analyse them, and just explained: "The most important cypher of any investment bank is the rate of it's own capital. That tells about the ability of a bank to pass a stress situation. In case a sudden stock market panic occurs, the bank should have means enough to pay herself out of trouble. If not, the bank goes bankrupt. That isn't a problem, since the government will bail her out with tax payers' money."

Soon they were wandering across the huge market. Here they saw many dark oriental women still wearing not only a foulard but the complete Islamic head-to-toe coffin veil. Harry also saw some people with ugly, tiny Indian looking heads selling trashy electronics commodities, that were in fact bulky waste that they picked up on the streets. Harry asked a man, pointing at an old laptop computer: "Does this still work?" – "Don't know", said the man with a smile. "But many people buy old computers here who can't afford new ones." Harry then remarked to good looking Luna: "These types must be gypsies from India and Arya, now called Romani and Sinti. Is it imaginable that our founder lady Rowena Ravenclaw was one of these lot?" Luna replied: "Rowena's rather angelical picture, that we know so well from the Ravenclaw tower, is completely unhistorical. All these paintings of the four founders were only made in the romantic 19th century." Like a tourist guide the reporter of the Daily Prophet then went on explaining: "There are only very few Indian-Aryan gypsies living in Britain. They may not be confounded with the British and Irish gypsies. In France the Indian-Aryan gypsies became known as Bohemians, since the French believed that they originated from Bohemia. Since they were such badly behaving people, burglars and thieves, prostitutes, pimps, sorcerers and fraudsters, they thoroughly soiled the reputation of the genuine Bohemians. That is why still today people of a depraved and degenerated type, especially drug-taking artists without means and honour, are called *la Bohème*. And did you know that Hitler had been one of these, when he had lived in Vienna as a painter?" – "Sure", replied Harry, who had recently read about this in his Thule society book. "Hitler also joined the Thule sect because there he met Doctor Theodor Morell, who would regularly proscribe him amphetamines like Pervitin. That was maybe the reason why he valued the Aryans highly at that time of his life." Now David said, in an impolite tone: "That may be only one reason why such tribes who occupy with magic still today have a bad reputation. And, Harry Potter, isn't your Hogwarts school one of these too?" They soon had enough of this market so full of murky foreign people. Taking the tube to central London they then took a ride on the London Wheel. Harry relished it when they rose high above GOAT London into a better breathable air. "But isn't London still a great city?" he joyfully asked David and Luna. David however replied with a bitter tone: "All cities of the world are great if you have the means to live comfortably within them." Harry now realized, that maybe the two were in financial troubles. Since the day Luna had given up her job as an astronomy teacher, to only write for the ailing Daily Prophet, she was earning hardly anything. She had then tried to make money with soothsaying and mental healing, but so far in vain. Luna was rather slow and thoughtful, and not the energetic and brazen type who could impress the customers with a good magical intuition. At tea time they sat down at the banks of the river Thames. Now David was in the mood to take a look at the treaties that Harry had just signed. "These Jewish crooks probably will invest a lot into American shares and real estate", he dryly told Harry. "Or do you wizards plan to go to the stock market with Hogwarts?" Harry laughed, believing that this was supposed to be a joke. But it was not. He realized that when David didn't laugh with him, but looked at him with a tense face. "My wise wife keeps telling me that you guys can do all sorts of miracles at will. She keeps spreading the rumour that this even includes alchemy, more precisely, gold making. Is that true?" Harry had to think about it for some time. Then he smiled and told him: "We call it the magic of the Hogs."

31. Suspense Stories of Spies and Crooks

In the evening Harry was alone in his hotel room again. He had found it wise not to go out alone. So now Harry was reading some more in his suspense book about the greatest spies of all time. Richard Sorge had been another one of the very important German spies. Working for the Nazis in their German embassy in Japan, he had informed the Soviets about the war plans of these Axis powers. Thus Stalin had learned that Japan had decided not to attack Siberia, but instead would draw the USA into the world war. Stalin then took west his Siberian troops, and was able to stop the Nazis short of Moscow. Then Hitler declared war against the USA too! Definitely drugs had much confused him at that time. But Harry absolutely could not understand the so-called führer. Possessed by the vain idea of German and Aryan supremacy, Hitler had waged war with the help of the racial Japs against the leading white nations of the western world: France, Norway, Britain, Russia and the USA. While reading Harry played with his magical wand, absent-minded. He had to warn himself that these fire sticks were mighty dangerous, and hesitantly put it onto the couch. He was glad then that Hitler hadn't had wizards with such weapons in his armies. But how good and mighty were wizards compared to the secret superpowers of the Snakes? Harry realized that without understanding the Snakes, one wasn't able to understand the course of history. The book sank away from his hands, and he got tired and slept in a bit. In his lively dream aliens seemed to appear: wights with compact bodies who looked like descendants of crabs. *To understand Creeps means to obey them*, said one of them. It was a she, and she looked like an Asian alien, some kind of Samurai dwarf amazon with dyed golden hair, slit-eyes and slightly grey skin. Harry woke up with slight terror, and then he could sleep in no more, clutched by intestinal pains and kept awake by lusty sensations. He realized that people all around now waited for him to surrender one more time to supernatural desire, that was inescapably linked to an initial wave of agitation and pain. He decided to take a shower, and could hardly get up and undress! So strong was now the magic that had clutched and tried to immobilize him. *Meet the Ravenclaw*, joked the silent inner voice with scorn and wrath. Harry realized that of course Rowena Ravenclaw had also worked for these dangerous aliens, helping them to focus on, damage and debilitate the minds of selected victims. With much effort he managed to switch on the TV at the wall. The news helped to free him from that spell of the evil aliens. Germany was discussing sending cruise missiles to the Ukrainians, to help them in their war against Russia. Harry had a notion that this was mighty dangerous, since the Germans were still hated massively in Russia, currently the world's most dangerous nuclear power. Germans had also just 'bought' Harry Kane, that British soccer superstar, for the fantastic price of over 100 million £. Harry looked at the portrait of that good looking sports celebrity, and he got a little jealous. But he consoled himself with the idea, that apparently his own name Harry had a special good magic too. And surely that was mainly due to his own exceptional popularity. He now managed to drag himself into the bathroom. Harry could only move strangely sluggishly now. The shower head was fixed to the wall and only sprinkled faintly on his head. He shivered in the cold water, and didn't endure this as long as he was wont. Since he had started to have sex again, with Cindy and with himself, those disturbing magical waves seemed to have become ever stronger. Harry now realized that it was maybe high time for him to stop this spending spree of sexual desire, that also seemed to attract and feed those evil grey aliens of several diverse species. "Harry should better remain chaste for some time, if he then can", he loudly said to himself now. That alien voice of his scared him. He was talking to himself now in the same way he had heard Dobbie the miserable Hogs elf talk to himself. He always had said: "Dobbie is" instead of "I am". He put his head some more under the water ray of the washbasin. Then he went back to bed. He had no wine now to help him to sleep in, so he was reading some more about World War Two. In 1940 Hitler had won the upper hand in Western Europe, with Soviet-Russia as his mighty ally in his back. The British Empire now remained Germany's last wartime enemy. But now Hitler made exactly the same mistake that Napoleon had done before. He turned around to attack Russia! That was not explainable without putting into consideration, that mighty aliens influenced the human mind. "Obviously those Greys secretly try to destroy the Germans, God's secretly chosen people. Aliens made Hitler wage war against all the world, a war that would foreseeably ruin Germany."

On the next day Harry met again with Luna and David Lynch. The two had suddenly sent him an e-mail, asking him for some kind of interview. Like most of the rest of the magical folks, Harry wasn't giving interview to any media of the muggles. That was a tradition not only at Hogwarts, since typical muggles tended to treat wizards as rogues and lure them into traps. Even some years ago, a mere interview could suddenly turn into some kind of public witch trial and persecution. Of the Christians the witches and wizards still had to expect perfidious acts of libel and terrorism. Only with the coming of the so-called Düsseldorf prophet that scare had tended to vanish slowly. But Harry now explained to Luna, that he still saw the problem that the Christians were accusing him and others of demonic sorcery. "And are they not partly right, when it comes to the ancient stories that we tend to misread? Just recently I realized, that even Lady Rowena Ravenclaw, our dearly revered founder mother, must have helped demonic Dementors to find and *claw* victims. The official Hogwarts foundation tetralogy legend has it, that Rowena's ancestors had migrated around the year of 950 from the realm of Greater Moravia to Tournai in France, and from there soon later to England with some, ahm, tourists from Norway. That made them become some kind of exiled Bohemians. But in truth, they must have been Indian-Aryan gypsies in the origin. It only seems likely that they had been picking up some noble European genes while working in Europe as, ahm ... in the business of entertainment of the gents. Helena Ravenclaw at least seems to have been of considerable beauty. Being the unofficial heiress of a wealthy castle of, ahm ... barons, it was even considered that she should marry Prince Lulach the Long of Scotland, the son of King Macbeth, at the age of just twelve." – "But, as we all know well, that didn't happen", said Luna. – "Yes, the Christian records say that Lulach was a simpleton, a fool even, who became overthrown and killed by the later king Malcolm the third. So maybe Lulach was one of the last brave men of original British and Celtic origin, who did not fall for the Christian lies and their cruel tyranny." – "But is it really true that Rowena and her court wizards knew how to make gold?" It was David who suddenly asked this. Harry now understood why this Irishman from the docklands in London had bothered to come to him again, suddenly showing a lively interest into his business affairs. Harry bloated: "The magic of the Hogs, that was what was making the four founders of Hogwarts not only rich and famous but rather invincible." But that was maybe incorrect, Harry realized it instantly. In truth the founders of Hogwarts had apparently been robber barons, who maybe had been typical for that uncivilised northern corner of Old England before the era of the Normans. But Harry now saw the chance to engage David some more into the project of his own investment bank: "In fact, the Jews I recently met told me that today, prestige plays much of a role when it comes to educational facilities. I am quite popular, indeed not a few followers regard me as some kind of unofficial holy king of Britain. But how good is my reputation really? There the ranking of Hogwarts plays a key role. Surely it would help us much if we could really make gold. But that art seems to be just one of the secrets of our past, that is like forgotten today, like entangled into the spiderwebs that cover up many of our historical stories, turning them into unreal fairy tales."

They were having this little interview in a street cafe. Harry now looked around, to see that some neighbours at the next table silently looked towards him. He realized that he had spoken a bit too loud. So now he stood up to signal that the little interview was over. And when David and Luna packed in their tablets, Harry showed David again the investment bank treaties that he had signed just the other day. "Right now I am investigating into several modernisation projects. Supposed I would learn now how to make gold – surely it would help me also with my investment bank." – "A good name is more precious than gold", said David, citing an Irish proverb. "But good names are rare maybe in Old Blighty." He then told Harry the true story of the first ever public limited corporation in Britain. It had been the infamous South Sea Company, that had commenced to sell shares of their enterprise. They were heeding plans to get rich with the South Sea trade. Talking of the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru, they managed to sell lots of shares to their believers. "Those South Sea shares got ever more precious, since many buyers hungry for gold trusted into them. That is what they call a bubble today. The art of investing is, to sell such shares when they are most precious, and to get away with the money before the bubble bursts, and the angry mob and the police are looking for the culprits." David grinned, and gave back the clipboard to Harry.

Back in his hotel room in the afternoon, he realized that he did not really know how to make gold. He had never bothered to try and find out more about alchemy. Instead he lately had done a lot of research on the field of ghosts. That had been made public by the press. Like before his time with Marge he was a magical cop again, a ghost buster who tried to solve the riddle of that false Saint James. So what had he found out so far? Tired as Harry just was, he found it hard to evaluate that. He still had no presentable results. The apparition of that piece of paper in Hogsmeade – the devil commanding Barbara Blocksberg to leave Hogwarts – seemed to show that this James was a real person, a wizard who liked to play and work spells with tarot cards, either in or around Hogwarts. Harry closed his eyes and tried to imagine such a guy. Tarot cards were traditionally used by the gypsies, in soothsaying mainly. The great arcana, the 22 additional trumps, all had their special magical meaning. That was not a field of magic that was traditionally well known at Hogwarts. If that James was some kind of gypsy magician, then he maybe didn't receive a formal education at Hogwarts, but was some kind of wild talent. But why was he so strong and mean? Surely higher powers were secretly guiding and assisting him – demons, possibly. James had scared away the American investor Dimon Leigh of the Black Bulk holding. That seemed to show that he had a nationalist tendency ... Harry suddenly conked off and fell into a dreamless dream. In short time he woke up again. And now he got scared and angry! Another typical James paper had appeared! He saw it on his bedside cabinet. A colour copy of another tarot card showed the trump one, one of the best. 'The Magician' commanded all the other lower trumps. Below it James had written in block letters: "HAIL TO THE HOLY KING – M.C. JAMES". Reading this Harry felt relieved. But still he was a bit angry. Who was supposed to be The Magician now, he or that gypsy talent? He had the idea now that he was getting nearer to the solution of that riddle. If he could manage to write a presentable thesis, that might surely help to much improve the reputation of Hogwarts. But right now the pressure was so hard on him, that he hardly managed to get up and take a cold shower. He imagined that demons were clutching at him like griffins, but was not really ready to accept that idea, since waves of doubts now showered him from above. And if these powers were demonic, where then was God to work against them? Harry was absolutely not ready to believe in those latest rumours, that a Düsseldorf mermaid was or would become the goddess of this planet. On radio four the BBC was playing sweet classical music by Gerald Finzi: *Love's Labours Lost*.

It was Saturday night when Harry took a taxi. He had slept much in the evening, and now he was restless and also out of alcohol. "Just drive me to the next VIP night club", he told the driver. "By the way, I'm Harry Potter." – "Sure. And I'm Harry the Dude of Meghan", joked the driver with a gay voice. But then the young man looked at Harry Potter's black lightning scar, and suddenly he got a little scared. The taxi then drove Harry to a small alley. At the end of it Harry found a club that he vaguely remembered: 'The Scotch Of St James'. At first he got a little startled. But he was ready right now to confront any James, whether it was a mortal or a ghost, an elf or even a devil. At the door they welcomed him into the club, and he also got a table immediately. A band played lively jazz, and some couples even danced. Harry ordered the own-label scotch that was served in little bottles here. When he opened one and poured the scotch over the ice cubes, he remembered that he didn't like it. Nevertheless he sipped it a bit, just to get into the mood. Harry saw not a few good looking women at the bar and all around. "Happen to have *pea no-Noah?*" he shouted at the waiter then. But the man didn't understand, and Harry didn't find any *pinot noir* on the wines and drinks menu. So he just ordered a coke. Meanwhile other guests had spotted him. One amusement dame came dancing, and with a silly grin she demanded of him: "Harry Potter! Would you please sign your name on me?" He received a felt-tip pen and had to write his name on her white T-shirt. She seemed to interpret this as an invitation, and then sat down and brazenly drank the rest of his whisky. "Marla is my name", she informed him. She was just a little fat at the belly, but now she reminded Harry too much of Marge, who had also outgrown him in size and waistline. "Actually I was hoping to meet Saint James here." It was no joke, but that news made her laugh out aloud. Other dames came to her, and she immediately spread the gossip. "So that is Harry Potter! Truly! Tomorrow you'll read that on page one of the *Sun*", told him a reporter guy. Harry found it wiser now to leave rather soon. He was serious about confronting James. But where might he be found?

32. A seasonal Hurrah for Hogwarts

On Sunday morning Harry was sitting in a cafe next to King's Cross Station. It was the day of the traditional magical departure of the students with the Hogwarts Express. A little show gave them the impression that they were leaving the grimy real world now to step on the train to wonderful Fairyland. But all those who had watched the Harry Potter films had a hunch, that the Dementors traditionally would harrow that historical steam train, to search out, abduct and despoil the minds of their share of the students. As one song by Daryl Hall was putting it: *The beauty is there but a beast is in the heart*. Those young and totally unprepared students would suddenly realize that the elusive higher powers were controlling this world with the help of cosmic rays. The grey Snakes noticed it when their anonymity became threatened, and often reacted with painful attacks. Those who weren't willing to remain mentally insane muggles might be pressed into mental slavery. It was the method of the cosmic devils that had ruined and despoiled 99 % of the living planets of this galaxy. That was at least what recent rumours from Germany were saying about outer space. Next to Harry were sitting Luna L, Barbara B. and Grace Boyce, today as sober as rarely ever in her latter days. Harry took a sip of his *latte macho*, fresh milk with sugar and cocoa, and then told Luna: "Dear, I can maybe understand a little better now, why you gave up your astronomy job at Hogwarts. The Dementors are really bad already here on our planet. Up in the sky they eventually must be even more powerful and tricky." Barbara agreed: "The pains that they constantly inflict on us commonly make many good people take refuge in drug abuse or booze." Grace didn't like to hear that, and explained: "Life is short, and in the long run it will ruin you anyway". But then Barbara countered with more of the great unbelievable news from Germany: "The Great White, our mysterious Mother Earth, allegedly plans to change that. Ewa and her saviour are committed to create a new species of super-humans. These Æsir shall become forever young, yes immortal." Harry had heard that rumour too but tended to dislike it. "The old mermaid can obviously appear under lots of different masks and shapes. I find her much less than trustworthy." – "This is Ewa's home planet after all. We need to arrange with her. We surely can be glad she is with us. Things are definitely worse on the planets of the Hogs, not to mention the Cräybs or the Spiders." – "The Little Greys, the Spiders are the worst", agreed Luna. "The more I gazed into space the more they tried to abduct and take over my mind. They are much into sadistic sex experiments. I contracted some kind of disease then. I can hardly look at the faces of people sometimes, or else they deform and get spotty." – "It's the evil eye", said Grace with compassion. – "Dudley thinks that these are just non permanent fluctuations of reality", consoled her Barbara. – "Any way you call it, I feel like I'm cursed sometimes. That is why I started writing and don't ever watch TV. My man David now says that I should take up a job as a phone operator, to not sit at home pondering for so many hours. I might leave Hogwarts forever, and start a new career in the business of telemarketing." These news from Luna L. shocked the others. – "That would be a great loss for our school", said Harry. "You were always so wise, and helpful especially in times of crises!" Now Luna smiled and blushed a bit, and took her chin even deeper. Remembering the young Luna Lovegood gave Harry an idea: "Listen Dear, couldn't you work for our school on that field too? We'd definitely need more students right now. Maybe you could phone up lots of parents or facilities, to try and arouse interest, and even recruit kids for Hogwarts. That would need your magic again, like you learned it at Hogwarts." – "A little witching is surely a must for any successful telemarketer, is it not?" Luna now was staring out of the window. "... and a little bitching too", murmured Barbara. Grace Boyce grinned her typical broad grin and told them an urban legend: "I heard of a wizard who also had such a job. He soon found out that he could sell almost anything to his customers, especially to the elderly who hadn't managed to get out of bed before 9 AM, and then hadn't done much. Once they made an internal contest at his firm: Who can sell the most absurd thing to some ninny? Our wizard won by selling a mammoth! Some old man had told him that he was watching a documentary on TV with lively mammoths. The wizard then told that dolt that he might invest into mammoths and win a fortune at the market of zoo animals, promising him that he would be the first to receive one, as soon as the scientists would manage to recreate mammoths from DNA found in Siberia. Indeed the ninny paid, to wait until he drops dead." They all laughed out aloud.

Harry but suddenly had a hunch. In theory it would be possible to let mammoths resurrect, simply by changing the past! They then just hadn't died out but survived. But what wizard on earth was strong enough to cast such a historic spell? Surely that would mean to interfere into God's work. He still sat there pondering when the ladies left, to redress and get ready for the grand reception. He checked his e-mails, to find another message from Dudley Dursley. His old cousin had gotten fat, and due to his unsound eating and drinking habits he was suffering from diverse diseases. He was generally in a wailing mood and often thought of his better past with Harry. Harry hadn't the nerve now to read Dudley's longer mail and binned it swiftly. He remembered well the day when Dudley had received as much as 36 birthday presents, and still hadn't been content! The problem was – Harry realized this now – that Dudley wasn't satisfied with his weak body and his short and rather sad life. Already as a youngster he had suffered from health problems and had experienced much troubles and bad luck. So wasn't God to blame? Shouldn't God care more for the people he made? Harry knew that Dudley lately tried to befriend Harry, to maybe cut a part from his luck. But Harry sensed that sharing his magical luck with Dudley Dursley was maybe not a good idea.

He went outside then to meet the first students who had arrived at King's Cross station. Teachers and helpers were already at the place, to gather them in the grand hall. They were guided then to the mythical platform 9³/₄. Harry saw that not a few tourists also were present in the hall, to watch that historic scene. But due to his black baseball cap they didn't recognize him. Following a larger group of students he ascended to platform nine. There, next to the Harry Potter fan shop, they had already installed the pillar, that served as the entry gate to the platform of the Hogwarts express. When Harry arrived there he was immediately spotted by three witches in Halloween costumes: Grace, Hermione and Carla. Apparently joyfully they rushed to him, waving their long brooms and their black or blue pyramidal hats. Then the three spoke alternating some composed verses of welcome, taken from the play Macbeth by Shakespeare: “Where have you been, ye sister mine?” – “In heaven high, offending swine. And you my dear?” – “I raised a wind, to blow a vessel back to it's Arabian nest. Methought the migrants that it carried here are welcome like Aleppo's pest.” – “So let us take a look now at the man who seems to be the best.” The witches seemed to study Harry Potter. Hermione cautiously took off his cap, and then shouted out in played surprise: “God of the Brits! It's Harry Potter armed with all his charms and wits.” The three witches then bowed to Harry theatrically. Grace continued: “Stands Harry there amazedly?” – “That may not be!” – “Come sisters, cheer we up his sprites, by showing him the girls' delights.” They now lifted their dark witches' coats, to present their heavy flouncy underwear. All the people around giggled. The three witches continued: “Let's charm the crowd to give a sound, while witches dance their antic round.” A little orchestra with fiddlers, pipers and drummers now started to play a two-step tune. The three witches danced to it around Harry Potter. Others did the same, and even some of the awed students dared participate. The mood soon got cheerful, until the three stopped their dance. “When shall we sisters meet again?” – “When it's time to crown that man!” The witches again bow to Harry Potter now. Tiny Carla then cried out: “Hail, Harry Potter, ye hope of Hogwarts!” – “Hail Harry, glamorous hero!” shouted Grace then, grinning her brightest grin. – “Harry Potter, you holy king of England!” then said Hermione. Was there maybe a secret grudge in her voice? Harry couldn't think of her right now. All the people around now, the students and their families, the fans and the tourists, and some ordinary travellers too, now cheered their: “Hurrah for Harry Potter!” The helpers from Hogwarts soon gave out so-called traditional flags of England, with the White Dragon of Merlin before a green meadow and a blue sky. Harry stood there astonished, trying not to lose his smile. He was a bit scared by the historic hullabaloo, and didn't really know why. The new students but had immediately lost their somehow anxious faces. Harry now tried to evaluate their number. He found that there seemed to be indeed less young students again than in previous years. But he decided to not let that spoil the jubilant mood of the day. He now also took up a big sorcerer's hat, and waved with a phoney wand that had a shining golden star at the tip of it. Then he commanded the three witches: “Be silent now and tell me first from whence, you owe this strange intelligence?” The three answer in unison: “It was at Hogwarts, where we learned the arts of witchery. We fly there now, for none to see.” – “So let me gladly follow thee”, said Harry.

When the cheers finally died away, it was time for headmaster Chatterjee to deliver a little speech to the newbies. The dark Indian now appeared in a red coat, that reminded Harry of the plush that Dumbledore always had liked to wear. At his side now stood another Indian man, in the light grey overall of a vermin exterminator. He took something from a box by its tail and held it up into the air. It was a dead grey mouse! Some of the girls shrieked a bit, but Murny bade them to be silent, talking loudly now: "One of the main complaints we receive from our students is, that Hogwarts doesn't prepare them well for a later college education. But really, how well understood and good are the things you might learn at any university of the muggles? That is another long and sad tale. Now here is the end of the sad tale of a mouse: It got caught and killed by the professional hand of Mr. Omar Yamer. And can you believe that Mr. Yamer here holds a British university degree in architecture and construction? He can still be glad that he lives in London. A survey showed that some years ago, nearly half of the rat catchers of the Indian city of Mumbai had successfully visited a university. Now they eventually also eat the rats that they manage to catch." – "Yeech!" shrieked the girls. Murny smiled. "So it is really advisable not to rely too much on any paper that tells the crazy world of the muggles that you are a bachelor, a master, a doctor or even a dork. If you rather develop your magical talents, that might much better prepare you for the real world!" – "King Harry! Another king needs your help." A Negro boy and his fat mama saw the opportunity to complain, that the king of their West African tribe was suffering from *xala*, that is impotence. – "Thank God not me", advised them Harry. Meanwhile it was time for the students to enter into the 'magic pillar'. The helpers had built it up next to platform ten. It seemed to look not different from the ordinary pillars, but it was. Agitatedly Jon the Jock and other teachers commanded the newbies to run against its front side: "Rush now, girls and gals, and trust in your magic! Here's the disguised gate to the trans-dressing hidden platform where the Hogwarts Express is waiting for you!" In truth it was only a set of two heavy plastic curtains in front of a wooden crate that had been disguised with some foil, thus imitating the marble of the real pillars. When some older students now joyfully rushed against these swing doors to push them open with their luggage cart, Harry hurried to enter with them. The students immediately left the crate again, to proceed to the very ordinary train that was waiting way out on platform number nine. That slow train would take them to Potters Bar station, from where the historical train called Hogwarts Express really started. – "Harry I need to have a shit!" A young student touched him by his trousers. – "Never go into a train before it leaves the station", advised him Harry. He now secretly returned in a circle to the head side of platform number nine. It was still his duty to take care of more incoming students.

And then he suddenly met Ginny again! His ex-wife looked a bit humble now, while she stood at the side of Draco Malfoy, welcoming other students and posing for the cell-phone cameras of the fans and tourists. Ginny had some kind of black-and-blue carnival witch coat on. Her now silvery blond hair was styled upwards in a way that looked definitely American. She smiled thinly at the young students around her. But her face became deadly serious as soon as her eyes met those of Harry Potter. – "And this is Harry Potter, not drooling in the office today!" said Draco jokingly, when he saw Harry getting near. The young students and the many kids and fans turned towards him, and those who had those little flags with the Anglo-Saxon dragon waved them again. Harry but only had eyes for Ginny. He found that his ex-wife still looked swell, but now she resembled a feeble fashion doll that was maybe made of withered porcelain and should be handled with care. – "Harry, you may stay in London now if you like", told him Draco. Without his Goggle goggles his old adversary looked less intellectual and meaner again. "It has just been decided that Ginny will take over your teaching job at Hogwarts for the forthcoming season. She's as well informed about the strange ways of the muggles as you are. And sorry to say, Ginny is a much more decent person than you are right now." – "A decent person ..." Harry started to explain this, and did not know how to continue. Suddenly he remembered the old perverted porn photos that had vanished from his desk. He had a hunch, yes he nearly knew it, that Guy Llewellyn's old pictures had fallen into the hands, no the claws, of Draco! He hardly heard it when Ginny told him: "Harry, there are photos in the social media showing you in a train with some teen slut called a *peter-eater!*" Harry saw no way to explain this incident to her. He didn't know why he had lost self-control so much!

33. Careless in London

On the late morning, Harry Potter went back to the breakfast cafe, to have another late breakfast. There was nothing else for him to do now, or was it? He suddenly felt relieved, that right now he would not have to care about a sometimes wild bunch of students. That gave him the needed time to concentrate really hard now on his diverse projects: The search for the rogue wizard James, the project of the Harry Potter investment bank, the problem of the magical wands, and then the quest to better master the time-changing magic of the Zorro book. He sat down with another croissant and checked his e-mails again. Of course Cindy hadn't written him again. Well, did he really miss her? He told himself with a strict voice: "Harry boy, you absolutely must discontinue your sexual misconduct. Your doggone sex life got definitely out of control, and that really brings you down deeply." That strong inner voice really worried him. He then read the long e-mail of cousin Dudley Dursley. In the end the old obese guy seemed to expect that Harry would heal him from diverse medical troubles, starting with high blood pressure! Harry well remembered the day when he and Dudley had visited the zoo. He had been exactly ten then. The year 1990 had been a wild year. In the zoo he had watched a giant snake behind a glass wall. Experimenting with his magic, he had tried to talk to the snake. At that time Harry had believed that the snake was a wondrous beast! Now he realized how foolish he had been thence and misled. Real snakes had only rather little heads, and they of course could not talk. But the Snakes in outer space, who were in fact gigantic worms, often disguised themselves as such very normal creatures. With his foolishness Harry had attracted their attention. The evil Snakes and their dwarfish slaves had then made the glass pane disappear! Harry vividly remembered the shock, when suddenly the real snake had crept nearer to him. Later a wonder had happened. Someone had corrected that fault of reality by way of making the glass pane reappear. "Thank you God", said Harry, but he didn't want to know who God was. He then googled the address of the Ollivander wand maker shop in the Southwarke. Of course the shop was gone nowadays. The entire street was no more, it was a part of the revamped docklands now, a posh location for yuppies and rich guys. Harry found it strange then that he still seemed to remember the old shop, and how great it had been in its heydays. He had a lively flashback, that showed him those and other streets long gone. Harry got worried about these strange memories, asking himself: "What kind of bad magic is this? I never was old enough to remember such early times, of the sixties and seventies of last century!" Did he lose these years by way of correcting his past? He now feared the opposite, that destiny was in some way about to make him get older! It was surely really advisable to stop his experiments with the magic of the Zorro book, because it demanded of him so much sexual energy, and seemed to have unnoticeable by-effects. He vowed that he would really first try to better understand the Zorro book, before using its magic again. He suddenly longed to have a woman at his side that would assist him, a wise and helpful wife, like the early Ginny had been. But it was of course impossible for him to win her back, or wasn't it? At a table next to him a lonely young woman sat with a dark boy of about six. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He seemed to be badly nourished. The woman now tried to feed him with a breakfast of ham and eggs. But the boy wasn't willing to eat, he grimaced and strangely turned his arms and hands. Then he yelled "Noah!" and beat away the food tablet. Harry saw that he looked mentally ill and indeed was. As the woman noticed that Harry was watching her, she got up and went to him, wringing a serviette. "You see my boy, Harry Potter?" she started. "He is the reason why I came here. I was thinking that maybe ... you magicians might help him. He is of the age of your other students of the first year. For Christ's sake, can't you take him to Hogwarts too? That is what the Inclusive Britain action plan is about –" – "Impossible!" bloated Harry, thus interrupting her sad tale. He then explained: "As I see him, that boy needs full-time medical help." – "But the doctors help him so little! And he is definitely a talent! Sometimes he can count so magically all the matches in a box he didn't see." – "Oh yes?" Harry was surprised now. But he knew that such magic often could occur, especially to autistic children. "That is maybe due to the fact, that God has to especially watch over matches. Christians like to believe that God can do any miracles at will. But I lately realized that demons seem to spend a lot of effort to give God more work to do. They do what enemies eventually do in wartime: They cripple our people to make us surrender."

At one PM, when he was still strolling through the streets and parks near the train stations, Harry received a phone call. It was Grace Boyce, to his surprise. She had just visited an arts exhibition at a gallery called Gagosian. Now she asked: "Maybe you are free to spend this wonderful warm afternoon with me?" Harry sensed that Grace was maybe a bit worried, since he had recently been chucked out from his teaching job. He told her that he wasn't really sad but worried. They met at a noble pub called Voc. That pub had a romantic old-fashioned decoration of old Dutch seafarers, and on it's card a large variety of rum drinks with spices and flavourings. As usual Grace Boyce was already a little tipsy, and now recommended him a drink with sweet vanilla. Harry preferred rum with bergamot, since this sort of lemon was his favourite tea flavour. – "I always dreamed of the perfect magical potion", told him Grace then, as they relaxed and started to feel comfortable. "Such a drink of drinks should have unlimited magical powers. For instance, it should heal all the sick people of the world in an instant!" Harry smiled, taking this for a joke. But then he thought again about the dire situation this autistic kid was in: "That is much what the Christians seem to have in mind too. They symbolically drink the blood of their god Jesus Christ, thinking that this might be the best medicine of them all. But their magic is a fake, since they are not really able to magically transform the wine that they serve into anything else." – "It's a pity. But maybe that is what the true God arranged, to remind the Christians that their religion is really a bloody fake." Harry doubted that, thinking of his most recent experiences: "Lately I tend to think that the true God is maybe not as powerful as all like to believe. Those cosmic demons give him a hard time." Grace disliked to hear that. "That reminds me of something that Draco mentioned recently. When we were talking about your shortcomings, he said that you had lived a lazy life in France for too long a time, and adapted too much to the Catholic thinking there. He said: *For instance, Harry is too often talking about demons right now. At Hogwarts we traditionally call them Dementors. It is a special word that warns us, that they despoil the minds of our people. But if we would instead speak of demons, then many wizards might think that these damned grey Snakes can't be so bad, and eventually help us with spells and any other magic. That is one of the dangers that I and my front of traditionalists see, when we jointly oppose to Harry's juvenile policy of modernization.*" – "Draco is sly like an old dragon", murmured Harry. He knew that his old adversary was secretly conspiring against him for some time now. He didn't know right now what to bring up against this argumentation. Grace now took out some modern arts folders from her handbag and placed them in front of Harry. "Anyway, at the local Gagosian gallery they recently changed their traditional program. In previous years they had concentrated on Damien Hirst's paintings, but most recently they changed that. I always wondered why just Damien got so popular right here. It was maybe because his name reminds of the saint Damian. That is maybe a name of the biblical Antichrist." *The Antichrist ... Harry leaned back to think about that mythical deity, that he vaguely only knew from the Bible. Allegedly in the time of apocalypse two saviour gods would appear on Earth. One was Christ, who would command the angels of doom to bomb our earth to smithereens. The other but was the Antichrist. Of him it was written that he would overcome the prophets of old time and teach the world to revere the dragon in the deep. That was supposed to save the earth at least for some time.* Harry now dared to think that maybe the Great White, the mermaid in the deep, was in truth the good power of this planet, while the Christians had been thoroughly fooled and misled. But why then didn't She show up in a better way, and made herself better known, for instance to mighty and good wizards like himself? *Harry Potter do you see, yourself as good as you would like to be?* That seemed to be a question that She posed. Again Harry didn't know what to answer. Meanwhile, Grace had talked all the time about the exhibitions that she had seen in this and other galleries. She found it noteworthy that the famous Picasso exhibition, that had attracted so many visitors in the lands of the Dagos, had dramatically flopped in London. Harry found it wiser now not to tell Grace, that he found that much of the so-called modern art earned a similar rebuff. That had been a core teaching of Adolf Hitler too, and the führer had failed in arts and then in politics. Later they strolled from the Voc bar to another one called St. Chad's Place, to find that it was still closed. Grace knew it to be another "in location" that had been revamped by US investors: "And shouldn't we thank the Yanks for the Gagosian chain too?" She smiled, but Harry was not so sure.

Again in front of King's Cross Station, Grace proposed to take the next express train northwards. But Harry still had an appointment in the bunkers of the M.o.M. When he told Grace about it, she spontaneously decided to join him: "Let's spend the night together." The two of them took a taxi to Whitehall, to jointly use one of the world-famous public toilets there. While Grace flushed it, Harry moved the old-fashioned secret lever that was opening a secret door. It was leading them down into the ministry's main bunker. There they first met one oriental security man, who bowed deeply when he recognized Harry: "Sell'em a Leica, Harry", he told Harry with a grin. Harry was relieved realizing that he still had some fans in the ministry, who didn't find it a grave sin that he had mated a twelve-year old French schoolgirl. He but had a hunch that God didn't take this case likewise easy. In the anteroom then of minister Atlas Engelwood, they had to stand and wait. Joan Trollope, his elderly secretary, was sitting at her desk and reading the *Vogue* magazine, elegantly moving her fingers with the long fingernails lacquered white. Harry was suddenly feeling uneasy. He vaguely remembered that she had had some medical troubles. These had been mentioned in an e-mail – yes she had complained about her too high blood pressure. Spontaneously he asked her: "Miss Trollop, I hope you are feeling well again." – "Well certainly", she replied, a little amazed. At exactly 5 PM she then stood up to lead Harry into the minister's office. The windowless room was rather dark and furnished with seats that looked a little Spartan. Atlas bade them to take seats and then served them lukewarm tea himself. Harry took much sugar. Grace did the same, and also added a sip from her pocket flask: "It's my daily medicine against hypertension", she explained to Harry. – "You mean hypertonia", said Atlas. – "Exactly. Just like Joan has it too", said Harry. In these ventilated and rather dark rooms he always was feeling a little stressed and uncomfortable. He now stood up to present his bank foundation papers to the minister. "For this newest project of merchandise I'd like to ask for your usual okay." Atlas nodded as he fleetingly looked through the papers: "The news have already arrived in Mouthborne. All I can say to this right now is, that Ms. Kay isn't happy with these plans. She complained that you should have asked her first." – "Surely she's right. But in New York City I was in some kind of emergency. And that was really a bargain offer that I could not resist to", explained Harry. His voice sounded immature now, and he was feeling once again like a school-boy before the teachers and authorities. Being Harry Potter was the role of his life after all, a role that demanded of him to always remain a little juvenile. – "So how much revenue do you hope to bring in for your institution and yourself?" asked Atlas. That was another question that Harry could not really answer. "I will receive shares. I asked an expert from the financial district about the prospective income. He advised me to sell shares best before *the bubble* bursts." To that advice Atlas smiled a rare smile. "That is surely advisable", he said. Atlas now rose to signal that the meeting was over. But Harry had something else for him. He showed him the tarot card paper that he had received by way of a magical materialisation: "That James is the exact rogue magician that I was hunting at Balmoral castle." – "Maybe he is", said the minister. He looked at the tarot card and concluded: "It's a card drawn by the rogue magician Aleister Crowley. So that should warn you before the evil magic that he unfettered, in the era of the second World War. Did you know that he was a Munchkin?" – "A what?" – "An abominable cannibal", explained Atlas. "They say that Aleister Crowley offered humans to his devils and was eating of their flesh. – "Uurgh", said Grace Boyce with disgust. Atlas explained with a sorrowful face: "His name for the nearest and mightiest of the demons was Aiwaz. He must have taken that name from the traditions of Arab Baptists. Their name for the secretive Earth Goddess is Ewath." – "So she is a devil, the Great White of the deep! I used to call her Zitza, that means Suckle, with my time-changing spells! What a disgusting error!" Weakly now Harry spat on the floor, feeling himself hot with shame. In the exact moment the room of the minister seemed to get even darker than before. A strange evil magic manifested. Atlas warned him: "Don't make the same mistake the Bible is making, that mixes or confounds the good and evil powers of the earth and beyond." But that warning came too late. Joan opened the door again now. She suddenly looked confused and anxious. "Harry Potter! You blasted away my left foot!" Harry was shocked when he noticed that she wore a bandaged foot prosthesis now instead of her foot, that she still had had a moment ago. – "I – I – I'm so sorry!" He stammered that apology and rushed out of the rooms like crazy.

34. The false Magic of Drugs

After a dinner, Harry Potter and Grace Boyle entered a pub in Chelsea. “That joint doesn't look as if they were serving French wine here”, complained Harry. He was in a really bitter mood now. – “Better have a pint of Worthington”, advised him Grace. But Harry didn't want to get drunk now, in the way all the ordinary people were drinking now. So when Grace ordered gin, he ordered gin too. He would have liked to order a toothbrush now. There was some filthy film on his teeth, due to all the sugar that he had consumed over the day. But tooth heath was nothing that the muggles took a great deal of interest in, when they were ready to get drunk in the evenings. Grace was in a talkative mood now. She told him that she was just about to miss the last night train to Newcastle and then Hogwarts: “Murky expects me to attend there next morning.” – “So phone him up and tell him you're sick. Aren't you?” She laughed and phoned up Shaggy to tell him: “Sorry, I need to spend another night in London. It's because Harry Potter is ill ... Naah, it's nothing serious. He just suffers from a spell that badly went wrong ... He tried to heal someone. Gosh, *eeling* is tricky magic ...” Harry lowered his head deep in between his shoulders. He found that the mess he was in right now was really serious. The magic of the Zorro book, of changing the past to the better, had failed him dramatically! Now Joan had lost her foot again, so he would need to try that sexual spell at least one more time. He reminded himself of the warnings that the Zorro book seemed to contain at the onset. It was really high time that he learned to better manage that valuable magic. He absolutely needed to understand that book well. So where might he find a good translator for that text in odd New High German? He took out his iPhone to read again an e-mail that Jacob the librarian had sent him days before. Jacob had contacted a German language expert from Marburg university, a post-graduate keen to earn himself academic merits. The doctor *in spe* had been very interested in the matter at first. But soon he had written back that he was unable to translate much of that text. The letters seemed to fall apart before his eyes, and signs and wonders were haunting him. He failed to believe that such eerie things could ever happen. “That stupid German muggle”, mumbled Harry with disappointment. He sensed now that he would have to try and translate that book of a Zorro von Zitzenwitz all by himself, if he wanted to fully comprehend it ... Meanwhile Grace was talking to him all the time, or maybe to herself. When he was again ready to listen to her, she just retold him the story of some Hippies who once had occupied a building right next to Buckingham Palace: “In those happy days of flower power, all were so fond of herbal medicine. I mean the pot too that they were smoking there. I was just 13 in that summer of 1969. Hippies and homeless people were squatting in central London, with the police doing nothing, because some odd law from the Middle Ages seemed to prevent that. My parents too used to discuss Timothy Leary and his lore of hallucinogenic drugs. Mr. Leary, that wild American, was so convinced that pot and LSD can actually work miracles! I mean sexual healing, the magic that the Afromerries sang so nicely about:...” She now started to sing with her coarse voice, imitating that pop-singer: “*I wan' a baby, bababa bum! Sexual healing, I spread my legs like a ma'am! Cos hot like an oven aye a-am!*” – “That's not the original text”, murmured Harry. Drugs were the field of expertise of Ms. Boyce, but singing was obviously not. She had experimented with drugs. Harry occasionally had taken in some drugs from her laboratory. He was proud of the strange fact that he obviously could not get addicted by drugs easily. But things were apparently different lately when it came to sexual magic. Grace explained: “Now, Mr. Leary was absolutely convinced, at his high time, that LSD would make people absolutely leery! Timothy was teaching his followers that LSD would allow them to have orgasms incredibly intense and super, we may say: sky-high! People who ever had had such super-orgasms would later on find ordinary sex absolutely dull in comparison, like having sex with a shop-window manikin. Timothy believed that LSD could actually heal people from sexual frustrations. But many folks who listened to him remained rather sceptical. And did you know why?” – “Because his super-drug LSD would bring down people in super-short time”, mused Harry. – “True. And that was due to magic too! Not a few drug consumers suddenly find it easy to realize that magic exists, when the magic of drugs clutches and frightens them. Then they stop being muggles. But some become terrorists then, many damage themselves.” Grace suddenly became serious: “It warned many that the name Timothy Leary sounded like: *Fear God Lecher!*”

At 11 PM Grace looked as if she had had enough trouble for the day. But since Harry was sitting so still over his glass of gin, she spontaneously proposed: “Why not go to a nice night club now? I know some amusement clubs around here that I always wanted to visit. But they rarely admit ladies.” That was okay for Harry, so they took a little walk now through nightly London. – “You still think of healing the foot of Joan, that secretary in the M.o.M, don't you?” she asked him. – “It is tricky time-changing magic that is needed here. Unfortunately, I understand too little of that right now.” – “Harry, son, you remind me of the story of Paracelsus. His Hogwarts legend has it that he was credited with the discovery of Parseltongue. But honestly, I find it more memorable that he was one of the first to use laudanum. You know that drug, don't you?” Harry nodded, but remained silent. He found it wiser to not admit now that he recently had visited the laboratory of Grace Boyle, to take a sip from that magic potion. He had been in pains, hadn't he? He could not remember now. Meanwhile she kept on explaining: “Laudanum is just made from alcohol and opium juice. Nowadays it's a forbidden drug. Some warn now that it's toxic to the small intestine, and a mind-boggling poison anyway. But in the dark Middle Ages Paracelsus considered it to be of high value. He believed that with laudanum he had found the wondrous substance that could cure all kinds of diseases. He even called it: *The stone of immortality!* And that's why still today it bears the name of laudanum, which is Latin and allegedly means: *worthy of praise.*” – “True. But I can't fix a lost foot with the help of some opium drink”, replied Harry cynically. – “True. But what then is laudanum good for, really? It's just a pain killer that eventually brings you down, like most such drugs eventually do. The big tricky question is though: How could Paracelsus and most of the other medics who recommended and used laudanum not notice, that it's rather a vile drug?” – “He wasn't a stupid muggle, or was he?” – “This great authority of the history of Hogwarts? Definitely not! But there is another problem when it comes to the magic of healing. I remember Draco Malfoy once explained this to me like this: *A lance that has cast a wound can eventually also heal it.* He lately took this lore from the Wagner opera Parsifal.” – “You mean Percival, the legendary knight of the round table.” – “True. The common legend has it that Percy managed to find the place where the holy grail is. That old pot allegedly lies hidden in an Aryan underground fortress.” – “Agarthi in Tibet”, said Harry. He suddenly lost his sadness, as he became fascinated by the subject. Was it due to the cool westerly night wind, that was blowing through Chelsea right now? Grace kept on confabulating: “The story then goes on that Percy met some king of the grail there. The king of the grail was immortal, but suffering from a painful wound at his dick. A lance thrown by an enemy had hurt him. When Percy was unable to help they sent him back home. The problem was that these Aryans of Agarthi seemed to possess the grail, but still could not use it to heal such a bad wound. So what else could help that king of the grail?” – “The holy lance could have healed the king”, said Harry, who vaguely remembered that fairy tale's morale. “Change the course of time, and the lance hasn't hit the king but missed him. That is just the magic that I use right now, the magic of the Zorro book. It always seemed to work out, until most recently in the case of Joan Trollop. I still fail to understand this.” Harry sensed that his last sentence was a little of a lie. He indeed had cursed the Earth Goddess underneath, stressed and nearly against his will. His misdemeanour had instantly triggered that negative fallback into a disliked course of reality.

Harry hesitantly told Grace, while they were standing and eagerly discussing in the lit forecourt of a street lantern: “There seems to be a message in all of this that I fail to read out.” – “True. The general problem seems to be, that many people expect too much from the grail. It's the symbol of the holy blood of god. That should be the potion of potions, the stuff that heals all imaginable sicknesses. But in fact God is not that almighty, like the Christians liked to believe. There is more that is needed to make spells of healing work.” – “The lance must help.” – “True. And the lance here symbolizes the adverse magic of the king's enemies. When demons have managed to strike a wound, they eventually must help to heal it.” Harry was shocked when he realized this. He looked at the dark streets around him, and suddenly feared to see spooky faces lurking at him, the rotten faces, the tattered skin and the emaciated bodies of the demons called Dementors. Grace kept on explaining, that apparently the demons eventually had to help God with many spells and deeds: “That explains why our world is in such a bad state. It's God's work but done with demonic help.”

Soon later they were reaching their destination. As it turned out, the old lady had led Harry Potter to a common strip club! Was he supposed to visit it with her? With his typical fast courage Harry entered, throwing all qualms into the nightly wind that he left behind. Harry then paid the rather moderate “high society club membership fee” for both of them. An old sign warned ladies to keep watch of their handbags or deposit them at the wardrobe. Grace but didn't notice that sign. She was still eagerly talking to Harry: “Now back to Paracelsus and his wonder drug laudanum. In his time and also in later centuries, medics and patients alike did like that drug much. But where did the magic of the drug originate? Is this drink divine or demonic? It's a tricky question still today, when all think that the drug opium must be rather devilish. In the nineteenth century, two popular poets who took in laudanum were Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Thomas de Quincey. These and many others suffered from the ensuing addiction. Nowadays we may find that both the names of Samuel and Tomas are names who link to alleged cosmic demons: Sama and Toma. So that story may warn us that these demons may especially lead people with similar names into big troubles. And, as we ask why some drugs and medicines eventually work magically, we must always keep in mind that demons eventually fake such results, to make more deluded people take bad drugs.”

Grace Boyle finally had to stop, when they entered the club room in the underground, taking a table for two in the rear. With her flowery dress she looked old-fashioned. The club was rather empty, and the decoration looked old fashioned too. In a time when porn was sold in many shops and could easily be watched at home by way of streaming, few people obviously found it worth to still visit a club to watch girls, who would only undress to pose nude. Grace now looked a little ashamed when she confessed to Harry: “Son, I just like to watch the real shows, like from ages past, with the girls getting vivid and wild. Then the magic just is present that isn't there when you only watch pictures.” – “Char Dow Nay!” said Harry to the waiter. “Do you have?” – “Nay”, said the grim man with a black shirt and white bow-tie. So Harry and Grace both ordered cider. Harry now told her: “When I was in love with Marge, I took up the habit of drinking French wine. Once she told me that she believed that I did this because I was searching for the Goddess and the God who are behind all magic, allegedly. She feared that I was about to become a Roman Catholic.” – “Well, that didn't happen, thank Goddess”, said Grace gleefully. Right now a thin, pale young girl with some kind of haute couture model dress on entered the stage. The music started to get louder and sounded a bit French. The model started to vogue on the little stage, eventually presenting her pink undies to the few men around. – “My gosh!” said Grace. “She's too tiny for the model shows but just right here.” She watched the show with a grin, and when the model started to undress she whistled on two fingers. “All my life I was a big fan of the ancient Greek poetess Sappho. But she was surely rather small, just like I am”. Grace explained herself to Harry, who but didn't get the message. He was suddenly so clutched by an important idea, that he stopped paying attention at all to the ongoing show. With eyes wide open Harry stared at withered Grace, and told her with a pressed voice: “Back to Paracelsus, the man who came up with the drug and alcohol potion called laudanum: Supposed he really was some kind of German quack doctor only. Then his medicine will have little effects. But why then did he think that his wonder-nostrum could cure all diseases, and even render people immortal?” – “Yes why”, replied Grace absent-minded, still staring at the show.” – “Because drugs eventually open the mind for higher powers. People who search for the gods and ghosts may find that drugs pave the way thereto. That is what Christians believe of their altar wine, true?” – “True”, said Grace, and took another drink. They applauded then, and Harry suddenly found that brown-haired pale girl rather sexy. Right then Grace told him: “Meeting the gods, that was what the guys of the group Soma were talking about, when they called up the Brits to legalize pot in 1967. They cited an old Aryan song, saying that those who drank the wondrous potion Soma would meet the gods and become immortal.” – “That's just what came into my mind right now!” Harry now beamed, as if he had found the wonder potion of immortality himself: “I think that maybe laudanum cannot heal, but it can show people the way to the gods and demons who eventually can heal. That should be the secret of the potion of Paracelsus. It may help you to meet the gods and spirits. And this is just what I need right now.” – “Oh really?” Grace took out her pocket flask and reached it over to Harry. “Well then, feel free to try if it works on you, son.”

35. The Black Rose

Harry Potter was feeling relieved, when Grace Boyce finally left with a taxi to the King's Cross train station, to catch the night train that would lead her to the North. From Newcastle she then could take the local train to Mulgrave and Hogsmeade. He could have joined her, but he was not in the mood now to return to Hogwarts. He had spent so much effort lately in building his old school, and now it had cast him out! He was not ready to face Ginny again, who maybe would rejoice at his dramatic loss of face. The pavements were wet. It had rained slightly, but right now it was dry again. He took a deep breath, and decided that the night was still young. Where could he go to in GOAT London? Surely there were many places that still welcomed night prowlers. He but hesitated now to find another atmospheric night club. *Work your thing to help Joan!* That was an inner voice reminding him of his biggest magical problem. Shouldn't he rather go to bed now, and try the magic of the Zorro book once again? He suddenly hated to do this one man stand once again. He first needed to know more about the spirits that were involved in this tricky magic of healing. What if it was true that the Dementors, the devils from above, were needed when it came to heal the wounds they had helped to strike? He thought again about the bizarre case of the spirit James, who had appeared in Balmoral castle to chase away Dimon Leigh, an American would-be investor. Was he a devil, a sainted ghost or a mortal wizard, or maybe all in one entity? Harry had a hunch that he was near to the solution of the riddle. He took out the strangely appreciating page of paper that James had sent to him, by way of an excellently worked spell of apparition. That was definitely the work not of a ghost but of a man. James had called himself an M.C. a master of ceremonies. What did that mean – that he was a disk jockey? Harry thought that he needed some kind of success now to secure his position again in Hogwarts. He needed some superior spell to counter the magic of James. He sensed that he was getting near to the solution of the riddle of this impostor. *Go to bed to help Joan!* That was an inner voice, reminding him of his biggest magical problem. But also the magic of the Zorro book needed him to better understand it, and that meant that he needed to better understand ghosts first. So where were they to find? He took a look at his wrist watch. The time was nearing to midnight, the traditional hour of ghosts and witches. Right now a black taxi came by. Harry stepped on the street with one foot to stop it. The driver was an Indian type of Darcy, a Paki. So where to now? “Kensall Green Cemetery”, said Harry with his spontaneous courage. He had heard stories that ghosts were often seen at that especially splendid graveyard, with its many impressive houses of the dead. – “At that time of the hour?” asked the driver, with a less than friendly voice. Harry removed his black baseball cap to show his signature scare. “I'm Harry Potter. And I need to meet some ghosts”, explained he. – “Bismillah!” said the man with a little fear, as he then drove. Justin Timberlake just sang on Radio Two: “*Can't stop the feeling.*” – “Can't you stop that?”, asked Harry the driver. The Paki could, and asked: “So you are still investigating into the case of the saint James spook? They were talking about this in the radio.” – “Indeed, that is my job right now”, confirmed Harry. Then the driver explained to him: “You know what Mohammed wrote about those saints of the Christians? It's in sura six: *As the people stepped before God to be judged, he told them: Now you have come to us alone, just like We created you. We don't see among you your procurators, of whom you thought they were your companions. Verily, a cut was made in between you and them. And from you they rambled, those vain mirages.*” The oriental man then explained: “Saints do not exist but the Djinni do, the spirits. Mohammed preached to them.” *Ginny?* Harry was a bit shocked. But wasn't this what he had too learned, that the saints of the Christians, including even Jesus, didn't really exist but were mental illusions only and portals, theatrical masks of the alien Snakes? He thanked the man when he left the cab and gave him a nice tip. Then he stood in front of the dark gate framed by mighty trees. Of course that park was closed in the night time. For to enter it you needed a ticket anyway. But that wasn't what Harry had intended to do. It was just midnight when he went to the nearby river banks. There he just stood a bit, and emptied that magic potion flask that Grace had given him. A hundredfold of ghosts should be dwelling here at any night! He strolled a bit along the dark river banks, but no ghosts were showing up tonight. Surely the walls of the cemetery weren't stopping them, or were they? Harry sat down in the grass. The drug made him tired and he soon fell asleep.

With a very sad feeling he woke up again, pushed from his drug-related sweet vain dreams into a scary reality. And suddenly he saw her – the spirit of a white lady! With his eyes fully adapted to the darkness, while the faint sickle of the moon, that looked like miffed in the cloudless sky, was just about to say goodbye to a mercilessly staring sky, always ready to intervene to worsen things down here ... The ghost wore some kind of wedding gown, all in white, with a white gaze veil above her head. She had been watching Harry, hadn't she? While he now rose, she seemed to shy away from him. As she turned her head around again, he saw that she hardly had a face! Below her black hair, her featureless face seemed to show in front a black rose. Was she wearing it to hide a mildewed skull? “The black rose was the one that missed in the War of Roses”, murmured Harry adoringly. With soft knees he dared to follow the ghost, westwards along the river banks. – “Wait, madam!” he bade her. She hesitated, and then fully turned around. When he then stepped before her, he heard her murmur, with a sweet and bitter voice: “A hundred and fifty pounds.” He didn't understand her at first. Was this an unpaid debt, that had her made appear from her tomb in sorrow? – “Do you have it?” – “Sure”, he replied, just to placate her. – “Okay, let's do it then in my car. It's over there.” She was talking with a strong accent, that was maybe Russian. Now she pointed to the road leading to the main gate. So Harry turned around with her, to walk back to the street. There, in the light of the lanterns, he realized that the roses on her face were not black but red. She was wearing an adorned Corona face mask. More such roses were stitched into her dress at the bulging front. Harry found her strangely sexy, but also he now got a little scared. They soon reached her car, that was standing there. It was a big Renault with a French number plate. Harry saw a 75, the number of Paris at the edge, but that didn't mean a lot in France. When they entered into the rear of the limousine, he finally realized that she was not a ghost but a prostitute working in London, That didn't motivate him now for anything more. Instead he felt bitterly ashamed and frustrated. Since he had already agreed over a price, he hesitantly paid her the sum now. Then she seemed to be a little relieved. “Are you from France or from Russia?” asked he, with a voice that suddenly sounded thin. – “*Bozhe!* I'm Ukrainian”, replied she, in a tone as if he had tried to insult her. But then she lifted and put away her veil. She grabbed for his trousers, opening them in front. But... Harry was too tired now and intoxicated to do anything. “That is not a tough British stand”, she complained in a bitter tone. For about fifteen minutes the Ukrainian prostitute tried to make Harry's male member react to her efforts, first with her cold hands and then with her warm mouth. But all was in vain. – “I am sorry. I took drugs”, explained Harry. She wheezed with frustration and then sat down at the side of him. “So what you expect of me to do for you now, necrophile?” That was a shocking question. Harry felt obliged to apologize to her. “So sorry! In fact I didn't come here to have sex with the dead. I wanted to ask them questions. It's a philosophical quest I'm on, so to say.” Harry hesitated. “I am Harry Potter.” Now she wheezed again. But then Harry took off his black cap and showed her his face. That made her get amazed, and even scared. “My god”, she sighed. “I was reading one book of you.” – “Did you like it?” – “I found it silly stories for children. I don't believe in magic.” – “So you are a muggle.” She wheezed again, as if he had insulted her. And then she leaned forwards to shortly honk. It didn't take long until a slim man came to the car. He had a little torch and shined into the inside of the rear. The prostitute now opened the door at her side. “Done now, darling?” asked the man, a Brit, rather politely. – “Not really. But he wants to better talk with the spirits about philosophy”, explained the hooker. These seemed to be sorry news for the pimp. Harry now thought that it was eventually not a good idea not to rise and leave swiftly now. But tired as he was, he just explained to both of them, that he was on a mission to find out more about ghosts, and especially of a Saint James. To his surprise, that quest seemed to interest the two. “If you want to see, I have Church icons of saints. They are for sale at my apartment”, explained the prostitute. – “Well, why not?” said Harry spontaneously. That was okay for the pimp too. That was why soon later, the pimp was driving him and the white lady to an unknown destination. “My Marusha is also an excellent painter of traditional Ukrainian icons”, he explained to Harry. – “I am Roman Catholic”, explained she. “And my Niles is a friend of philosophy.” – “Yeah”, explained Niles. “I like Nietzsche best. *Thus spoke Zarathustra*, that is great stuff. Do you know that?” – “Not really”, admitted Harry, who was really very sleepy now.

They didn't talk much about philosophy then, while Niles drove them into a dark and ugly suburb full of little worker's houses. Instead they talked about drugs and prostitution. "Maruscha became thin recently from the heroin. That is why she started working as a *tombale* on cemeteries, first in France and then also here. The widowers eventually meet them as spirits. They are not necrophile pervs. For those poor devils the dead are still alive." – "Yes they are pervs", disagreed Marusha from the rear. But Harry found, that it was not uncommon that spirits seemed to get attracted by love and desire and even came to the living to search for it: "Ghosts suck, in the true sense of the word", he explained. – "Heroin sucks too", said Niles. "It is damned expensive, and if you waste it away on such a feeble regularly bleeding guy, then it ruins her in short time and you as well." – "Did you know that the name heroin derives from the word heroine?" Harry now retold a story that Grace Boyce had told him just some hours ago. A German chemist called Dreser had firstly designed that drug. He had been searching for a drug that could heal those addicted to morphine. At first he was convinced that his newfound heroin would cause no addiction at all! "Apparently he got fooled by the demons. Demons obviously often manipulate the effects of drugs, also those who are used in modern medicine. I often wondered why the muggles never seem to notice that."

They then reached the little house where Niles lived with his mother. Firstly he took Marusha to the kitchen, where he gave her a syringe of heroin into her hip. This black girl had been of great beauty some time before, but that was already rather gone. Nile then bade Harry to sit down, and served him what he had always missed the previous day: A glass of French wine, from a bottle just labelled *Vin blanc*. – "That kills the worms", said Harry, when they were drinking. While his woman was dozing, trembling and drooling on a kitchen chair, Niles then went to come back with a huge bag full of massive wooden Church icons. He took one out to hand it to Harry, explaining: "It's a bargain! A friend of my girl made this. You may buy it for only 150 pounds or less." Harry was tired, but not mad enough to like that Catholic idol. It was showing an emaciated nun in her bed, clutching at a cross with a tiny Jesus on it. – "It's a saint Catherine of Emmerich", explained Niles, with the sorry face of an involuntary expert. "That crackpot German nun starved herself to death in honour of Jesus Christ." – "Good lord *pomytuj!*" murmured Marusha, now smiling and lost in her drugged dreams. Niles then explained that Marusha had dwelt in Paris for some time, living as a 'tourist' in the notorious Château Rouge, the city quarter of the Negroes: "It was surely inescapable that such a pretty poor girl from Eastern Europe would become a slut in Paris. She told me that she had like waited for Prince Charming there to lay her. Some Muslims fixed her on with heroin, and raped her and had group sex with her. When she was getting feeble they took her here. I am just her lover boy now, and the one who controls her, fettered to the invisible chain of heroin. Lately I got worried that she won't live much longer. Or maybe I'm glad." Niles poured himself and Harry more wine. Then he started to philosophize: "Nietzsche was a boozier too. But to me he was a genius! When he wrote about his Zarathustra, he painted the pic of a stronger and tougher future race. His *Übermenschen* won't suffer from our weaknesses." Niles stared at Harry with a sudden wild anger. Harry avoided to look into his blue eyes. "Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* was surely truly Aryan", he supposed. – "Exactly." Niles now went to fetch that book from the living room. He had marked many parts in it with pens in several colours. Now Niles read aloud one passage: "*I teach you the Übermensch. Man is something that shall be overcome. What is the ape for man? A laughter and a painful shame. And just that is what man shall be for the Übermensch. Once you were apes, and even today man is more of an ape than any ape ...*" Niles interrupted himself to explain: "That was written in German, in which the word for ape is *Affe*. I believe that this is the reason why the press forcibly calls the Negroes Africans nowadays. They are especially near to the apes, any honest guy will admit that. But aren't we all still just no more than half-way apes?" Niles stared at Harry, who read a question in his eyes: "*Aren't you an Übermensch?*" To distract him he pointed at the sorry icon, explaining that he could not buy it. "But have you got a Saint James?" – "I don't think so. But one of those Ukrainian vixens could paint one for you." They both looked at Marusha. She had bad teeth and rubbed her neck. She seemed to have pains there. Tired she laid her head down on the kitchen table. Harry heard her whisper: "Or can't you heal me Harry Potter?" Harry dared to massage her neck a little. Niles suddenly looked thankful.

36. Unwelcome at Hogwarts

Harry then spent the next two days doing as if he were ill, in bed or walking around in the parks and gardens. Suddenly Hogwarts was so busy and crowded with nosey and noisy young people. On one hand Harry liked to see all those youthful faces. On the other hand he missed the idyllic atmosphere of summertime, when Hogwarts had been such a beautiful and sleepy vacation site in the country, so still and natural, and truly magical. Now there was much for him to get organized. On Wednesday afternoon, he found himself standing before the door of the chemical laboratory. Of course it was locked now. Had he had in mind to take another sip of the vile drug laudanum? He licked his lips and turned around. Another problem had turned up. At the moment there was only one stairway left here, that did lead steeply up to the fourth floor. The other stairway was out of order and closed. It had been damaged when Guy Llewellyn had blasted the sound equipment at the night of the ball. Harry now found that rests of the partly molten sound equipment were still at place. He urged the do-all Jasper Dickens to take action. That moody and a bit oafish dark man explained to him: "Me brother just din'a clean up the mess here. Jimbo says he's always too busy, an it wasn't his fault." – "So go and tell Jim to work extra time. This is an emergency." – "Can't you go tell him, professor Potter? I hate going to the fifth house alone." *The fifth house* – was this what they were calling the house of the Malfoys now? Harry had a hunch that Draco was once again heeding great plans, that he might suddenly try to promote his house to a superior position. Well, whatever he was planning now it would surely turn out to be untraditional. Harry intended to bring this up against him, just in case. He but felt too tired to take care of this, and rather went to bed again to sleep some more. Maybe the stairways would magically rearrange in the evening. He then tried to find sleep, but faint scary visions of a nuclear world war three kept him awake. He was absolutely woke now! So he red some more in Guy's suspense book about spies. Among the greatest spies of all history, Stephen Ward had been a less important one. But Harry found his case particularly interesting. Like nobody else, Ward had made public connections, linking high-ranking British statesmen of the conservative Macmillan government to pushers and pimps like him. They had watched porn films, taken drugs and staged orgies with call girls. Drugs may take away sexual inhibitions, but often at the wrong time, since they weaken the mind like demons do. Ward had been an osteopath, that means, a wizard with healing powers. The plain fiction writer V. S. Naipaul called such guys 'mystic masseurs'. In a world that officially disregarded any kind of magic, osteopathy was a tough business. Many people searched for help beyond the borders of technical medicine. But the deep-rooted Christian intolerance towards any sorcery made it hardly possible even for most such therapists to realize that their art of healing depended on supernatural abilities, and that meant, of supernatural powers in the end. So how could such a mystic masseur heal? Harry sensed that this had something to do with sensual, and even sexual magic. A tender massage of the back could soften pains and release tensions. But why was it so? As he pondered about this, Harry received a hunch that these massages released hormones and erotic sensations. Such emotions were enjoyable and relieving not only for the people who were feeling them. Also the Snakes would eventually suck up and consume them. That was good, but the big problem was one of drug taking too. The Snakes would never be satisfied with what they could suck, but soon they would come back to the known sources, like greedy beasts, sucking more and more lifeforce. Stephen Thomas Ward had been a drug dealer and a pimp too. In the Sixties Ward was providing prostitutes like the famous model Christine Keeler to the politicians and circles of the upper class of London. It then came out that he was working for the Soviets, to sabotage the plan of the USA to proliferate atomic bombs to Franz Josef Strauss in Germany. But, what would have happened if the West Germans would have managed to build their own arsenal of nuclear weapons in the times of the cold war? Harry had a hunch now that the Great White, that elusive Earth Goddess, hadn't wanted this for her secretly chosen region. And with Ward and Keeler, Ewath sabotaged it. She was a Snake too, the one Snake of the Earth that the Bible mentioned as the keeper of divine wisdom. Harry had the notion that she had earlier used Aleister Crowley for similar shady plans. So couldn't she heal too? Sure, but healing eventually meant to distract the demons with vril, who would thrive from that coveted lifeforce, and soon come back with even more strength and greed.

Back at his desk on Thursday only, Harry realized that his working week was already nearly over. Evan handed him out a number of files and letters, trying then to chat a bit and hear stories about his escapades in London. But Harry hadn't the nerve now to tell anything to his aide about Joan Trollope and her lost foot. Right now Radio Two played the song *Footloose* by Kenny Loggins. That was definitely magic too, but a magic that Harry found particularly scary and vexing. That was like a scornful message by the demons, that they had caused this accident wilfully and were reminding of it. Harry realized that sometimes the time just wasn't right to try and correct such errors of the past. Maybe he should better wait until the demons stopped remembering that case. He was scared before the sexual magic that the book of Zorro spell demanded of him. Wasn't this like him feeding those demonic Snakes, a magic that only made all things worse on the long run?

Meanwhile Evan had made a little research study of his own. It was just a small manuscript of ten pages, with excerpts mostly from the famous thesis of Dumbledore about the play 'The Tempest'. "If you read this play of Shakespeare with the eyes of a master magician, there is much more to be found in it than any muggle will ever understand", explained Evan, who now took the chair in front of Harry's desk, to sit vice versa on it. Harry's good looking stately blond aide then pointed out, that one key conflict situation of the play had been the struggle between the renowned wizard Prospero and the wild talent Caliban, "that vile and treacherous Caribbean bastard". During most of the time of the play, Prospero had been guided and aided by the superior magic of Ariel, that lofty spirit of favourable nature. Caliban had in vain tried to counter that magic. In the end though Prospero had bidden farewell to Ariel. And from that moment on, his magical abilities had ceased to exist! Evan explained, with his witty voice: "In his last scene, Caliban is forced into obedience. He promises to always remain a nice Nigger from now on. But the play ends with Prospero's loss of all powers. So what may we expect now, that the wizard and his daughter and her husband will live happily ever after? We must instead expect, that vile Caliban soon senses that old Prospero is permanently out of powers. The vile Caribbean bastard should swiftly make use of the situation. He should humble and overthrow Prospero, to then try and win his daughter as a wife forced into his shack. That is what radical Muselmaniacs like to dream of: To win the wives of their enemies as their sex slaves. That was what made some radical Muslims assassinate the Egyptian president Anwar el-Sadat. The problem is though that Caliban would need a superior magic for to vanquish Prospero." – "But he's not a magician, the coloured mongrel", said Harry. "And without his own magic he will never win against the white man." – "Can we be sure that the rogue has no magic of his own?" Evan agitatedly opened the book he was holding, to explain to tired-looking Harry: "We hear in the beginning of the play that Caliban was the son of the come-down witch Sycorax. He was not a muggle-born, he was open to magical education by his mother. Of the nature of her magic we only hear, that her leading god or demon was called Setebos. What might that tell us?" – "That Setebos is a boss", joked Harry. Evan laughed and shook his head. "Sorry professor, but Dumbledore knew much better how to interpret that odd name. He was reading Setebos as Latin *cetibus*. That means in translation: *With the Whales*." – Harry didn't understand that. He suddenly felt the urge to drink again from the pocket flask of Grace Boyce. But he knew that he already had emptied the flask with milky, diluted opium wine to the last drop. Evan meanwhile continued excitedly: "Sycorax and her son Caliban were both witches who were *with the whales*. From our enlightened point of view, that mysterious term can only mean: *With the Snakes*. Later in the play, Setebos also appeared as the god of Caliban. So who's the Snakes? It's a larger number of worms who but act jointly as one, just like the Biblical Elohim: Jewish 'gods' who claim to be one god." Since Harry didn't say anything more, Evan took his papers and stood up. "The question remains in the end of 'The Tempest', who is the future winner: Prospero who lost Ariel, or Caliban who can only rely on the support of the Snakes of the worse sort?" Harry thought about this for some time. Finally he said: "That was no question in the heydays of the British empire, that we Whites were stronger than the Darkies with all their gods, demons and wondrous beasts. That must have been due to the fact that our God was Yahweh, like the Bible named God in the beginning. That makes me wonder what may happen if that god lately leaves us alone, since the time of our race has come to an end, and God decides to replace us with the coming race, called *Urbarmenschen*."

The night for Harry had been hot, making him feel definitely female. He fled from his bed early to take a cold shower. Harry was still mighty proud of himself, considering himself to be a tough cookie who managed better to keep himself fit than all the office-dwelling weaklings. Outside, on the court in between the towers, Jon the Jock had already gathered groups of students for an hour of early sports exercises. They were wearing shirts and shorts and had to follow when Jon started a round of jogging. Harry decided to join them, but he soon fell behind when the majority of the students rushed away. On his way through the park then Harry met some boys who had lost their shorts. One even was naked, hiding behind bushes! – “Harry we got pantsed”, they complained to him, with tears in their eyes. Some teenage savages had stripped these softer boys of their shorts. Harry could not run fast enough to follow and find out and fetch the culprits. He recruited some older students to find and retrieve the lost clothes, and promised to the victims that the culprits would receive no desserts nor other afters at lunch. It vexed him though that everybody seemed to find it quite normal to call him just 'Harry' instead of 'professor Potter'. And did those deplorable deeds of sexual harassment have something to do with the fact that he was having problems with his sex life? He suddenly longed to have lusty Cindy back in his arms. He would phone her up!

Meanwhile in the main building experts and helpers, including Neville Longbottom and Jasper Dickens, were busy installing rope ladders and stairs. Harry helped them to span a long rope from the second floor to the third, that should become a part of a trekking rope bridge. He told Neville the janitor: “For our students, using that gear should be great fun. Tell them that we installed this to test their courage. Courage is what witches and wizards always need.” Harry then went to the library. With difficulties he found the book 'Thus spoke Zarathustra' by Friedrich Nietzsche. Was this maybe the essence of the philosophy of some obscure Aryan wizardry school of Agartha? He took his time to read a bit. Right at the beginning he found a tale that fascinated him: *Zarathustra once met people waiting for the show of a rope walker. When the artist then appeared, the people loved him. But now another guy entered the rope from behind him, a gaudy fool! “Onward, lame foot!” he cried with a terrible voice. The wicked wight started to insult and scorn the rope dancer like a devil. Then, in a culminating jump, the wight jumped high over the rope dancer, to land on the rope in front of him. The rope dancer was so terrified and unsettled that he fell to his death. In his last moments Zarathustra assured him that neither hell nor a devil would exist. Thus spoke Zarathustra: 'Man is like a rope, knit in between the beast and the Übermensch, across an abyss'.* Harry Potter could not read on, and thought about this strange tale for some time. He then decided to disagree with the author, who maybe had only poorly understood his own tale. His Zarathustra had told the rope walker that no devil existed. But wasn't the wicked wight of the story the devil in person? And if he was, who was the rope dancer then – the saviour, the god that the people had waited for so long a time? Harry told himself: “Supposed the rope dancer is the Übermensch, the homo superior. But is he really that superior? Obviously any mean dwarf can bring him down. It works with the help of magic. So our control of magic makes the difference, not human quality.” – “Harry! I need to talk to you!” A voice from behind suddenly disturbed Harry, a voice that he still knew so well. Ginny now sat down on the chair next to him, in the dimly lit and rather empty reading room. “I think I need to apologize”, his ex-wife started. – “Well?” Harry found that his own voice suddenly sounded terribly thin. Ginevra then told him that she had always blamed him for the bad destiny that had hit her children: “Albus is gay. Sirius is in jail for a longer term. And Lily has a lowly job in a detox hospital where abortions are carried out. I thought this was all due to your risk-prone lifestyle. For instance you always took drugs and easily got away with it, since your magic protects you well. But the punishment for your wrongdoings, your sins, instead came down on your children, and on your parents too, and even on all the people who live next to you.” Her voice was getting shrill. Harry got into some kind of furious unrest. “What kind of apology is this?” he growled, as he sharply stood up and hurried out of the door. Before it, crossing the stair house, there still was that single rope. With his typical wild courage, Harry now took up a broom and stepped on it, like a rope dancer. He daringly walked across the abyss with a height of maybe eight meters. He was a magician after all! – “Harry you're the holy king!” assured him Neville, as he reached out his hand now to help Harry to the other gallery. Harry was not so sure about this.

37. No Sightings at Loch Ness

On Sunday, Harry Potter, Dudley Hawke and Barbara Blocksberg undertook an excursion to the famous Loch Ness, a location not too far away from Hogwarts for a day trip. In Drumnadrochit and beyond they were participating at a search announced to be the biggest search for the monster of Loch Ness since 1972. Evan Wells had flown them there in the early night with one flying old Vauxhall, who was now parked in the heather. "Take care that they don't mistake our magical car for Nessie", advised him Harry. They then hiked to the Nessie centre, to meet there a large crowd of organizers, volunteers, onlookers and tourists. Harry took up his London cap and now looked like a tourist too. The three then spent most of the day to stroll alongside that large muddy lake. While they were having a picnic at noon, sitting in the heather with their waterproof rainwear on, Harry told Dudley some stories of what it meant to be a teacher at Hogwarts. Barbara was rather silent today, and explained that she needed to soon return to her job at Durmstrang: "They wrote that they will send a flying boat to pick me up. It's a difficult task now because of the sanctions against Russia." – "So that sorcery school is in Russia?" asked Dudley. – "No and yes. But there are good news maybe for our profession." Barbara now looked Harry deeply into his dark eyes. "Principal Prigosine wrote me that at the moment our wizardry castle harbours a lot of refugees, draft dodgers and Russian rebels. One of them is a German dissident, a so-called *Reichsbürger*, called Butzel Schade. The principal wrote that he is a wand maker, maybe the only one left in all the world. That should concern you British wizards, should it not?" – "More than the futile search for Nessie", agreed Harry. He now looked again at the barren and windy landscape. The Scottish Highlands were a rather depressing place to be, but the Lake District wasn't much nicer. Dudley now asked: "What do you think about Nessie? Is it a giant eel maybe, like the believing experts assume?" – "Nessie may well be such a wondrous beast, a Snake", agreed Harry. "In fact lots and lots of legends of wondrous beasts exist in all the world! All the nations and peoples know such fables, legends and fairy tales. But lately at least we sorcerers retrieved one key to understanding these legends. The Snakes eventually appear in the masks of such beasts. The Snakes are indeed such beasts, but they tend to obfuscate their true identities. Many of them are cruel evil demons of the skies." That made Dudley look sorrowful up into the grey sky. Barbara agreed: "The prophet from Düsseldorf recently issued a long list of names of demonic Snakes. One of them seems to be Ga-Nesa. He attributes her to the smaller of the two stars of the near twin star called 40 Eridani." – "No, that can't be. It's Mister Spock's star from the Star Trek saga", replied Dudley with a smile. – "You can't be serious, can you?" taunted Barbara. They then talked a lot more about Star Trek. The day was long and strangely quiet. In the late afternoon they hitched a ride back to the visitors' centre in Drumnadrochit. In there they took a look at the message board with the most spectacular Nessie photos on it. A new one hadn't been provided, and also the number of alleged sightings remained unchanged. From a group of frustrated Nessie hunters one man complained to the staff: – "Why don't you hire an elephant and push him into the loch? With his trunk he might provide at least a sensational new body of evidence for your quest." Most people around laughed. But now Harry couldn't help but disagree: "I find that the search for traces of such super-snakes is not in vain. They may not really live around here, but they eventually appear in magical traces, causing disturbances of the water maybe or unclear sonar echoes of eels. That already is fascinating, like Mr. Sprock would say, isn't it?" He chuckled, but now all the people around seriously listened up. Harry realized that he maybe should keep quiet now, but he didn't mince his words and just kept on talking about what he knew: "Such snakes definitely exist, and they are terribly mighty. But they eventually mask as wondrous beasts, taking up any shapes they like. The shape of a giant eel should be one they prefer. They can simulate this with magical tricks, just like we animate beasts in trick films." – "So where are those wondrous beasts really?" asked a man who looked to Harry like a reporter. – "Up above in the sky they dwell", explained Harry. "From their faraway stars they also control our weather. Right now they even cause global warming, by using pulsars. Our Hogwarts expert Jocelyn Kay recently wrote much about these elusive wondrous beasts." Such unheard of talk now fascinated all the staffers and visitors. One reddish kid looked at Harry from below and then concluded cheerfully: "Ah ken him by his scar! Good Golly, it's Haerrey Potter!"

Back at their car in the heather, they met a tired and disappointed Evan. He had spent much of the day with birdwatching, but hadn't spotted many birds. Now he complained: "The helpful magic of Mother Nature just missed out. Mama could tell me where the birds dwell. But she generally is as silent as this landscape." Harry mused: "It seems to me that the Great White lately got fed up with us Brits. We are just not the stuff that she can use to mould her *Übermensches*, the coming race of superior quality." Evan and Harry now stared at Barbara. "Maybe we Saxons are having the same problem", said she. To this complaint the Earth Goddess remained silent, since she is often totally in pains and overworked. The four then took seats in the old car, waiting for the night to take off. The old Vauxhall was well equipped for antigravity flights, but neither had a license for traffic in the air nor on the road, and only unregistered number-plates. Harry proposed that Evan used the car to watch birds, but Evan disagreed: "Dumbledore used to teach that the muggles are not ready to even see such a UFO, and never will be." – "Ah, the old pansy was maybe too shy and secretive", said Harry. – "But you are maybe too much prone to a risky lifestyle", said Barbara. "At least this is what your ex-wife Gwinevra thinks. Right now she talks about your weaknesses to everybody at Hogwarts who is willing to listen to her." Those were not good news for Harry now. Moreover Dudley dared to say: "And really, was it such a swell idea to spontaneously walk on a rope in the dark of the main tower?" – "I made it, didn't I? I had my magical wand ready, just in case I would fall." But Harry now realized, that this had been indeed a rather risky stunt. So what if it was true that his escapades were putting a burden of destiny on his kids? That idea made him get hot with shame. Harry sensed that this was an entirely new field of magic that he disliked to study further.

They remained rather silent then, until it got dark and Evan was flying the car back to Hogwarts, as low as possible to not cause radar echoes, once even touching on the rustling branches of a big tree. Soon later, Harry went to the teacher's restroom for a drink. And since Ginny sat there alone at a table, with a whisky-soda minding her smartphone, Harry forced himself to smile and just sat down at her side. He was a daredevil, he could endure her slander and try to talk some sense into her! He knew her well and sensed that Ginny was rather humble right now, and not as impulsive as often. They then talked a lot about their three children, who all were living in California now. "In jail Siri absolutely needs extra money now for to buy himself better food", explained Ginny. – "Better don't call him Siri", said Harry, waving at her with his iPhone. Ginny then explained, that she and the children had been bitterly disappointed by Harry's affair with "that absolutely underage student Margaude. Only lately I tried hard to better understand you doing this. There is a bad driving magic in all of our reality. It's maybe driving especially hard big men, I mean he-men like Bill Clinton or Arnie. Evil magic was obviously driving you *sex-mad*." Ginny lately had acquired a way of saying such words that gave Harry a sudden fit of wrath. He fumed: "*I am not ...*" and continued softer: "... a sex maniac." He then explained that he just had been so 'unstable' in those years. Albus had carried out risky experiments to better up Harry's past. Harry also had often used the magic of bilocation and apparition, jumping through hyperspace from one place to the other. And before he realized what he was doing, he had landed in bed with sexy Marge. Ginny nodded to this with a bitter face. "I used to blame you so hard for this, and told the kids to do this too. But recently I understood more of the adverse magic that must have been guiding and controlling you. These demons do this, the Dementors, you know? They make you forget all your good intentions, and drive you to spontaneously step on their sinful ways. The weaker you get, the more alcohol you just drank, the easier it gets for these demons to direct you." – "So maybe you favour another prohibition?" – "I don't know. Maybe God should forbid alcohol, like he did so to the Muslims." She bitterly stared at her glass and then drank again. "But to me it seems that God cares too little for us." – "The Thing called 666 down there wants us to die out. We are supposed to make way for Nietzsche's *Übermensches*." That idea suddenly forged a bond of solidarity in between them. But Ginny disagreed with Harry's idea: "The demons are terribly mighty. And they threaten our world very hard. They also threaten another inhabited planet nearby, the planet of the mysterious star Sirius C. Two demons dwell at Sirius A and B, Dora and Sama. I think that is the reason why our shy boy Sirius became a pusher as an adult. He shared the bad luck of the Snakes of Sirius. And then there is his first name James, that we ceased to use. Ain't that another bad luck name?"

They had to stop their conversation when the other teachers entered the room. Carla Cunningham and Hermione Weasley were wearing their witches' gowns again. They smiled and danced when the others carried a little white tart into the room. On its top a black lightning and a red heart had been painted with sugar syrup. Now the teachers sang: "*Ginny, welcome again in Hogwarts! May you enjoy like before our tarts!*" Then they lit up sparklers and waved them, and some seemed to await that Harry and Ginny would fall in love again. Ginny but only smiled bitterly, and when the show was over she explained that sadly, she had to really be strict with her diet. Harry but took a piece of the tart, judging that he liked the white sugar coating much better than the mouldy rest.

The evening then became really nice, while the music and dance teacher Brian played folks songs on his fiddle. Belatedly Grace Boyce came in, with her witches' outfit on but rather intoxicated. She complained that they hadn't left a piece of tart for her. "So you're the third fairy tonite", said Jon the Jock jokingly. "You should know that the third fairy traditionally brings bad destiny to a holy king, at least when he forgot to integrate her." – "That may not be, hopefully", said Grace. Now the teachers wanted to know more about the future, and decided to try a little soothsaying. Hermione shook a set of tarot cards from her wide sleeve. She laid out the Celtic cross for Harry: "Let's see what we have here: On top there's the ten of swords. That is not a favourable card ...". Harry noticed that these tarot cards looked older and more traditional than the ones that he knew from the letters of James. To his question Carla explained: "These are the Rider-Waite cards, the most common ones. Soothsayers most commonly use them when they try and foretell the future." Harry now took out from his wallet one piece of paper that James had sent to him: "But this card is one of the Aleister Crowley tarot cards. Where is the difference?" Even mentioning that cursed name took the joy away from the faces around him. Hermione now explained: "I think genuine gypsies would hardly ever use the Crowley tarot cards for soothsaying. Too much negative magic sticks in them." – "That may be different for some of the Wicca groups", said Barbara. "They still hold Crowley's rituals in high esteem." – "Really?" Now Murny Chatterjee was shocked. "What groups do you mean?" – "I don't know", replied Barbara with an eschewing voice. "Some of the groups I always knew in Britain lately seem to have ceased to exist. They like vanished in the fog of destiny." – "That seems to be true for not a few of the magical folks lately", said Carla now. "I mean, who knows where all our people went who used to live in the old docklands?" – "Most of them just died", said Grace with a deep coarse voice. Now she was really playing the third fairy that would make bad destiny come true. Hermione had stopped soothsaying. With a sudden bitter face she took up her cards again. – "What did you foresee of Harry's future, darling?" asked Ron. – "Nothing much more", murmured Hermione. She now went to take a drink. Murny Chatterjee was still joyful. "Well, many of our old friends may sadly be irretrievable like Nessie, but at least our famous Ginny Potter is here again. That is still your name, isn't it?" – "I wish I weren't Ginny Potter", replied Ginny. "You should better call me Ginevra from now on." – "If you prefer that", said Murny. His dark face was hardly visible in the dark of the room, but he let his white teeth see when he smiled. – "Ginevra sounds well noble to me. It's more traditional", said Draco now from behind. – "I liked to be Ginny too. But I learned that this is obviously a problem name." She now explained that in Parseltongue the name Ginny seemed to translate into 'females, girls'. – "But the latest news are that Parseltongue doesn't really exist", explained Harry, looking towards Barbara in search of a confirmation. She nodded, but softly explained: "There seems to be no language of the hissing snakes. But cosmic languages definitely exist, and the word Ginny definitely has this meaning in some of them." Ginevra now looked Harry directly in the eye, when she shyly told him: "The Snakes sometimes call *them* Ginny! That is what I heard from the strong inner voice. When you and I were married, they used to try and use me as a living actor, a bot. Later I learned that they wanted your sex! They wanted to be the Ginny at your side. The evil Snakes are some kind of collective intelligence, a swarm." Her voice suddenly became desperate, as she explained to Harry: "I loved you Harry! But that alien Ginny kept telling me, that you weren't good enough for me. These Snakes wanted you to be free again for a new game of changing partners. The evil Snakes made you mate that French slut. Then they ruined her, to get you free again. So now they want you to be *their* holy king, the sex god of all lonely witches, the randiest of all fornicators."

38. Sad Facts and Positive Thinking

Meanwhile in the great tower they had installed a kind of rope-climbing garden. Rope ladders and several makeshift stairways had replaced the damaged, misplaced or magically disappeared stairs. The helpers also had installed an impressive passageway from the gallery of the second floor to the opposite gallery of level three. That passageway consisted of a thick rope for walking and two smaller lateral ropes. It looked just like a rope bridge for trekking in the jungle. But still nobody had cleaned up the mess of the damaged sound equipment. When Harry was climbing up the rope bridge, followed by Barbara, Murny, and Draco, he heard Draco complain: “Now look at those molten loudspeakers and consoles! They were pretty expensive. We should sue Guy Llewellyn for blasting this sound kit and failing to pay for the damage.” Murny replied: “Surely we could do that. But our house lawyer, Mr. Barton, said that old Guy Rattlehead is most probably broke and would only cost us a sum of legal expenses.” – “So can't your staffer Jim Dickens get his behind up here swiftly, and clean up the mess of his equipment?” asked Harry, once again. – “To carry it down the rope ladders? That's not so easy”, barked Draco. “And Jimbo keeps saying that he is not to blame.” – “But maybe he's wrong”, disagreed Murny. “On that night Jim the MC was playing mighty devilish music, wasn't he? Something bad was bound to happen then.” – “I didn't really listen to that music. Anyway, from my point of view we should better perform nice live music on all occasions”, proposed Draco. “Our folk music is more traditional and more magical in a sound way. Last night for instance, when our colleague Brian Boulderdash played his fiddle, to me that sounded much nicer than any recorded music.” To that Harry agreed in principle, but since Draco was his old enemy, he served him another critical comment instead: “That remains to be seen. For instance I found it mighty sad that Brian was yesterday playing the old folk song: *They'll send us down the river in the end*. It's a pessimistic song from Northern Ireland about the will of England to resist to the imperious Irish. All the time while I lay sleepless in bed that song kept playing in my mind, as if a celestial deejay was playing it for me personally.” Barbara now dared to explain: “I know that phenomenon well. We maybe all do. In German we call this *Ohrwurm*, the worm in the ear. It refers to the Snakes of course, who seem to use our songs to spread their messages and link us with their emotions. The emotions of the evil demons, the Greys, are sad and negative of course.” – “Those damned Dementors”, barked Draco from the rear. The four now all stood side by side on the rope bridge, staring at the mess of the molten sound equipment and the damaged parts of the gallery of the first floor. Then Harry dared to try and slightly rock the rope bridge. – “Whoa! Better stop that”, said Murny, a little anxious at once. He was not a great magician. “I hope this thing is well fixed. Or else we'd have to hover to the floor by way of magic.” – “I could easily do that”, bragged Harry, and indeed he could. – “We all believe you”, said Barbara. “But it always wondered me why just you are so gifted. That must have something to do with the Snakes too.” – “Harry's our holy king. He always was, even before we spontaneously acclaimed him at his 42nd birthday. Miss J. Kay keeps saying that Harry just is chosen.” – “Chosen maybe, but by whom?” asked Draco now. “To me this magical wishing punch always smelled too much like bad medicine.” Barbara asked him: “So do you mean that the celestial demons, sorry the Dementors, helped to shape Harry Potter's career?” – “Most definitely. The evil Snakes kicked him to the top of the career ladder. Maybe they were hoping that they would be able to deform him in any way they liked it. Salazar Slytherin would have judged that Harry just isn't of the right blood, a high-born child of the sacred 28 houses.” Now they remained silent for a moment. Harry was a little shocked, but he knew that kind of talk and was of course not ready to give a foot of way to Draco. “Any way my magic works, it works well for me and for all the world”, Harry explained. “What more can we magicians ask for?” – “Well spoken Harry Potter”, said Murny Chatterjee. “I always thought we need not fear the cosmic Snakes too much. In Hinduism this vermin is called *nagas*, but we should not confound them with legendary wondrous beasts like the Asian demonic serpent Nagini. A popular Hindu scenery shows Shiva as *Naga-Rajah*, as the Lord of the Snakes. Cobras are backing him while he is dancing. We may well interpret these serpents as demonic Snakes.” – “I agree”, said Barbara. “But as I remember that scene, the Snakes came to Shiva while he danced his dance of destruction. It may be their will rather than his own to despoil and destroy our earth.”

The headmaster and his two proxies, Harry and Draco, then sat down with Barbara in the class of the new history teacher, in the last row of the desks and chairs. The students here were older boys and girls of the fifth year, and half of the room remained empty. While they all turned around to curiously watch the school inspectors, Murny Chatterjee told them authoritatively: "Don't pay attention to us! We just came to do like you do, to listen to Mr. Thomas Limiter. Bishop Limiter will hopefully replace the suddenly retired Mr. Guy Lewellyn as your history teacher." – "He's a bishop!" repeated Draco loudly. It sounded like a curse. – "A bishop indeed, that's what I am, but a free thinking one", explained Mr. Limiter jovially, who just entered the classroom. Thomas was wearing the usual suit and tie, had sparse hair and looked a little obese. "While most of the poor ordinary muggles finished their studies at Oxford with a master degree, I decided to study some theology too and finish them as an ordained cleric. After all, you can't understand the history of the muggles without taking a closer look at the often demented and deviant people that authored all that ridiculously wrong muggle stuff: The pope in Rome and all the other Christian clerics." To that the students laughed hesitantly. Thomas Limiter now took out a picture of an obese cleric and fixed it on the whiteboard with magnets. "Now you would be-wizards, try and use your sense of magical intuition. Can you guess who that man may have been?" – "A pope", guessed one of the boys. – "Saint Thomas Beckett", guessed a woman. – "No, it's Thomas Aquinas", said Harry from the last bench, who knew that picture. – "Sssh!" warned him Draco. But Mr. Limiter smiled and said: "Indeed this is another medieval saint called Thomas. Thomas Aquinas, who died in the year 1274 After Dickens, remains until today the one and only official church teacher of the Pope and his Church of Rome. With his theological and philosophical writings, Thomas Aquinas wrote out in detail what is until today regarded as the original Roman Catholic religion. But now hear what happened to Thomas on Santa Claus mass in the year 1273. Then this highly renowned and most everywhere accepted theologian put away the book that he was just writing, his main works called *Summa Theologiae*. To his secretary he explained: *All that I have written, now appears to be just like husk to me*. He suddenly found that his theology was like worthless chaff at the day of harvest. How may we explain this? Any ideas?" The students murmured and remained silent. But it was Harry Potter again who could not keep still in his last row: "To me it sounds typical, that a muggle just learns more when it's too late for him to change his ways. The Snakes have a way to delude the muggle experts all their lives long, but it's a joy for these demons to disappoint mortals when they just think they are done with good work." – "Sad but true, professor Potter", conceded bishop Limiter. – "If you can't keep still, then take your tongue into your bites", but advised him Draco. That made Harry get a little ashamed. "I am but an expert in Muggle studies", he replied. "And why shouldn't I tell people if I know things better?" – "That would be a good question to God", said Barbara. "But don't ask the Great White why she traditionally withholds most of her wisdom from the muggles, and instead lets the Dementors mislead and delude them with absurd and mean nonsense. Ewa wouldn't tell you the truth anyway." – "Cos she sucks", barked Draco. "Dames and Sirs, silence please! I have work to do here", reminded them Mr. Limiter. He put up another picture at the side of that of Thomas Aquinas, showing a big head with an ancient Greek-Roman hairdo. "In all of the dark Middle Ages, this man was the most liked expert on all fields at the universities. Can anyone tell me who that was?" – "Aristotle", said a student. – "Correct. But the big problem that the Christians had with him was, that Aristotle had been a complete heathen, the teacher of Alexander the Great. The Arabs had preserved his writings in translation. When his works became known in Europe again, the Popes forbade to teach them in 1215 AD. But 40 years later, in 1255, they changed their minds; and now declared his physics and metaphysics set books for all students. That is typical for the popes. They want to regulate everything by their tyrannical ways. And in the Middle Ages, they had the power to put anyone into the dungeon or burn him on the stake. Phew, the popes were very eager to push through any lore that they thought was right. But what lore was correct then? In 1277 the popes condemned 219 tenets of university teachers, including central teachings of Thomas Aquinas. Like most or all of the other famous university teachers of that era, Thomas Aquinas had developed a philosophical system that didn't meet the traditional Christian and Biblical teachings and doctrines. None of them was really a Christian!

At lunch time Harry took a seat with his fellows at the table of the house of Gryffindor. For lunch he had taken kidney pudding, but that choice now rued him while he was eating it. He also could have taken a plate of macaroni, or fried soy curd with vinegar chips, but he wanted to keep up a low carb diet. Looking around at the table he saw larger and smaller boobs. That was so stupid! He thought that he should better look at the faces, and try to find out the promising and the rather dull students. But a strange magic was involuntarily, yes even forcibly directing his eyes always to that detail of the womenfolk. He couldn't help it, he had become a sexist. He vowed to himself and his personal totem god, the deer, to really try now and stop masturbating so frequently. Then he reminded himself that he was the holy king. Was it not his royal duty to try and lay at least one of these sexy chicks? Then he said to himself: "Harry, that's your king's way into more trouble." At his side sat Murny, who now talked gladly to the students around: "Guys, let me remind you once again to not be sad when you hear your teachers talking about colleges and universities, that you won't be able to visit later on. Why not try to regard Hogwarts as a university too? The stuff that we teach you here is not well accepted in the crazy world of the muggles, but it is superior to any other teachings that you will be able to hear there." – "Indeed", confirmed Thomas Limiter with his strong and well sounding voice. "In the Middle Ages, the common entry age of colleges was 13 to 16 years. They had no middle schools in that era. But they also didn't know things like Isaac Newton's infinitesimal calculus. And maybe you don't need to learn how to calculate in an infinite space. Infinity is just a wrong conception of the muggle mathematicians." Draco agreed: "In truth there exist a smallest and a biggest natural number. That is at least what Dudley Hawke keeps teaching recently." – "We learned this from the Düsseldorf prophet", explained Barbara Blocksberg. – "Or maybe some of our magical communities knew such things already ages ago", supposed bishop Limiter. "Let's not forget that Druids and other Celts had devised and gathered a host of refined teachings in ages past. It took students many years to acquire that wisdom. Not all of it is lost today, but the problem was that the traditions didn't allow anyone to write this up. But we may rather be sure that the magicians in cities like Toledo in Spain or Siena in Italy still knew many a verboten and maybe disreputable lore. Those two cities were once regarded as hotspots of the magical community. In Toledo a multicultural society existed, of Spaniards, Arabs, Jews and other people. We may compare this city to Hogwarts, but of course the Spaniards weren't so well-read and well organized like we are today." Suddenly a Hispanic girl student asked: "But all that traditional wisdom of old got lost to the Spaniards of today, didn't it? Isn't that a pity, and a sign that a bad future awaits us?" – "That's definitely true, Mercedes", replied Murny, who was even darker than she was. But Thomas Limiter now disagreed: "It remains to be seen whether our good worthy home planet is already inescapably lost, or will be saved by our gods and ourselves. It was a most surprising thing when in the Middle Ages many of the university teachers, monks, clerics or other people devised a philosophy of history by way of positive thinking, that was contrary to the bitter doomsday prophecies of the Bible. Many had hopes then for a better future. The Italians liked to think that a future new order, a Third Reich of the Holy Spirit led by a *dewce*, would set the entire world free of all bad things, and educate a new humanity." – "What's a dewce?" asked a young student. – "A führer like Mussolini or Hitler", explained Draco with a grumpy voice, and then added: "I but never thought that any philosophy is of much value." – "You must be joking, Draco", protested Harry. – "Indeed Mr. Malfoy, that is hardly defensible", said Murny. Thomas then asked Draco: "Your name is Malfoy? That means *bad belief* in French, doesn't it? So don't you know how important it is to believe in good things? Jesus Christ used to teach to the people he healed, that their belief was doing this." – "But lately he believed that doomsday would come any time soon", murmured Barbara. – "Well, Jesus was obviously wrong", said Murny smilingly. "Hey! What is going on there?" Harry was eating his apple pie. Suddenly he noticed that one of the newbies just passed on his apple pie to a senior student with a mean face. When Harry got up and went over to the two, the new student whined: "Henry told me that I am not supposed to like apple pie." – "He is a brazen bully, and will spend the next 24 hours in our arrest cellar." Harry gave back the extorted plate to the young student. While he then was leading the scowling bully to a detention cell, he thought that a world without such evil in it was surely worth fighting for.

39. The Mercedes Quest

After lunch, Harry took a walk to the fire pond. He now pondered if they maybe should try and grow fishes in here. Carps didn't cost much food and gave excellent food, rich of protein. As he turned around to walk on he met Mercedes Engova. The little Hispano was by chance taking the same way that he was. When they thus met she sighed and stretched, and told him: "Today is the night of the full moon. Mama how I feel hot! I would like to go to a fiesta tonight. You know, a party with music and tequila." – "Shouldn't you better mind your afternoon exercises now, young miss?" asked Harry. She sighed deeply and combed her black hair with her fingers. "Yes but you know Harry, the principal told us that he lacks students. I have many frienda who are interested in magic. Many girls in Mexico and Guatemala are ready to travel to Europe for work, you know? If I tell them that it is good here and that the teachers are nice to Latin Americans, then surely many would want to fly here to study magic at Hogwarts." She looked at Harry with a winning smile. But on close look Harry found her strangely alien and definitely unattractive. Mercedes seemed to notice that at once. She lifted her left foot to draw up her stocking, and by the way lifted her skirt a little for him. Then she whispered with a more comic than seductive voice: "I devoted myself to the old Mexican witch goddess Tlazolteotl. She is the seductive witch, the one who rides a broom at night. She makes randy men break their marriages. Men should not have just one wife she says. And since you are the holy king, it is your destiny to have many, many women, girls like me. You are like obliged to make best use of your semen." – "That is your point of view", said Harry, who was more a little shocked now. "But hold it. If I would turn into a lecherous lizard now, the dire consequence would be that I would fill this precious world with halfbreed Latinos! Who needs so many ninnies?" That objection darkened her already dark face. But Mercedes then smiled a bitter smile. "The gods want many people. They are bloodthirsty, and always like to see their temples wet with fresh blood. That was how Mexico was like in the old days, and maybe these days will return now." – "Not if I can prevent this. So go and better mind your books now, young Darky." He turned away from Mercedes to walk back the way that he had taken. But there he saw Ginny and Hermione. They were standing in the distance, staring at him and chatting. Harry noticed that Ginny had a cigarette in her left hand. She had suddenly taken up that American years ago, and it had been one reason why Harry had left her. With that tobacco smell Ginny just had ceased to be erotic for him. So should he now turn around again to follow Mercedes? With his typical courage he decided to instead walk directly towards the two, greeting them with a charming: "Hello again, sweet ladies!" Harry but had spoken maybe a little too charming, regarding the mood the two old witches were in right now. Hermione now said to Ginevra with a low voice: "So here he is again, our dream lover. Should we ask him to rescue us?" – "Maybe it's high time for us to start our own little #Metoo debate at Hogwarts", replied Ginny. She puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and then threw the fag onto the way, to then aggressively trample on it with her heel. "I mean that we should complain about grave sexual misconduct, about magical molestation", she explained to Harry. Harry was shocked again. But hadn't he indeed tried to include his ex-wife into his lusty dreams? Hadn't he indeed 'wanked' with her in his mind, imagining that she was hot too? "Sorry, but I am the idol of the year", he explained with a lame voice. "And don't think that it is easy for me to handle my popularity. Sometimes I feel like molested too, in fact I often do. It is a forcing that scares me indeed. Right now that little ninja girl over there told me that she knows some kind of Mexican witch goddess who makes men break their marriages. So don't blame me alone for the things that I do when I am alone in bed. And don't tell me you didn't eventually fantasize of idols, of movie stars like Tom Cruise, for instance." Angrily now Harry and Ginevra stared into each other's faces. *Hate her!* whispered the inner voices. These voices seemed to get stronger inside of him, which scared him. He turned to Hermione, but now saw hostility in her face too. Trying to deescalate the conflict situation, he told them what he had just experienced with that Latino girl, and added: "Really, I'd rather welcome here a German Mercedes than such a Mexican Mercedes. I'm fed up with having to travel in that pimped-up wreck of a Vauxhall like a thief in the night. I want a limo for myself, I want a company car! And with my new Harry Potter bank that suddenly seems feasible." To that Ginevra smiled a shy smile, as if she still loved him, like in the old days.

Harry told that story again when the teachers were meeting at tea time in the teacher's rest room. Now Hermione looked at him so sore, as if he had invented this story with the intention to defame women in general. But Anna Haldane, the impressive new biology teacher, said: "The muggles of today always think that they are so well educated, and civilized, and moral. But civilisation is just like a thin varnish on many men, and below it there are still the raw features of stone age people." Harry said: "That's why Nietzsche pleaded that we need the *Übermensches*, a new humanity. And I suspect that the gods see things likewise." Thomas Limiter but said: "I don't believe in that great step forwards of humanity into a better future. We are all constantly evolving, also when it comes to culture. You know, when Hernán Cortés first met the Aztecs in New Spain, he found that they were constantly warring against their neighbouring tribes in a rather peaceful way. These savages weren't killing their enemies in battle, but tried hard to take them captive alive. Indeed they even started wars solely with the intention to capture as many enemies as possible. They just needed so many victims to offer them to their abominable gods. So are they to blame, from a modern point of view? Today our college-educated fools blame those poor Darkies of past ages for adhering to bad and mad religions. But they have no idea who these powers really are, who were seen by the people of ages past as gods and saints, demons and devils. Our modern people surely changed a lot with the rise of western civilisation. But already the Russians, the Arabs and the Chinese don't really agree to our so-called western values. Many of these still sense that they may have changed a lot, while the strange powers who yet control them with the help of religions are still the same." – "But why then were the gods of South America so much worse than the gods of old Europe?" asked Harry him. Thomas didn't like that question. "Everything's worse in America", he just said. – "I disagree", said Dudley Hawke, the American. But now Hermione reminded the teachers of the famous ghost story by Oscar Wilde called *The Canterville Ghost*: "That comedy story has it that the American 'minister of the court of St James', the ambassador of the United States, bought himself a noble estate, the castle of Canterville, right next to Ascot." Most of the teachers knew that story well. "And then the ghost of St James tried to scare the yank away", said Carla. – "Yes, but with some of his introductory sentences, the author Mr. Wilde alluded to the fact that many American ladies who travel to Europe to make it here, seem to later appear to become chronically ill. It is as if they lacked a genetic fitness that is needed to live well in Europe. And isn't that just what was killing so many of the poor Redskins, when the pilgrim fathers travelled to America to make it their place?" Anna Haldane agreed and said: "Obviously we meet here unknown natural laws about the evolution and the distribution of the five major races. That was what the Germans, once wiser, called *Blut und Boden*. Good blood of the Whites is not enough to forge a good man, but good ground is what is also needed." The burly amazon now looked around combatively, as if she expected to hear vivid talking back. But the teachers only remained silent, since they weren't deluded and jaundiced muggles who could not allow such opinions. Hermione now asked Harry with a bitter smile: "By the way, the story of the ghost of Canterville sounds astoundingly similar to the story of the ghost of Balmoral. That is what you are investigating in right now, Harry, are you not?" – "I'm working on it", murmured Harry. "And really, I should come to a result with this soon. But Balmoral isn't fictitious Canterville, where the house ghost behaves in a proper way."

"But surely Oscar Wilde's invented Canterville bears certain resemblances with the Canterbury of Geoffrey Chaucer", said Draco, now with an oddly severe voice. He just entered the teacher's rest room and took off his raincoat. "And exactly that old-time Roman Catholic Canterbury, the home of the ghost of Saint Thomas the Lewd, should be especially well known to our Thomas Limiter. There was a limiter among the famous flock of pilgrims. And do you know what a limiter was?" – "A limiter was a begging monk with his own limited territory", said Thomas coolly. – "Yes, but in those bad old days, a brother limiter had also unexpectedly close links to women of a special sort. Draco took out an Oxford paperback, and opened it up at a marked page, reading out aloud: "*There was a genial merry Limiter. There was none so versed in small talk and in flattery. And many was the marriage in a hurry, he'd had to improvise and even pay for.* Dear colleagues, can you help me now and well interpret this?" Nobody liked to help Draco, until Jon Leadbetter said, with a sudden giggle: "That sounds like if the monk also worked as a matchmaker, a pimp even."

Now Thomas blushed, until the colour of his face resembled that of his tea. Others started to chat as usual, but Draco obviously wasn't ready with his remarks on names. He turned the pages of his book and explained: "By the way, Mr. Limiter: My family's name originally was *Maillet-du-Foi* – The little hammer of faith. It was a name that derives from a dynasty of Celtic priests and smiths. So we Malfoys really have nothing to do with any *mauvaise foi*. And did you know that this was the exact French term that the philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, a Marxist, gave to a phenomenon that he considered as particularly negative? *Mauvaise foi* means in strict translation *bad faith*, or bad religion. In the obsolete view of those French left-wingers, this denoted the thinking of the people they called *bourgeois*. They meant the ordinary dumb people, the same that we call muggles now. Their *bad faith* starts with obsolete Christian religion but most generally circles around the egotist belief that they are modern and well educated professionals, who know what is going on in all of the universe. These muggles believe in Darwin, Freud, Newton and Einstein, since British-Jewish science tells them that higher powers of creation obviously can't exist. That bad faith makes them believe that they know and understand all things, are highly evolved and perfectly civilized. Since no gods seem to hinder them, they deem that they are the masters of earth, and can even regulate our climate down to ice age levels with just a few measures against cars and cows. In truth they are wild like wildebeests! Those buffalo hogs may think that they own the steppe when they roam and populate it, but they are just the food of others: of lions and leopards, crocodiles and vultures. And aren't we all just the food of those Snakes?" Draco ordered his bleached hair and took a deep breath. Now Ron Weasley said: "Indeed the muggles are most generally goofy. But aren't we here at Hogwarts comparable, or even worse? I can still hardly dare mention to outsiders, that just two and a half decades ago we were fighting out an internal war here, a feud with our sort-of ray guns that has cost us many lives. To civilised people that sounds too much like the feuds that gangster clans fight out over their domains of illegal businesses, like drugs and arms trade, gambling and prostitution and the bringing in of illegal migrants." – "Like I said", said Anna now: "Civilisation isn't but a thin varnish on us, since we remain rawly hewn creatures from the stone age." Dudley now said: "We can be glad that the lords of creation didn't allow our ray guns to the muggles of today. And imagine everybody out there would know how to fabricate flying vessels. Gooks and Negroes and other migrants would visit us by the billions." – "Here's your problem, darling", said Hermione to Ron. He agreed: "Yes, that is why the technology of wand making is so problematic. We call it the magic of the Hogs, superior technologies that the gods and others are withholding from the muggles." – "... and lately are withdrawing from us", added Harry. He looked Draco sharply into his light blue eyes. "But aren't you chiefly to blame for this, Draco Malfoy? Weren't you a leader among those death-eaters who tried to install a tyrannical, yes even devilish regime of Voldemort at Hogwarts, in the dire days of the last wizarding war?" Harry got angry now, and suddenly had a twitch in his right arm. He could hardly prevent himself from drawing his wand. – "Don't mistake me for a death-eater", said Draco hastily. "Really, I need to apologize. But I have changed in recent years. The idea that we could magically devour people, that we could annihilate them, is most certainly a wrong idea of the past. That is but what the Dementors do. They sicken and devour people in the perimeter of big men like ourselves. That is their special tactics of war."

Draco Malfoy took up his *Canterbury Tales* again. "In this odd book, a merry company of thirty well-off guys starts a pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Thomas the Lewd. Then some knight tells them a tale that is as heathen as can be. In it we meet two ancient Greek knights, who are destined to combat over the hand of beautiful princess Emily. One prays to Venus, the other prays to Mars, Emily but begs the goddess Diana to let her live the life of a chaste amazon. Darwin would have assumed that the tougher, fitter knight wins the fight and takes the girl, who is supposed to like it. But the heathens knew better that mighty powers are making destiny. So does it pay to pray to the mightier god? We may rather think that the gods and the dementing demons decide such matters according to their own traditions. The lords of creation created us as mortals, who wither quickly. And if we assess all those bad religions of the past, we must judge that the Snakes mislead us all. From our perspective, our muggles suffer from their bad faith; but it's a good faith for the Snakes. They are the death-eaters after all, who don't want us to be wise enough to notice that and object."

40. Love's and Money's Labours

Later in the evening Harry suddenly was alone with Ginny. His usual conversation mates Barbara and Dudley had already gone to bed, but like often he just didn't get tired. It scared him a bit that lately he was having unwelcome lusty sensations in bed and was seeing wicked wights in visions. "So how was your life in America like", he asked her now, while staring at her voluminous boobs and imagining how deeply they must be hanging down now. – "I worked as an auditor for some kind of church." – "The Scientologists, you mean?" – "More or less. They also used a number of covert organisations for their church business. And primarily theirs is just a business. You need to have money in that land of milk and honey. So you search and find customers, who are willing to believe that you can teach them how to work miracles. That was my business, and until a decade ago or so, business was good." – "But were you feeling good with this too?" Ginevra answered with a sudden eruption of wrath: "Such a goofy question is typical for you, Harry, I'm sorry. You are just not bland, I might say. But you may know that Scientology was the work of the genius L. Ron Hubbard. One of his basic tenets for us was the famous directive: *Make money! Make more money! Make other people make money!*" She laughed, but her laughter sounded bitter. And then she explained to Harry the idea that was behind the magical lore of Scientology: "Scientology is a lore that has many similarities with Freudian psychology. The basic idea of both is, that traumas exist who bring you down. Traumas are negative experiences especially during your childhood. The next nearest idea is that people should try and get rid of such childhood traumas. That is what Sigmund Freud tried achieve with his method of talk, I mean talking therapy." – "Yes, the Jew. Jews always like to talk a lot." – "Don't talk like a Nazi now. Anyway, Hubbard too got the idea to cleanse the mind from traumas by way of a certain therapy, called auditing. You pay high sums and hope that we can rid your mind of traumas. The idea is not that we brainwash you, like many people assume. But the idea is that we work magic to better up your past!" That was a topic that suddenly interested Harry a lot. "That sounds great, Ginny", he admitted. – "Never call me Ginny again", she advised him. "I'm Ginevra now. It's because of the Islam and the Djinni. Anyway, the genial idea that Hubbard had was, that he thought that his auditing should make you mutate into a kind of superman. If you should manage to get rid of any traumas, then you should be considered as clear. That state of mind should enable you to work magic, for instance to stop the hands of the clock from moving on." – "I know that. That is tricky magic since it destabilizes your own time", said Harry. – "Yeah." Ginevra now nervously licked her lips. She fumbled at her clutch and took out a sheath of cigarettes, but snorted and put it back in. "Anyway, the money making idea of the sect was to drive the people declared clear even further. With more courses we should turn them into so-called Operating Thetans. The idea that Hubbard must originally have of this was, that his darlings should become mythological Titans by that way. We even promised—to princely paying dumbbells—to rid them of prenatal traumas! That reminds a bit of the Christian teachings of the hereditary sins. Do this most thoroughly and you can make Eve having refused to take the apple from the snake in paradise. But, as many critical minds suspected, all this didn't work out so well. Harry, you may remember that such time-changing experiments that Albus once started, had the result that you were never born. The consequence was that Voldemort transformed our Hogwarts into some kind of hellish tyranny, ruling it with the help of the Dementors. Only with much luck and efforts Albus and his darling Scorpius managed to undo this time-changing experiment. That was the time then when you got so unstable that you lost your love for me. I hated you much, but lately I think that this was just what the Dementors had in mind, when they instigated Albus to do this. These Djinnis of the sky wanted you for themselves. They still seem to want you, and do you know why? I reckon these evil aliens have in mind to turn you into their tool, if not their fool." – "That sounds too Islamic for my ears", said Harry. "And don't forget that Muslims are no magical folks. Unlike Moses or Jesus, Mohammed was a muggle. It was because God didn't allow him to work any miracles." – "Twas because the stars are nearer to people in the Arabian desert, and so are those aliens who live there. If you only think of the stars more often they may make you more crazy. That is why hell is called *djennahan* in Arabic. Hell is just the place where the Djinni live. Sura 72:6 warns that if people search refuge among the Djinni they'll get even more demented!"

On the next day, Harry Potter went again to visit the history class of Bishop Limiter. He found it just interesting, and he was bored with his usual office work. The piles of fan mail that landed on his desk could be sorted into two categories: The girls who knew that he was single again, and the girls who believed that he still was married with Ginny. His short marriage with Marge had been largely kept a secret in Britain. Meanwhile the Scots had welcomed the royallest British Royals at Balmoral Castle for their regular summer vacation. Obviously Camilla and 'Charles the Highland King' didn't fear to meet any sort of Canterville ghost there. – “Sure”, said Harry to himself as he waited for the lesson to begin, “the saint James that I am dealing with obviously has a tendency to only haunt and try to chase away strangers, most notably Americans but also Germans of course.” Harry now realized that Draco had once indirectly admitted that he liked that James, had he not?

Thomas Limiter wasn't too happy to see Harry Potter sitting in his class again. The alleged bishop wore a blue suit and a black tie today, since he had serious matters to teach: The difficult history of magic in Medieval Britain. “Did you know why Oxford was a place of special good magic in the Middle Ages? I'll tell you. That was because at that time, the bishops of the Church of Rome used to rule everything in Europe, including even the universities. The pope's inquisitors and their henchmen would always keep track of university teachers and their sayings. Phew, if they would dislike any teachings, they had the right to throw the teachers into their gaols for life or even burn them alive at the stake as alleged heretics. But at Oxford university the teachers were a bit luckier than elsewhere at least, since their bishop was residing in Lincoln, which lies 120 miles away.”

The students murmured. Thomas now put up two of his pictures at a whiteboard, explaining that they showed Robert Greathead and Roger Bacon: “These two famous Oxford university teachers are today regarded as our first real natural scientists. Mr. Greathead had the idea that light is the basis of all causality. That is something that even physicists may understand. Who knows why?” After some talk, a good student pointed out that light helps to clear up and fix reality in the blunt world of quantum physics. – “Excellent”, complimented Thomas. “Indeed, light makes all things get more real. That is one basic tenet of magic. But even that is too high up for muggle scientists. Many still have no idea that our reality is volatile, and can change by way of magic more or less easily. Instead they commonly postulate that our reality is all fixed and does never fluctuate. That was a wrong idea that the Jew Einstein and his lot wrongly used to apply to the world of quantum physics. Well, already in the Middle Ages some wizards of course knew that miracles can happen because they were seeing them. But do you know what sort of magic was most popular in those dark ages?” – “Healing”, supposed a girl. – Thomas made a sad face while telling: “The opposite was true. Most of the wizards of that era tried to use magic to kill people. That was at least how things were in Avignon, thence the city where the popes resided. One special example is bishop Hugo Geraud de Cahors, who tried to use spells to kill pope John the 22nd. Also the French king Philip the 4th, called the Pretty, tried to kill pope Bonifanz the 7th by way of maledictions. It was no wonder that the popes tried to retaliate. Many conducted countless lawsuits against sorcerers.” Harry now spoke up from his last row of seats: “But maybe the muggle historians overlooked the works of so many witches and wizards, who most generally must have tried to work good magic. They may have gotten a wrong picture from the lies that the Roman popery spread about magic.” Now most of the students agreed, they turned their faces to him and knocked on their desks. And Thomas Limiter too conceded: “Surely you are right, professor Potter. But the bad thing is, that bad magic and the talk about it seems to interest people much more than good magic. Who cared if a witch helped a sick man with her sympathetic magic, who would maybe die from the plague or get killed in a ruse very soon? That is not the magic that interests people who read ghost stories today. The problem is that action and suspense, fights and bad deeds interest people too much.” – “It's the same with those Dementors, who like bad things to happen not only on our planet”, said Harry. “We should surely be glad that God apparently is not such a freak who likes to see fights and troubles plenty happening. That is what we can learn from the Biblical tales of the Promised Land, where all remaining creatures will live peaceful and happy lives.” – “True”, said Thomas Limiter, now with some distorted grin. “Maybe you'd better stand here and teach in my stead. Or you might become a bishop like me. Then maybe even the Christians would understand sorcery.”

At lunch Harry took the fish soup, today called *frutti di mare*. The sweet Italian name had made him, and others, think of sweet fruits. But in truth that soup had tough pieces of mussel and whelk in it, rubbery rings of squid and likewise glibber from the bottom of the seven seas. He then told the kitchen personnel cynically: “You should rename this minestrone, because eating it resembles mine sweeping.” They weren't amused, but neither was he. He then went back to his flat to have a midday nap, and also watched some streamed serials and films. 'The Deepest Breath' fascinated him. It was a gorgeous action documentary about free divers, who ventured deeper and deeper to test the endurance of their lungs and of God's saving powers. Of course magic played a key role, when the question was to master the dive or drown miserably. Why did mortals take such risks? Because many others liked to gawk at their adventure films, which would earn them a living and eventually make them famous. Harry tried to imagine himself as a star diver, who would use his magic to dive deeper down into the ocean than no man before. He wondered if that was possible. But surely, man just wasn't made to endure trips into a different habitat than his own. Would the homo superiors of the future be able to free dive much longer, even ceaselessly? *Yes*, whispered a soft inner voice to him. He realized that this was the voice of the Great White. The Earth Goddess was a fish, so she must know. But how could the Übermenschen eventually do this? Would they grow gills instead of lungs? Harry had the hunch that God's good magic would be much stronger with the immortals of the future. It was only natural and consequential to expect that the evolved people of the future would be fitter, better and wiser than the people of today. *Fool*, cried a bitter inner voice. Harry also realized that what the people of today needed the most was some kind of mental firewall, to stop those hostile Snakes and wights of the sky to scare and stultify them and drive them to the extremes. He concluded: “The Übermensches should have a superior will power to resist to drives and forcings from the limitless abyss of space, trying to make fools out of us.”

The afternoon was sunny and unexpectedly warm. On a shadowy inner court Brian was practising with his dance class. They studied a reel with brooms, a dance that Harry liked to watch. But he found it strange that solely girl students took part in this class. Not a single male student showed an interest for it. On a sand yard then, Carla Cunningham was teaching rune magic to her class, now assisted by Barbara. Barbara just explained the new Odin's Runes. It was yet another system of phonetic spelling, of writing English and other words in the exact way that they were spoken. Harry stared at the host of strange glyphs with little interest. Then he asked Barbara Blocksberg: “These new runes just look like all the others to me. So how good are they when it comes to the magic?” – “All the magic depends on God and the devils, doesn't it?” she hesitantly replied. But Carla now radiated and asked Harry: “So can't you test those runes, Harry? You're our mightiest wizard.” That made all the students look up to him admiringly. Harry saw the need now to boast a little. “Indeed I may very nearly be a homo superior, a Übermensch according to, ahm, *Nietsche*. But that's because I keep to and excel in my domain, that is doing magic with wands.” He drew his rosewood wand, that strong tool with an ingredient of probably alien origin. Just now three squawking Canadian geese were flying over the court in a cropping line. Those waterbirds had become way too numerous in the Lake District in recent years. Harry now jerked up his wand and shouted a “*Yeager Shazam*”. Thus he blasted the last one of the geese, that fell down as a partly roasted piece of meat with a loud thump right next to him. “That is what I will have tomorrow at supper”, he announced. Carla smiled admiringly, but the girl students all around were shocked. Harry then strolled further out to take a look at the cars and boats at the lakeside. Fifty years ago Dumbledore and others had equipped a number of cars and boats with engines for magical flying. Since then this car and boat park had come to age. Currently Jasper and his brother Jimbo took care of these vessels. Harry watched them repairing a car, and found that he instinctively disliked both of them. “How is it going?” he asked them now. – “All down the drain, but slowly”, joked Jasper by his usual slow way. His brother Jim, a dark and gloomy kind of guy, now grinned at Harry with a mixture of deference and scorn: “Hail to the holy king Aah say. And hail to the stars who tell us our future. Isn't it written that stars are destined to fall down on our heads, as soon as the king of kings cometh and fails?” – “That's what the Bible says”, agreed Jasper. And Jim said: “In that case, we'd better construct Harry a flying ark, so that he may stay above that shitstorm.”

41. All Magic is Science too

At the great lake he met Ginny, who was sitting on a boat rack. When she saw him she smiled a rare smile. This reminded Harry of the better years that they had experienced, some 20 years ago. She now told him that she dreamed of liberating her and his son Sirius from prison: “You and I could fly with one of these magical air vessels to the California state prison and just pick him up.” – “They'd surely shoot us dead at touchdown.” – “I could liquidate the watch towers first with my magical wand.” Harry realized that Ginny had changed in the USA, or maybe she had watched too many Hollywood films. “Couldn't Sirius get his head down on his school books in prison, to finish his high school exams and then find a decent job when he gets out?” – “Siri never was fond of the crazy education of the muggles. And his knowledges of magic just didn't provide him with the luck that he would have needed to make it in America. It's a problem that he shares with many who made it at Hogwarts but not in the outside world. My magical skills helped me at least to win me a ticket in the green card lottery. I tell you, I was lucky to find a job in the Scientology church when I migrated to California.” – “Oh yes, that sect claims to be a church.” – “Maybe not really. They were experiencing the problem that many muggle physicians and experts have. They tried to be therapists and actually heal people. But at some point they realized that there exist superior entities who watched them and interfered: those leviathans.” – “The Snakes.” – “Name them as you like them. So what if you realize that God interferes into your business, that you are better off with God's help, that you can't do a lot without it? Then you try to figure out what you can do to make God help you and your clients. Then you stop being a therapist and become a priest maybe. The big problem with Scientology though was that it's founder, Mr. Hubbard, had been an apostle of guess who.” – “Aleister Crowley the terrible”, remembered Harry. – “Before he died, Aleister Crowley even appointed Hubbard as his successor. But as it seems Hubbard soon lost his belief in the powers that Crowley used to commit to: Aiwaz the mediator and the Great Beast To.” – “He was too much into sexual magic. Crowley must have attracted and fed a lot of the Snakes without knowing them.” – “His main problem was maybe that, regarding these leviathans, he couldn't figure out who's good and who's not. It was a problem that Crowley shared with Christians and Jews. The Bible says it's a mortal sin to try and correctly differ between good and evil powers.” She wiped her sweaty high brow with a kerchief: “Now many guys secretly admit that the Earth Goddess must be good of course. It seems so natural. But maybe Ewa Hel ain't ready to try and help us mortals to find to her. The Koran predicts that the believers will disperse into 74 sects. Of these God will only choose one.” – “That's why the Djinni must love the Koran”, supposed Harry. Ginevra now reached for her clutch and fingered out a cigarette. “Mind if I smoke?” she asked. – “I do”, said Harry, much to his surprise. “Come on darling, let's better take a swim, to refresh and fill up our reservoirs of vril.” Ginevra frowned at the very idea. But since Harry already took off his jacket and his trousers, she hesitantly opened her blouse. Harry couldn't help but stare at her voluminous bosom. But when she then opened up her bra, all the soft tissue sacked downwards like a slack balloon. He found it terrible to watch, and rather turned away. Swiftly he jumped into the water, which was rather cold. She hesitated a long time, standing on the ladder with her slip still on. When he swam to her and dragged her in, Ginevra gasped. She suddenly got angry, now ranting: “That is why I always secretly hated you, Harry! You're just no sensible gentleman! You don't have the brains to really excel in life.” – “I'm a great star!” replied Harry coolly. She wasn't his wife no more, and since years ago he had learned to ignore her nasty remarks. While she was finally swimming, Harry already got out of the water again. Now taking out his magical wand he showed her what was possible with it. He hovered down to the surface of the lake, and did as if he was walking on it. – “Yes you are ... a star”, gurgled Ginevra now while she watched him. “I have a great idea! Why don't you start your own Harry Potter church? The Christians would lose their followers in a week if you would show them this trick.” That idea made Harry laugh. He lost concentration and plunged into the water again. He then swam to Ginevra, and dared to give her a little kiss. It was still so sad that their great love was over and could not return, just like the sweet days of youth could never return. He then thought that maybe he should really start his own sect or church, just to make all the believers accept the fact that they would fade away to never return.

At tea time the teachers were sitting on a terrace this time, watching students playing ball games or relaxing on the courts and meadows around. Now Harry sat relaxed with Ginevra, Barbara and Dudley. When Thomas Limiter came to join their group, Harry told him about his newest idea to found his own Harry Potter church. That made Thomas laugh out aloud. "Why not", he said then. "Gorgeous! Really, I could appoint you to the rank of a bishop, or more correctly spoken, I could anoint you as one." Thomas then explained to the group, that he had become a bishop too by the same way: "You may call yourself a priest, but you can't call yourself a bishop, like you also can't call yourself a prince or a doctor. But what you can do is, you can ask a bishop to anoint you. One bishop can easily anoint other bishops as many as he likes. That is due to the tradition of apostolic succession. The problem may only turn up that you should also be worthy of being a bishop. That means, you should be able to look and talk like it is expected from a bishop. A bishop should also have at least one church. But I don't have one and that is not mandatory. What really counts here, like everywhere else in life, that is funding of course." – "Since I can walk on water, I indeed feel worthy to be a bishop, if not the holy father in person", explained Harry. Hearing this also Carla and Grace laughed, and soon the entire tea party broke out in gaiety. But Draco remained grumpy like often recently. Reading the Canterbury Tales he loudly admonished Harry: "Remember that Jesus could heal. He was always healing many, says the Bible. What would a bishop Potter say to this?" Since Harry didn't answer, bishop Thomas trumpeted out with a slightly insane voice: "The mortal coil is not getting lighter with old age. 'Live happy die young', that is what people say who know this miserable life too well. So who wants to be healed, to suffer even more? Christ would have said instead: Hail to the cross of Sharing Cross. Let me share it with all my future martyrs!" Again they all laughed, but now with less gaiety. – "Christianity is but an insane nonsense", said Harry to Dudley and Barbara. Barbara agreed: "It's madness, but one that makes a bad sense. Out in space there are many insane grey Snakes. Together with their evil wights and sprites and elves, these devils ceaselessly compete over who is able to do us the most harm. They relish to despoil our bodies and torment our minds. If you try to cross their ways, since you have mercy with man and try to heal him, they will spend extra effort to bring you down. Those demons brought down Jesus in short time." – "Christ maybe should have cooperated with them some more", said Grace Boyce. Draco now put his book away and stood up, exclaiming: "So there we are again with one of our main problems: How can we deal with those demons? It is the old tradition of many of us to cooperate with them to some extent." – "Indeed", said tiny Carla, "but this is a bad habit that makes us become awfully small." Draco but pointed out: "Not necessarily the Dementors may try to bring man down. They eventually make some people big and mighty. Some may even help us with good magic." Now facing Harry directly, Draco spoke with a sharp clear voice: "For those cosmic evil Snakes, their attacks are a means of blackmail too. They make guys from here fall ill or contract wounds. Then they eventually offer help to heal people. If as a physician or healer you try to change patients to the better, then you have business with those evil Snakes. That even may start if you simply try to conjure or sing away pimples and spots on somebody's skin. So Harry, if you try right now again and again to change the past to the better, beware of the snares of the evil Snakes. They might help you but at a price. They'll try to suck your vril then, to use it to do more harm to you and anyone else. It's the problem with any ransom paid: It encourages the rogues." Now Ginevra said: "But Jesus was the master of the evil spirits. No pious Jew ever recognized him, but the demons did." – "Christ maybe had been too tasty to them before", supposed Grace. Draco stepped back to his table to fetch his book. He turned the pages and then read out aloud a passage: *Amor vincit omnia*, means: Love vanquishes everything. That was written on the brooch of a nun. She must have loved hotly. But the problem is that it's damned foolery to love demons. You'll get addicted and demented, they will enslave and abuse you, and ruin and consume you." Harry suddenly was feeling hot. He could not sit on the terrace any longer. He got up in a hurry, to then watch some boys playing soccer on a dirt field. When suddenly the ball trundled to him, he laughed and kicked it, to rush after it. But he was too slow. A boy stopped the ball and passed it on. – "Fuck you Tom!" cried another boy, who now flippantly tried to kick Tom into his butt. Harry realized that it wasn't easy to ban the demons from this world. Their evil seemed to persist.

On the following day, new work had arrived on his desk. He had to check and calculate accounts and assess budget plans for the ongoing season. Accounting was work that Harry hated and didn't know well how to do. There was a file of guidelines in his desk, but he never had taken the time to thoroughly study that. Often there were hard to decipher hand-written leaflets and glosses with the signature AD. That meant Albus Dumbledore of course. His original name had been Albert Dumbelle. That funny name hadn't made his primary school days easy for him, and subsequently he had decided to devote his life to a career of a magician, who would be able to work wrathful spells. Later in life though he had learned the frustrating truth, that bad magic often rather would help the demons to win more power. Simple human minds were often unable to accurately focus wrathful spells or harmful magic. The evil Snakes would redirect such spells against other targets. Today a number of students were waiting at his door with questions and complaints. The first one was the little Negro from West Africa, who complained that everybody was calling him a Negro: "That is political discrimination! The United Nations says that nobody should believe in Negroes. It is racism to believe in races." – "Surely many people would like to believe that the Negroes don't exist", assumed Harry. "But they do exist, and so we need a name for them. Blacks is but a wrong name, since also some Indians are rather black. Some muggles are unable to differ between them, but one thing that is making Hogwarts so special is, that we are not as crazy as most muggles are. The consequence may be that some call us dumbbells. We must live with such discriminations." Soon later Harry had had enough of his office work for the day. Once again he decided to join the class of Thomas Limiter. The bishop was still talking about his fascination for Robert Bacon, the most famous of the early British philosopher and natural scientists. To impress his tired looking students, he threw a handful of flashlight powder in the air and let it flare up. "Wow! Now that is what they called a miracle in the old days. Nowadays they may only call it a miracle of science. So where do we draw the line, that separates the wonders of science from those of true magic?" – "True miracles need the magic of a magician", supposed a student. Thomas disagreed: "Wonders may also happen naturally. Yes Harry?" Harry Potter had raised his hand and now explained, that it was a common misconception at Hogwarts to think that the witches and wizards could do any magic all by themselves: "You only learn later in your life, that all magic in this world depends on the secret works of higher entities, of gods and demons. Of course they can also work miracles all by themselves, those Snakes." Some of the students disliked to hear that. "In the movies you always can do any magic by yourselves, Harry Potter", said a girl with a big pouting mouth. Now Thomas interrupted Harry's reply with a fast magical gesture of silence. "Already Roger Bacon realized, that there are many miracles of science who were just unknown to the *wimmin and men* of his era. He envisioned the technology of the future: rudderless ships, submarines, automobiles, flying machines ... he even wrote of magical instruments that could liberate people from a gaol, or that could fetter people, or let them walk on water. Are we dealing with miracles or just with technology?" Thomas tapped a finger against his brow with the brown eyebrows: "That depends on whether you know how such things work or not. Even today we wizards are often unaware of the technological background of the miracles that we work. Of course miracles are explainable, but that doesn't mean that we are able to correctly explain them. The Snakes heed their secrets. That was why the Popes decided to thrust Roger Bacon into their gaol. He just knew too much."

At noon, there was no roasted goose waiting for Harry. So he took the Vegan salad, and asked for bacon. But the manciple hadn't bought fine bacon, they only gave him hogshead in aspic. He then checked out the salad eating girls. Many of them looked too small and slim, with narrow child's heads. How could a sane mind grow in such a body? He was shocked when the white owl Hagrid fluttered by to drop him a letter! Ginevra invited him to dine with her at a 'goose St Martin with acorn pie'. That was an invitation that Harry could hardly refuse, though his senses kept warning him to get too near again to his ex-wife. He found her goose rather tasty, but had his doubts while assessing her boobs. They conversed mainly about their kids. "I could clean up your office. It's a bit smelly", she suddenly told him. "But you should spend more time there with your duties. You know what your colleagues say when you visit a class? They say: Harry still behaves like a swot. So won't you finally grow up?" – "Maybe I should. But my problem is that I can't", snapped he.

42. The Harry Potter Church

On another day he was meeting again a cleric he already knew well: Pressbitter George Pargitter. The thin old man became glad when they were meeting again in a café in Glasgow. After some initial chat he asked Harry: “So how far did you get with your research of the strange case of the ghost that was haunting Balmoral?” Harry told him that his case seemed to show similarities to that of the ghost of Canterville: “That ghost story of Oscar Wilde seems to transport certain bad emotions against rich Americans who come here to buy up England. In principle those Americans are very nice and modern new tenants of some old castle. So why does the ghost oppose to them so bitterly? In the story he is just a mean and cantankerous person in general, who likes to disturb the peace of night of others.” – “... just like any night hag would do too”, supposed George. Harry didn't like to hear that remark, but said: “In our case though, the main objective of the ghost of St James seems to be to try and scare off the Americans and others just because they are strangers.” That was a remark that George Pargitter didn't like to hear. He took a little notebook out from his black jacket and then told Harry: “But let's make one thing clear right now, a thing that also my bishop Briggs told me. That ghost can never ever be the real St. James. He must be some devil in disguise who tries to fool us all. So we must think that he has the same motives that other devils and demons have: They want to catch our souls.” Harry but objected to this traditional Christian view vividly: “I always failed to believe that souls can live on after the death of a human body. That reminds of the idea that computer programs can function after the computer gets scrapped.” Harry chuckled, and he sensed that the clergyman was also not sure about what to think. “Lately I tend to see things the same way”, admitted George. “The myths of souls who ascend to heaven do remind me of the real stories of people who were abducted by aliens. Some such dumbbells even thought that they had a second body in the skies, a so-called astral body, that would take up their soul after they had to die here. But since so many films and stories speak of aliens in the sky, we last Christians of old find it increasingly hard to lead our clientele to still believe that Jesus and his mom, his darlings and the blessed live on the moon, the planets and the stars now. Sadly, only some of the elderly still visit our churches, and while these die also our old faith dies with them.” – “But maybe that needs not be. Maybe something that you Christians need now is just some kind of new reformation. A new bishop maybe could bring new generations into the old churches.” To this idea George shook his head. “Sorry, but I fail to imagine that something like that could ever happen. But, on second thought, I find it possible that a god might help us with such unexpected miracles. I have found a historical event that nicely fits to this.” George now read out something from his notebook: “Once upon a time, there was a Bulgarian priest called Bogomil, that means in translation: God's darling. At his time the Bulgarians had done what the Turks and Arabs, Huns and Mongols also liked to do in Europe: They had invaded the old world in large numbers, to rob and rape, to torture and enslave, to murder and maim, to conquer and command. Fortunately the great Byzantine emperor Basileios Bulgarslayer vanquished the Bulgarians. He blinded nearly all of the captives, so that they could still work but no longer fight. That story must have been so sad for the priest Bogomil, that he invented his own religion. According to his Bulgarian theology the devil had been Judas, the older brother of Jesus. Bogomil also believed that this was the god who had created the world. That was the essence of the new religion of a sect that soon became known as the Cathars, who but rather called themselves the Good Christians. It is a mystery until today why such an abominable nonsense became widespread and popular in most of Europe, especially in the South of France. “ George sighed and put his notebook away. Harry was a bit shocked to learn that the saint that the Brits knew as a Saint James was seen by such Bulgarians as the devil! George now kept on explaining: “The Roman Catholic Church later had to eradicate the Cathars with a most bloody crusade. The strangest aspect of this is that some of the Bogomils or Cathars were apparently adhering to a kind of beast. In France they were called Bulgars or later Bougres. In French that word just denotes heretics. Our English word buggers has the same origin. In it's original meaning the word bugger must have denoted heretics who adhered to the beast 666 of the Book of Apocalypse. If this is the creature that really has created this earth; then it, or rather she, has earned our love and respect.” George now looked Harry in the eyes, who but couldn't agree.

On Friday Harry and Barbara visited an old church in Mulgrave, to look if this might be a goodly place for Harry to be anointed a bishop. Pressbitter George Pargitter had arranged this event. Now George looked a bit scared as he stood at Harry's side. A reverend Michael Vanderbilt welcomed then quite formally. Mr. Thaddeus Rowke, the bellwether of the church community, unlocked the screeching doors of the portal. "Dad, you might oil the doors before the service of next Sunday", said Mickey Vanderbilt. – "Aye aye, reverend, I certainly will, if I don't happen to forget that on Sattaday night." The old bellwether was rather bald. He grinned now, showing his shining plastic teeth. He wore a black metal T-shirt saying: 'No Sleep Till X-mas'. As Harry entered into the dark and dusty church he instantly felt depressed. George informed him that the church was originally consecrated to St. Cuthbert. That made Barbara laugh a little hysterically: "Sorry, but that English name sounds like the German word *kaspert*. It means in translation: *making capers*." Harry now told Mickey: "We shall rename this church for the event into *Harry Potter church*." But Mickey didn't like the idea: "This is a consecrated church and not a witchcraft temple", he complained. – "Then can't we desecrate it?" That was again not an idea that reverend Mickey Vanderbilt was ready to consider. George had already thought about that detail of the plan. Now he told Mickey: "So why not give this church a traditional name from the history of early Christendom? We might rename it into Saint Simon's church." – "You mean Simon Petrus?" – "I mean Simon the sorcerer of course." To Harry George then explained, that Simon the sorcerer was not officially regarded as a Christian saint, since he hadn't been martyred to death, which seemed to be a *conditio sine qua non* of the bloodthirsty Christian gods for to become a saint. "But really, when we look at the deeds of the early Christians, than surely nobody else helped more to build the early church than Simon the sorcerer." George explained that Simon Magus had just been a typical magician in old Judea. But when he encountered Simon Petrus and Judas Thaddeus, the two leaders of the sect of the zealots after the death of Jesus, Simon Magus was impressed by their magical powers. Simon Magus then offered them money, hoping that the sectarians would inaugurate him as one of them, as a Christian miracle worker. George explained with an uneasy voice: "That did not happen. But by his generous offer Simon Magus started a great ancient tradition that helped to erect churches in all of the world. It's the tradition that if you want to become a bishop, and reap the benefits of a domain of the church, you must pay a sum in advance. That is what we clerics and the sheep still call *simoniacal* today." – "Great idea! I love it", said Harry to Barbara now, who found it hard to not laugh out aloud. She told them of the case of the glamorous Clemens August of Bavaria, who had paid millions to become anointed as an archbishop of Cologne. Mickey but said: "Mr. Potter, don't you think that the lease of this church is a kind of *sinecure*, a domain that will render you a constant income *without care*. For years now this church was closed due to a lack of churchgoers. With the help of our bellwether we might still round up a handful of old sheep, but those retirees will hardly pay you a valuable admission fee. – "I am but confident that I shall be able to fill this entire room with young cheering witches and wizards", explained Harry to him with a proud face. That was too much for the bitter reverend Michael Vanderbilt, who then silently left Harry alone.

On Saturday evening then, Harry was sitting with Barbara, Carla and Grace in a street cafe in the pedestrian zone of Mulgrave. They had spent most of the day to dust off the interior of his Simon Magus church. Now the elderly ladies were talking about the tea that they intended to serve to the visitors, and then about the Night of the Proms that was due that evening. Harry had sent around some texts and e-mails to invite fans and followers. He now checked his e-mails, and was pleased to find an e-mail from Cindy! Yes, she would travel tomorrow to meet him again. Harry suddenly got so delighted that the three old ladies looked at him with surprise. He then sensed a hot erotic tickle in between his thighs, that told him one thing: Cindy seemed to just have her oestrus again, her most fertile days. Harry found a wave of lust rising up inside of him. So where should they go to once the anointment mass would be over, that he intended to put on stage tomorrow? – *Lay her on the altar you slave of lust*, told him a seductive inner voice. He was surprised and shocked to hear that! "Who are you?" murmured he. The strange spell now took over his mouth, and Harry could only hear himself answering to his own question with that alien voice: *I am Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love. They also called me Urania or Sidopotnia, that is Astarte, goddess of the stars.*

With 'Don Juan' they then began the Night of the Proms in London. Many listened to that on the radio. Should destiny have wanted to warn another Harry with that tragical story of a womanizer? The weather on Sunday was warm for the season of Indian summer. Murny Chatterjee, his aide Shaggy and many others from Hogwarts had arrived at the scene in Mulgrave. There were even some reporters and a TV station car. Harry found that Ginevra and Draco were missing out, and Dudley too hadn't come to his anointment mass. But a mass of Harry Potter fans had turned up. Many boys were clad in his traditional attire, with round glasses and make-up lightnings on their brows. The fans like beleaguered the front portal of the Simon Magus church, and more visitors were watching the scene with their cameras and binoculars from the nearby ruins of the castle. At the door stood the bellwether Mr. Rowke, who was delighted to tell his story again and again. As a child they had baptised him in the name of the apostle Judas Thaddeus. No wonder that he had become a heavy metal fan, while believing that he would surely end up in hell. Later he had liked the gospel songs of that era, like: *666 the Number of the Beast*, by Iron Maiden. Later but he had realized that Jesus was just dead, and that the Great White in the deep was apparently the goddess who had created this world. "And the latest news are that her number isn't 666 but 657, since this is the number of our planet on the list of the planets of the apes!" But most kids already knew that all was not true that was written in the old books. Inside of the church replete with visitors some women had lit up sticks of incense. Harry disliked the smell when he pompously walked in, with Thomas Limiter, George Pargitter and Mickey Vanderbilt. They were all clad in traditional robes and habits now. Harry had rented an impressive bishop's ornate from the theatre in Strother town. – "Don't go arse over tit now!" hissed reverend Mickey, when the distorted sounds of the church organ had faded away. "It could cost me my job and ruin the Church of England! Always keep in mind that I am your wingman, and follow me on my way!" Harry nodded absent-mindedly. But he had nothing much to do than to kneel down now, while Thomas Limiter anointed Harry on his forehead with baby ointment. He too was clad in the dress of a bishop, that looked very feminine with a pink scarf and a little skirt of gaze. When Harry then rose, to bless the community in the name of Mother Nature and good heavens, more than a hundred witches and wizards cheered and gaily waved kerchiefs. But now the holy mess only started, that Harry was supposed to celebrate. Mickey took up his position as Harry's right reverend, while George had to cover the left side, as the left tenant. Harry knew that churchgoers expected to get served bread and beverages in return for their tithe. He then sang a funny song from his boyhood days: "We'll drink a cup of kindness first, then sake and old French wine. And surely you will buy your cup, and surely I'll buy mine!" To this the helpers gave out ice tea, whisky and lumps of fresh bread. Some visitors now came to hand out money or small donations to Harry, who passed them on to happy Cindy. Indian looking women had gathered around headmaster Murny Chatterjee outside of the church. "They revere you as the reborn Lord Shiva", explained he to Harry with a smile. "Just let your shadow fall on them, or step on their kerchiefs. That will render them fertility." – "The dickens may help them!" clamoured Harry, who gave those Racial a wide berth. That brought him close to Shaggy, who radiated with joy. "Now you're surely stronger than our spirit James", the half-breed told him. – "You talk like you know him", said Harry. – "Sure. It's Jim Dickens who played these tricks on you. He's a scoundrel who thinks he can fool us all by playing a saint. But like Bob Marley used to sing: *You can fool some people sometimes, but you can't fool all the people all the times.*"

And ... suddenly Harry realized that Curvin Spury had the magical power to see through the mist of delusions that James Dickens, alias Jimbo, had managed to weave. Secretly the house clerk of Draco had developed into a hostile magician! Wrath suddenly erupted in Harry. He marched back into the church, where the host of the guests was still drinking and chatting with the other clerics. "Silence!" shouted Harry, and: "All back on their positions! We have further work to do!" It took them all a while then to continue with the mass. Now Harry took his wand in his right hand, and raised his bishop's staff with the other. "Now let's invoke Saint James! Come on, all of you! Jim Dickens, we cite you before your bishop! In the name of Sanct Tus and Benny-Dick Tus!" It was a creative spell that Harry had just invented, a spell that worked well! While he waved his wand with an elegant gesture, he managed to let the surprised Jim Dickens appear right in front of him.

43. Of Nessie and Global Warming

As now all church visitors stared at Jim Dickens, the dark man in black Bermuda shorts, sandals and a grey worn-out T-shirt ducked and seemed to shiver. Harry suddenly was feeling weak and out of power. With doors and windows closed in this church replete with visitors, and candles and incense sticks burning, the air had soon gotten stale. Doubts suddenly clutched Harry. Could it be true that this unimpressive young man was behind the Saint James spook, that had troubled Harry and others during all of the summer? Right now the bellwether Mr. Rowke opened the protesting doors, and let in Murny Chatterjee and Shaggy. That sight gave Harry new courage, and now he barked at Jim: “Are you the culprit who used to terrorize us with his James ghost pranks?” The entire church now went silent, as all waited to hear Jim's answer. But also the meagre man had found new courage now. Dryly he said: “Me name is James, James Dickens!” He sounded cool, a bit like James Bond now. “But call me Jim if you like.” He then went to the right side of reverend Mickey, where a big bible lay open on a lectern, in case Harry would like to read it. “But now to you, Harry Potter! Do you know what that is?” – “It's the Bible.” – “True. He Harry, you're a real smarty! More precisely this is the King James Bible – presumably. But isn't that strange? James is not the name of the author, or is it? Or! Is this another name for God?” Since Harry didn't answer to that, headmaster Murny spoke out aloud from the rear: “Maybe the Christian name James has a connection to Yama. It's the Hindu god of the dead.” – “That news makes me glad I'm still alive.” Jim grimaced. Some laughed, and the tension in the church vanished a bit. “But!” Jim exclaimed, just before Harry could say anything: “Of course we know that the English Bible was translated at the behest of King James 1 for his barmy Anglican church. It's the same Bible that all the other protestants and reprobates and sectarians have too. But it is obvious that the name James seems to transport a special magic. It's a strong name. It's a cosmic name. It has a meaning in Faselmund, that cosmic language of the Snakes.” – “Are you sure?” asked Harry, feeling again rather weak. – “Absolutely. But to me it's as clear as porridge what that name means.” Many laughed. Jim was visibly the underdog here, but now he was winning the audience. That gave him more confidence. “But! I am not a professor doctor of Hogwarts. So are you better informed, Harry?” Harry did not know what to say now. Jim nodded, with a scornful sad face, now imitating Harry's rash style of talk: “Ask me not what I don't know. I rather watch Ghostbusters or Buffy on the telly than read the old Bible. I also like dirty money, perverted porn, under-teen sluts and opium punch. That is why they lately chucked me out of my teaching job at Hogwarts. But look at me right now: Here I am again, your nice customized bishop of the first church of Harry Potter, of myself!” Now many laughed out aloud. Harry suddenly got very hot. He was sweating much in the unusually hot late summer, with that heavy bishop's ornate on. Harry was waiting for Jim to finish his philippic, his combative oration, but what could he say then? It was suddenly clear to him that Jim must have retrieved these two old perverted porn photos that had fallen on his desk just by chance. Maybe his brother Jasper had snatched them during the odd fire alert. Harry suddenly realized that with James aka Jim Dickens he had found a foe and competitor of equal rank – not only because Jim was an extraordinary strong wizard; but also because he was a talented orator, and well informed about Harry's delicate secrets. Now the visitors murmured with worried voices. Some seemed to be shocked and dismayed. Jim now said: “Me mother Judith often told me a proverb: The rake's progress typically ends with himself being raked under the turf.” That but gave Harry an idea how to counter and make a point. “So isn't that what explains best the bad death of Jesus?” That was but a talk that reverend Mickey could not allow in his church. “Jesus died for your sins too Harry Potter! You can't imagine how much God loves you! He offered to himself his innate son for your sins!” The holler of the cleric gave Harry a shudder. He tried hart to understand this. “So if Jesus is his father too who lives in the sky, maybe he watches me on Sky TV and has become a great Harry Potter fan.” But Jim disagreed: “Jesus is dead of course! Only muggles cannot understand this. It's because we magicians easily fooled them. Whenever the Christians prayed to Jesus or to their countless saints, they were searching for signs and wonders as confirmations that these gods do exist. We wizards could give them such confirmations, by appearing in their dreams or playing tricks on them. Some muggles easily believe in miracles, but they never really understand them.”

Harry was feeling so uncomfortable in his church, that he had to quit the confrontation with Jim Dickens. He just went away to the sacristy, the dressing room, to take off his heavy green ornate with the help of Cindy. She remained silent and was a bit shocked. But Harry liked her fresh face and her freshly dyed very blond hair, and said charmingly: “You look swell today!” – “I maybe shouldn't wish I were”, murmured she. He took her by the hand and then marched out of the back door. But there already several cameramen and reporters waited for him. Among them were Luna Lynch and her husband David. Several reporters now vividly talked to Harry all at the same time: “Harry ... bishop Potter ... how do you feel as a cleric? How serious are you? What do your stars say to this? ... Do you try to reform the Church of England?” – “Silence please!” Harry raised his hands and commanded the press people with gestures to not pressure him so strongly, but step back a little. He then explained to them that he had just experienced what other magicians should have experienced too: “At first I thought I could do all miracles all by myself. That was what the traditionalists were and still are teaching in Hogwarts, guys like Lady Kay or Draco Malfoy. But lately some people told me things that changed my mind, I mean our German house guest Barbie Blocksberg. So what do you do if you suddenly realize that God does exist and influences you? You go to church maybe. That is what I did. But since I didn't like all the barny old-time sects of the Jewish-Christian sort, I just decided to become the founder and bishop of my own church.” That statement was already all that Harry was ready to utter to the press. Again several reporters started talking at the same time, now they were mainly talking about God. Luna L. stood silently at the side looking a bit depressed. Harry tried to pass through the crowd to meet her, but a brazen young reporter who looked like a left-winger suddenly waved a page of the 'Sunday Telegram' in front of his face! **HARRY POTTER BLAMES NESSIE FOR GLOBAL WARMING!** said the catch line on page 33. “What do you say to this, Harry?” asked the reporter. – “Did you write this you scumbag?” fumed Harry, suddenly clutched by a hard-to-control fundamentalist wrath. The gossip reporter denied all allegations. But others loudly asked Harry more questions about global warming. When it came to this hot topic, apparently nearly everybody had a strong opinion and was feeling like an expert. The reporters soon loudly feuded one another. One opinion had it that Nessie was possibly burping and pooping out methane in large quantities, thought to be extremely noxious for the climate. So should they uproot the water plants of Loch Ness to kill Nessie? The other party but thought that the methane of a wondrous beast most probably must be insignificant. But that idea was contested by the famous mathematician Edward 'Naughty' Lorenz, who had laid out in his chaos theory that even a single move of the wing of a butterfly could eventually change the climate of the world beyond repair. Now reporters and bystanders got hot while arguing and shouting: “Isn't the chaos theory valid for all animals?” – “Yes, if a single burping cow could ruin or climate, shouldn't we not kill 'em all a. s. a. p?” In the midday heat of maybe 40 ° Celsius, the crowd around Harry Potter was getting hotter and hotter. Harry finally walked away with Cindy. Global warming was still the topic of debate, when at tea time Harry was meeting again teachers and supporters at a street café in Mulgrave. A small group of elderly rebel types, who must have been ASBO freaks in their younger days, that is bums, drug takers, rascals, punks and commies; were now advertising in the pedestrian zone for their 'global climate strike' on next Friday. Harry remembered Swedish Greta, a rebellious schoolgirl who had become the leader of this movement. Greta had called up pupils to demonstrate on Fridays instead of going to school, and occasionally such events had even happened at Hogwarts. Harry was eating scones right now with lemon jam, and wasn't in the mood of talking again about global warming. But Murny was bitter now about recent initiatives to kill cows. He pointed out that Mahatma Gandhi had valued cow protection highly. “And wasn't the cow holy to the Israelites too, in the days when they hallowed the golden calf in the desert?” – “Surely we may say that God created the cow as food for us”, waged Harry. Now that he was a bishop his words suddenly seemed to be more important than before. – “But what god do you mean?” asked Cindy. Harry really had no good idea. Now Barbara replied, with her voice sounding a little desperate: “Definitely not Greta. Her name seems to attract a Dementor called Ga-Reta. These demons are not only the culprits who make our people so foolish. They are also the ones who cause climate troubles and then try to make us take mad revenge on our cows.”

At 08:30 PM Harry was meeting some of the teachers and guests again at his festive dinner in the great hall of Hogwarts. To mark the occasion the personnel had prepared a beef Wellington menu with gazpacho tomato soup and peaches cream as intro and dessert. Cindy was surprised to watch Murny gladly chew the beef. "When it comes to beef eating I'm not a Hindu but an Englishman", told her the sly Indian. – "But what menu wins when it comes to the gods?" asked him Thomas gaily. – "Better ask this question Harry first", replied Murny. Now all turned to Harry, who but was silently chewing and gladly thinking of what to do with Cindy in the evening. Spontaneously he explained to the others: "At my holy supper – I surely hope it won't be my last at Hogwarts – I rather think of women right now. You know: Women are a bit similar to gods and demons. Some are nice, others are not. To some you say: 'Nice to meet you.' But you are glad when others don't show up at the wrong time." That wisdom made not a few dinner guests turn around and look out for Ginevra. Harry's ex-wife hadn't been invited to his bishop's anointment dinner. Now Thomas said with a smile: "Or, let's think again of the golden calf of the Israelites. Some like to look up to a gilded calf as a divine creature. Others prefer to see the calf in handsome pieces on their gold-rimmed plates." They laughed again. Carla knew to explain some more about the myths of a holy calf, reminding once again of the famous mythologist Robert Graves: "Definitely in the old days a myth of a divine calf or bull existed in many countries. In ancient Egypt it was called the bull of Apis, in Minoan Crete the Minotaur. Mr. Graves constructed a lode myth of the calf with the help of speculations about ancient British runes. His rhymed verses tell of a bull calf in a lotus cup that is ferried and welcomed as the holy king. His end is foreseeably dire, he gets tormented to death and consumed. Then however the dead bull is supposed to live on as a deity, who appears as the Sun god and is asked to mete out gaiety. It's a story of a holy king who was celebrated as a divine hero but who died ingloriously. Certainly thence and today believers will find it hard to believe that such a former holy king would magically transform into the sun god. At the same time many women surely would already look out for the next holy king, for the following calendar season." That gloomy story of days long gone stole away gaiety from the dinner guests. Harry felt obliged to say: "Keep your heads up when you think of me as your holy king! Old prophecies often don't come true. One thing is sure for me, that I won't rise up to the sky to become a sun god after I die. Yes, we might say that this is what I proved with my magic right today, when I managed to make Jimbo Dickens appear. The scoundrel Jim used his magic to pretend he was the ghost of St James. In truth he's just a wild wizardry talent trying to play naughty tricks on us. We will have to think of a way how to punish him for his acts of magical wrongdoing." Nobody objected. But it was the pressbitter George Pargitter then who dared to say: "Well, the authentic Saint James didn't show up in your church. But can we be sure too that he does not exist, that he is dead?" – "Absolutely", said bishop Thomas. But suddenly they all got a bit uneasy in that cavernous, dimly lit great hall.

Now Jim made some spook again! Another sheet of paper materialized right in front of Harry and slowly sank down on his empty plates. It was freshly written and printed out, Harry could even smell it! Once again the paper had a photocopied tarot card on it. It was trump five, called the hierophant, the high priest. Below Jim had written in block letters, obviously in a state of anger: ALL WAYS OF CHRISTENDOM LEAD TO ROME. FIE YOU TRAITOR BISHOP POTTER! Harry chuckled as he was reading this. He then passed the paper on to George Pargitter, who sat at his left side: "I can't believe it! Now James the rascal accuses me of being a Christian bishop. I really should prove to him some day soon that I am a stronger magician than he is." – "... if you then are", said Ron Weasley coolly. The paper wandered from hand to hand. When Thomas held it he concluded: "Crowley's hierophant indeed looks much like a pope, posing as Saint Peter with the key to the gates of heaven." He laughed, but few laughed with him. "So what do you think of St Peter, Harry Potter?" asked George Pargitter with some kind of treacherously smarmy voice. Harry did not know what to reply. He had never thought about that particular Christian deity. But Barbara spoke up to his rescue: "From the point of view of language analysis, our English name Peter neither fits to the Biblical apostle Simon nor to the Latin word *petrus*, rock. But much better fits the Indo-Aryan name Dyaus Piter to the English name Peter. Dyaus Piter means in translation just: God Father. We may think that Saint Peter symbolizes the father god that Jesus never was."

44. The Magic of a Holy King

Two days later Harry had gladly managed to see off pressbitter George Pargitter, hoping that the soft talking but headstrong cleric would never ever find the way again to haunt Hogwarts a visit. It had been his conviction that the traditional saints of the Christians still existed in some way, that they were still the ones that they had been while they lived, only mutated and made mighty like Graeco-Roman heathen demigods by the magic of the deity Jesus. In vain Harry had tried to make the old cleric believe that the saints were dead and gone forever, while eventually Snakes or wizards like Jim Dickens were playing them. Mr. Pargitter had learned to believe in such saintly ghosts at an angelical theological college, and he was neither willing nor able to give up on a faith that secured him a nice living and was the basis of his – softly vanishing – reputation as a priest. Now that Harry was sitting with others in the teacher's rest room, they felt more at home again in their own sectarian ideology without the disturbing presence of that cleric. Harry told Dudley and Barbara, Carla and Jon: “The problem with those clerics seems to be that they don't really believe in our magic. Even if we perform big wonders before their eyes, they still believe that we can't be the ones who do this. They tend to think that some trick must be behind our powers, or that they just were fooled by their feeble minds.” – “The big problem with the Christians is, that they are supposed to believe that only their Jesus and their saints and bishops could really work miracles”, explained bishop Thomas. “They see in any other miracle workers competitors that they need to talk down to rid them of their powers. It's only different with Jewish champions like Uri Geller.” Grace burped a little and said: “If we compare Jesus and Asterix, those famous legendary miracle workers and foes of Rome, we find that Asterix always had to drink a potion before he was able to bash fascists. I always wondered why Jesus could do miracles without any such procedure. His case is comparable to that of Obelix, the big mate of Asterix, who fell into a kettle with potion as a child to never need more potion in his life.” Grace then took a sip of her own special potion and soon fell rather silent. – “It's a childhood trauma that linked Jesus and Obelix”, supposed Cindy, who was now Harry's darling again and sitting at his side. But once again, the teachers didn't like her to introduce untraditional muggle ideas into their club. Thomas supposed: “The faith plays a key role in the stories of Jesus. He often told people he tried to heal that they needed to believe in him to make his spells succeed. And honestly, isn't the lack of belief our biggest problem too?” Harry had to agree to this. “Indeed, often miracles that I tried to work in the world of the muggles have failed me ingloriously. That is the reason why I found it hard to live among the muggles in France, and wasn't able to make my relationship with my second wife succeed. Here at Hogwarts, where most or all of the people are of the magical folks, any magic is much more impressive and works reliably. That is especially true for my own magic. J. Kay, who is our expert on this field, often told me that I am so strong a wizard because I was chosen.” – “And now you are even more chosen, since you have become the holy king”, said Carla, with a little admiration in her face. “I believe that this is something that the myriads of muggles out there just don't know and realize. If you would step out among them, and make them accept you as their holy king, that would surely make your magic become much more real and impressive. Very soon you would topple old man Charles from the throne of England, just with your strong sexual spells.” Tiny Carla grinned and looked like a girl as she looked around. But suddenly her smile vanished, as she looked at Harry. – “Doesn't that explain the powers of Jesus? The people accepted him as their holy king. That is why many welcomed him with cheers as their champion in Jerusalem. But the Jews already had a real king.” That is what Thomas pointed out, who was regarded as a historian and thus an expert. Carla agreed to this: “The legends of several biblical heroes, like Samson and Jesus, tell just the legend of a Holy King in one of its customizations. That is what Mr. Graves already pointed out. Both Samson and Jesus had a married mother, who allegedly met a promising angel and soon got pregnant.” Jon the Jock laughed. “These angels must have been circumcised Jews, no doubt. I bet they were using a special magic too, to make sluts believe that they were not lechers but angels.” All laughed. Harry now heard women laugh behind his back too. As he turned around he saw that Ginny and Hermione were standing right behind him! With them was another woman that Harry could hardly see in the dark. But when he stared at her suddenly the scar on his brow was hurting!

“Oh yes fuck!” said Cindy in the night. Harry had sex with her, and he was glad to have her again in his bed, instead of Ginny. He tried to concentrate now on doing what she asked him to do, with a low groaning voice and repeatedly. But thoughts of his ex-wife kept haunting him all the while. In comparison to Ginny, Cindy was just 20 years younger. Ginny had been lively and energetic, and soon had become dominant in bed. Cindy was much softer and lenient, she was a cutie who didn't demand so much action and tenderness from Harry. He was very glad now that he hadn't stayed with Ginny, which would have made her the only woman he had ever intimately come to know. But now that he compared the two, he suddenly doubted that Cindy was the better choice compared to Ginny. She was just so weak and dull, yes dull! Now that such thoughts drizzled into his minds, Harry found that his male member suddenly lost some of its stiffness. A short vision, of maybe a second only, showed him Ginny with Hermione and that third witch! The three were sitting at the table in Hermione's elfish living room and seemed to magically stare at him. “Damn you!” cursed Harry, suddenly and with a loud alien garrulous voice, that was hard to control. His remark was of course not helping him with getting things going with Cindy. While his penis lost its stiffness completely, Cindy sighed and turned away from him. Suddenly she sobbed, and tears were in her eyes. – “Darling, I didn't mean you!” assured her Harry, now rather infuriated. “I was meaning Ginny! I just had the idea that she was using her magic to spy on me.” – “That wouldn't wonder me”, said Cindy, still sobbing a little. Harry wet his head and took another glass of wine, while Cindy drank from her bottle of now shale lager. He explained to her that the magic of the holy king seemed to demand from him that he was there for all women and not just for one: “At least this seems to bind me for the next twelve months or so.” – “Harry I don't like the magic that rules this place”, said Cindy, now tired and depressed and anxious too. “I thought about studying magic too. But lately I maybe changed my mind. You know, I lately come to like psychology. It's what they teach at all the universities. It's the fairway of science, that is just much easier to master than your sometimes hideous Hogwarts rough.” Harry didn't know what to say now. From outside of the window he suddenly heard a distant giggle. Was this Ginny? Her flat wasn't far away from his own now. Angrily he jumped up to close the tilted window. But after Harry now went to sleep with Cindy he tried in vain to find rest, still troubled by anger that made his heart pound strongly.

On the day then he only shortly visited his office. He found indeed that it was smelly. The reason was that chicken of Evan. Cocue now had managed to occasionally escape from his paper bag to then run around in all the offices. Harry sighed and knew he needed to talk to Evan, but he lacked the courageous spirit right now. He checked his e-mails. Some fans had mailed him an untypical request. A group of old friends of him wanted Harry to use his magic to help the FC Millwall win a match against Leeds. He was in no mood to openly deny the wish of these donating friends of Hogwarts, but he found such requests rather annoying. Another e-mail had arrived from the group of Jewish bankers. They now had booked a quantity of high yield bonds, more correctly called junk bonds, onto his investment account at his own Harry Potter bank. Now they invited him to “invest magic” into those stocks. “Is there a way that you might push the value of some of these depressed stocks, to help them escape from the market dungeon that they're in right now?” That was what Robert Zuckerman had written him from Wall Street NYC. Harry saw the reason in this, but he found that he maybe knew too little about the stock market right now. He then went to the Hogwarts library, to find many books that promised to tell how to escape from a dungeon. But not a single text revealed to him how to magically brush up the value of trashy US stocks. At noon then he had “schnitzel with spaghetti Nayples”, a dish he liked much. It was hot again in the afternoon. Harry strolled through the park with Cindy, to suddenly find that Draco was swimming in the fire pond! “If that enemy mine can do this so can I”, he told Cindy. And soon later he swam in the fire pond too. “Draco, huff, we need to huff a word about that scoundrel of your house, Jim Dickens”, he told him. I was asked to solve that, huff, riddle of Balmoral, and huff, that is what I did. It wasn't a Saint Huff, who haunted the rich American there, but it was, huff, Jimbo.” – “Are you so sure?” Draco now stared at Harry like a teacher at a dunce at school. “Both you dork and J. Kay tend to see only us people. But the sense for the doings of the Snakes escapes both of you! They are the masters of any magic that happens here, but you magic-muggles never learn that!”

“Now listen, huff, puff ...” said Harry to Draco, now with difficulties of keeping his head above the waterline. – “Tell your complaints to the mermaid here”, said Draco, grumpy like often, while he climbed out of the pond. “And if you dislike the magical presence of my sturdy clerk Jimbo Dickens, you know the traditional way of telling him who the boss is around here: Just throw him the gauntlet!” – “Yes, huff, Draco, puff, that is your traditional draconic way of trying to rule all of Hogwarts. You let your, huff, huffians do the knuckle work. But what the huff happened to Mr. Crabbe, your most usable meanie from your school bully days? He received a, huff, fine for smoking dope. Then you had to throw him out of your 'elite' team to avoid negative publicity and the outcry of the parents. Yes, you even changed the past to the better, making public records and yearbooks look as if a Vincent Crabbe had never been a, huff, at Hogwarts in the first place. Huff, puff, so is Mr. Dickens your new crabby crudie that you are sending right after me, the huffy king of the year 2023?” Draco didn't bother to answer to all that. He wrapped his a bit podgy belly into his towel and rested a little. When Harry also took a seat at the banks of the fire pond, he fell into a trance like usually. And suddenly he encountered a most beautiful mermaid! She sang softly to him, a song that wasn't all unfamiliar to him: “*Huff the humble dragon, honked like a fog buoy, while tramplng through the foggy bogs in a land called Jewa's Joy ...*” – “Faerie queen who art thou?” asked he, deeply astonished. She giggled like a teenager. “I am Galena, indeed a heavenly queen.” That took Harry by surprise. He was like stymied asking her: “But ... this pond here used to be the place of Murkus, who had become ugly and nasty lately. What happened to Murkus?” – “Aah, she wasn't really real, you know. Such wondrous creatures may suddenly and dramatically change. We nice mermaids got stronger on this Friday, and we decided to let Murkus disappear in the mist of a past that never really existed. Or would you like to recreate her, you master wizard?” – “Murkus? Oh no, most definitely not. Honestly we earthlings owe you a Hugh Grant to rid us of that magical barnacle.” – “It was our cosmic hard work. But don't forget to thank your local white goddess, who is some kind of mermaid too. Lately she found herself a saviour, and since then she is busy to let disappear lots of lots of nasty creatures, like she formerly scrapped all her dinosaurs. In documentaries the dinosaurs still look great, but in real prehistory many of them were awfully loud! Our mother goddess Anna – blessed be her ashes – had a planet full of saurians. But your local Earth Goddess Ewa rather likes sweetly twittering birds, and eventually singing mermaids.” – “I just realize that I like mermaids too!” said Harry. – “And so do I”, said Draco with a dreamy voice. Harry reached out his right arm to try and touch the mermaid. But Galena was of course hard to catch. She took a quick dive in the fire pond, leaving back Harry and Draco with feelings of bitter-sweet longing. As they awoke from their magical daydream, both looked at each others. For moments now these two top stags of Hogwarts forgot about their traditional hostile rivalry. “I never imagined that mermaids could sing and appear to be so fresh, so perfectly nice”, said Harry with a reverent voice. – “That is what already Ulysses and his seamen had to learn, hadn't they? They fell heads over heels for the mermaids into the sea. Those Supergirls are not for us mortals.”

Late in the evening Cindy was depressed, and didn't feel better while watching female comedians talking on TV about themselves instead of cracking jokes. It helped when Harry switched off the sound and turned on party music. Cindy talked about her parents then, who weren't rich but were paying part of the fees for her medicine studies: “We Merriweathers are a working class family. But my student job at Balmoral brought me into contact with some women from the nobility and the gentry. They invited me to play golf with them. But lately I tend to think that golf is not really my sports discipline. And Harry, when I met you at Balmoral, you invited me to the mating game. But lately I think that ...” Harry looked at her now instead of his huge flat screen TV. Cindy had a nice stylish nightgown on, but with her way too blond hair she looked like a fake. She was just no match for the super-attractive and magical mermaid Galena that Harry had encountered in his daydream today. Once again he thought of Pygmalion, who had decided to stay single because he found that women were just of too low quality. Suddenly a white fluffy shadow fluttered into the room through the open window! Both Harry and Cindy cried out in terror and ducked. But it was Hagrid the owl with a late night delivery of a little note: “Better give your muggle slut a kick and do now what you must do with the Zorro book! Take this last warning seriously. Love Ginevra.”

45. A Theory of the Super-Kaiser

Harry Potter met Ginevra again after he had put Cindy and her travel bag into the flying minibus that would carry her to the train station at Hogsmeade. Now Ginevra stood silently watching him going by to his office. Her face looked bitter and creased, but as he took notice of her she forced herself to smile. He knew her well enough to sense that she was having troubles. He couldn't help now but joking nastily: "Well well Ginny! Out without your umbrella today? Watch out for those rain clouds! To me it seems they are hanging heavily, like sucked-out bristols." He then made the clouds look like Ginny's breasts. But when he had passed her she gave him a riposte: "You watch out for the demons from outer space! What the Dementors do is they strafe people all around you. Is this because you'll be their darling tonite in bed? So maybe you'll be their sex slave tomorrow!" Harry ducked a bit and marched away fast. He didn't want to think of what Ginny was saying. He did not believe that! But then he said to himself that just that was the reason why he hadn't dared again to use the magic of the Zorro book, that could alter the past so favourably. It made him feel like being addicted to drugs. Doubtless the evil demons, most notably the one called Samael, well known by Judaism, had a tendency to get a kick from drugs and sex too! They would kick people they wanted to win as minions ... In his office then, Harry found an urgent message on his desk. Murny Chatterjee had planned him in as urgent fill-in of the special class that Draco Malfoy was currently leading. Draco was to undertake an important travel abroad, and Harry was supposed to teach basic writing and spelling skills to the students who hadn't brought this with to Hogwarts. – "I can't believe it! Murky just packed all the dunces on my back!" complained Harry to Evan, his aide. "It makes me feel burdened like Atlas Engelwood, the minister of magic. Why can't one of the ladies do that?" – "Draco explained that to me in person when he came by. Women are just not tough enough for to kick the balls of bad guys like Henry Roper when they need this." Evan grinned. Harry looked out of the window, where now rain came gushing down. Ginny still stood there on the promenade ways, looking really desperate. "Maybe I should have stayed in France", said Harry. "The mess that Hogwarts is in right now brings me down. I thought that with the end of the wizarding wars we all would be fine from now on, with all major problems solved. But the way things are going is: As soon as you master one crisis, the demons from above swiftly send in the next one. My suspicion is that this is the way the old goddess from below works our destiny." – "She's a kind of whale, a leviathan, is she not?" Evan seemed to be scared now to think and talk more about the so-called Great White. On his desktop he opened up a file explaining: "Professor Potter, you asked me to find something about the magic of the stock market. Now here's a text of an expert wizard about the strange case of the so-called London Whale. You remember Bruno X, who was a crony of Dimon Leigh?" – "I remember Dimon Leigh!" said Harry, now with a bitter face. He had personally visited that Wall Street buff to try and get some help with the case of the false Saint James of Balmoral, but that super rich nickel nurser hadn't given him as much as a US cent. Evan then informed Harry that the broker Bruno X had managed to burden the Black Bulk company of Dimon with debts of the enormous sum of six billion Yankee dollars! Harry judged: "No wonder then that Dimon now tries to save every cent he still has. I just wonder why the US Jews once again were just luckier." – "That's typical for them, is it not?" Evan then explained that the Dutch wizard Wob Wouter, who had written a text about this, adhered to the theory that good and bad luck had a strict fractal connection: "He favours the example of the scales. If you manage to better up your luck with the help of sympathetic magic, then you just lighten your personal cup on the scales of destiny. Your cup goes up then, but what happens consequently? Some other cup must go down." That was a parable that Harry understood well. They both agreed in the end, that good luck played a key role on the stock market of course. If you managed to buy and sell stocks and bonds at the correct moment, to make a good profit, then other people would of course suffer losses. As it seemed, Bruno and his boss Dimon had both had unusually bad luck. More than once Bruno had warned Dimon that things were going wrong in the high risk business of junk credits, debts that foreseeably nobody ever would pay back. Why hadn't Dimon acted, but watched things slowly go wrong with the passing of time? Harry said: "Maybe this was because of this bad luck spell. Demons try to make their luck too, but they are of course destined to lose it all in the end."

Soon later Harry was sitting like usual in the history class of Thomas Limiter. As soon as Thomas entered he fixed two pictures on the whiteboard: one painting of a pope, and an old photo of the infamous wizard Gellert Grindelwald. “Boo!” cried most of the students as they recognized the evil wizard. “Grindelwald was as bad as Haman”, cried a Jewish student. Harry didn't know any Haman, but Thomas was better informed about the Jewish Bible: “In fact the Haman of the Bible had been a comparable man: a courtier of the Persian king Ahasver with an insatiable appetite for power. But as he found that the Jews were crossing his way to the top, he made plans to kill them all. Haman was Persian, an Aryan we might say. At his time Magians were the wise guys among the Persians. Does anybody know what Magians were?” – “A Persian tribe of sorcerers”, said one student. Thomas nodded. “The Bible says that three of them visited Jesus in the manger. But their magic was inferior to that of the Jews. It was because God had chosen the Jews, not the Persians.” Harry saw the need for a comment: “Today however we find that Jewish religion was much of a hoax.” Many of the students laughed. Thomas Limiter nodded reluctantly. “We may well assume that this was also what Gellert Grindelwald realized at his time, after World War One. The Jews were so proud of Einstein then and Freud and Marx too. But all those three were goofy muggles only. Einstein in particular fought all his life a vain combat to explain that miracles can't exist. That is still called today the Einstein/Podolsky/Rosen theory, but only Jews still adhere to that.” Now all laughed, with the exception of the little black-headed Jew. Thomas kept on explaining: “Grindelwald thence thought out something that many of us may still think today. If we magical folks are so much wiser than the muggles, should we not secretly lead and govern them, or maybe openly? Aleister Crowley heeded similar ideas at that time, which brought him into contact with Hitler's mentor from the masonic Thule society, Rudolf Glauer von Sebottendorf. All these guys were envisioning a better new Reich of the Future. It was the Third Reich of the Holy Spirit, that Catholic clerics like Rupert from Deutz in Cologne had envisioned already in the Middle Ages. Philosophers had thought of this Third Reich as a good thing. Italians and other Catholics hoped that a *novus dux* or *nuovo duce*, a new leader would then lead them into a golden age. Some saw this mythical new leader as an Angelic Pope, a Super-Pope, others as a Super-Kaiser who would save the world. We must think that Grindelwald and associated wizards, like Albus Dumbledore, originally heeded similar ideas. They wanted to become the wise rulers who would lead the world better than all the politicians. But, for reasons that still need to be cleared up in detail by us, those plans to erect a good magical Third Reich failed most dramatically. The leaders of that era, most notably Hitler and Mussolini, turned out to be not especially good, but rather unusually roguish. So why?” Thomas now pointed with his wand to the picture of Grindelwald. “That master wizard of Austrian descent was named after the forgotten German poet Fürchtegott Gellert. In translation that name means: *Fear God!* This is a warning that we still might take seriously. Like some of the British masonic orders, our wizardry school has secretly gathered a load of impressive knowledge about magic on our backs. Our wisdom and our skills were leading not few of us magical folks to dangerously overestimating ourselves. But while we know so little about the real super-powers of the world of magic, those Snakes, we maybe should be much more cautious than some of us are. True Harry?” With Thomas directly speaking to him, Harry felt obliged to reply: “Surely most of us don't know enough about magic. Definitely those Dementors are more evil, tricky and sly than most of us are able to realize. We all might dream of a king of kings, a superman that might justly rule this world. But they dream of another type of duce: Their evil mask-faced Lord Voldemort.” – “Well spoken professor Potter”, said Thomas Limiter. He now pointed to the other picture, that of a pope. “Even some popes saw themselves as new age leaders. Here's pope Innocent the third. He was the infamous pope who legally took possession of England, in the sad days of king John the last, subsequently called Lackland. He also fought against the Magna Charta. It was his belief that he was the king of kings, and rightfully would own all countries of the world! There surely is a god secretly ruling this world, but his obvious lack of authority among popes should worry us.” Harry meanwhile stared out of the window, thinking again of Cindy. She had sobbed as she had left him. He was but glad that he had sent her home. Magic was just too hard even for himself. So his hope could be that the real king of kings, or angel-pope or Super-Kaiser, would change that.

In the afternoon it was time for the now regular teacher's sports lesson. Harry was running slowly at the warm-up round. With a heavy portion of roasted pork in his belly he wasn't in the mood for exercises. – “What's up you master wizard?” asked him Ginny, as she came jogging at his side. Harry didn't want to tell her what he recently was sensing: The demons were especially pestering him and making him lame, just because he was the only real celebrity at Hogwarts. “I am just a good sorcerer, not the Super-Kaiser of the entire world”, he explained to her. – “You just need to build up more muscles! Do your workout longer and harder, already early in the morning”, she advised him, while smiling the sunny Californian way. – “And you shouldn't let your, ahm, head hang down”, replied Harry. “Can't you lift up your bristols again with the help of some magic? Or maybe I should try and do this?” It was a delicate topic. Harry sensed that Ginevra suddenly was near to an access of rage. But then she just said: “All your magic couldn't bring me back my lost youth. And I don't trust in magical beauty treatments, who are a main reason why women search out the help of wizardry. Remember Madonna Ciccone, the old strumpet? She used to take botox to lift up her face and behind. Sexual magic helped her with this while she was looking young and in fashion. But lately her lips hang down like your dong did when you tried to get it on with, ahm, what was her name?” She giggled her girlish giggle again, and now she accelerated her speed, to leave Harry alone before he could think out a fitting answer. One of the problems of the magical community of Hogwarts was, that sooner or later everybody knew what was going on in the bed of everybody else – or rather not. Harry was in no mood to meet Ginevra again, so instead of into the stadium he jogged and then trod to the great lake, which was quite a distance. There he took a cold but refreshing bath. One of the huge old flying boats was just hovering in the air, and Harry watched it. He realized once again that he had a French license to drive cars but never had learned how to fly such a flying machine. Twenty years ago a flying limousine had crashed into a nearby field killing all the passengers, six teachers of Hogwarts. Rumours had it that this had been one of the belated war actions in the last wizarding war. So was Voldemort to blame, that half-mythical reptile demon who always seemed to try and reincarnate in the perimeter of Hogwarts? That idea gave Harry a shudder, and he swiftly stepped out of the cold water. Twenty years ago, instead of flying cars he had preferred the magic of teleportation and apparition. He had had to give that up. Harry then slowly strolled back to his apartment. It was empty without Cindy, and he suddenly missed her strongly. But he told himself to be reasonable. Cindy wasn't good enough to become a witch. She wasn't meant to be his partner. Neither was old Ginevra still the woman of his dreams. Harry then went to bed to take a nap, but only slept for half an hour. He had a strong erection now and thought about doing the Zorro magic again. Should he dare another time to change the past to the better? He thought about trying to undo the harm once again that he had accidentally done to Joan Trollope, the secretary of minister Atlas Engelwood. But he felt uneasy about this seductive magic. It definitely had strong tendencies of addiction. Suddenly this magic reminded him of the way down a steep hill. It was easy to rush down the hill, but it was hard to climb it back up. Why wasn't he able to find out more about Zorro and find someone to translate his odd book? It now seemed to Harry that this too was something that the Snakes secretly did not allow to him. The hidden problem seemed to be that he wasn't the Super-Kaiser who only could master this magic.

At tea time the teachers discussed about the mythical Super-Kaiser. It was Thomas Limiter again who knew best how to tell saucy stories from the Middle Ages about any topics: “In the heydays of the Medieval popes, British jurists like Alanus were their best advisers and advocates. It was their idea that the pope was a *coelestis imperator*, a heavenly Kaiser. His *ecclesia iudicatrix*, the judging church was regarded as the perfect and supreme authority in all the world. Definitely that was a great idea, but it would have needed greater people than the Catholic church was having.” Grim-faced Draco interrupted bishop Limiter. He barked: “In those bad days the Catholic clerics were masters of rip-off. The begging mafia, the blackfriars and greyfriars would ceaselessly come begging, you know the limiters! And if you didn't donate, they would tell you to the summoners, who would then accuse you of sins and demand of you even more money. The friars promised to redeem you of sins, to even heal you with their magical prayers. But while their tricks to rid folks of their money worked ever better, their healing and saving spells too often just failed to work.“

46. Of Dunces and a Duel

When Harry entered the classroom on next Wednesday, he was more than a little nervous. It was his first time now to teach again, and they had lately given him the so-called dunces class. It was the class of all those who hadn't managed to acquire basic reading and spelling skills in a primary school but nevertheless wanted to become trained magicians. Harry was shocked to meet so many Negroes: five, six, nine of them sat there before him, mostly grinning and in a very relaxed mood. Then there was the blockhead Henry Roper with his typical silly but treacherous face. In the last row then sat Harry's colleagues: Murky with Shaggy and Draco. At Draco's side the nervous and hostile looking James Dickens had taken a seat. Harry stared at his two foes with his dark eyes, until Draco explained: "Don't be upset Harry! Jimbo is my new personal aide. In the time of my forthcoming absence he will be your direct contact to my House of the Malfoys." – "It will be the fifth house of Hogwarts soon", announced James with a brazen smile. – "Ssh!" Draco signalled James to be silent. But Harry loudly protested: "The fifth house of Hogwarts? How untraditional is that plan of yours? This plan didn't get my signature and maybe never will." – "Don't wet your pants when our noble house grows, until it outgrows all the others. It's just magic", retorted Jim. Harry was in no mood now for a confrontation, and said: "That's the magic of how weed grows." – "Are you trying to insult us?" When James tried to raise, Draco put his hand on his shoulder to push him back down on his chair. To Harry he ensured: "We'll be silent now, like decent people are who sit in other people's classes." – "Well then ..." Harry turned to his class, and tried to remember what he had prepared. "Okay guys, I'm professor Potter, your new teacher. Today let's start with the house rules again. I guess you know them all right. *Courage* is needed in Hogwarts. But who dares now to step to the blackboard and write up that difficult word?" Harry took up a piece of chalk and stepped from left to right. But nobody else moved. He then wrote up the word himself, to turn again to the class. "Now an easier word. What day is it today?" – "I know that", said the little Negro from West Africa, whose name Harry didn't know. – "Fine. Don't tell, but write it up." Harry gave him the chalk. The very black boy stepped to the green blackboard and wrote up, in rather humble letters: WetNeS.De. – "Now that's diversity! Not bad for the first try", encouraged him Harry, who then wrote up the correct word himself. – "Harry you shouldn't be so enthusiastic about this", barked Draco from the last row. Harry plainly ignored him, to turn again to the class. Most of the boys – nearly all of the dunces were boys – seemed to just lack interest. They looked on their fingers or up to the ceiling, they grinned and murmured or just drew goofy faces. That gave him the idea to try out a new method. "Dear, you guys are just not motivated! I can empathize with that. Who needs to know how to correctly write up the word Wednesday? So maybe it will interest you more to learn words that mean something to you. Okay, give me such words!" The class remained silent, until a huge older Negro spoke up: "the Blues". Harry sighed. "Yes, but what's that?" Nobody had an idea, until the older Negro explained: "It's what my dead mother used to sing often: *The sun is shining but it's raining in my heart, cos my man left me with just a last fart.*" – "Well, Britain was maybe just too rainy for both of them", supposed Harry. He now turned to the two white boys in the front row, to ask their names: "And write them up. Then the others will know and respect you." – "They already know and fear me", explained Henry with a mean face. His mate but stood up and wrote up his name correctly on the blackboard: Charles Tribble III. – "Great! Well done", said Harry. When Charles wanted to hand out the chalk back to him, Harry told him to write up yet another word: "But make it a magical one!" So Charles wrote onto the blackboard now: Vempeyr. "Oh yes, *vampire*", said Harry, who now wrote up the word again correctly spelled. He was surprised to notice that this word suddenly seemed to attract the attention of most of the boys. "So that is real magic. What does this word mean to you, Charles?" Charles now grinned, and explained that at home he was a vampire in the morning: "I dozed then until ten or noon, and my spirit travelled to haunt sleeping Americans. I suck from them then. My pa and my grandpa do that too. It's what the undead spirits make us do. The star men feed from us and blow our minds." Harry was shocked again, and for moments remained like stymied. James Dickens now spoke up loudly from his last row, with his sharp and well-sounding voice: "That is why the Americans like vampire movies much. They are like the roosters coming home to roost."

Harry was shocked again, but tried not to show it. He now asked another Negro to write up his name – which was Rempfan Daywidsan? That made Murny exclaim: “Well done, Romphan! But did you also lately manage to read the notice that they put on the door of your dorm?” – “I know that Sir. They were reading it to me often. They want me to throw away my old duckboard that I stored next to the door, and clean up then.” – “And did you do that?” – “I’m considering it, really, Sir!” Romphan smiled as he went back to his seat. – “Better shoot that dirty Nigger and clean up afterwards”, murmured Henry to Charles. That racist remark made Harry get a little angry. With his typical stormy temperament he grabbed Henry by the arm and dragged him to the blackboard. “Now it's your turn, Henry Roper. Come on, write up your name.” Henry hesitated, his dark head down in between his shoulders. Then he wrote up the word *Playstation* while explaining: “That is the word I like best. I am not to blame. The doctors diagnosed me as a legalsthenic, with commie morbidities like neurotic trozkism too. They told me that I should stop watching so much TV and playing video games. But I like gaming and I'm good at it. This summer I solved all the riddles of Hogwarts Legacy. My pa was on the couch helping me out.” – “He is a loafer and a boozier”, said Draco. – “Write up your name now”, said Harry. Henry hesitantly started to write: *Henry Rowp*. But he was sensible enough to notice from Harry's reaction that he was making an error. Swiftly he erased his writing. – “Try again”, said Harry blandly. – “Nope. I have spoken and written, so let me be”, said Henry, now in the tone of an imaginary Indian in a wild west movie. – “Then go and stand in the right corner with your face to the wall. But first, go and apologize to the Nigger, I mean to Romphan.” That order made Henry get bitter. “Nope! No way!” But Harry just drew his magical wand and used the tractor-ray function, murmuring a hard forcing spell in Latin: “*Statim iret!*” Against his will the bad boy started to move. Henry marched and tumbled into the corner like a robot. There his head became like fixed to the chalked wall. That wonder made the class murmur. Harry gladly found that the pupils suddenly granted him his due respect and attention.

At noon then he had an omelette with mushrooms. He liked that dish much but was fearing that it might have too little protein inside. But wasn't he a fool to let diet rules spoil his appetite? Harry explained that to Barbara and Dudley, who were sitting at his side like often. But he found that both seemed to look out of appetite too and bitter. “We must all die of course”, said wise Barbara, “but I dearly hope and pray that our good gods here and in heaven might grant us more power to counter the dramatic attacks of pains and bad mood, who are the work of the hostile demons.” To that Dudley dared only nod, who wasn't eating like one who likes his dish. “The Dementors come to us with pains in the intestines, every time we sit down for supper.” – “But aren't they also good for some things?” asked Harry, who found it strange that he suffered not from such ray attacks. Then in the afternoon, while taking his usual walk in the park he met Ginevra, by chance or rather not. Harry saw the opportunity to talk to her about the nightly terror attack with the owl Hagrid, that had scared Cindy away from Hogwarts. “Are you not ashamed of your jealousy?” he chided her. That took her by surprise, or so it seemed. He had to explain to her what he had experienced. She was a little annoyed then, but not reacting as hotly as sometimes in her younger years. “Harry I didn't do that, I swear. I've lived in the United States for so long a time, I surely couldn't master your house owl.” – “But what was the warning all about, that you were sending in with the owl?” Still not understanding he took the strip of paper out from his wallet to show it to her. She shook her head. “I didn't write that”, she assured him. “That isn't my handwriting, these block letters.” – “Well, well”, said Harry, now clutched by strong doubts. Where had he seen such haughty letters before? Ginny confessed to him with a somewhat humble tone: “Harry dear, I wasn't very jealous because of your little affair with Cindy. It's understood here that you are the holy king, and that is a position that needs our tolerance. I was thinking of king Solomon for instance. He was the king of Israel, but in a way he also was the holy king of all the world. So he took himself a thousand wives, or rather concubines. But what was the consequence? Bible pundits found it remarkable that king Solomon didn't ever meet a single good woman in all his life!” – “Well, he had Jewish and Arab girls only to take, and then that Negress from Sheba.” They both laughed, and suddenly Harry found that he was having sweet feelings for her again. But soon he stopped himself, saying that his remarriage was surely just what the scoundrels had planned who had scared Cindy away.

Back in his room after the walk, he suddenly was in the mood for taking a nap. He undressed and went to bed. But instead of tiredness the warning from that owl message came into this mind: *Do the magic of the Zorro book! Take this warning seriously.* Should he do it, should he jerk off once again? He disliked the idea to get humble, begging a mother Zitza and lord Tus to change the past for him. But there seemed to be no other alternative. He needed to try again to rearrange the past, so that he would not have blasted away the foot of poor old Joan Trollope. Sweetly like a dame Harry murmured: “Mother Zitza and Lord Voldemort I pray to you ... *damn you!*” He suddenly jumped up from his bed, to realize what nonsense he had just babbled. This error of talk, caused by a sudden takeover of demonic voices, was surely a bad omen. That prayer request was denied.

Harry had gone back to bed and was slumbering when he suddenly woke up, warned by a feeling of anxiety. Someone came trampling up the stairs in the stair house of his apartment block. Then he banged against Harry's door with a fist! “Harry Potter! Now hurry Harry! We need your help!” It was the distressed voice of Neville Longbottom, the janitor. – “In a moment!” cried Harry. He then hurried to put on back his clothes, his roomy corduroy trousers, a white shirt, a tweed jacket and now his comfortable sneakers. When he then opened the door, Neville explained to him with terror in his voice: “A boy of your class got stuck in a terrible magical trap.” Harry's sensible nose told him that Neville had been drinking beer and whisky in the daytime again. They rushed then to the main building, until Harry suddenly stopped and realized, that the problem kid could not be anyone else but Henry Roper! And indeed, when they entered again the classroom in the fourth floor, he found that this bad boy still was standing in the corner where Harry had fixed him, with the help of a forceful spell. Now he had tears in his eyes, and he had wet his pants! Jasper and Jim Dickens stood next to him, but they were all unable to help him get loose. As soon as James was seeing Harry, he got angry and chided him disrespectfully: “Harry Potter you cranny! Have you no heart? To ban a boy in such a cruel way is a crime!” Harry saw the need to apologize: “I didn't mean that. Henry Roper, I all forgot about you. That spell worked much longer than it was meant to.” – “You demon lord! You just don't like me”, howled Henry, now clutched by sudden wrath. – “Well, but who does like you Henry?” Harry took him by the arm. Crying “*insprinc haptbandun*” he dragged Henry out of his corner. Still the fettering magic was so strong that Henry was forced once again into the same position. That only stopped when Harry and Neville were leading Henry out of the door. “Such are the consequences if you get bad. Then demonic magic wins more of a sway on you”, explained Harry, while trying to talk as undramatic as possible. They were leading Henry Roper upstairs then, into the luxury bathroom. “Clean yourself and refresh. Take a warm bath here, and feel free for the rest of the day to play a video game”, told him Harry. Back in the stair house Neville said with his unstable voice: “The Dementors are really mean. They are devils always playing mean tricks on us.” James Dickens was still furious, or pretended to be so. “Don't try to talk away the fact that your hero Harry Potter caused this mess. He is just not the master of magic that all you people like to see in him!” – “True, I am not the super kaiser of the word”, said Harry. – “So did you at least do the magic of the Zorro book?” asked James him. That question made Harry suddenly understand. James Dickens had sent him the cryptic warning by the owl! It was part of the duties of Jasper and James to take care of the dozen of owls who were living in a shed next to the gardens and greenhouses. Any one of these who eventually served as a flying messenger was called Hagrid, in memory of that useful troll. Harry took out the piece of paper again that Hagrid had dropped while intruding into his apartment: “That is your handwriting, bad James! You little dickens scared away my darling!” James suddenly grinned. “Believe me, you're better off without that muggle slut. Cindy had no good magical blood.” Now Harry was clutched by sudden wrath. He took out his wand to point it at James. “Now you go to Henry's corner, Jim. *Statim iret!*” James was clutched by that spell, but very soon he was able to shake it off with the help of his own magic. He then drew his own wand to menace Harry! “Ready for a showdown?” Harry tumbled back. Such duels could cost lives. But then he realized, that the the thin wand that Henry was holding up could never contain an active core. It was just a fake stick for the students! With grim laughter Harry stepped forwards again. He shouted a soft “*Shatzee Shazam*” and made an elegant gesture. – “Ouch!” cried James Dickens when his wand magically dissolved into dust.

47. Harry in the Dungeon

On the Thursday of equinox Harry sat as usual in his office. It was 10.15 AM, and the bell rang for the recess. While the courts and parks filled with noisy agitated students, Harry yawned and checked out his e-mails. One business offer found his interest. Some fan from Bristol brought up the plan of issuing another merchandise campaign: stylish sports jackets called Harry's Tweed. Harry liked the photos that this wheeler-dealer was sending him, and he liked the prospective low prices even more. But those jackets looked a lot like the British Harris Tweed jackets. And was it a fortunate idea to manufacture them in faraway Bangalore, wherever that may be? Harry thought favourably about that plan, but he hesitated since he feared that a loss of British workplaces might be the consequence. Another e-mail but was more to his liking. The CEO of his US-American bank, Robert Zuckerman from New York City, had written him again, telling Harry that "for him" he'd made the nice sum of 12.352 \$ at the stock market. These brokers had bought up and sold again 'high yield bonds' in his name. The cheque was already in the mail, and Robbie Zuckerman asked now Harry's permission to buy a much larger heap of similar bonds in his name. One internet link was leading Harry directly to the web page of the Wall Street Flannel newspaper. It was an article that favoured such junk bonds for the year 2023. Harry was very pleased with that success story. He ignored the fine-printed warnings of the professionally edited e-mail, and wrote back to these lucky Jews that they should not hesitate now to buy up any number of such bonds that they found of interest. Then he wrote back to the Indian wheeler-dealer in Bristol that he was sorry but had to refuse the Harry's Tweed offer. Harry was not imagining now that another Black Friday or stock market crash would ever come again. Instead he thought that he was going to be rich soon, and if he didn't need to wear cheap Indian Harry's Tweed jackets he'd rather support the British industry. "Phew!" He suddenly found that his head was getting hot. So he went to the toilet to just wet his hair. Back in his office suite he found that Evan his aide was surfing ornithological websites. That reminded Harry of the white owl, that James Dickens had been sending to him. Thus Cindy had been driven away from his bed! He told that to Evan and complained, thinking of Ginny too: "Jim was not the only one here who mobbed my love one!" Sudden despair now clutched Harry, when he remembered how cute and nice Cindy had been on the day when he had been anointed bishop. "Cindy wasn't super, but also she wasn't an immature clown girl. She seemed to fit well into that church of mine. That was a habitat, an environment where she was bound to succeed." But with a cynical grin he added: "... at the side of George Pargitter and all the other sad old church clowns." Evan then told Harry: "You'd better beware of those white owls, professor. Huge owls are among the nastiest birds of Europe. They may attack you without warning if you get near to their nests." – "Well, thanks Mr. Wells for the warning", replied Harry. He wanted to get back into his office, but his old lightning scar suddenly itched again. That was the common magical warning before the magic of Voldemort. He rubbed his forehead and said with a worried voice: "What is going on right now?" Then he told to Evan some bits and pieces of the story of Voldemort: "That evil wizard was dead and gone like Jesus, but he always seemed to try and reincarnate. I always used to wonder about how he might do that. He's dead, is he not? But lately I got the hunch that maybe the Snakes are always pulling the strings to let another Voldemort come to life. These devil ladies rule down many planets. If any Voldemort would come alive here he would be their master-slave, the tyrant of our earth." Evan assumed: "The general problem with bad magic often seems to be that bad women are secretly working it." – "That is why the French say: *cherchez la femme*. Find the woman and you find the culprit." Harry tried to talk lightly, but his voice suddenly sounded weak and trembly against his will. He then found it strange that the sounds of the students outside had suddenly subsided. Were they all already back in class? Evan's chicken distracted him. It was getting jumpy now, it fluttered and jumped up his creased paper back, and then ran chirping into Harry's room. – "Oh no! Evan can't you take better care of your cock?" – "I'm sorry Sir. Cocue is nervous today like a weather frog. It's a stress sign when he jumps that high." Harry then thought it might rain again, and looked out of the window. He was surprised to notice that all the students on the walkways and yards stood there silently, looking into the direction of his building. Harry cried, suddenly strangely high-pitched: "Evan what is going on here?" But Evan didn't know that.

Moments later they heard people coming up the stairs. Then someone knocked strongly at Harry's office door. "Police! Open up!" barked a tough male voice. – "Police", repeated Harry, suddenly fearful. Before he had time to react, a big man opened the door to step in. He was wearing a dark blue vest with the big yellow letters POLICE on it. Harry recognized him immediately: That was Angus Engelwood, the current director of the prosecution department of the Ministry of Magic. "Harry Potter?" Angus asked as if he didn't know him. "We have a search warrant for your office and apartment. Please step aside." Harry couldn't think of anything to reply. He retreated back to his office, while two younger witches now entered the office suite. They looked at him with fear in their faces. Both had drawn their wands and were pointing them at him, murmuring ban spells. *The Augurs!* That was not a feared word at Hogwarts, but Harry knew now that he was in serious trouble. – "Harry Potter you are asked to surrender your wand!" That is what yet another woman from the MoM said, with a little sympathy in her voice. She had unkempt, greasy reddish-brown hair with streaks dyed in light mint blue. It was a look that reminded of the Snakes and their so-called hair. The skin of such a superworm was fitted with energetic lamps. These eventually were radiating in mint blue as they were receiving vril from anybody else. Harry was very slow in his reactions now, he felt like diving. He drew his dark rosewood wand to hand it over to that police woman. "Thank you for your cooperation", she said. He realized that he recognized that woman! "Delphini Riddle! But you were jailed for life and deported to Askaban for murder!" Harry spoke that with a voice so low and pressed that he could hardly recognize it. – "That judgment but was revoked recently by the court of appeal", explained Angus Engelwood, who now entered Harry's room with two more tiny clerks. Angus told them: "This computer will have to go too, and all the files in the desk. And do search everything here for verboten hard pornography photos. And look, there lies his smartphone. Is that your property, professor Potter?" – "Sure", replied Harry. – "So it's ours now", explained Delphini to him with a thin smile. She then told him that he had the right to remain silent and could phone up a legal assistant: "... but not with that iPhone of yours. Tell me your security codes." Harry sighed and told them to her. Delphini now handed him out a piece of paper. It was the search warrant. Harry hadn't the nerve now to read that all through. He found that he was accused of several bad deeds starting with reckless and idiotic behaviour in the rooms of the MoM that was leading to the grave injury of Joan Trollope. – "Would you like to comment on this right now?" Delphini took out a ball pen. – "Yes. I am innocent! It was an accident. And these porn photos weren't my own." He was reading the arrest warrant and found that it had been signed by a Argos Engelwood. To Angus he said, in a voice of complaint: "Argos Engelwood? Is that yet another brother of yours?" – "You can't know him Harry. Argos never went to Hogwarts, but he studied law in Cambridge." – "*Camebridge!*" Harry spoke that word like a curse. Then he asked Delphini, who was writing up his statements: "So did that Argos free you from prison?" – "That is not of interest here", replied she. Angus but explained: "Officer Riddle lately decided to work for our ministry, just like you worked for it too. And she is an exceptionally strong witch." – "But, did the same judge also revoke the judgment against Delphini, the daughter of infamous Lord Voldemort?" – "Indeed", said Angus. Harry was distracted when the two other clerks turned to him. One of the clerks was using his iPhone now to take photos of his room and anything in it. – "Harry Potter, is that your watch?" asked him the other one, a really tiny woman with a voice as squeaky and high as a mouse's. She was pointing at his voluminous wrist watch. – "It's an apple watch", explained Harry, saying that like often with some pride. – "That smart watch will have to go too", told Angus to Delphini. Delphini took down the paper she was writing, and raised again her hand to demand the watch. But now Harry suddenly had enough of this procedure. "You may take everything away from me, including my expensive tweed jacket. But I refuse to give you my apple watch!" Harry's voice got energetic now. – "I'm sorry Sir", replied Delphini with a grimace. Then Cocue the chicken suddenly came chirping and running from his hiding place, in between a closet and the wall, feeling disturbed by all the people. "Watch out!" – "What's that?" For a short moment all the police ladies in the room lost their concentration. The banning spell of the Augurs suddenly lost it's grip. Harry saw the opportunity to use his own magic. With a magical gesture he diddled high onto his desk. Then a leap-frog over Angus' shoulders, and he was out of the door.

Outside it had suddenly become cold. A strong westerly wind was blowing another front of rain clouds above the steep turrets and battlements of the medieval tower of Hogwarts. The students were all back in class. Where should Harry turn to now? He just jogged across the lawn into the direction of the great lake and surrounding woods. He needed to just hide for some time until the cops would disappear again. He feared Delphini a little, but he was much enraged that they had taken from him all his equipment and even his wand. How was he supposed to do his work in the future? Now he was sorry that he had spent those years in France, and wasn't well informed about the way how things had meanwhile developed at the MoM. Bad magic was everywhere and often came on unexpected and treacherous. Could it be that there was something foul in the underworld of the ministry in London? At least his physical fitness had improved, due to the regular training sessions that Jon Leadbetter was leading. He could well hide in the spider forest until dusk. These thoughts came to his mind while he was on the run. Soon later it started to rain. Harry had often disliked the rain, but just once he was glad for it, since wet weather would protect him from the nosy eyes of all the people who surely were watching him now from their windows. By the time he reached the marked border of the spider forest his jacket was rather wet. The leaves of the old trees, beech, oak and elm, aspen and alder, gave him a little protection. The ground was swampy here next to the great lake. He ran along the edge of the spider forest, until he found again a path that he had previously discovered, a way that would lead him directly towards the old barbican. The rain was making the branches and twigs lower down, and while Harry passed them by they wet him some more. He was rather exhausted when he finally arrived at the barbican, now hardly visible in the mist of the deeply hanging rain clouds. He soon entered into the dark open doorway that was leading into some kind of hall. He told himself: "Beware of the spider magic, that is still active inside of this ancient fortress of defence!" He was already feeling the fluff of spiderwebs on his face and his hands. But the rain outside seemed to dampen the scary effects of these old repelling spells. Harry took some deep breaths, and then just sat down on the ground for a while. He thought about traumata for some time then. He was an orphan, a traumatized child after all. But he had made it at Hogwarts, he was a professor with a job, a celebrity, a bishop even! These cops from faraway London couldn't treat him in such a mean and disrespectful way. The ground of the room he was sitting in was damp and hard, and he had to change his position often. He fell asleep a little. After nearly an hour he heard that somebody was getting near. Outside it was still drizzling, and he felt scared, sad and lost. Wasn't his flight futile? – "Harry are you in here?" He heard a voice now that he knew and disliked, the voice of Jasper Dickens. Soon later the do-all of Hogwarts entered the doorway. With a torch he shone light onto all the spider-webs, and then into the face of Harry Potter. "Hey stop this", complained Harry, "you're blinding me." – "Don' worry darling", said Jasper with a now cynical voice, "me won't tell you to de screws. Honestly, I know a safe place for you to hide. It's further down here." Jasper came to him, he was thin and not big. Harry crawled back onto his feet. Now Jasper was leading him deeper into the haunted barbican. They had to avoid or tear down old spiderwebs, and some old magic was causing impressions of spiders running over the ground or even over their hands. Harry snorted and whined with disgust. But should he now chicken out, in the presence of a man who had come to help him to hide? No way! Silently Harry followed Jasper down a stairway, that seemed to lead to an old storage cellar. In that room there was old equipment and furniture that seemed to come from the time of World War Two. – "Here ye may stay for some days", explained Jasper. "Me will bring you food. Is that okay for you?" – "It will have to be", murmured Harry, still wiping invisible gossamers from his face and his coat. "Why do you do this for me, Jasper?" – "You're the holy king. We can't afford to lose you. You are every body's darling at Hogwarts and the abigail of the demons, are you not? Listen, I will fetch you food and a lamp maybe. But don'tcha make any noise if you hear anybody else come." With these words Jasper left Harry alone in the pitch-black darkness. He was lucky to find an old chair on which he could sit with legs stretched out. He felt like a complete idiot now. Jasper stepped to the entry of the room. Then Harry heard the screeching noises of an iron door, that the do-all was closing and securing with a latch. He shouted: "Hey you fool! Don't lock me in down here!" But Jasper only laughed a little, until Harry heard him climb up the stairway again.

48. In Darkness there is Light

“Help!” cried Harry Potter, in the complete darkness of his dungeon. He cried it often and tried to be as loud as possible. But when he got a little hoarse he stopped. There was nothing to be heard than the ghostly sounds of the spiders. That cellar seemed to abound with them. He had to always try to not to listen to these sounds, knowing that they were acoustic hallucinations only. But he found it extremely irritating that spiders also seemed to creep and hustle over his hands and face. He could even see them with his inner eye. He tried not to look at these visions and to instead be calm and courageous. Easily people could lose their senses and minds at a cursed place like this. He stood up and used his hands to explore the spacious room. There was a small table next to his rickety chair. There were some boxes filled with what seemed to be farming equipment. Several pitchforks stood at a wall. He took up one of them and thought about using it as a weapon. Then he went to the door, to make sure that it was indeed closed and locked. He sat down again, now in deep worries. Of course he could try now to teleport away from this depressing location. He had often performed such apparition magic in his younger days. But 20 years ago he had also been a stronger wizard, he was sorry to admit that to himself. The magic of apparitions had its bad side effects: It had destabilized his entire past. He now waved his hands to perform a magical gesture, and loudly invoked his “*Patronus!*”, while thinking of his office. But as he had feared it, nothing happened. The magic of apparitions needed the emotional support of people at the destination. He hadn't done anything like this before with the help of Evan, who wasn't a strong wizard anyway. His strongest spell had failed, it was a sad fact. The problem with his magic was a fundamental one. He had changed! He had learned that his magic had its limitations, that it was all depending on elusive higher powers. In the old days, magic had been like in a computer game: Say the right spell and it securely works. But that was how Harry Potter magic functioned in films only, where all the actors were only posing with thin fake magical wands, while the flashy magic was really the work of animation specialists from Digital Hollywood. In the real world magic but depended much on errors and delusions, and it was generally much more mean, bitter and even gruesome. Magic and ruth were inseparable. When Harry had realized that he wasn't doing 'his' magic all by himself, that instead he needed the constant help of Snakes divine or devilish, he had like lost his belief in himself. The magic had still worked okay, but his feeling of trust had slowly gone away. Any spells just didn't work reliably, like choosing the correct option in a computer game. Magic all depended on the will and the power of the Snakes, who used to play mean tricks on anybody. The delusion that he could work any great wonders all by himself had made Harry become a great wizard. But lately only the magic worked reliably that he was able to do with pimped-up wands. Now he had lost his wand ingloriously. A foreboding came him that he would never win another. What other options had he left? To distract himself from the constant pestering hallucinations, he tried to think of people he might still reach now with his magic. Of course his loving partner was his first choice. But he had no such partner. He sat down again and sighed while remembering his better times with Ginevra. She had been much in love with him, until she couldn't help to criticise him more and more. She had been such a beautiful and classy young lady, but he was rather small and not matching. Harry had won the impression that Ginny had tried to reeducate him, that she had tried to make a man of steel out of him, with king size and impressive muscles, with refined manners and a sense for high culture, with golden hair but without whims and shortcomings. He still had the impression that he just hadn't been good enough for Ginny! That hadn't been the case with the giddy young French witch Margaude, who had been his favourite in class since day one of her presence at Hogwarts. Marge's secret lusty affair with her teacher had already started when she had started to menstruate, at the age of eleven. That had been the year when Ginny had taken up that American vice. At first she had been a nice smoking witch, but now she was an aged fag hag. He had been in bed with Ginny finding her disgusting, and fantasizing of Marge who would be in her dorm with all the other immature girls, who would all fantasize of Harry and magically touch themselves. After a year Harry had taken up the habit to take a nap in the afternoon, while fantasizing of other girls and masturbating. Marge had then retreated into her own dorm, but on one occasion they had met in the park. They had strolled into the woods and there he had laid her.

But Marge was gone, and the divorce had cost him quite some money. As Harry tried to think of her again, he received the impression of deep despair, bitterness and the hunger for creamy and fatty dishes. The spider hallucinations were extremely distracting, and Harry got a little desperate too. He walked again around in the room. In one corner he found a old shovel and a pickaxe. He thought about trying to hack open the door. But surely Jasper Dickens would come back soon to let him out. Harry just needed to talk reasonably to that scoundrel. He tried hard now not to hate the Dickens brothers, knowing that hate would not help his case. He banged against the iron door with the pickaxe a few times. It had no real effect but was terribly loud, and the ghostly spiders didn't seem to mind. In another box he found old telephone equipment, apparently from the time of Word War Two, when they had tilled the lawns and grown food at Hogwarts too. There was also something that must be an old electrical lamp, he recognized it in the dim light of his wrist watch. Of course he hadn't run away because of this watch, that is what he realized now. He had been scared before Delphini, who had the unique reputation of being the daughter of Voldemort. In truth though she was the illegitimate daughter of Tom Riddle, who had been the willing target of the efforts of the Dementors to create a Voldemort here, the anti-messiah of these lords of hell. – “I hate you Delphi!” cried Harry now, with a sudden eruption of hate that wasn't all his own. He then tried to find her with his inner vision, but in vain. The odd repelling spell that was protecting the barbican against intruders was so strong that it barred any efforts of him to contact anyone via telepathy. As he now thought about Delphini he remembered that her real name had been Jessica. She had been a fan of Greek culture and had once travelled to that old oracle site in the middle of Greece. Fascinated by the great past of Delphi she had come back, calling herself Delphini then. Still being a rather normal witch, she had specialized on giving oracles. But when she had started to use hallucinogenic drugs like Hashish to open her mind, things had begone to go wrong in her head. That but accorded to the plan that her father had forged. The late Thomas Riddle had been a shadow of his former self only, made ugly and evil by the rays of the Snakes. A recent theory had it that it was because of his name that this Tom had attracted the interest of the Snake Ga-Toma.

At tea time Harry suddenly heard people stepping down the stairway. He had emptied some of the chests and now was resting on them. Just having dozed, he was sleepy and had a tensed-up back. He soon realized that Jasper and his brother James aka Jimbo were paying him a visit. Both were wearing little torches, and they laid down another one on the floor for him. “Hello again Harry! We got supplies for you!” That was what Jasper told him, while he put down a bundle that he was carrying. And James added in a humorous tone, with his coarse voice: “With best regards from Draco, your old friend!” – “Hey! Thanks. But leave the door open!” shouted Harry now. “If not I'll make you feel sorry soon. *By Jingo!*” That spell was mighty enough to make them get scared a bit, and they left soon while leaving the door open. Harry was relieved, and pleased now with himself. But should he really stay in that shuddering location? He decided to wait until the night to then try and get back to his apartment. Even if the cops were still waiting for him, they would not dare to arrest him on the spot, or would they? He had a hunch that strange things were going on in the ministry of magic. Evil was stronger than many mortals realized; and it seemed to have a grip on everything and everybody, while trying especially to contact, subdue and control key persons like Harry Potter. He then checked the things that they had brought him. Bundled into a blanket he found two sandwiches, a tray of cookies and a warm bottle of Perlenbacher Pils. That lager reminded him of Cindy. At times he had loved her much, so should he try to win her back once again? She would surely obey and be glad, like she always had obeyed to his magic. But she wasn't the least fit enough for to cope with crises like the one he was in right now. And sadly, just such internal troubles and conflicts were typical for Hogwarts, a battleground of the first order between the forces of good and evil. So should Harry take to Ginny again? As he thought again about his ex-wife he suddenly realized that yesterday evening he had seen her with Hermione and with another woman, that must have been – Delphini! He found it hard now not to curse them all three, murmuring: “Hermione, that little snitch! I bet she's secretly working for the MoM. Can it be true that women are just no good in general? Maybe they all are more or less sluts and sleuths, and silly, weak and unreliable. But the problem is that men are not better, or maybe even worse.”

Near sundown Harry suddenly woke up, to curse: "Darn!". He had fallen asleep against his will, with the torch still on. Now the batteries were rather empty. He switched it off and then on again. He was hearing the whispering voices of kids from the direction of the door. Apparently students were standing at the door watching him. Now some of the kids switched on their torches to shine blinding light on him. That made him get angry, and he shouted: "Go boil your heads!" That was a really mean menace before the magic of the magical wands, that could easily make water boil and even burn inside of the human body. By this way Harry indeed scared the juveniles away. He then rubbed his eyes, to realize that he was thirsty. He was also a dork, who should have asked those students to lend him another torch. They were all his friends, were they not? He sat in the darkness and tried not to pay attention to the scary, disgusting hallucinations of the spiders. Then he heard again steps on the stairway, and saw the light cone of a torch. Someone was visiting him again. – "Hey!" said Harry, now trying to sound calm and friendly. "I need more light. Can you leave me your torch?" He received no reply. Instead, with an aching sound of his young voice the visitor moved the screeching door. Harry was shocked and outraged. "Hey, stop this!" he yelled. But the unknown visitor only cried: "Tit for tat!" as he closed and locked the door with the latch. The visitor had tried to disguise his voice, but Harry still thought he was recognizing him: "Henry Roper!" In despair Harry sat down again on the chair. For a long while now he couldn't help but thinking out harsh, severe but feasible punishments for that little rascal. Then he cried a few tears, thinking that he was just a little jerk, a nevergrowable that would never really learn how to cope well in the tricky world of the adults. When he had married Ginny, he had hoped that this classy lady would help him to get more mature and competent. But it was hard to get really competent on the exotic field of magic; it was maybe impossible, with all the Snakes in the background of the stage of this world, Snakes who were either good or evil but secretly controlling everything. He soon couldn't sit no more and nervously walked around in this dungeon, until the rechargeable torch showed him a blinking red light. He put it out, to then lay down on his blanket on top of the chests again. Surely tomorrow someone would come here again to set him free. Trying to ignore the creepy spider hallucinations was tough. These visions seemed to have gotten stronger with the sun down outside. He tried to connect this noble smartwatch to anything, moving it up and down, but of course in this cave it received no signal from any phone network. He looked at his watch for five minutes, and then tried to think of something else, of good people he knew. Maybe the best and classiest person he had ever met had been the mermaid Galena, that he had recently seen in a daydream. She had been wearing a greenish fin and a dark blue top, her well rounded breasts being nicely framed by her stately mane of golden hair. He murmured to conjure her: "Galena, if we had such women on our earth, then no man would ever act unwise or be untrue to his wife." But it was hardly possible to even think of her, with the hallucinations constantly disturbing him.

At 10:32 PM he woke up again. He had slept or dozed for most of the day, now he was getting wide awake. The pestering visions of the spiders had changed. Now they seemed to have grown bigger, moving slower. He remembered he had occasionally seen spiders as big as a Landrover in the Forbidden Forest, now renamed into Spider Forest. He had always wondered about the origin of that magic, but nobody had been able to explain it to him. He took up this torch and suddenly had the idea to try and recharge it by way of magic, murmuring an ancient Aryan spell for light in it's English version: "*raw chang ham quad hat anam*" (originally: *raochangham khvadhatanam*, boundless natural light). He patiently did this in a meditating style for a quarter of an hour. When he then switched on the torch again it was still rather weak, but the red warning light was gone. Agitatedly he walked around in his dungeon again, now in vain trying to chase away the virtual spiders. He banged at the door in futile efforts to break it. He yelled: "He! Help!" to no avail. He went to the farthest corner of the cellar that was ending in a rather acute angle. There he noticed something strange. Underneath the tip of the barbican the visions of spiders seemed to become a bit brighter and more lively. He switched the torch off to find that the visions seemed to win even more colour and sharpness. The spiders seemed to react, they even sang to him! Was this ghostly entertainment or what? But experiencing even more spiders crawl on his hands wasn't something that he liked. With a sobbing sigh he laid down again on his improvised bed, to rest some more.

49. Banning the Carpet Crawlers

"We're the carpet crawlers. Be there, call us! You gotta get in to get out!" That strange singsong awakened him again nearly exactly at midnight. He found that he had hurting feet, so he loosened his shoestrings. His bones and muscles ached from the hard makeshift bed. He got up in the near complete dark, to loosen his limbs and stretch. He had to resist now to the temptation to move his hands to shoo away the virtual spiders. As soon as he was only thinking of them they would get a bit more real. And then the strange singsong would start to get audible again. Roaches not spiders had been the stars of an old pop song of the supergroup Genesis. Harry remembered having heard this surprisingly popular song in the radio decades ago. To the spiders he now spoke in a chiding tone: "Stop stealing this! This is our melodic music and not your scary noise!" But he knew that it was probably a mistake to talk to those creeps, who most probably were aliens from faraway stars and galaxies. So what were his plans and options now? He looked around again in the roomy old cellar, without getting any clues from what he was seeing. Then he switched off the torch again to save energy. And suddenly he saw something! There was a very faint shimmer of light, that did not come from his watch. He lumbered towards it, to then find that it was the old lamp from the time of World War Two. The bulb was glimmering a bit without any source of electricity! It was a miracle of nature. Harry cautiously lifted it up and wiped off the dust from it, now feeling like Aladdin with his wonder lamp. In the very faint light of the lamp the spiders were getting visible again. But now these crawlers seemed to be less scary and agile as before. Harry now crossed the room once more with the lamp in hand. To his great surprise he found that the light was getting a bit brighter in the utmost tip of the room. There seemed to be a hidden energy source, some kind of active core. Harry searched the narrow corner for some time until he started feeling bad, but he found nothing else than walls made of reddish-brown bricks with pale white mortar. Or stop it! On the clay floor lay a telephone wire, that was rolled up here to form a little spool. It was a wire that was leading to the old military telephones. Was it that the field workers, who had been using this cellar during the last war, had tapped the hidden energy source behind the walls for to operate their field telephones? Harry took up the earphone of one field telephone. But there was nobody on the line of course. He turned a little crank and enjoyed to hear the other telephone ringing. At least this old field telephone gear was something that wasn't under the sway of the spider magic. Or had the guys used these old telephones to contact the aliens who were working that disturbing magic? If that was the case Harry hadn't ever heard of this. What he knew was that the muggles, more precisely the Americans, had used the gigantic radio telescope of Arecibo to receive or send radio messages to outer space. Thirty years ago there had been much talk about the project SETI, the search for alien radio signals. The SETI guys surely had hoped to contact nice and wise aliens like the ugly midget wizard E.T. from that Jewish Hollywood movie. That project had started just when Harry had been a student. The SETI researchers had indeed received interesting signals that seemed to come from the nearby star Tau Ceti, that dwells in a distance of only twelve light years from earth. But all further research concerning near stars had been leading to nothing, and lately the research program had been given up. Accidents had destroyed the costly Arecibo radio dish. Rumours remained of a conspiracy that was keeping secret the SETI results. "Supposed that this was true. Then the reason for that secrecy might be that aliens were indeed found, but aliens who were much worse than expected. That would accord to what we know about the absolutely scary and hostile Dementors, these demons from outer space. You don't try to contact these, but you try to avoid them if you can." That was what Harry told himself as he tried to not watch the spiders. Those constant visions had their ups and downs, but right now they seemed to get stronger. Harry now felt like getting sleepy once again, which he found surprising. Could it be that these visions tried to make him feel dizzy and fall into some kind of trance? Harry tried to switch on his torch again, to only find that it suddenly wasn't working at all. That made him panic a bit. At times he believed that the demons were anything but good, and should absolutely be avoided. But while he couldn't avoid to watch these mystery spiders now, in the faint light of the old lamp, he had the sudden feeling that the mysterious aliens who did this were not hostile but friendly, that they were in fact caressing him with their limbs. Nearly against his will he climbed his makeshift bed again.

It was an hour later in the same night, when Harry Potter was having the most unusual dream of his short and unhappy life. The ghostly spiders had mutated. He had seen them grow and shrink again as they evolved. They had grown big heads and learned to walk on two of their thin spider legs. Now those aliens were visiting his dark cellar. Harry found their faces hostile and haughty. These Little Greys were all very small, they were dwarfish. With their mask-like alien faces they reminded him of the mystery face of Voldemort. Some of them had no noses, all had hairless oval heads. Some had enormously big insectoid compound eyes, others had big eyes reminding Harry of squid. These very tiny aliens had white or dark skin that they covered with silvery body suits. They instantly gave him pains! He was shocked and fearful, he was terrified and very upset. Their lights were now illuminating the dark room. They were blowing up a ghostly ball-lightning that emitted a stinging stench. They made him stand up and take up one of the old pitchforks. He used that item like a riding broom in a dance or play. Harry rode the pitchfork – high up into the sky he was flying now, carried by an energetic ray that emerged from some hidden transponder inside of the wall of that old fortress. They had connected themselves to earth with the help of this gadget. He saw that they had spaceships and laboratories. They made him enter one of their laboratories. There they made him lay down on an investigation table, where they undressed and fettered him. He had no voice now to protest. The alien specialists had small lips on faces now getting mean. They were investigating the scar on his forehead. Then they cut open his belly with some kind of laser knife. Harry heard himself protest: “*Why do you do this to us?*” – “*We reap the harvest we have grown*”, replied a wight. Harry was supposed to end up as their food! They were predators who lurked for victims like cosmic spiders. They had spotted earth, now they were terrorizing the humanoids into obedience, who but had been created by their local gods. Harry tried to move and get away from these spider people. But he sensed the truth: These emotionally ice cold and cruel wights had filled his rare world unto the brim with idiotic and apathetic, deviant and dark mortals, who weren't wanted by their local God but served as the food of his enemies. The wights sucked them out with their rays and thus were feeding masses of half-dead and insane super worms. They were all hungry cosmic parasites! “*Hey stay here!*” they commanded him as he tried to get away from their terrible laboratory. He saw others that they had caught: dwarfish hogs or penguin men. They had sex with the creatures that they were abducting. Now they also made his penis rise up. A spider woman with blond hair and gray skin got near to him. That alien wore a gray coat that she now took off. Underneath she had no breasts, only a hairy slit. These aliens weren't mammals. That was enough! Harry struggled hard emotionally, and then he shouted out a spell that he had never before used: “*Matronis!*” It was a cry of help dedicated to all the mothers of his earth, and to their mother goddess, who but really was a virginal super worm. This helped to break the ban of the cosmic parasites, who already had used up a lot of their power budget for this scary night.

When Harry woke up from this terrible nightmare, he realized that he stood naked in the cellar, not far away from the energy-loaded tip section. The room was now illuminated by splashy lights that originated from an eerie hovering fireball! It was a stinking, blazing ball-lightning that made Harry tumble backwards until he reached the iron door. The fireball however was following him now! When that terrible thing got near, he raised the hay fork that he was still wearing and gave it a sting. That made the fireball flare up and explode, while partly melting the tips of the pitchfork. Then the room was all dark again. Harry breathed heavily now to try and get more oxygen into his lungs. His heart was pounding and he felt acrimonious. His hands and shanks were shaking, and his belly was hurting as if he had a fresh operation wound. When he touched his belly with his fingertips; he indeed found that a large scar, like that of a surgical operation, seemed to have appeared there. “*Mama I have a tummy ache!*” he cried, thinking again of the mythical Matrons that he had invoked. Nobody seemed to answer. Instead, the agile spiders began again to appear. Now Harry hated these schemes and he beat them with his fists. That of course had no real effect. “*Calm down now and save your breath!*” That was what Harry told himself now. This was not the first life threatening crisis of his life that he had managed to master. They all looked up to him as a master of magic especially in hairy situations like this one. He sat down again on the chair, and decided that he absolutely needed to avoid falling asleep again in this trap. It was a difficult task.

Soon later he realized that he could not sit still any longer. His mental powers were waning. The visions of the ghostly spiders had disappeared. The spider aliens were trying something else. The two old phones that were connected with a wire suddenly started to ring strangely. Harry went to take up one earphone. A voice whispered, treacherously friendly: *“Bishop potter, on your knees! We call you in the name of Christ. Take now thy palmy crown of martyrdom, to ascend to heaven in joyful death.”* To that they tried to show him visions of angels: pictures from old paintings and altars. – “I am not your lamb of offering”, replied Harry. He knew it was an error to talk to these aliens. It made their voices get a little stronger. Stricter they now told him: *“But remember Jesus who became a lamb of God the Father too. Jesus wanted to be the Christ, the lord of the demons and their midget puttos, and a destroyer of Earth. Command us like he did! We shall obey to you as a new Christ!”* – “Go away!” shouted Harry. The aliens now seemed to sneer. Suddenly they hit him with some kind of burst into his head, that made his ears jangle. He dropped the earphone but could not stop the talk into his mind! *“Be silent slave. We will trash your earth, and you must help us or die. Obey and you will live in pains like we live. Resist and we will kill you right now! Give us your lust, your love, your hate if you like. We shall teach you to humbly obey, like all the seraphim must. We are the cherubim, the guardians of your galaxy and masters of the universe.”* Harry could no longer stand to endure this mental torture. The time was half past one. He walked around to stretch and warm up, until he reached again the old lamp. He took it up and moved it to the narrow tip of the room. There the bulb lighted up a little, and suddenly Harry could see again. He was relieved. But with the light the visions of scuffling spiders started to reappear. Why was this horrible alien magic so strong just in this old barbican? He remembered again his idea of the hidden transponder, that served as a beacon for the spider aliens and others too. If there was such an apparatus, he might as well try to find it. He touched the brick walls of the cellar, and realized that they were strangely brittle just at the angular tip. He broke off little pieces of bricks. Then he fetched the pick-axe, and started to hack up the wall right where it had become crumbly. “Damn you creeps!” he cursed, but with a low voice to not make these Greys listen again. They seemed to remind him now of a song of the American one-hit-wonder Olivia O'Brien: “I hate you I love you.” – “And damn the Irish”, said Harry to this. But he didn't really mean this. He just was not well in control of his mind now, as usual. It was hard work to hack even a small hole into the old walls, and soon dust rose up that made Harry stop and step back. He was breathing heavily in the bad air, and his body had started to get sweaty. But he could not stop right now, or else he would die! Harry waited until the dust had settled, to shovel away the rests of the bricks. Then he started again to hack down bricks from the wall. It took him three hours of hard, stressful work to hack a hole into the wall with the size of roughly one meter and the depth of another. This seemed to get easier while he was making progress. When he examined the hole with his lamp he found that the energy of the hidden apparatus seemed to get stronger inside. He was getting near to the source! He heard a faint humming sound that filled the little hole. Also the bricks seemed to vibrate. Then suddenly he broke down a brick that fell down to the other side! He had managed to find a secret chamber. He coughed and moved back, and tried to calm his trembling hands. He was so thirsty! With the ghastly spiders all around, he then hacked down the rest of the wall that was separating his cellar from the hidden room next to it's angular tip. Then he impatiently crawled into the hole, and into the next chamber. He looked around. The air was a bit less shale in that very small room. But this was definitely the room of the hidden gadget. In there was a huge open box, like a shrine, made of wood with an open top. And in there the transponder was fixed with leather straps. It was a humming apparatus that reminded Harry of the engines of the flying machines. So this was the magic of the Hogs once again! Harry crawled back to fetch the pickaxe. Then he vividly hacked onto the humming gadget. Three hits were enough to make it stop. And all of a sudden the magic of the spiders vanished. The last thing he then heard was a furious demonic voice crying: *“Noo!”* The lamp also went out. He went back to his bedstead, feeling really exhausted but mighty glad. Harry then slept for the rest of the night, until sounds woke him up. There were steps at the door, that soon was unlocked and opened. In the light of torches he heard Draco barking at him: “Harry Potter! What the hell are you *pottering* here?” That was not Harry's favourite English word at all.

50. A Time for a fatal Change

Crows had mainly been populating the spider forest. That was what Harry now remembered when he left the barbican. He was still feeling dizzy and thirsty, and unwilling to talk much about his adventure. But right now, while it was just dawning outside, some blackbirds were singing their complex, sweet melodies in the spider forest, to signal to any rivals the borders of their territories. Harry saw no single spider. The haunting magic had stopped completely. But he was in no mood to discuss this with Draco, Jasper, James and others who had come to 'rescue' him. With them he bravely walked back to the buildings of Hogwarts. Just in time for an early breakfast, he drank a lot of milk and then coffee too, and ate his usual bowl of porridge with sugar and fried breakfast bacon with eggs and toast. Then Murny Chatterjee came to him asking him if he was okay. Harry told him what he had experienced and done. He hadn't expected though that the dark-skinned and rather alien headmaster of Hogwarts would chide him for that, explaining: "Are you sure you had the right to lift that ancient spell from our very exotic forest? The mysterious spiders well used to keep away intruders!" Something like this did Harry also hear from Draco, who soon later heard his story: "Couldn't you have stopped the magical machinery without destroying it?" Harry could only answer, with a low and hoarse voice, that he thought he had stopped some kind of damaging and alien magic: "By this harmful spell devilish evil aliens were attracted to our beautiful planet." – "But it was a traditional, vital part of our magical force of deterrence", explained Draco, with some fear in his face. – "Any magic that attracts Dementors and other hostile aliens does harm to us, and we need to abolish it and get away from it to make our world a better one", insisted Harry. – "But what would be left of our venerable traditions if we now strictly try to reform Hogwarts by your modernist way?" – "Maybe too little", replied Harry dryly. He then explained to Draco and other teachers around that he was convinced that more positive thinking and resistance to any evil would do them all good in the long run. "We are in a crisis anyway, and reforms are inevitable. Just look at the pupils that we are attracting right now for our school. Too many of them are dark guys and rogues or dunces, whose parents found that they would have too much troubles going to a normal middle school, since they didn't learn well in a primary school and were too rough and unteachable anyway. We have so many Harry Potter fans all over the world! But their culture is a fan culture. They are like the Star Wars fans who eventually pose with plastic swords. They cheer at me and imitate me, but are not willing to devote their lives to the serious studies of magic. If we would now try to get more normal with our school, if we would better adapt to the stuff that other schools teach, ordinary maths skills and correct writing, we would surely be better reputed among the ordinary people, who are muggles after all and will always remain this." – "No way!" – "Never!" – "That would be our ruin!" – "The end of Hogwarts is near!" That was what several teachers replied to this plan. Draco Malfoy got so angry about this that the coffee cup in his hand was trembling. To Harry's surprise it was the rather plain Anna Haldane who now took his side, while explaining that she always had hoped that the wizards especially in civilised Britain would get away from rude and barbaric traditions like feuding: "Sadly our culture seems to be just a thin varnish, on creatures with a rough and unsocial nature still half-way belonging to the stone age." To this Luna L. agreed coyly. "If we should try to evolve morally, which I find that we must, we need to get away from lots of stupid and bad traditions. But the evil Dementors aren't willing at all to let this happen. They have minions. Evil wights are out there, like Lord Vader from the Star Wars saga, who are despoiled and ruthless enough to help to despoil, desecrate and destroy entire planets. Any cooperation with these devils, any tolerance will foreseeably bring us harm." Harry now heard that Luna had dared to venture back into the Hogwarts observatory and had taken over a class of astronomy and astrology. But wasn't all that still too much traditional stuff, old rubbish? He then asked her about the device that he had found installed at the barbican. "Who on earth did make such transponders that link us with extremely hostile spider aliens?" Now Dudley explained that Harry's experience of a virtual abduction by wights had been rather typical for such Greys. "I heard and read often that these Greys abducted Americans to do them harm and to inflict pain on them. One related problem seems to be that our magical machines, that can be quite helpful to us, have a tendency to attract their attention. They may use such devices like our airplanes use radio."

Later on the day, Harry just went back into this office. His older desktop computer and most of his files were gone. But the cops had left him the books on the shelves. He found that some of the old books that Guy Llewellyn had given to him still had old porn pictures inside of them. He was too scared now about them, and decided to throw them into the bin. From there he took them out again, fearing that guys like Neville or Jasper might find them there. So he put them into a pocket of his jacket. Then he went to the library to find out more about the strange whirring machine that had been installed inside of the barbican. All that he found about this, with the eager help of Jude the librarian, was one old astrological document. One forgotten wizard from the age of the civil war had written, that he had installed this machine to keep the Roundheads away from Hogwarts. He had adjusted it, after many tries, to a zodiacal constellation in the 'eights sphere' of the fixed stars. He had found it remarkable that the machine would always automatically remain adjusted to that region. It took Harry some time to identify that region with the help of the internet. It was the constellation Scorpius. He then decided that he needn't find out more about the aliens there. While he was about to leave the library, Jude had something else to inform him about: "The cops from the MoM were here too when they came to bust you. Strangely enough, they took away all our books about wand making. The ministry of magic recently declared this matter as *top secret!* And then Delphini, this ill-reputed witch, also took away some other books that interested her." – "They definitely go too far now in London!" protested Harry loudly, to make all the visitors listen and take notice. But that news reminded him of the fact that he had been the target of this raid of that special police force. He had resisted to their brazen methods, so would they soon come again to arrest him? He discussed the question with Evan, who but couldn't say much about this. With the help of Evan's phone Harry phoned up Maron Halloway, a lawyer in Mulgrave, who told him that the cops from the MoM needed a *habeas corpus warrant*, an arrest warrant to lay their hands on Harry. "So how likely is it that they will obtain such a warrant?" asked Harry. – "That depends on the judge whose duty it is", replied Maron. That made Harry think of the Engelwood brothers. He didn't know much about them, but just remembering them gave him a bad feeling in his belly.

At supper he took the Vegan salad only, since he had eaten much at breakfast. To his surprise the kitchen personnel offered him extra slices of gammon to his salad. "We bought this extra at your request", explained the manciple. "We love you Harry, always remember this!" Harry gladly took three thick slices of that pork bacon. Some of the students saw this with envy, and soon more and more asked for gammon salad too. Harry signalled his okay to the personnel, explaining that he just today narrowly escaped from his death. But the executive, a grey-haired older lady, got rather sore about this. She was a food-faddist and had in mind to educate everybody to stop eating meat. – "Life is so short and we'll die so soon, so why not live well in the meantime?" said Harry to her.

In the afternoon he was on duty with the dunces class again. As soon as he entered, Henry Roper started to grin offensively. But Harry also sensed the fear in that little brat. He hadn't thought out a really tough punishment for him. So he just asked him to write up his name at the blackboard. And when Henry wrote, what he managed well: *Henry Doper*, Harry made him again spend the rest of the hour in a corner. – "You'll do it right next time, will you?" he asked him afterwards. – "Fuck you! And I mean it! All the guys around here know that you secretly are a slut in bed", was the reply. That was of course not an acceptable answer. So Harry coolly ordered Henry Roper to change his school uniform into a training suit. A typical cold breeze was blowing across the yards and meadows, when he then took Henry with him to the spider forest. Now the ancient forest was very still, but still a bit warmer than the open landscape around. Harry now was silently carrying a quidditch broom. – "You are gonna flog me with this, will you not? I warn you! I'm gonna tell this to the cops and the press, and they'll put you into the pen." Henry tried to hide his fears with aggressivity. – "Shut up!" Harry took him into the barbican. It was wonderfully still without the spider spell. In there he switched on his torch, and led Henry down to the cellar. "Take the broom and clean up here, and put all the things back into the boxes. The mess here is partly your fault!" – "Nope!" said Henry, crossing his arms. Now Harry got loud. "Listen up you good-for-nothing! I nearly died down here, and it was due to your silly prank to lock me in. You deserve a stricter punishment than that." Harry gave him another torch, closed and latched the door and went away.

On his way back to the main tower Harry met Ron and Hermione Weasley, who had been on their usual bicycle tour around the great lake. Both weren't really glad to meet him, and Harry looked at Hermione with distrust. But he told them much about his latest adventure, and also about the trouble that Henry Roper was giving him. "I really wish that brat to the hell of the spider Greys. Look what they have done to me!" He showed them his mysterious operation scar on his belly. Ron but said: "Didn't your surgeons in Birmingham do this, as they found that a strange kind of tool had appeared inside of your stomach, a welding iron?" Now that Harry was reminded of this he remembered it too. They had thought he was crazy swallowing such tools. But he remembered that this incident had been an unwelcome apparition, happening at a time when he had teleported a lot. Nevertheless he was ashamed, like magicians always are when their spells go wrong. Ron now informed him that Draco would leave in a couple of days with Barbara to visit Durmstrang. "But he is worried, since you seem to not manage well his dunces class." – "Now don't cha worry about that", said Harry with fervour. "I got that class under control. I'll make Henry the Dunce so small that he won't dare to appear there without a large cylinder." Ron didn't laugh with him now, but said with a sorry voice: "Harry, maybe you're wasting your talent. Listen, I should be on that trip instead of Draco, investigating about their wand making. But Harry, I have grown a little old, and the magic has moved away from me a bit, sorry to admit that." – "But", said Hermione now with a cold voice: "We deem that Draco is maybe not a good choice for such a difficult mission. His reputation is strongly negative. You however are the most liked wizard that Hogwarts ever brought forth. Also you are wont to live under cover in the crazy world of the muggles." – "That is indeed true", said Harry with a smile. And soon later he agreed that he would travel instead of Draco to Durmstrang, that mysterious fortress of magic somewhere in the north of Europe. Ron seemed to be mighty glad and put his hand on Harry's shoulder: "You're our best wizard. You're our champion, our holy king. We really got to get our feeble hands at more well working magical wands. And the one guy who maybe can make them is that German Mr. Schade from Dusseldorf, who is allegedly right now in exile at Durmstrang." – "So maybe I should apply there for asylum too, just in case Delphini and the cops from the MoM would like to question me about some old porn pictures, that Guy left hidden in his books and that by chance got into my possession." Harry had tried to tell this like a joke, but Hermione said: "Few things in life really happen by chance." They then agreed that Harry should fly with Barbara to Durmstrang instead of Draco. But when Harry met Draco in the teacher's rest room, Draco all but agreed to this new plan. "Listen, Harry Potter, I know Mr. Prigosine well. He is of a difficult, roguish nature. But we both share the same passion for Wagner. We first met in Bayreuth, and I'm looking forward to soon meet him again in his domain. I know how to handle him." – "Then why don't you two jointly travel to Durmstrang with Barbara?" proposed Murny with a smile. He was drinking his special Indian tea called first flush from Darjeeling. All looked at Harry as if they expected him to object, but he just nodded.

In the early evening Harry then went again into the spider forest. It now was lying strangely silent under the golden full moon. He stepped into the barbican and down the stairway, trying to sound jolly. With an energetic move he opened up the door to the cellar. Had Henry cleaned it up, and what if he hadn't? That was what Harry had asked himself. But he hadn't foreseen what now was happening: Henry stood there with a pitchfork in his hand. When he saw Harry he growled like a beast and tried to stab him! Henry only missed his target because Harry's torchlight had blinded him. Harry cried out in terror and stepped back. Now where was his wand? He had none, and felt helpless without it. He was lucky that Henry didn't continue his attack. Instead he howled: "You scum! You jerk! It's against the law to detain me like this. I was seeing crazy spiders making me lose my senses!" – "Put that hay fork away, will you?" Henry obeyed. Harry then realized that the spiders from the sky still managed to haunt this room even without the help of a transponder. He now calmly took Henry by the hand and dragged him out of the barbican, into the forest, telling him: "Listen you forlorn brat! Did you meet those demons in the sky today? They are Dementors, they spoil our minds. That is why you can't even want to learn how to read and write properly. I am not a fiend like they are. I want to help you to develop! So let us both resist to these demons!" But Henry howled loudly: "The devils are so strong. And they make me strong with their force."

51. Tales of a Substitute King

On his ultimate day in Hogwarts, Harry felt sorry for some of the things that he had done. Instead of diligently preparing his voyage and trying to bring some order into his affairs as a proxy of the headmaster, he wasted hours with reading or walking, moody and driven by inner unrest. Feeling a bit like a student, he went to listen to the history lesson of Thomas Limiter again. Today the odd bishop fixed again two pictures on his whiteboard: that of English king Henry the second and that of Welsh king Llywelyn the first, also known as ap Iorwerth or the Great. “These two kings were surely among the greatest rulers of British history. King Henry was really an educated Frenchman from the Normandy, who could speak well Latin and several French dialects but not English. But the sources say of him that he became more of a typical British king in the ancient way than most of the others. The typical British king was in a way holy, just like our bishop Potter.” – “I’m not a saint, at least not yet”, said Harry with a smile. Thomas kept on: “In the old days of the Britons, a truly British king needed to be a wizard too. He was supposed to bring good luck to his country. That thinking was most typical for the Irish and the Welsh, who remained truly British in the old sense of the word. They were the Brits of the South and West, at a time when Celtic and Teutonic Belgians and Germanic Anglo-Saxons massively invaded the lands that we today call England. We call these Brits *Celtic types* today, the dark and small guys. Harry Potter is typical for these.” That made the students laugh a little disrespectfully. – “*The magic*”, said Thomas loudly to catch again their attention, “the magic played a key role here. Any great ancient British king needed to have the magic of prosperity. Llywelyn the first definitely had it, and that’s why his time is today regarded as the last golden age of Welsh culture. His country and its culture thrived under him. In much the same way we can judge that *the force* also was with Henry the second. His time of rule brought luck and wealth to England. He was a unique case, renowned for his personal magic. The sources say that he could heal scrofula with his hands, like it was typical for the kings of France and expected from them. Scrofula may turn up due to the widespread disease *cystic fibrosis*, or to other skin diseases, like the one called *king’s evil*. That means: In the old days you were king not because some people would crown or celebrate you. You were king as long as you had the magic! The ancient British tradition had it that the time of rule of a king ended fast, with his time of life. As it seems, recently some cops from the MoM made up their minds to end Harry’s term of rule.” Thomas now drew his magical wand and aimed it at Harry, suddenly shouting out: “*Shaddam!*” Harry and the students were shocked and some girls shrieked. But nothing happened. It was not a spell, just a bad joke with a word that meant nothing. Henry explained: “One reason why a king’s magic might fail is, that the emperor of the Holy Reich or the Roman Pope might suddenly get a grudge against him and curse him from afar. The German emperor was often regarded as the king of kings. But isn’t Jesus Christ the king of kings that the Christians believe in? The big problem of this religion is, that Jesus died in the way of a typical holy king, fast and most ingloriously. That end threatens any king. He needs the magic to succeed, yes to *survive*, but where does the magic come from? Yes Harry?” Now they all looked at him. That question took Harry by surprise. He blushed, and his voice sounded weak and hoarse now, as he justified himself: “At the very origin of my magic is my patronus. It’s the deer, all know that here.” – “It’s probably true”, said Thomas, who was new at Hogwarts. “The deer is just an ancient Celtic symbol of the saviour, the king of kings, the true god among the many false deities. But who is that really, if it can’t be dead Jesus? Any ideas?” – “Jupiter was the father god of the Romans”, said one student. That was the answer that Thomas had wanted. “By Jove, that is correct. The Bible calls him Yahweh. But recently we were all hearing that these names refer to the Great White, the white goddess of earth. She’s also the one that the Bible calls the snake of paradise. Ewa is real and mighty, but she’s not the father.” Thomas smiled and pointed again to the pictures at the whiteboard. “So the problem was, that the kings of our history were told to allege and to believe in a father god that didn’t really exist! There was nobody else but the white goddess to help them with their magic, or was there? In the sky the demons of course waited for their chances to pose as false gods. The Dementors eventually would pester kings especially hard. King Henry thought that this evil magic from above was the wrath of god! It clutched him so hard at times that he fell down to the ground of his hall biting the carpet.”

Then suddenly a student cried out: “The cops are back!” Now the lesson was over as all rushed to the windows to take a look. Only Harry stayed on his student's chair feeling mighty small. Should he steal himself to the loo to lock himself in there? Or should he try a teleportation to some better place? With a sudden weakness in his knees he stood up and went to the windows too. There he saw that some augurs and ordinary cops were leading Grace Boyce out of the main tower and into a police car. “This must have something to do with the opium drinks she composes”, supposed he to Thomas. That was a news Thomas didn't like to hear. “Grace is besotted too often”, judged he. – “But Delphini is a rogue witch”, said Harry now, who saw that Delphini was leading the action. When the cops in the cars drove away with the augurs, she alone went back to the main building. Harry now was so scared to meet her again that he nearly copped out from supper, wasting time while once again studying the paintings in the stair hall. All those wizards had had troublesome lives, and most had surely shown more courage that he was showing right now. When he finally dared to eat, he found a place at the side of Anna Haldane at the table of the house of Hufflepuff. Despite of her plain nature Anna had soon become much respected and popular. Right now a girl asked her about the quality of the Vegan diet. Anna pointed out that panda bears for instance do nearly only eat bamboo: “You can live well and even gain weight from such a vegetarian diet, in case you just eat enough of it.” – “And how much is enough?” – “Well, most pandas eat bamboo for hours and hours. A bear with a weight of 90 kilos may eat as much as 40 kilos of such food a day. That is necessary because their system of digestion is only poorly able to digest such salad.” – “And how good is ours then?” asked a boy. – “Sadly we humans aren't vegetarians by nature too. To digest well green leaves you would need several stomachs, like for instance cows have them, and be a ruminant too.” That made the students laugh and chatter, who mostly were eating sausages with mashed potatoes and cabbage. – “Then we would produce methane, which would add to the greenhouse effect”, said a girl. – “That's maybe why God wants to uproot us all. We humans are too bad for the climate anyway”, said a boy. Now the students fell strangely silent.

In the afternoon Harry was free, since Luna L. had taken over his dunces class, suddenly fed up with her new job as a telephone marketing operator. Nevertheless he went there once again, since Luna wasn't the mentally strongest of all teachers. Seeing him Henry Roper became very still and cooperative. Afterwards Harry took him once again to the barbican cellar, and commanded him to clean up there. – “Promise you won't detain me here”, said Henry. – “I promise.” He then helped Henry to bring everything back in order. After that Harry took Henry back into the main building, and there he detained him for one day and night into a detention cell, that had at least a mattress. At tea time Harry found that he could be satisfied with himself. He would most probably be gone to Durmstrang before Delphini could think out anything else against him. But he spent the rest of the light day in the spider forest, not daring now to enter the teacher's rest room. When he finally dared to return to his apartment building, he met Ginny in the dark who was smoking a cigarette. He asked her if she had any news about Delphini. She confessed that she had come to meet her a number of times: “Harry, a lot of people at Hogwarts and at the ministry were very worried about your little affair with that French girl. I was absolutely upset and worried too. That is why Albus, your good and able son, thought out all these plans to change and rearrange your history to the better. All your three kids wanted their pa back like he had previously been. We then undertook several efforts with time changing magic. As it turned out, that tricky and maybe roguish magic brought us into spiritual contacts with Delphi, like we called her. She was still an immature girl then, but she has the pure Aryan blood of old Salazar Slytherin in her arteries. Then, during our last attempt to undo your relationship with Marge, she went bonkers, so to say. She made Marge gain so much weight that you broke up with her. Delphi dragged me into these demonic spells she knew from her father Tom, and Hermione also played a part in this plot to bring you back here to Hogwarts, where you belong. I'm sorry Harry.” Harry was absolutely shocked, he was terrified. “So you three witches secretly, physically spoiled my wife Marge? And Ginevra, that is what you did with the help of an evil wench who tried to bring back *Voldemort* to life?” – “Harry it all was your fault, wasn't it? You were untrue, and anyway, you are just careless, boyish and immature by nature. You never learned to really love a woman. We naturally have a demonic side, you know?”

The night to Friday then became unexpectedly lusty for Harry. The bright light of the full moon shone like a heavenly searchlight above the dark stone buildings of Hogwarts. Alone in bed Harry hardly found any sleep, constantly stimulated by magical lusty sensations and even moves. When he then masturbated, more than once, he was hearing the cries of the women near and far. That deluge of lust out of control was now getting so strong and disturbing that it really worried him! This sexual sorcery had some of the symptoms of an addiction, that slowly but inescapably was shaping Harry into something that he wasn't willing to become: A sex god, a tool of lust maybe?

In the morning they were loading and preparing their flying boat to Durmstrang. It was the older vessel that Dudley Hawke was using right now, they called it Wade's Boat. The Russian wizards had not kept their promise to come and fetch Barbara, since the war in the Ukraine had made this mission too difficult. So now the British were sending Barbara with one of their boats, and Draco and Harry too. A technician had recently installed GPS and navigational trackers, but still Dudley was feeling very uneasy venturing on such a long trip. "They'll surely track us down with the help of the air-raid early-warning systems of the NATO", he told Draco. – "We'll magically distort and suppress their signals", assured him the latter, "and then the signals they receive will only add to their many records of UFOs." Harry joked: "We should build a spaceship to shortly ascend high into the sky and back, just like Richard Branson did with his Virgin spaceship. That would make them believe we are alien visitors they can't shoot down." The three men laughed and fell silent, since Jasper Dickens now came by with his little electrical cart. He brought some provisions and presents that they should take with them to Durmstrang, like a fitch of British breakfast bacon. Harry then was sorry that he would have to leave Hogwarts, if only for a few planned days. But he also saw the problem that things were going wrong here when it came to his sexual magic. He had no friend that he could talk to about this, or had he? In the afternoon by chance he met bishop Thomas Limiter, and soon they were talking like friends about this strange matter. Harry told him that he had already experienced situations in which his sexual magic suddenly had gotten out of control. "Some unknown girls sexually molested me in a train. It was so spontaneous and erotic, but I had the feeling that the Snakes trigger and control such incidents. Secretly they are so strong that we find their directions in life inescapable. They much want my sex." – "That is the business of a holy king", said Thomas. He was grimacing now, obviously because he tried hard not to grin. "Henry the Second must have had such problems too. Did you know that he made his peers and servants call him *holy*, and even *Christ*? Christian religion has it that there is a Jesus Christ living in the sky who is the almighty god, ha, ha. But in truth such a spirit doesn't really exist, and some people always realized this. But there is the magic of a holy king. And in the absence of a living saviour god, that magic may focus naturally onto a liked and respected ruler. The problem is that this magic follows its own rules. And one of the rules is that the holy king must die ingloriously and fast. So what if the king wants to live on, like kings always want? It is an old tradition then to choose a replacement king in his stead. That is what the great Robert Graves nicely explained in his writings, based on the works of James George Frazer and others. Today we historians judge that the killing of archbishop Thomas Beckett was a most evil deed ordered by king Henry II. His old friend had lately become his hated counterpart. But some critics point to the fact that ancient pre-Christian rites were celebrated then. Destiny seemed to want Mr Beckett to become untrue to his lord, with the consequence that he would forfeit his position, yes even his life. One source has it that the body of the martyr was skinned! But the greatest mystery of this case is, why the dead archbishop Thomas then should have gained enormous magical powers. That is what Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* are all about. A bunch of clerics and other folks travels to Canterbury, thinking that the ghost of saint Thomas Beckett would help and heal them. In those days common mortals were like addicted to wonders. That concerned especially the muggles who had never seen one." – "They still are today", said Harry. "But my problem is now that I don't have a substitute king at my side, who eventually would be willing to become a human sacrifice in my stead." They both laughed out aloud about this. But when Thomas then left him, Harry had the impression that the elderly teacher and bishop was glad that he wasn't such a close friend of his. The magic came to Harry like a burden now, and it had the by-effect to also burden all the people living around him.

52. Escape from a Witches' Sabbath

“Sabbath bloody Sabbath!” Shocking heavy metal music from afar woke up Harry in the evening. It was indeed Friday night after dark, so the Sabbath had commenced. But celebrating a Witches' Sabbath had never been the custom at Hogwarts. There the sorcerers were too aware and scared of the demons, who had the cruel tendency to disfigure the faces of witches and adorn them with warts and spots who would get too much under the ban of the cosmic waves of lust out of control. A look at the clock showed Harry that it was high time for him to join Dudley and Barbara on the flying boat to Durmstrang. He dressed and took up his bag. But on the way to the little boat haven of Hogwarts, he heard rather than saw that the students were having a party in the great hall, as it was typical for a Friday night. He took a last look at them, and realized that the disc jockey was wearing some kind of red devil's mask! As soon as he saw Harry Potter, he started to scream into his mike: “And here comes our evening star: Harry Potter superstar! Who do you think you are? The holy king he is, our new Christ!” It was Jim Dickens of course who played the music tonight with his new deejay equipment. The mood among the students was a bit sad, but as soon as they saw Harry many of them rushed towards him and emphatically greeted him: “Hurrah! Hurray for our superstar!” – “Now listen ... Hey stop it!” begged Harry. But the crowd gaily dragged him onto the dance floor. And to the pulsating beat of techno music, they all started to dance. Harry couldn't help it now, he danced with the kids. – “Witches Sabbath! It's the Witches Sabbath, let's have a pardey, let's celebrate a feast tonite!” That was what Jim rapped to the sound of the music, now playing disco music instead of vintage metal by the group Black Sabbath of Ozzy Osbourne. The girls soon grew hotter, but the boys were the ones who first started to take off their clothes. Rather soon Harry was surrounded by half-naked teenagers, who raised their hands in acclaim to his fame, pushed up by the voice of Jim Dickens: “Hurray for Harry, all hail to the holy king of Hogwarts!” That all had happened so unexpectedly and soon, that Harry wasn't able now to get away from these kids, as they started to get into a rave. They all hopped around him to the heavy, pulsating sound of the music. And when Harry got hot too, some kids readily helped him to take off his jacket and tore down his trousers. “Hey don't you dare to pants me!” he protested. But his voice sounded thin now and the loud noise of the music like sucked it up and scrambled it. He felt like in a little boat now that was wildly moved by big waves. Meanwhile some of the students had checked the pockets of his jacket, to find those old porn pictures that he had put there. Showing them around they broke out into ecstatic laughter. The kids all around were high now. Some of them undressed, waving their underwear above their heads. “At a boy now! Attaboy!” scampered Jim. He was surely just the wrong man now at the sound equipment. With his expensive trousers down to his knees Harry could hardly move now. And then a bare-bosomed girl came to him. She pressed her little breasts against his breast and kissed him. She was wearing lipstick, Harry knew that sensation from Marge. “Ow! Now leave me alone! That is indecent!” he protested, but mildly only. More girls flocked around him, they were just so sweet. Harry could not resist. He took the little dark girl that was in his arms right now and used her like a cover against the others. “Such a behaviour is all against the house rules”, he cried. But what were the rules at a Witches Sabbath? He remembered that in the old days of pagan Britain celebrations at the field fires had ended with all the people having sex in the hay. Even thinking of this was not wise now, while the throng of girls all around groped for his stiffly erected dong. “Not without a condom!” he bade them, when one of the older girls shoved his 'cover girl' away and then tried to catch his penis with her thighs. He had an x-large pack of condoms in his travel bag and more condoms in his purse just in case. Now Jim Dickens suddenly played a slow song, a hymn from the musical 'Tommy' by The Who: *See me! Feel me! Touch me! Heal me!* That dampened the hyperactive erotic mood a little. Most of the kids were more or less naked now. They stopped dancing and all raised their hands, as they soon caught up and sang the refrain. It was a mood like at a religious gathering, with Harry as the high priest or rather the god of the season. An older student, who had already a shadow of a beard around his chin, now reached him a bottle of wine. Harry saw that it was cheap Spanish red wine only, but he drank. He realized that it was a mistake to get drunk now. But he also thought that he had fallen into a trap of destiny, that had been carefully prepared for him by some of the Snakes.

Suddenly a woman with a rather rough voice shouted a spell in Latin: "*Pyrococcus furiosus!*" A flashy, colourful light flared up slowly above the crowd. Harry found that his hair became frizzy due to some kind of electric charge, or rather discharge, causing a loss of vril. The music stopped. The kids all looked upstairs. There a woman just confronted Jim the deejay, who now had to take off his devilish mask. The woman – it was Delphini Riddle the cop – took up the microphone and announced with a strangely soft voice: "It's a quarter past ten, and high time for all students to go to bed now." The kids were chuntering, but Harry was much relieved when the girls did let him go. A servile boy reached him back his tweed jacket, and a nervously giggling girl tried to hand him out his porn pictures. – "Keep them", said Harry, "or better stop and let me take care of this dirt myself." He stuffed them back in his pocket, eager now to make himself scarce. But Delphini stopped him from above: "Harry Potter, one moment please!" He had to wait until she managed to step down the rope ladder. He found that she was elegant and rather young, but maybe not well trained. Her stiff blue jacket was open now. In her shoulder holster she wore her magical wand. It made Harry realize that he had lost his own magical wand and currently was wearing a thin fake stick only. "Yes madam, what's the matter?" asked he politely. "I'm sorry, but I am absolutely in a hurry. I need to catch a flying boat to Durmstrang." – "And this was your farewell party then?" She smiled a knowing smile and Harry found it wise to smile too. While he fetched his travel bag and walked her out of the main tower, suddenly Ginevra and Hermione came by, who had been upstairs too. Hermione gave Delphini her rucksack. Ginny looked a little besotted and hollered: "Harry Potter, shame on you!" Harry knew that kind of talk, it was Ginny's usual onset to a much longer confrontation. – "Did you only come back to Hogwarts to cook my goose?" he asked her, to stop her tirade early. – "That would be my job then", said Delphini coolly. "Harry, if you're in a hurry to get into that boat, then so am I. So let's move now, move!" When Harry gave Ginevra a last glance he found that her face looked chubby and sweaty. The magic had somehow made her get unattractive. In comparison to Ginevra Delphini was a beauty, and she only had half her age. "So have you come to arrest me?" asked Harry, a bit provocatively, when Delphini accompanied him into the dark night, where clouds had obscured the full moon. – "Did you hear of the case of the child rapist Gary Glitter?" replied she with her tough voice. Harry had heard about this case. Nevertheless Delphini Riddle told him the entire story once again, with her tough style of talking: "That famous British pop singer had had sex with three schoolgirls aged 12 to 14, between 1977 and 1980. Nearly forty years later he had been convicted for statutory rape, and fined to 15 years in prison. Soon after his early release in 2023 he had been put again into prison, where he still is now. Shouldn't such news much alarm you Harry Potter?" Harry suddenly could not say a word. Fear crept from the foggy sky down into his jacket and made him shudder. – "Some other prison inmates tend to treat child molesters extremely rough", said Delphini then. – "Urgh! But I wasn't a rapist when I had sex with Marge aged twelve. You know and understand that, don't you? The trigger was the magic. Like others, Marge had lusty fantasies while rubbing their pussy. Drinking wine made me weak. It was a forcing, since the Dementors were keenly involved in this. These supernatural Snakes have the power to bend the will of us mortals and to addle our minds." – "All that may be correct, but who gives a damn? The muggles can't understand it at all who may speak their damning judgement over you. Worry, Harry! Worry that Marge will one sad day step before a British court to accuse you of having raped her! You'll maybe spend the rest of your life behind bars, considering all the other cases. Tell me, what did you do in that train to London recently?" Harry was so worried that he could hardly speak. – "There were these fans of mine who suddenly got lusty. I didn't know them, but I knew the magic. It was like an eruption of desire that I could not control, and neither could they! They like molested me as a group. You know, sometimes fans of sexy entertainers can get into such a frenzy. Some throw their underwear onto the stage! And if they can't get him, the lust from above forces them to eventually do the act with another teenager. Really, if I would worry that Marge would now file a lawsuit against me, that would maybe make me start to try and kill her." To that confession Delphini reacted with a rough laughter. "That is one reason why Ginny and some other witches are cursing Marge. She will die soon, hopefully." – "But that would be murder." – "In the mad world of the muggles it's just harmless superstition."

A murder of crows had gathered in the spider forest for the night, when they passed it to reach the little boat harbour on the Great Lake. "They all flock here to avoid the night hunters", explained Harry to Delphini. She followed him onto the footbridge, where Dudley, Barbara and Draco were already waiting in the dimly lit vessel. Harry expected her to say goodbye now, but to his surprise Delphini also entered the boat. – "At last Harry!" said Draco with a sharp, chiding voice. "Or will Delphi change her mind in the last moment and arrest our idol on charges of sexual misconduct?" – "We already discussed this. Harry showed great understanding of course, and therefore I think we should forgive him." Draco laughed shortly. "You must be joking officer Riddle!" But Dudley was not amused, and asked Delphini: "Aren't you a suspect of murder with a retrial pending?" – "That's none of your business", barked Delphini, suddenly with a shockingly hateful tone. "In fact I am a passenger too now on your journey to Durmstrang. The MoM wants me to investigate into some affairs there." Dudley did not trust his ears, his face showed this. Barbara was worried too, but visibly too tired now to say much. She just put her hand on Dudley's saying: "I foresaw this, with the help of a nestle." That made Dudley agree. Delphini wheezed with relief when she could sit down in the small cabin next to Harry. When their legs touched, he realized that he liked her.

Dudley switched off the white light on the mast's top and started the engines. It took the 'Veland memorial minute' until they reached their regular speed, driven by the batteries. Dudley listened carefully to any audible signs of malfunction, but there weren't any. Then the high-pitched tones of the engines told that they were ready for action. The flying boat, that had been gently bobbing in the waves, now stabilized. With the engines active and charging the batteries, the position and cabin lights went on. But Dudley switched them off again. He was hoping that the foggy weather would help the boat to remain undetected by the coast guard and naval radar stations while flying low without a tracker. "I recently gave the hull a special radar camouflage coating", explained he. "But we can occasionally also switch on the TPX identifiers, to show to air traffic control that we are no UFO but a magical flying sailboat. That is what our stealth bombers may do too when they are on a mission. If the guys from air traffic control ask too many questions they just switch them off again and leave the official air traffic highways, and radar will soon loose track." Harry didn't really listen to the technical explanations of Dudley, who held an American sport pilot certificate and a Boatmaster license too. He just felt glad and relieved when the boat started to lift off from the surface, to hover smoothly up into the air about a dozen meters. When the boat then sped up, cold wind soon blew into the cabin, until Barbara and Dudley closed the door and the hatches. In the cabin now suddenly a white sheet of paper appeared, that magically fluttered into the hands of Delphini! "Huh! Who the devil did that?" cried she, with her hands and body trembling. – "Good guess. It's just another Jim Dickens letter", said Harry, who snatched the paper. In the light of his torch he saw that it had the usual tarot card reprint on it. It was the disliked trump 13, the Death. In the design of Aleister Crowley death was a coal-black skeleton with a kind-of pharaoh's crown. Underneath Jim Dickens had written, this time in his boyish writing: *Bon voyage to his reich lady cop killer*. When Delphini saw this she got a little mad with anger. "I'll make you eat your balls!" she cursed. The men laughed dryly. Harry then said, still chuckling: "James Dickens constantly goes too far not even at home. Draco, one day soon you need to teach your clerk a nasty lesson in good manners." – "Actually I thought about this more than once", replied Draco. "But some fear the devilish magic that fires up Jimbo. Evil always needs to find a way to expose." Getting calm again, Delphini now said: "It's his revenge for what I just did. I terminated his disco party where he appeared at the masked devil." – "He is really bad company for the kids", murmured Barbara. They then all stared a while into the night outside, suddenly clutched by bad mood and worries, until Draco started to explain his views: "Of course the devil doesn't really exist. It's an invented deity only, like the grim reaper on many medieval paintings. But lately I realized that such a guy is just what the Dementors try to find here. They try to create a devil by way of their evil creative magic. It's because of the name that this magic befalls my James Dickens, tempting him to pose as the devil." – "What's wrong with that name?" asked Delphini. Now Barbara dared to explain: "Some say that in Parseltongue, if that mythical language then really exists, the name James has a special meaning. When the local snakes of Ga speak of a *James* they mean in translation a devil."

53. Let down by the Fairy Queen

In that night Dudley was flying to the Irish sea and then northwards. The wind was growing cold. With the heating on the windows soon became steamed. The narrow benches of the flying boat were uncomfortable. They sat down with blankets on the floor. It was rather inescapable that they all moved together, with Harry taking Delphini into his arms. She warned him: “Don't you dare now to get meddlesome.” But she was tired and soon fell asleep, she snored rather loudly. When Harry yawned, Draco warned him and Barbara: “Better let's keep on talking. We should not let Dudley alone fly this boat now. He needs our mental support while we are awake.” Harry realized that Dudley was constantly murmuring spells now to keep the boat stable and going. So he asked Dudley: “What do you conjure now, fair weather?” Dudley laughed a little and explained that he was saying little British prayers to the mythical Fairy Queen, like: “We're as happy as we're fair; when your guiding force is there, helpful magic fills the air and all the places of your care”. – “I know that prayer too”, murmured Barbara tiredly. “But I always wondered what fairy tale queen might listen to it.” Draco now explained that he had heard that this song was dedicated to a prissy goddess that was hiding in the mythical underworld fortress of Agarthi: “But who of all wizards of the world was ever there to check if this tale was true?” His silvery blond locks were shining in the moonlight. The colour reminded Harry of the platinum blond tone that Ginny lately preferred. His hair made Draco look as if he were a homo superior, one of the legendary supermen from that Aryan-Tibetan stronghold shrouded in legends. It was an idea that Harry disliked, since his hair was nearly black and scrubby. But wasn't he the stronger magician than Draco? Dudley now said with a humorous tone: “I know another prayer from Agarthi. I heard this from Phil, a backpacker who spent some time in a Tibetan monastery in Bhutan, being rather broke and sickly. There he used to constantly pray: “Oh money put me home!” That indeed helped him, since miraculously his aunt sent him some traveller checks. But Phil later suspected that the demons helped him out that the Tibetans were worshipping too. He said that the term *whoreshipping* was more adequate, regarding the practises that some of the meditating monks were using. For these guys mediation was like getting lusty, fantasizing of randy demons all the time with warm feelings in the stove. They could effectively heat up their arms and legs a lot in that cold cloister at the mountainside, but warmest of all became the imagined pussy that some seemed to possess, those pansies.” They laughed now, but that story made Harry think again about the troublesome question: Where did his exceptionally strong magic really come from? Of course it had a sexual component too. The warm strong woman in his arms made him get excited. He always had loved dominating women. When they fell silent again, Barbara now started to tell a tale about some monks from Germany: “Once upon a time, there were guys in Germany who had learned wizardry by way of the Indian and far-eastern yogi traditions. They could fly by this way! That was at least what they claimed. They were sitting on their prayer mat and meditating, and then they would lift off and hover a bit. They were so convinced and overwhelmed by this magic that they decided to start their political party called the Yogi Flyers. They wanted to win not only votes but the attention of the media and disciples. But soon later they met the sceptics, intellectuals mainly who challenged these wizards. They were challenged to demonstrate their magical abilities before a large crowd in a sports hall. Well then, one of these Yogi Flyers sat down there on his fancy mat with all eyes and cameras on him. He meditated! He concentrated really hard! But then he had to give up, since his magic had all failed him. So honestly, isn't that the single worst problem that we all have with the muggles? In German we call it the *Vorführeffekt*. The demonstration effect also may happen with technical apparatuses. You tested them, they work well, but they might still fail just when you are about to demonstrate them before sceptical people. And guys, be honest: Isn't that the main reason why we magical folks have to keep in hiding, and often must refrain from working miracles in front of the muggles?” – “Yeah, yeah!” murmured Delphini, who had just woken up again. Draco reluctantly nodded too. Now Harry said: “But guys, just that is why we whiz kids from Hogwarts depend so much on the magic of the hogs: The magical wands, the flying boats. These technical instruments work reliably even before the disbelieving eyes of lots of muggles. The Fairy Queen may really exist, but she seems to have a naughty tendency to let wizards down just at the wrong moment.”

Draco disliked this talk. He took out a book and started to read, in the light of a tiny little lamp that he fixed to his ear. When the others fell silent and were getting tired he spoke up again, with his voice that sounded a little too sharp to be pleasant: "To not let Dudley do his difficult job of flying all alone, I shall read you now a corking fairy tale from times of yore. That'll surely keep us awake. It comes from the book that I just study. Ye'all surely know it, it's the Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer. Yes, constable Riddle?" Delphini complained that she was very tired and would rather doze if not sleep. But Draco warned her that dozing in a magically flying vessel was even more dangerous than sleeping: "Dozing will surely create erratic visions, who are likely to distract the pilot even more and attract the attention of the Dementors. They feed on our dreams!" – "Yes poppa", replied Delphini with a less than gracious tone. But Dudley now said gladly, from his place behind the steering wheel: "From that book I remember a story of the cook. He was so besotted that he could hardly keep in his saddle while riding. It maybe saved his neck that these jolly pilgrims just told another story that kept him awake." – "And aren't we all pilgrims now who are bound for to meet a holy man, that ultimate wand maker of the world?" said Barbara. – "Just that is what my story is all about. It is called 'Sir Topaz', and it tells of a knight of excellent race."

Sir Topaz was definitely excellent. Because of his shimmering golden hair they called him topaz, after that golden semi-precious stone. He was an excellent hunter, and often rode to the woods in search of good game. At the same time many a maiden longed for to love him, driven wild by her desires in her bower. But obviously Sir Topaz was in no mood for to listen much to the rabbiting of the womenfolk. He was from Flanders and was wearing the rich garments once fabricated in that country: shining boots of leather, tight trousers and a cool silken gown. His weapon was the heavy lance of the knights, and he also wore a longbow and a sharp long broadsword. So it was advisable to not interfere with him in any unpleasant way. He liked to dwell in nature especially in hot summertime. He would find herbs there like licorice and ginger, and singing birds like the sparrowhawk and the amiable parrot, and of course the omnipresent blackbirds and wood-doves. But all this could not lighten his spirits and console him. Like he was wont he prayed to Saint Mary and asked for the blessing of heaven above, asking her why he was so distressed by the feeling of love? In his dreams, all night long he had fallen, like down from his proud grey steed into a sticky swamp, fallen for the love of a Fairy Queen! It was that strange binding, fettering love that made him pursue now the elfish queen. So he rode and rode until he found the passage to Fairyland, so wild and unknown to man. He saw some people there, but the strangest thing in that strange land was that the fairies did never show their faces to him, not even the women or the children. Then suddenly Sir Topaz met a burly giant called Sir Elephant. Like it was common among knights, Sir Elephant kept watch over a place, holding and defending it against all other knights. That was the place where the Fairy Queene did like to dwell, with dames and courtiers playing flutes, the hurdy-gurdy and the tambourine. Since Sir Topaz wasn't clad in his armour, he could not challenge the giant at once. Sir Topaz promised to come back for a joust the other day, and only narrowly escaped when the crafty giant hurled stones at him with a slingshot. And would you believe that the giant had three heads on his shoulders? Sir Topaz then made his men, knaves and maids dress him up in the finest armour. He took up his mighty shield fabricated from red gold, with the head of a boar on it. Meanwhile his servants fed him with wine and delicate sugary bread, and then with beer, and all his minstrels would praise his courage and his valour. It was over beer and bread that he then swore to shorten the giant, one head's length shorter in short time. His helmet was of brass, and the saddle he now rode on was made of whalebone. Sir Topaz now rode out again to find Fairyland once more. And that was it, since now the story ends.

They laughed with surprise when Draco abruptly ended his story. Harry vaguely remembered the weird tale that Chaucer had left unfinished. It was Barbara then who spoke first: "I guess that this Sir Elephant must be a symbol of the Christian devil. Dante wrote of him that he has three heads. Dwelling in the underworldly hell he chewed the three worst enemies of Rome: Jesus, Brutus and Cassius." – "It was Judas not Jesus", corrected Draco her. Harry agreed: "Yes, did you know that Judas and not Jesus was regarded as the creator of Earth, at least by the Bulgarian heretics called Buggers? Thomas told me that." Draco agreed: "That belief may indeed have influenced Dante."

When they had stopped joking about bad old-time religions, Draco told them: “To me this story sounds as if Sir Topaz had developed some sympathies for alien suckers. He was praying to Saint Mary all the time, imagining her as a spirit in heaven above. But who is really living up in space? Some celestial fairies may have been attracted by this love of a gentleman. When Sir Topaz then rested on a meadow, like an old faun dreaming of erotic fairies, he may have visited some of their alien planets. That explains why in Fairyland Sir Topaz could not see the faces of anyone. These guys were aliens!” That idea surprised them. Draco speculated: “Imagine Sir Topaz would have won the combat against the elephant man. Then he maybe would have won the hand of the fairy queen of that planet. But imagine it was on one of the planets of the Hogs! After the wedding, Sir Topaz takes off the veil from her face to firstly kiss her, to find that she has a Miss Piggy snout!” They laughed again. But then Delphini said in a gloomy tone: “Surely the true ending of this tale was bitter. Sir Topaz rode back to fairyland to meet the elephant man, but he lost the fight and got himself slain. The giant had three heads after all and maybe six arms, like an Indian Hindu god.” Dudley but said: “I don't subscribe to Draco's idea that the Fairy Queen is alien. I think it's rather a representation of the Earth Goddess.” – “So then Sir Elephant may represent her champion, the true saviour”, said Barbara, whose interest in this story now awakened again. Draco said: “Surely there's something to it. From that point of view the Christian devil is undistinguishable from the Christian god, who in that story is some kind of Siamese triplet of three men: The father, the son and the holy ghost. In theory they created this world as their hell, where they could torture sinners and any disliked people, infidels and opponents perennially.” Dudley didn't like that talk. “I don't think that this interpretation well explains Sir Elephant. He is a brave defender of his fairy queen and her dwelling ground after all, a valiant knight hard to overcome. We should be sure that he would vanquish Sir Topaz, in case they would meet again for a knightly battle, a joust.” – “But isn't the slingshot a less than honourable arms?” – “This is because stones are the weapons of the evil spirits in the sky”, said Draco. “The Bible says that they will destroy Earth with asteroids in the end, at the behest of Jesus.” – “Jesus was a Voldemort, a lord of the evil demons“, murmured Delphini. “He menaced them to not tell that to the Jews.” They fell silent for long moments. Then Draco started talking again: “Anyway, the lifting of the veil for the kiss of truth at the wedding, that was my end of Chaucer's unfinished tale. Now let me put you to the test. Everybody now, can you think out a better final chapter of that old tale? I'll grant a bottle of my beer to the winner as a reward.” That offer made them think for some time. Then Harry was quickest with his conclusion of the tale: “To me it's obvious that Sir Elephant is the born winner of the match. The true Fairy Queen is just not for Sir Topaz, as fine as he may be. I guess that Sir Elephant will just use his magic wand to decide the combat. And then his bride, the Fairy Queen, will let Sir Topaz fall in love with a samba girl, a wild wench with terrifying tits and a nose as beautiful as a brown pear.” Since nobody else wanted to comment on this, Draco now declared Harry the winner of his little contest, and reached him a warm plastic bottle of Perlenbacher. When Harry opened it right away a little fountain of the warm beer fizzed out like a geyser in Iceland, over the coat of Delphini. “Damn it you fool”, she cursed and gave him a fisticuff. – “That was for your sins”, said Draco, grinning sardonically. Harry drank and then reached her the bottle, and reluctantly she drank too. Barbara then said: “Definitely this Sir Elephant of the tale reminds of the wand maker Ollivander and his family and team.” Dudley agreed: “We magical folks from Earth always regarded magical wands as technologies that already exist on at least some of the near planets of the Hogs. But in truth all the gods of the universe must know about this of course.” – “And all the demons too of course”, said Barbara. “They just are not willing to proliferate this technology to all creatures in space.” And Harry crowed, enjoying his bear: “Sure! Only we magical folks are worthy to wield magical wands.” – “Worthy yes, do you feel worthy tonight?” said Delphini with a spiteful voice. Harry started to hate her a little, but then again he hesitantly saw the reason in what she had said. Suddenly the flying boat started to wobble. “Ouch!” said Dudley with a pressed voice. He steered the vessel down, and unexpectedly they touched down on the waves. “No problem. The sea here is rather calm”, explained he, moving his fingers and massaging his neck. His passengers used the opportunity for a toilet break. Harry stared up into the sky. The stars seemed to silently hate him.

54. Spook in Europe and America

When they were back in the air with their flying boat, Draco started to report them of his visit in Bayreuth in Bavaria, where he had visited the opera Parsifal by Richard Wagner. He had bought his augmented reality glasses for that occasion. With the help of these modern looking glasses the large stage and the theatre filled with all kinds of magical images: “It reminded me of the bizarre world of Alice in Wonderland”, explained Draco. “The holy lance plays a key role in this drama. It is a weapon, maybe the ultimate weapon for the destruction of earth. Once it even came flying directly towards me. Bang, you're dead! But only the few people who had such goggles could see it. Later Parsifal, the hero and messiah of the opera, used the lance to heal a wound. But the really helpful magic was that of the grail. The legend of the grail and the knights of the round table is so vital for our British spiritual culture! The legend has it that the grail is a chalice with the blood of god in it. For the Christian muggles their god was Jesus, so they misinterpreted the entire legend. But lately most had to learn too that Jesus is just dead. So who's God then, since God definitely is alive? The opera shows us Parsifal as the feeble human saviour. But the much more powerful god is not there, or is he? The grail with it's divine content is obviously a likeness of that hidden god. Parsifal is just a tumbling fool, witches try to seduce him. A hostile wizard throws the holy lance at him. But suddenly Parsifal masters the potentially destructive magic of the lance! He like turns it around, against the sparkling comets that always seemed to threaten to destroy us mortals from above. But more powerful and important gets now the magic of the grail. That is where the really good magic comes from, the magic divine that does not destroy first to maybe heal again, but the magic that grants people eternal health. The final scene of the opera has it that the remaining two knights of the round table crown Parsifal as the new king of the grail. He then unveiled the grail. He shewed it to the world, so that all people on earth may benefit from it, the few who are worthy and privy to God's secrets. Then, the host of the people was already dead maybe. The holy lance had killed them in the meantime. Seeing the grail is believing, and believing is vital for it's spell! Really, when I saw that opera for five long hours, on that rather uncomfortable seat wearing these heavy goggles, I felt like an aged knight of the grail too. Just by seeing the grail in the end I felt lightened of the burden of my sins.” Draco still sat on the uncomfortable bench. Lately he seemed to get a little tired. He took out a sandwich and opened up a bottle of his favourite beer. Delphini now asked Harry: “Harry Potter, do you think that you could master the lance? And do you think that you might do well as our Parsifal?” Harry was tired and surprised by this question. He shook his head vividly. “I'm just pottering with my magical wand, if they leave me one. Maybe me and Draco, we are like the two old peers of that saga. The he-man, who eventually finds the grail and can unveil it must be of a different stance.” Draco sighed, and thus showed a rare sign of emotion. Harry drank a Coke that Dudley had stored in the board fridge, but it too was still warm. Barbara took out her tarot cards, proposing that they should play. By the way she also unfolded her plastic cards and some photos, showing one of it around. It was the impressive bronze statue of a young naked man. She explained: “This great statue from the Athens museum shows Paris, the Parsifal of ancient Greek sagas. His hand is now empty, but they say that he once held a golden apple in it. The Goddess of Love gave it to him for to win most beautiful Helena. These two may remind us of Adam and Eve. In a way these two symbolize the saviour in paradise and his saviouress. I always deplored it that neither German nor English even have a word for the goddess incarnate. I bet the same is true for Hebrew, the language of the Bible. In this man's world goddesses are just too poorly respected.” – “Yeah! Sure”, said Dudley, and Delphini agreed too. Harry burped out aloud. Draco said: “That is but not true for us magical folks. The Wicca folks always jointly pray to the god and the goddess.” Harry asked: “But who are they really? Methinks that the gods aren't really fond of the Jews. They didn't appear to them in a human likeness but told them: Don't you make pictures of us.” Delphini now told them a story from her travels in Greece: “When I visited those museums in Athens, a painting of offerers most impressed me. When they were offering a sheep, the pagans all were wearing golden laurel wreaths. That looked as if those naturally black-haired Greeks were blond. Maybe they thought that gods prefer blonds.” Draco now seemed to be pleased with this idea, and said: “In Christian churches the angels are also nearly always blond.”

Barbara then proposed that they should play tarot. She saw the need to shortly explain the rules. Seeing through her common Ryder-Waite deck, she took out the three trumps that were called the Trull cards: The Fool, the Magician and the World. "Only these three Trulls are worth five points by the common rules", she softly explained. "Kings also bring in five points, queens four" – "... which is typically unfair, isn't it?" interrupted Delphini. Barbara only nodded, and continued to explain that knights were worth three points and jacks two. "All other cards are only worth one point, including the trumps." – "Isn't that strange? Why is this so?" asked Harry now. Barbara admitted that she didn't know that. But then Dudley said, from his cockpit seat: "I think that's due to the notion that the Trull cards are supposed to symbolize troll powers, like they say in Iceland." Harry looked at the three Trull cards again, and said with a ponderous tone: "I would agree when it comes to the Magician here. But why should the Fool, Mr. Nil, be regarded as a mighty wizard too?" – "Why are you such a great wizard, Harry? Those questions are inseparable", joked Draco. But before Harry could feel annoyed Barbara quietly explained: "I think tarot game players value the Trull cards so highly, because they represent the tripartite pagan god: The Father, the Mother and the Holy Spirit. The Fool card stands for the wishes and the imagination of all the people of the world. But since most are muggles, they are deluded and foolish and can't even realize that." Harry failed to listen to Barbara. He studied the trump XXI called The World, that showed a nude woman with ideal body measures. When Draco noticed that, he grinned and said: "Mother Nature of course has the strongest magic. But you like her for other reasons, don't you Harry?" Delphini now said coolly: "Harry, you like nude shots in general, true?" She rudely reached into the pocket of his jacket, took out some of Guy's old porn photos and showed them around. Barbara giggled, but Harry got ashamed and wrathful at the same time. Now Draco asked him with a sudden strict inquisitive tone: "Tell us Harry, is it true what your aide Evan Wells recently whispered to Jasper Dickens: that you secretly masturbated at your office desk?" The women giggled. Harry saw the need to lie and deny that, but found that he could not. He then explained to them with a sad voice: "It came over me, you know? Once I was in Montbelier in France for a language course. We only had internet access there at the language school. And there I met a Russian guy who liked to surf American porn websites rather than learning French. Well, what we both did there was having a lusty time, you know? That was when I found out that such erotic pastime can be more thrilling and lusty while under threat of being found out. It's a demonic aspect of sexual magic." Dudley said: "Barbara, maybe we should add the Devil, trump 13, to the Tarot cards that are called Trulls and bring in five points." But Barbara wasn't fond of this idea at all, and just murmured: "Better let's play now instead of talking sleazy nonsense. Really, sometimes I hate American un-culture." – "For you Germans that's rather inescapable, ain't it?" asked Dudley, with a suddenly cold voice. Barbara seemed to shrink. Instead of a sharp answer she took out again her photo collection, and showed them another picture. It was the well known Minoan snake goddess. A woman with bare breasts and a voluminous floor-length dress held up two snakes. – "All magic has it's origin in the snakes", said Delphini when she saw this. Barbara seemed to doubt that and explained: "I always wondered about these topless but heavy dresses that the ancient Cretan ladies preferred. But lately I got the notion that they wanted to look like mermaids. That is why they were wearing these big wool skirts in hot Crete." But Delphini disagreed. "Once I thought: The main problem of ancient Crete was overpopulation! These dresses maybe helped. Such a gown will surely make a sudden quickie with a lover more difficult." Now they all laughed. Barbara seemed to have lost some of her charisma, and then the card game could begin. Harry didn't like it much and didn't have luck. It was 04:00 AM when Dudley suddenly started to get weak again. For moments the flying boat lost it's steadiness. Harry took the opportunity to quit the game, and he went to Dudley to maybe cheer him up. Dudley looked depressed and tired. He cursed: "Those damned devilish snakes! All the time they try to distract me; and if my thoughts wander away, to my old mama like often, they try to tune into the engines and disturb their movements." – "I could replace you, if you'd show me again how to fly such a vessel. I already managed to fly a car, twenty years ago", said Harry. But Draco warned: "Better stop that, Harry Potter! Remember that they used to say that you are mentally too weak for this, because of your unstable genes, that are due to your muggle blood."

Soon later Dudley turned the boat with its back into the wind and landed it on open water. The others paused the game for an early breakfast: sugary porridge with UHT milk and fried potatoes with sausages. But Harry wasn't in the mood for food now. As soon as Wade's Boat had started to vogue wildly on the waves, he had contracted a grim feeling in his stomach and the right backside of his body. He only ate a few slices of potatoes. Then his hands seemed to actually force him to clean his food bowl overboard. When he looked down into the green-grey sea in the light of his torch he noticed shimmering fishes! He told that news to the others. Draco came and stared into the sea. He soon reached for his wand and used the tractor ray function barking: "*exploratus sit!*" Instantly three thin glassy fishes rose up from the waves and hovered unto him. Draco grinned as he showed them around. – "Elvers", said Dudley with the voice of a connoisseur. He explained to Barbara and the others, that these glass eels were travelling during three years from the Sargasso sea, where they were born, to Europe and North America. Right then the spell of Draco started to get soft and dispersed. The floundering, dripping little eels fell to the cabin floor. Draco laughed his grim laughter. – "Bah! You spoil my appetite. Put them away or I'll make you eat them", said Delphini with a kinky voice. But they all now had to help Draco to catch the slippery fishes and throw them overboard. While they were upset Dudley told them what he knew about the eels: "It is a great mystery of creation why eels travel from their home rivers in Europe and America such a long way to the faraway Sargasso sea east of Florida, to reproduce there." – "They find foreign partners there to refresh the gene pool", supposed Barbara. Dudley but said: "Naturally we would think that. But the problem seems to be that European and American eels can't easily mate, since they are of two different races, or rather species." – "So there are Caucasian and Native Redskin eels", stated Draco. "How can you tell them apart?" Dudley didn't know that. Harry remembered the case of the Balmoral spook now, that he was still busy investigating. But the case was solved! So what should he do now regarding the culprit, James Dickens? He asked Draco and the others: "Shouldn't we Hogwarts guys think out something to crop the evil arrogance of your house clerk? When I think of a punishment, the idea disturbs me that maybe your Jim was right scaring away this Wall Street locust Dimon Leigh. Surely super-rich and greedy Americans really shouldn't get financially involved in Britain to such an extent, as to brazenly buy up our national heritage and later maybe let our royals rent it for profit." To his surprise Draco smiled at him, and said: "Sure! You're absolutely right Harry. That is why I said that I like *this James*. So can it be that you come to your senses lately in your life? For believers into the magic of the blood that would be another unexplainable miracle." – "All miracles are more or unexplainable in the end", supposed Barbara.

Soon later Dudley flew his boat into the air again. They had asked him to maybe take a short nap, but he was determined to stay awake until they would reach Iceland, his destination for the night. "I need to refuel first before I dare to sleep. I fear that otherwise sleep will spoil my concentration and luck", he explained now to Barbara and the others. Draco seemed to understand that, Harry wasn't sure about it. Barbara took out her notebook and wrote up a few lines. Then she sought out a page about magical phenomena and started to talk about them: "At Hogwarts you all so strictly follow your house theory, that the ordinary muggles are too dumb and blind to perceive miracles. But there are so many reports about phenomena of the unexplainable in the papers and the media. In decades past some such cases were widely discussed. The problem with these seems to be that these phenomena are so scary! For instance, there was the case of the four girls from Enfield. In the Seventies they were seriously troubled, obscenely reviled and molested by poltergeists. They were levitating in the air, or they were drawn out of their beds onto the floor. These ghosts also caused serious troubles in their house. They burned papers and clothes, and threw around large pieces of furniture. The news drew lots of clerics, reporters and would-be experts to their house, but none of them had a clue what that was." Now Draco said: "Such poltergeist phenomena were, or maybe still are, typical for freshly matured girls. Their sex drive plays a major role here. We Malfoys use to believe that such girls should not fornicate. That's what we eventually tell them." – "You mean they have cursed blood?" asked Dudley. Draco didn't answer. But Barbara now told them a mysterious detail: "Poltergeist phenomena seem to hardly ever hurt people in Britain. But it's worse in the USA. There people often get hurt. Apparently bad magic is stronger in the USA."

55. Of Iceland and the Elves

Soon later they reached Iceland. It was still dark, and suddenly icy wind was blowing against the windows. Dudley had to fly slow now to avoid the rocks that were typical for this wild landscape. But by using GPS he navigated the boat safely to their destination of the day: a lonely homestead of a sheep farmer situated on grassy cliffs. “Old friends who are of us magical folks live here”, he told his passengers, visibly relieved that the night flight was about to end. The wife of the farmer already awaited them, waving with an oil lamp. Dudley had already lowered the mast. Now he manoeuvred the boat into a hay barn, letting it drop down on a dirt bed. His hands were trembling when he climbed outside. – “Hello you friends from Hogwarts! You're welcome”, said the farmer lady. She led them into the living room, that was decorated with lots of rural and bizarre magical artwork. Wall carpets showed Vikings or gods maybe with helmets and long beards. There were also flying Valkyries, geese, ravens and funny dragons on them, and sheep and wolves of course. Beautiful Valkyries were also hanging down from the ceiling on twines. Wearing nightgowns or shining armour and silver chalices they seemed to be ready to welcome tired warriors in Valhalla. Right now the two small daughters of the house entered the front room, bringing in fresh brewed coffee and tea and breakfast dishes. They took wheat bread, butter, several marmalades and fruit juices. The farmer shortly showed up and left again. Dudley gave the hostess his guest presents: Cheddar cheese and a pack of Newcastle Brown Ale. “Be cautious with that stuff”, warned Draco the landlady, who was still young but had a knobby face. “In days not long gone that brown ale used to produce so many drunkards in Newcastle that they needed an own detoxification centre for it.” – “That's why I prefer French wine”, said Harry, feeling proud like a snob. – “So how is the magic in Hogwarts lately?” asked the landlady when they had been seated. Vagdis then heard the news about the strange shortage of magical wands. – “That's why we're flying to Russia now”, explained Barbara. The girls meanwhile secretly looked at Harry Potter all the time. Then one of them dared to ask: “Can you teach me how to fly with a broom? I wanna be a witch too.” – “That is sadly not so easy, young lady”, replied Harry. “But we welcome foreign students in Hogwarts of course. Why don't you write your letter of application right now? Then I can take it with me.” – “Oops, not so fast young man”, said Vagdis. She then recounted old news of the wizarding wars at Hogwarts that were worrying her. “And then there are all those other dangerous aspects of your style of magic!” Dudley assured her that things had gotten better at Hogwarts over the years. “A new program from the ministry in London introduced physical training sessions and fitness runs for the teachers too. That is supposed to make our castle a more peaceful place.” – “For much the same reason the Engelwoods are secretly making scarce the magical wands”, murmured Delphini. Harry looked at her with surprise, but she didn't unravel more about this affair. They then talked a lot about the current season in Hogwarts, and Harry found that he maybe drank too much tea and coffee instead of orange juice. Talking about the problem child Henry Roper, Harry said: “Many of us really fail to understand why such bad boys can't behave in a better way. He is intelligent and tough, so he should know well that learning to read well will help him a lot in his life. But for some reason he seems to reject us teachers so much that he fights a constant small war against us, instead of trying to profit from our knowledge.” Draco said, with a bitter face: “That is what the magic of the Dementors is all about. Those cosmic evil aliens make people enjoy if they get silly instead of wise.” They all had to agree to this. – “I think that often deeply rooted anxieties of the mother are troubling such kids. But the mothers are off limits for the teachers”, said Barbara now. Draco knew more about the situation at the Ministry of Magic: “The main problem in London is the strong pressure that the muggles and leftist atheists, the old time expert teachers are exerting upon us. They know of no magic, and that is what they want to teach to all kids in Britain and the Commonwealth. Since we traditionally cross their ways they try to sabotage our school. That may have been one of the main reasons for the bitter wizarding wars. It's an old ideological conflict. In theory the Ministry of Education deems that our methods and teachings are just worth excrement. They never understand why they couldn't terminate Hogwarts ages ago. Right now they officially classify Hogwarts as a school for children with special needs! The unteachables, that is what we get! That is what they eventually send us, the dorks who are too bad for normal middle schools.”

Dudley then rented a four-wheel driven ORV, the off-roader of the farm, to transfer them to one of the many hot springs of Iceland. They were tired, but Dudley was convinced that he needed to “refuel” first before he could dare to sleep, after such a long voyage with a magical flying vessel.

On the road they talked some more about British school politics. Draco explained: “In the days of dumb Dumbledore we used to keep our school as secret as possible, when it came to the political authorities in London town. It was always possible then to pretend that we didn't exist. We turned their heads away before they could see us. But in the wake of the last wizarding war, the mood in Hogwarts grew definitely more humble. The Blair government then gave us the chance to better earn money, with the introduction of the program Sure Start. That was a program to fund students from disadvantages families. That was when we started to tell about Hogwarts, not as a school for privileged young wizards, but for children who just were to weird and wild for an ordinary school education. Some older teachers of that era presented Harry Potter then as a classical example for a boy with a terrible childhood who managed to find a place in life with the help of our institution.” They all laughed about that, but Harry didn't find this old story amusing. “My foster parents used to slap me on the head only because they were in a bad mood”, he told them. “Once I told that to a primary school teacher. She said that such things are typical for families with a low income and level of education. These would mainly discipline and punish their kids. But I find lately that the big problem is, that the muggles reject and fear magic in general.” – “That is no wonder”, agreed Dudley vividly. “The Bible says that thou shalt not let witches live. Diverse prophets uprooted all wizard in the legendary land of the Jews.” – “That can't chance while most established experts of the muggles keep to the lore that miracles can't exist”, said Barbara. “That is okay for most of the adults dumbbells, who trod through life like cart horses with blinds at the sides of their heads. But while many children naturally perceive and instinctively understand magic, muggle parents often deform them with their silly education.” Barbara got nervous now: “And not a few Christians are plainly sadists who are just deformed by their culture of torture in the name of religion. The Bible says that it's love if you punish your kids! That is why some fanatical Christians regularly punish their children, even if these did nothing wrong. Evil is so strong inside of these Bible badgers that they get sick if they didn't inflict pains on their kids! Their demons press them to behave devilish. They don't like demons of course, but while they pray to the sky Dementors get a grip on them.” Harry now told Barbara, nearly shouting because of the noise of the car and also because he was so excited: “I don't believe much in punishing. That's why I became a modernist lately in my life. I was so clutched and overwhelmed especially by the sexual magic of the juvenile girls that I was confronting in Hogwarts. Some come in so strong with their first lust because the Snakes seem to tease them. These amplify their wild emotions, that erupt in girls while they start to mature. Such central aspects of the magic seem to even escape from the attention of most leading witches and sorcerers. Hogwarts is so prudish! They only whispered about such aspects of the magic among boys. That is why I was so unprepared for this magic, when I started to teach a class with girls of that specific age.” – “The class of Marge”, interjected Barbara. – “Yes, of Margaude Dujardin my later second wife.” He signed deeply. “I really watch out that such a misstep won't happen again to me. I was unprepared again for such magic that possessed when they named me a holy king.” – “That was definitely a goofy idea”, said Draco, who suddenly got into a cantankerous cold mood. “It was a spontaneous party joke. You were a fool to take that seriously.” Harry found that the old anger against his main adversary rose up again in him. “I assure you, the magic of that position is as real as the magic that comes to you with the coronation as the king of Britain. What the Royals maybe need is a court wizard. Right now the clerics of the Church of England pose as the experts, but of course they are not competent on this field. That is why so many muggles in all the world can still claim that magic can't exist. They keep to this faith, even while the Israeli Uri Geller, the mightiest wizard of all the world, demonstrated before millions of TV viewers that magic works. He made so many broken watches run again!” – “How true!” conceded Barbara. “But few experts seem to even perceive those things. Most muggles easily behave like remote-controlled zombies.” – “Worse”, said Dudley. “The PEAR institute from Princeton proved without doubt that anyone can do miracles. But disbelieving atheist scientists just sabotaged the publication of these results.”

The bitumen road made a sudden curve then to avoid a boulder with the size of a truck! They got out to take a look. It was one of those famous 'Elves' rocks', as Dudley explained, who had seen this site time before: "The Icelanders used to believe that Elves live in such rocks, who therefore should not be removed. They have an expert for this matter. It's an old, sad and overweight lady. In truth though aliens don't live in such rocks, but they live far away in space and pester us from there with their magnetic fields and vengeful rays. The Snakes actually live inside of large rocks." – "But", added Barbara, with a frightened look up into the cloudy sky, "they prefer us to believe that we didn't find them out. So it's indeed more dangerous to not believe in the Elves of Iceland. They may send down extra troubles for us wise guys. I mean Poltergeist phenomena again. That then is a drag that usually affects the blond more, magical folks like Draco or my good girl Bibi." Now Delphini cleared her throat and said, with a sore look towards Harry: "So this is maybe why our Harry Potter and Uri Geller both have such tremendous magical powers. Elfish aliens prefer such black eyed types and support them with their magic." Barbara said: "But at least in Germany the Blond traditionally are renowned for having more luck. That is what the fairy tale of *Goldelse und Pechmarie* claims, of golden-haired Elsa and pitch-black Mary. Good luck is what the good snake of our home world eventually has ready for us. Dark magic eventually may push some few freaks to extreme magical powers. Blond magic may secretly help many blonds with a little luck. The big problem is that dark magic most generally is bad magic." – "I'm not a freak", said Harry. Harry then changed into the driver seat, and he much enjoyed it to drive again. When they then reached their destination of the day, a remote hot spring in the mountainous central region, they all were ready for a refreshing bath. Soon they undressed, and only Draco wore blue and black bathing shorts when they stepped into the water. Harry found it nearly too warm but really great. "Why can't we have such magical wells at Hogwarts too?" He asked them all. As often it was Barbara who had the best answer to the question: "Did you know that France used to be replete with hot springs in the great old days of ancient pagan religion, Celtic, Germanic and Roman too? These blessed springs all vanished and dried out in the sore days of the Christian middle ages. It was because Gaia, the good Earth Goddess, without prayers had lost much of her magical powers. Of course the Snakes also need some income of vril to eventually work magic. But if you pray to the evil part of the sky, those sadistic sucking grey Snakes may pay you back with hurts and bad luck." – "Yeah", said Dudley, "just that is why American Evangelicals and Hillbillies often have rare genetic diseases. Well, some Methodists even teach that bathing helps more than praying to heaven. I subscribe to that, since it's one good way to refuel yourself with vril, the energy of life." He took a dive now. Harry found the water nearly too hot, it was making him dizzy and too soft maybe. But he much enjoyed their little road trip, and he felt really sad when their bath was over. Barbara now looked older in her face, and she said: "Some but say that cold water has more vril." Back on the road, Harry speeded up the older off-roader to high velocity, laughing out aloud and enjoying the drive on the narrow inland road. His joy at the wheel but suddenly ended, when the engine started to make a strange noise. – "Whoa Harry, what's that?" asked Dudley from the back bench. – "What?" replied Harry, pretending not to hear anything. But the strange noise could not be ignored. Dudley then diagnosed that the problem seemed to be that the motor had suddenly got "tappety". Delphini grumbled: "That old car was loud already before Harry started driving it. But now it has become really damn loud!" – "So drive it back to the farm quick!" said Draco tiredly.

The tapping sound was still there when he drove back onto the main ring road. When they passed a police car there it followed them. With Harry driving slowly now, the police car took over, and the two cops stared at them. – "Draco do something, or I'll do it", said Delphini, as she drew her magical wand. Since dozy Draco didn't react quickly, she pointed her wand against the police car and murmured a spell of distraction: "*Torah lorah lunatics!*" Now the cops looked amazed and terrified. They took their heads to the front window and stared up into the air, with their mouths wide open. Soon there was opposing traffic on their lane. A van honked and forced the police car into the dirt. – "These cops maybe saw elves", said Delphini with a grim smile. Harry was sorry now that he had no wand; and he decided to learn that helpful modern sounding spell, that he had never heard before, or had he? He silently repeated it, but back at the farm he had all forgotten it.

56. Golden Memories of Mortal Gods

In the afternoon they tried to sleep, in the suite of guest rooms of the farm. The air outside was cold and smelled of sheep. Draco now was wide awake, and while he couldn't sleep he surfed the internet, since the farm was well equipped with guest WLAN. “Harry, this WhatsApp message should concern you”, said he suddenly as he came to his bed, holding up his Galaxy smartphone. Harry was really tired now, but when he heard the voice of the cop Angus Engelwood it alarmed him like a police car siren. “Professor Harry Potter, you are urgently asked to return to Hogwarts immediately. You are wanted here for questioning. I have bad news for you from America. The banking license of your Harry Potter Bank has been revoked! Our colleagues from the DEA in Alexandria, Virginia, informed us that they investigate against some of your banking officials in connection with charges of drugs and arms trade, and money laundering, evasion of the alcoholic beverages tax and also illegal gambling.” – “Blaw, blaw, blaw”, murmured Harry to Delphini, who was resting in the bed next to him. The smartphone meanwhile kept on squawking: “And would you please tell officer Riddle to return with you a.s.a.p. too? She had no permit to leave British soil, since there is a retrial on against her in connection with the murder of Craig Bowker Jr.” – “Harry, we two know well that Craig was a bloody jerk, don't we?” murmured Delphini. – “Cut that out”, said Harry to Draco. But his blond adversary only grinned and said: “Better wait Harry Potter, since there are more news for you on my account. Surely the cops at the ministry wish now they hadn't sequestered your phone.” One moment later another spoken message from Murny Chatterjee came on. The Indian headmaster of Hogwarts sounded really upset, as he bade Harry to urgently return to Hogwarts: “The news are that Evan Wells, your personal assistant, has suddenly quit his job. So you really are needed here, and anything else can surely wait. There is nobody here to care for your little red rooster!” – “That is not *my* rooster!” barked Harry. Draco but said: “Murky Chatter can't hear you! But shan't I record a voice mail for you?” – “Better not”, said Harry. He thought now that he needed time to think about all of this. But first he needed to sleep. He laid down and found, not to his surprise, that his heart was pounding strongly. When he opened up his eyes again he found that Delphini next to him was watching him. When their eyes met she whispered with a smile: “I already planned to ask for political asylum at Durmstrang.” Harry found it hard now to not fall in love with her. He was in troubles deep without having to worry for her troubles too. Since there was no chance of sleep they started to talk. Delphini told him and the others of her big tour through France, Switzerland, Italy and finally Greece. “Delphi most impressed me in the end. It was just a resort in ruins at the side of a gorge. There were very few tourists only in wintertime, when I finally arrived there. But at the hotel they had more time for me, and I liked the mount and the museum while they were very quiet. One Delphi myth has it that the 'sun god' Apollon himself only dwelt there for nine months of the year. Only then was the time to ask him questions. In the wintertime he but travelled to Hyperborea with his flying tripod. In his absence Delphi was ruled by the 'wine god' Dionysus. It's understood that you can't trust in such a boozier and loafer to help you with any truthful oracles.” Harry understood that, but what he didn't understand was the true nature of these pagan Greek gods. While Dudley was sleeping, with wax pills in his ears, they discussed that question with low voices. Draco knew these myths well, but now he confessed: “Honestly, I never believed into that story of the travelling Apollon. In Britain they used to much revere a god that was very similar to Apollon, called Beljon or Bel. They sang sweetly to him at Stonehenge, when that supreme sanctuary of ancient Europe was still intact. But right there the local myths had it that the god would only personally visit Britain every nineteen years. The local legends of Delphi and Stonehenge about this god just don't meet well. I take this as proof enough that he never really existed, but only was a spirit played by other guys.” – “You think of your Jim Dickens now, don't you?” asked Harry. – “Sure. But I don't understand how he managed to appear in Balmoral under the likeness of a Christian saint.” Barbara now said: “I understand that Jim just played the role of a so-called *bot* then. Maybe while he was dozing or wizarding, the higher powers interfered and like abducted his mind. They made him appear under the likeness of a saint James, and he then seemed to say what they wanted the saint to say.” Harry asked her: “The higher powers ... you mean the Snakes, don't you?” – “Sure”, said Draco coldly.

Draco then retold them what he knew about the religion of ancient Britain, from the traditions of his family of priests: “They put so much effort into the building of Stonehenge! But as it seemed, they were badly advised when the question was to whom it should be dedicated. At one time they were erecting 80 bluestones there, made of blue granite from faraway Wales. It was clear to most that every bluestone was symbolizing a god or hero or saint. But later they got into troubles with these cults. They must have found out that those gods or heroes or saints were just dead, while the Snakes of the evil sort had a tendency to appear as blue or grey ghosts.” – “That is also the secret of the Jewish-American blue jeans”, said Barbara. – “Maybe”, said Draco. “Then, around the year of 1600 B.C., came the Druids from Ireland to Britain. They introduced their cult of the calendar of more such deities and ghosts, of dead heroes and villains. Lately Celtic Britain and Gaul were replete with cults of local gods and heroes. But what the guys at Stonehenge did was to chiefly or only revere one supreme saviour god. It was Bel, the god of youth, light, healing and music. The Greeks identified him with their Apollo, but that had been just another dead Celtic hero or villain from Delphi. This is what local legends testify, tales that Plutarch and others have noted. Most important is surely the testimony of Hekataios from the 6th century B.C. that Diodorus wrote up. Hekataios testified of the mild holy island called Hyperborea, the land west of the cold northern wind. It must have been in ancient Albion, where all the inhabitants saw themselves as priests of their sun god. They gave him praise day in, day out. Next to their central sanctuary – Stonehenge – there was situated their holy city. There the bards lived, who excellently revered their god with playing the zither. We may imagine the Stonehenge of that time as a fully constructed sanctuary of several circles of stones, that was filled with votive donations, with statues and presents of all sorts.” – “Just like ancient Delphi had been”, said Delphini. – “Sure”, said Draco. “But some time later the luck of the holy site suddenly vanished. If the calculations of my ancestors are correct, it was in the year of 276 B.C. when an earthquake suddenly toppled Stonehenge. The priests and all the British people took that as a sign that their god had somehow left them. Now we may say that the god of good weather, life and health, that the British and others would have liked to have, did never really exist.” – “Or maybe only now he finally appeared on his earth”, murmured Barbara.

After hours, while the sleep largely escaped them, in the evening they collected over 600 £ pocket money for the farmers, to help them to cover the costs for the repair of the farm car's motor. One of the daughters of the house now gave Harry a printed-out letter with her application for studies at Hogwarts. That made Harry feel sorry, since he realized now that he maybe could never return there. Did he have another choice than to ask for asylum in Durmstrang? He told the girl Jørdis: “Just address your letter to professor Harry Potter at Hogwarts, Britain. If the magic of the sorting hat is with you, then your letter will be sorted into the correct letter box and arrive at my office.” For the farewell dinner Vagdis served them cooked veal, of course. The mood of the guests from Hogwarts was rather depressed. After some small talk about their day trip, Delphini suddenly said to Harry: “I thought that in Hogwarts it was always the tradition to not take a killing in a magical feud so seriously. Murder is a rude word for this.” – “But it *is* the correct word, according to the laws of our civilised world”, said Dudley. – “Well, some other words are more to my liking. You know the ancient Greek word *agon*? It was often heard in ancient Delphi, and it meant something like honourable war and feud. In the holy precinct the rivalling cities would erect statues for their victories. They thanked the god of Delphi for granting them the luck of war. So what did Apollon and the other gods say to this?” – “Nothing different than the old Norse gods of war, I presume”, said Sveinn the farmer. His long Nordic face indeed reminded of the gods of the ancient Vikings. – “It's nothing different than modern liberal thinking”, continued Delphini. “*ἄγων* – in ancient Greek that strictly only means competition on the field, be it the sports arena or the battlefield, or before court.” – “Yes, on the Althing field”, said Sveinn. “We Icelanders have a long democratic tradition.” – “I agree. If two guys compete, only one can win. And that should be the better and luckier guy”, said Dudley, now talking with a broader American accent than usual. But Vagdis, the farmer lady, said with a dark tone: “But, when it comes to the question *Who wins?* then the problems start. That is what red Loki meant when he fought with words against Othinn the father. Then the god of wizardry had to admit that he often granted the luck of war to the sloppier man.”

They talked some more about that problem, when later they met in the best room of the huge farm building for some last drinks. Vagdis took out her guitar and sang to them some older and newer Icelandic songs. She then started again to talk about the Holy Scripture of the ancient Norsemen, the Edda: “In the bitter poem Lokasenna, the enemy god Loki also accused the chief god Othinn of unmanly behaviour. Loki put it like this: *Didst thou go with tottering steps, in Samsø, to knock at the doors as a seeress? In the guise of a vǫla, a fortune teller woman, you went among people. To me that sounds like the habit of the meanies.*” Vagdis' voice sounded slightly desperate now. It took the guests from Hogwarts some time to figure out the meaning of those Eddic verses. Then Draco said: “Sure. The thinking is common among muggles that sorcery is an unmanly business, that it is cowardly instead of valiant to fight with spells instead of arms or other fair means. Now Barbara said: “As I understand these verses, they especially refer to wizards who use transsexual magic. In German we call such men *gewieft* or also rudely *hinterfotzig*, which means: tricky like a homo. They pose as women when they masturbate, alone or in twain. They may have homosexual intercourse, with using their broomsticks.” – “What a shame!” barked Draco, suddenly staring at Harry. Harry got red in the face, and hastily drank out his whisky soda. – “Well, the poem says that even god the father did that too”, said Dudley, “so maybe we mustn't be ashamed.” Barbara hesitantly agreed, but now with her forehead in wrinkles. “People often call us women the weaker gender. But that is not true when it comes to the field of magic. On that battlefield witches are by nature more powerful than wizards. It is due to the fact that nearly all those Snakes are females.” – “So now I at least understand why my son Albus and his son Scorp both became gay wizards”, said Harry, while pointing with his finger towards Draco. His arch-rival didn't comment on that. But now Barbara told them the story of the conquest of Delphi: “When today you travel to Delphi the guides show you the mighty ruins of the temple of Apollon. They then tell to the tourists what they once told to the pilgrims: Apollon was the mighty god of this formerly holiest site of ancient Greece. He allegedly provided the oracles to his priestesses, the Pythias. These women allegedly would burn laurel leaves and breathe in the smoke, or they would breathe in intoxicating fumes from a gap in the rocks, to fall into a trance. That is what witches indeed do in some of the Wicca cults, and definitely it's dangerous.” Dudley agreed: “This kind of divination may easily turn into a methomania, the addiction to poisonous drinks or potions.” – “The Dementors often use toxins and drugs to spoil our minds”, added Draco. “They bring us pains and manipulate our brains until we damage ourselves.” – “Damn!” said Delphini. She took up her whisky glass, and seemed to fight out a little inner battle before putting it back down. Barbara meanwhile kept on explaining: “In the oldest days of Delphi that place was ruled by Gaia the Greek Earth Goddess. That is what very many finds of goddess statues still indicate. But once upon a time, Apollon and his Phrygian Celtic tribesmen conquered Delphi. The myth has it that Apollon personally conquered the holy tripod from Gaia. He allegedly slew a dragon, the Python of Delphi, who was seen as a likeness of the Earth Goddess. Then he proclaimed himself as the new chief god of Delphi, and made his sister Artemis become the high priestess there. A century later the Dorians conquered the place and dedicated it to their favourite god Hercules. But in classical Greece Apollon seemed to have won it back. So what about Gaia? Few tourists today even take note of her holy site, the Gaieon of Delphi. It's an empty round place just below the rests of the main temple today. But why did the priestesses of Delphi still name themselves after the Python, the dragon of Delphi? They must have sensed that this Snake was still there in the deep. Only Gaia has the power to give oracles.”

The lights went on in the barn and the sheep started baaing, when the five travellers stepped into their hidden boat again. Delphini suddenly wept a little. “I hate to emigrate to Russia”, she said to Harry. – “Well, young lady, were not heading for Russia”, assured Dudley her. “According to the coordinates of Durmstrang, that wizarding school is situated in northernmost Finland, in Lapland, not far from the Russian and Norwegian borders.” – “Are you sure?” said Draco, with a wrinkled face now. Dudley was: “J. Kay personally sent to me the GPS coordinates.” They now looked at Barbara, waiting for her objection. But she just said: “In Delphi tricky and double-dealing dicta of the Pythia were common. Prophets were putting them in verses. If you failed to correctly interpret the oracle then maybe that was the will of Gaia. Then you just were too stupid for her wisdom.”

57. Into the Northland and the Sea

In the air again, around midnight they crossed the polar circle right east of Iceland. Dudley was in a good mood and joked: “Now we should go down and bathe in the sea. It's the custom to get wet when seamen cross the polar circle.” But Harry wasn't in a good mood today. They were playing the tarot game again, and he was losing. Right now he had the High Priestess on his hand, which to him seemed to be an unlucky card, a symbol for the unreliable magic of the women. Harry like warned himself that he was about to develop fear of witches. Did this have something to do with the fact that he had recently been made a bishop? Harry was a little besotted and rather tired. Now he murmured: “I could rather cry and wet myself with my own tears, if I think of my prospective future in Durmstrang. That place never had a reputation of welcoming weaklings. And without my magical wand that Guy gave me, I feel like a weakling indeed and a poof among strongmen.” – “I'll save you. Trust me”, said Delphini with her rough voice. But could he trust her? To help Dudley staying awake, they then were singing some songs. Dudley himself had a favourite song that he sang out aloud: “Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Poe calotte Bikini”. They all sang that nonsensical text then, happy like little children. When they had stopped laughing about it, Dudley jokingly talked about the magic of songs: “This is an improvised song about the magic of mating and of creative fertility.” Draco agreed, talking a bit grumpy and disrespectful like often: “Welsh bards are maybe renowned for making use of the creative magic of poetry. Take their best known bard Taliesin as an example.” Harry said: “But the Irish are maybe most known for the magic of reproducing too much, until their dapper island could not feed them no more. In the old days the Dalriada saw the need then to invade Britain with the help of the Irish Catholic monks. Nowadays some of the Shin Feign guys still try to reproduce so much that they may gain the upper hand in politics in Northern Ireland, and turn British land into a Catholic bastion again.” – “That's the old Catholic way, isn't it?” Draco frowned. “The Romans were always way too combative. But Celtic bards of days of yore often claimed that they could do the most fantastic magic just by rhyming. For instance, they boasted like this: *I can sing you into a swamp or into a tomb. I can make you lose your things and your mind.* Most bards were magicians in a way, or tried to work magic too with their songs. This maybe only stopped when the popes in Rome declared any sorcery a sin.” – “So all hail to the popes”, joked Harry. – “You heretic bishop, leave my boat right now!” joked Dudley then. They joked and laughed, versed and sang some more, until Barbara started to talk seriously again, like it was typical for the Germans: “Thinking again of the soothsaying magic of ancient Delphi, we might find it helpful to try and analyse the generation of the oracles in greater detail. I mean, the simple believers of the Age of Antiquity used to think, that they just needed to go to Delphi and pay their respect to the gods there, from Gaia to Poseidon the owner of the earth. The pilgrims would then pose their questions to the high priestess Pythia. She then would ask the oracle god Apollon, who then would tell his answer to the Pythia. But we experts of magic may realize that all that cannot have been so simple in the old days when it came to soothsaying. Only the simple minds believe that they can accurately look into the future and just find out what will be.” – Delphini said: “That is at least one traditional field on which many magical folks earn their living today. It's really hard for wizards to make money with magic by a decent way. That is what Tom Riddle my father used to say. It was the reason why he started to get bad.” Even the mention of that cursed name made the others get a little frosty. Draco continued: “Some soothsayers just have more power than others. Gypsies of higher quality attribute this to their Aryan blood, that is supposed to be blessed and to the liking of the gods. You know that thinking Delphini, don't you? It was always typical for Salazar Slytherin, your ancestor.” Delphini nodded, but seemed to feel uncomfortable now. Dudley then said: “From the point of view of magical physics the problem is that the muggles now understand how magic works when it comes to quantum particles. They but still can't compute magic on a large scale, even while they see it. The idea is that you need to look at things to disentangle, to fix them; to shape the past and the future. You can't simply see into the future, but you need to shape it.” – “Exactly”, said Barbara. “That covers the role of the prophets at Delphi. By versing, by putting a prophecy of the Pythia into hexameter verses, they would help the gods of that oracle site to shape the wanted future, not as prophets but as half-divine helpers.”

It was 02:34 when Harry woke up. Barbara was now standing at Dudley's side to keep his spirits up, talking about her daughter Bibi and the climate crisis: “Sometimes Bibi has so lively dreams of magical flights through the air! She says that she can accurately identify fields and landscapes from above. Often she seems to fly above the farm lands and woods she likes best, where she also is riding out with Tina. Once she also saw herself lying in bed and dozing. I keep warning her that such dream voyages cost much mana. She then says: *'Yes mama I know'*, but never really listens to me. To other girlfriends she eventually says: *'I ride on the broom through the air when I travel to Martin's farm. And sometimes I take Tina with me on my back seat. By that way we produce zero carbon dioxide.'* Hah! That is a little lie of course. In truth Bibi rides her moped with Tina. She's ashamed of this, because it is old and stinks, due to the two-stroke engine fuel that it consumes.”

– “She should try to get one of our flying machines. They are really climate-neutral, with no fuel consumption.” – “Yes, but these are not meant for us. Our god doesn't approve that we use such futuristic technologies. He says we mortals are just too feeble and too immature.” Barbara sighed.

– “So who's the father god really?” Dudley was a little absent-minded now, and Wade's Boat was suddenly flying a bit wobbly. Barbara got worried too and talked a little louder. Like always she knew more about the topic, things that she had heard and learned during her continuous travels: “In fact several Nordic writers, like Saxo and Snorri, tell us tales of the Nordic father god Othin. It seems that some tales come from the prehistoric age when Wotan had been ancient Germany's most popular and renowned wizard. They took him for a living god, and later deified him as the father god living in faraway Asgard. But in truth even Wotan apparently couldn't really travel on a flying horse with eight legs through the sky. The sources say that he was lying down like a dead man, when his mind only travelled to faraway places. But as we all probably know, during such visions of faraway places you only see people and places for seconds maybe. You rarely learn much by way of such visions. And if you are a little intoxicated, those visions get really crazy.”

– “You mean that Wotan wasn't really the father god?” asked Dudley. – “Sure. There were so many men in history who posed as living gods. It's typical for men of a certain sort, those short people, isn't it? But they are all dead and gone since none of these litters was really immortal. One of the weirdest was surely Alexander the Great, this greatest conqueror of all history. Did you know that he even had his own memorial at Delphi? A boyish statue depicted him at a lion hunt, which may have happened in Libya. Alexander had dedicated that memorial to Apollon, to thank him for his support in danger. But later when his Macedonian army had conquered Egypt, Alexander thought of himself as a living god. That was what the oracle of Siva had told him. That oasis was holy to the Egyptian chief god Amun Re. So was Alexander really a god? No way I say! He was a boozier and a sex-mad tyrant who died young. But there was some very strange magic supporting him. A tale has it that Alexander heard from the philosopher Anaxarch that the number of living worlds in the universe is infinite. That made him weep! He got so sad because he didn't even manage to entirely conquer one world – his own.”

– “He definitely conquered a lot of it”, said Dudley, with some admiration. – “His case was comparable to that of Hitler. Both tirelessly drove their armies from one battlefield to the next, as if the Snakes were driving them, which was surely the case.”

Barbara's drive to talk on was unstoppable now, as if the same demons were also driving her. But Harry suddenly interfered with a question that he found important: “Hey, ahm, I remember that I recently saw the ghost of Alexander in a dream. It was at the birthday party when they appointed me to the holy king of Hogwarts. Are you sure that Alexander the Great is dead and gone?” That question stunned Barbara, since she couldn't answer it. But then she said: “I recall that a ghostly sphinx also was seen at that dinner party. Well, a sphinx is also one of the most famous objects in the museum of Delphi. We may take her as a symbol of the mother goddess, whose real Egyptian name was maybe Amun: Mama. In that museum they also show several holy eggs who symbolize the home of the goddess in the deep, the Betye. Of her at least we can be sure that she is alive.”

“I know her from the Wagner Ring operas”, said Draco with a grisly voice. “In one scene, Wotan climbs down into the deep to ask her questions. She is called Erda, a wise seer and the goddess of the gods. But in the end Wotan tries to force her into eternal sleep.” – “He was surely envious of her magical powers”, supposed Harry. And Barbara said: “Surely she wanted a better father god.”

An hour later Harry woke up again. Dudley seemed to be in some kind of trance now, murmuring a strange verse: “Polka dot panther. Polka dot panther.” Barbara sat on the floor, slumbering a bit. When Harry woke up she soon woke up too, and got anxious. “Hey Dude”, she said, “don't make it bad with a sad song! In ancient Delphi the polka-dot panther was the symbol animal of the bad god Dionysos, who might remind us today of the evil congera Ga-Nesa.” She stood up and took her hands to his neck. That helped to liberate Dudley from the trance that he was in. He shook his head and landed the boat for an unplanned stop. Suddenly it was rocking wildly in the waves of the Baltic sea. – “Your flying makes me sick”, complained Harry. Dudley looked a little seasick too and tired: “Sorry old boy, but I need a break.” With difficulties he left his seat, and tumbled rather than walked through the rocking boat to the little toilet cabin. But he gave up instantly on his attempt to use the camping toilet in there. “Damn it! I can't pee here!” He stepped back to the cabin door now and opened it up. Sharp cold air came in and made Harry shiver. “Damn it! Shut the door!” he complained. But Dudley was about to open up his trousers, now willing to pee into the sea. “I feel like I'm drunk”, he complained with a heavy tongue. “I need a fresh bath now.” – “Then jump!” said Harry sardonically. He wasn't the least prepared what happened next. Dudley indeed jumped overboard, with his blue jeans lowered and a stiff body, as if invisible forces had been pushing him!! – “Oh no!” said Harry with a low voice. Draco was dozing. Harry gave him a kick, shouting at him: “Man overboard! Do something! Use your wand.” Draco groaned deeply. He was a little besotted, after drinking two bottles of his Perlenbacher beer. “What's the matter?” murmured he. Delphini stood up faster. “We need a salvation ring”, cried Barbara to her. – “What the fuck do you want?” answered Delphini, sounding annoyed. Harry but remembered that he had seen a lifesaver in the back of the cabin. But now it was hidden behind their bags and backpacks. “Fetch the lifesaver! Fast!” He kicked Delphini, pointing to the heap of luggage. Since she didn't move quickly, Draco went to fetch the polyester ring. Harry switched on his torch and tumbled to the cabin door. He looked outside into the sea. The heavy waves had foam crowns. There was no trace of Dudley. “He's gone!” muttered he. Delphini now crawled by his side, waving her wand, crying: “What spell? What spell? I got no idea. Can't *you* save him with a spell?” Harry also had no idea what spell to say now. He shouted against the howling wind: “You robbed my wand from me, remember?” Meanwhile Barbara had entered the seat of the skipper. She moved the boat with the wheel to the left, murmuring German spells. Then she cried, with her voice still soft: “Harry, look to the left! I sense Dudley there!” Harry did that, but he still could see nobody in the waves. Meanwhile Draco came to him with the lifesaver. – “Come on, throw it”, said Delphini angrily. But Draco first bound a rope eye of the red-and-white lifesaver ring to a rope. “He's lost anyway”, said he with his ghastly voice. Harry stared outside all the time. And then suddenly, for an instant he saw the dark red vest that Dudley was wearing. Dudley's brown hair was visible too. – “There! He's at the right side”, shouted Harry. Spontaneously he took off his parka, his shoes, his trousers. He had been swimming often lately in the cold lakes around Hogwarts – he could at least try and swim to save Dudley. He gave Draco his torch: “Shine me a light.” Then he took the lifesaver over his body and jumped into the whipped-up sea. The water was so cold it gave him a shock! He gargled and only with difficulties could breathe again. It was a little easier to swim in the sea water, since the salt gave it increased buoyancy. So where was Dudley now? Barbara seemed to steer the boat into a left-turn circle, and just now the big waves smashed against it's starboard rocking it wildly. Harry had completely lost the orientation. Where had he seen Dudley lately? But then, all of a sudden, Dudley appeared again in the light cone of the torch that Draco held. He actually rose from the waves! It looked as if he was walking on the waves for a moment. Then he sank back in. But that was enough for Harry to try and swim towards him. He sensed that it was Delphini now who managed to lift Dudley with the help of her strong magical powers. He rose again from the waves to fly into the boat. Moments later Draco dragged Harry back into the boat. Later Dudley sat, naked with a coat and a towel on, back in his pilot seat and started the engines. Harry was relieved when the boat was in the air and stopped rocking. – “I couldn't even piss out there!” shouted Dudley. – “Take this”, said Draco. He gave him an empty milk carton and helped him to urinate. Delphini kicked Harry into the behind. “That's what happens to jerks!” hissed she.

58. Regarding risky Technologies

“Hey look! There are polar lights above!” said Dudley later. He had flown faster than the stormy weather front, and suddenly the sky was clear. Harry woke up Draco and Delphini, and then they looked out of the window. He but found the shimmering greenish lights unattractive. His senses warned him that they didn't bring luck from the sky down to their earth. He sneezed, and realized that he had caught a cold. Where were the paper towels now that he was using in Britain? Already he had used up his last pack. Suddenly he was feeling homesick. Meanwhile Draco looked at the screen of the navigation system in Dudley's cockpit. “Here, what is this dotcom thing?” asked he, pointing at a kind of facility called Hanhikivi right at the coast of Finland that they seemed to be heading to. As it turned out this was the construction site of a nuclear power plant. The Fins had cancelled their deal with a Russian firm in the wake of the escalation of the Ukraine war in 2022. Draco doubted whether it was wise to fly right there with the flying boat under cover. But Dudley saw the lighter side of this, explaining that he tried to avoid some radar stations and facilities that lay further to the North. He then told the men: “I first heard of Hogwarts when I was visiting the Sellafield nuclear power plant in Britain. There one security guy told me that occasionally they were sighting UFOs who surely came from or were heading to Hogwarts, just a little farther to the North. Then I thought to my mother's son: *Whew!* So these whiz kids from the movies really exist, and they are flying with magic, without the consumption of any fuel, absolutely cost-free! If we physicists could find out how to use such technology at a broader scale, we could scrap all the nuclear and fossil power plants forever! But when I tried to find out more about this magic, I learned how hard it is to fly by this way. This magic is the domain of the Snakes, who use it for their own purposes.” He pointed again at the faint Northern lights at the sky. “As long as we don't know much about the powers of outer space who send us these lights, we are not really worthy to try and make use of their technologies. So I always feel like a sinner when I'm flying my magical flying boat.” Draco agreed: “The problem but seems to be that we are not really worthy to learn the truth about the Snakes. That seems to be extremely dangerous: realizing that some of these are evil devils, beasts of the worst possible kind.” Harry didn't like to hear this. “But the Hogs, those descendants of swine, make use of these technologies all right, don't they?” – “That is what we lately learned”, said Draco with his grisly voice. “But as it seems the situation on their planets is much worse than here. The majority of the planets of the Hogs is ruined!” Barbara agreed. “These worrying rumours that the Düsseldorf prophet constantly spreads indeed say that the Hogs – or Feken like he calls them – are much more under the sway of evil spirits. The Snakes possess them and drive them to most insane bad deeds. The consequence is that they use this magic to fight out not only wizardry wars among the magical folks but world wars. If you use magical wands at full wrath you can liquidate entire forests and cities, even worlds.” Draco said: “That was what made me surrender in the last wizarding war. We have a responsibility to not ruin our green planet ...” – “yeah”, said Dudley emphatically, “turning it into a desert world ruled by sand worms, like we see it in the movie *Dune*.” – “You reckon things could get that worse?” asked Delphini from the back of the cabin, suddenly sounding scared. He asked her back: “Don't you think that the Hamas or other such crackpot terrorists would use such super weapons if they knew how to get to them?” – “They surely wouldn't get them”, said Draco, but with a slightly faltering voice. Dudley didn't agree: “Just imagine we would go public with this technology, teaching anyone how to fabricate and use magical wands. Surely if some British and American physicists would manage this, then soon the Russians would learn too how to use this technology.” Harry spontaneously agreed, and blurted out: “Absolutely, I'd say. It's just too hard to keep such technologies secret. We can learn this from the stories of the atomic bomb spies in the era of the cold war. I was recently reading about these.” Barbara agreed. “Right now the more sensible politicians of the world try hard to stop the proliferation of the secret of atomic bombs. Nevertheless some crazy Pakis even helped the rogues from North Korea to build them. That made me think that it's really beneficial if we all scrap our nuclear power plants. We Germans did that lately.” – “But who on earth could make Russia and North Korea scrap their nuclear power plants too?” asked Dudley. While all fell silent Harry said: “That is not what any man could achieve, even if he is this planet's strongest wizard.”

Soon later they were flying low across endless forests, now heading northwards again. Delphini was reading the book *Jane Eyre*. Suddenly she smiled a rare smile, and then she read out aloud a line: "I am no bird; and no net ensnares me: I am a free human being with an independent will." – "The free will is but an illusion, and maybe the meanest of them all", barked Draco. Right now he was sitting on the narrow bench, to absolutely stay awake, while reading his medieval *Canterbury Tales*. He turned the pages and read out aloud a saucy passage, about an astrologer, a magician who once lived in Oxford. That Nicholas had been lodging in the house of an old carpenter, who took in paying guest from the university. While this magician could well fabricate horoscopes and foretell clients their future, he mainly had in mind to rearrange his own fate, constantly thinking of and regarding the young wife of the old carpenter. Draco then proudly read out some verses that he had composed himself: "It so fell out that Nicholas one day, with that young wife began to flirt and play, her husband having travelled far away, while in her bower she was bound to stay. He on the quiet caught her by the cunt, and said to her: 'Don't take me for a runt. Unless I have my way, you sweetest heart, I'll surely die and blow out my last fart.'" Draco couldn't read on, he had to laugh out aloud. – "Better stop this now you old lecher", chided Barbara, and Delphini too didn't look amused. But Harry asked Draco: "So did he get her in the end?" – "She made a lot of fuss first", answered Draco, still chuckling. "But you know how women are. They just can't want to resist to some things that the men naturally want. He then continued with his little poem: " She cried: 'Now stop that nonsense, Nicholas! I'll never let you dock on to my ass.' She wrenched away from her behind his rod. Like a wild horse she shied that shall get shod. She said: 'I'll shout and rouse the neighbourhood!' But he just failed to think she really would. Fly Nicholas began to plead, like often. And with his loving words he made her soften. She gave her word, she swore by Saint Thomas, that heaven's spell made her become his lass." Again Draco had to laugh away his bad feelings. To Harry's ears Draco now was sounding really naughty and immature again, just like the bad boy that he had been during his school years at Hogwarts. Harry felt tempted hard to chide and challenge him now. But then he remembered his recent difficult situation, and the bad spot he was heading to. He simply couldn't afford turning clever Draco again into his arch-enemy. So Harry decided to better keep still. He shivered, and rose to make a little warm-up gymnastics. Then he went to the cockpit to talk some more to Dudley. He asked him: "Can't you just tell me the basics of how to fly this boat?" – "Sure, but that ain't so easy." Dudley now showed Harry in short time how the steering was functioning: "The handling of the steering wheel is intuitive. You turn it left to turn left. You push it down to go down, and you pull it to pull up. Then there are the pedals. The right one is for to speed up, like in a car. The left pedal is the backwards speed, you step on it to brake." – "That sounds very simple to me", said Harry. Now he begged: "Can't I try it?" Dudley didn't answer immediately, sending a worried look to Draco. Harry reminded Dudley that he had driven the off-road car in Iceland, and assured him: "Meanwhile I drive better on the right side, as it is common on the continent. I often drove cars when I spent years in France." But remembering their fancy drive in Iceland apparently made Dudley worry some more. To Harry he explained: "I don't doubt that you are well able to drive cars. But I worry much whether you are lucky enough for to fly such a magical boat. In recent weeks, your typical luck seems to vanish rapidly." Now Delphini said, with a disrespectful tone: "That surely started when Harry became such a mother." – "My mother died long ago", fumed Harry. He rang his hands and thought hard about a vengeful fitting answer for Delphini. But he also couldn't risk to infuriate her. So he took his seat again at her side, remembering that they had had a discussion before, about how it was like being an orphan. But when had that been? He could only vaguely remember that he had met Delphini before. "We once met in a church, didn't we?" asked he. Remembering that made her sad. "You tricked me then. You disguised as Voldemort, the evil lord of the Snakes whose flights became flights into doom. I had tried to make my father resurrect. I immediately sensed that you weren't Tom Riddle but Harry Potter. But I trusted you, Harry! I trusted into your winning luck. If you were transforming into the current Voldemort, it was maybe because destiny always prepared you for this role!" – "I – I'm not the new Voldemort!" Harry was absolutely shocked of what she was saying. He turned his back to her to hide his anger, only to see Draco grinning into his face.

Harry then took one of Draco's beers, and went back into the cockpit to join Dudley. Dudley took the time then to explain to him the main instruments of the flying boat: "Six of them are the same that any plane has: airspeed and vertical speed, altitude, attitude, turn and heading. Then there are the status indicators of the four engines. Up here is the compass. Note that most pilots rarely look at it, cos it makes errors sometimes. Especially here, in the far north of Europe, it is supposed to point to the magnetic north pole, who but is at a different location than the geographic north pole. Right now the magnetic south pole is rather far away from the south pole, and it is still moving." – "Why?" asked Delphini now, who had silently stepped behind Harry and was paying attention to Dudley's lesson too. – "Ask that the mermaid", replied Dudley jokingly. Then he laughed, and the flying boat wobbled slightly. He then explained some more about the poles: "There is also a third, a geomagnetic north pole. But it's just a theoretical pole, that we would have if indeed a tiny dynamo at the centre of our earth would generate a magnetic field. In truth our magnetic field but originates from another source. A hidden geodynamo is causing the disturbances of the magnetic field of our earth. Barbara can tell you more about this." But when Harry turned to face Barbara he found that she looked as if she was having pains and troubles. "Dudley, I'm worried and I don't know", muttered she. – "Of course she does", said Dudley, who was getting even more sanguine and distracted now. "It's the navel of the earth that produces our magnetic field. In ancient Greece they thought that the navel was right at Delphi." – "It was called *omphalos*", said Delphini now. "I've seen it in the museum there! It had ropes all across it that looked like ancient steel cables." Dudley agreed: "Exactly. But in truth, the navel of the earth is not anywhere below Greece, but it's at the mouth of the Red Sea. It's an open secret already, that it's an egg with the size of several hundreds of miles. The Earth Goddess lives in there. The Muslims call it Beit Allah, the house of God. They had a black stone at Mecca, a symbol of this Betyle. But when those Arab hotheads fought out one of their usual small wars about the holy sites, they broke it into 1001 holy sherds." They laughed about this, and for a short moment Harry thought that they were all keeping their heads well up, and that they were a good team. Dudley continued to explain: "Sometimes graphs of magnetic fields and disturbances clearly point to the direction of the Betyle. I recently saw one image of the SAA, the feared South Atlantic Anomaly of the ionosphere. It's where the magnetic field of our planet has a kind of west pole. On this image there is also a large banana-shaped zone of weakness, that points directly towards the Betyle. But none of the colleagues even seems to notice that anomaly, that is far weaker than that of the SAA. I once tried to talk about such things in the canteen of my university. But the colleagues were feeling uneasy. One after the others just left! The last one murmured something about hell. Then, when I was sitting all alone at my table, I was feeling pains and could not eat on. Flies came to pester me. It was really scary, and I never really could talk about this. You know, when you talk too much about such secrets of the Snakes, bad things might happen." – "So better stop talking now, Dudley", warned him Barbara. She now had a pressed voice, and seemed to have pains. – "Do you fear the flies of the Lord of the Flies?" asked Dudley jokingly. Harry was a little scared too, but he really wanted to learn how to fly such a boat now. So he studied again the instruments, and asked: "The attitude instrument, what is this good for?" – "It shows you whether your bowsprit goes up or down", explained Dudley. – "Dud, maybe we should go down now", grumbled Barbara, who was laying out tarot cards. – "What's the matter, Barbie? Where did your immaculate smile go?" asked Dudley. She wouldn't answer. So Dudley kept on explaining his boat's instruments to Harry, and then once again to Delphini. Suddenly Barbara crawled up from her blanket, shouting: "Down! Go down now! There is a fly!" – "A what?" asked Dudley aghast. – "*Schweinigel-Striegel schurigeln!*" Shouting a spell Barbara pushed Harry aside. Then she pressed the steering wheel forwards. Slowly the boat took a dive. – "Damn it! What are you doing? That is dangerous!" complained Dudley, with his voice suddenly getting slow and distorted. Delphini drew her wand but couldn't say a word. Harry stared out of the front window, to realize that the endless woods of conifers down there were getting near. Suddenly a hissing shadow passed by, narrowly missing them! Harry saw that it had blinking red lights at the surface. The airflow made the boat shake. Harry was so shocked that he spilled beer over Dudley's head. Now Dudley could react. He took the boat down, whispering: "A missile!"

59. A nice Welcome in Finland

They were all very still when they finally arrived at their destination. It was 04:30 British time, and morning mist waved in the endless woods of firs and larch, birch and pine. Dudley ditched the flying boat into a small lake, directly at the side of a wooden jetty, where several small boats were laying. They looked at that scene then for some time. “So this is Durmstrang?” asked Harry with a doubtful voice. – “*Secundum scripturas*”, said Draco, with a voice as if he were joking. When Harry gave him an annoyed look, he grinned and explained: “You should know that Latin term, bishop Potter.” He then explained that this was what the well-read Christians were saying, when they referred to the Bible and other such scriptures while talking rubbish, things that never could be true. “You know what John Milton used to write, all the things that Christians absolutely must believe. If you don't believe in the lies of the Christians, better believe in the dreadful things they tell you if you debunk them. There are still places on this world where Christians persecute witches and eventually murder them.” Barbara agreed: “Some African Negroes do this.” – “Those damned Niggers”, said Delphini. – “C'mon guys, let's get the hell out of here”, proposed Dudley, who was shivering in the cold wind that came in from the outside. They took their rucksacks and bags then, stepped out of the boat and took a footpath that was leading to a small parking lot. The view of the parked cars made Harry feel relieved. Some of cars were mighty American old-timers with Finnish or Swedish number plates. But when Harry looked at Delphini his smile vanished. – “Let's hope that not all the people in Fucking Finland shoot down alien planes at random”, said she. Harry sensed that Delphini was only now daring to get really angry about what had happened to them. Since she had started to talk about the incident, Dudley then said: “That incident was too damn close this time. Those radar stations getting better all the time.” It sounded like an apology. Draco said: “We came here at a bad time. An unidentified flying object flying at low speed and altitude across Finland into the direction of the Russian border: They must have mistaken us for a Russian drone.” Dudley nodded: “The damn Russians also occasionally trouble them with subs, and the Fins have the reputation of reacting harshly to such border provocations. We were surely lucky that this missile didn't hit us. It was maybe a heat seeker. Our antige engines but produce hardly any heat.” He sighed and added: “Or maybe it had infrared searchlights but didn't identify us as a target. Really I don't know.” – “Every such drone attack is the work of a remote operator, who sits alone day and night in some container, staring at a computer screen where hardly ever anything happens”, said Draco. “Maybe such a guy sensed that we weren't really a danger to the national security of Finland. Muggles get strongly guided by their sense of intuition sometimes.” – “Anyway, we were extremely lucky this time”, said Dudley. They now reached the first house of a small village. All looked a bit weird and old-fashioned here. Harry said: “Well then, maybe this really our destination. Jocelyn Kay wouldn't lie to us, or would she?” Draco barked, with a little disrespect: “Sadly, the venerable chairlady of Hogwarts is rather old and has her head full of magical foolery and nonsense.” – “J. Kay knew well why she never liked you,” retorted Harry. It smelled like cattle. Right now someone opened the door of a stable. A small Finnish woman with dark hair under her blue head cloth and an apron on stepped out, and stared at them with surprise. Then she smiled and said, in good English: “You must be travellers from England. Welcome to Väinöla!” – “You mean Finland, yes?” asked Harry. – “Yes this is Finland. We are mighty glad that this is not Russia. That could have happened to us in the last war.” That made Draco say to Dudley: “I sure like that cowgirl.” And Harry was really glad about that warm reception too. The girl then swiftly was leading them into the village, that right now slowly started to wake up. They were all welcomed again by more small Fins with nicely made garbs and old-fashioned clothes. An older guy with a large face tanned by the Summer told them: “Our witch-master is still asleep, and he needs his sleep. But you may take a nice breakfast with us, and then we'll show you your guest house.” – “That doesn't sound at all like we're in Durmstrang”, said Harry gladly to Draco, who didn't answer. They then entered a guest room with a softly roaring oven. Some of the girls and women served them a continental breakfast: wheat bread with berry marmalades and honey, and coffee with much fresh milk. Harry missed his usual tea, and his usual protein-rich breakfast food too, but he hadn't the nerve now to ask the womenfolk to prepare such a meal extra for him.

In the wooden guest house the two dames took one of the rooms, and Dudley shared another with Harry. Dudley was in no mood for sleeping. "I feel awful", complained he, while he was laying out his wet clothes in the bathroom. "I need to recharge my batteries now." – "So what do you think would help?" – "We're in Finland. Let's go to the sauna." Harry liked the idea, and so did Barbara when they told her about it. The village called Vainoyla had a common sauna, but it was cold. They had to sit and wait a while before an old man came to fire it up. When they were ready to use it another old man came by to join them. Harry sensed immediately his aura of power. That was the chief of this village! He was surprisingly small and was wearing a long thin grey beard. With a happy face he greeted them: "Welcome to my town. We didn't expect you here." Looking at Harry he said, with amazement: "So you must be the famous Harry Potter! Where are your odd glasses?" – "I witched them away", said Harry coolly. That was not true, in fact his eyes had been lasered to correct his near-sightedness. But he immediately felt the need to impress his host, who boastfully introduced himself: "I, the greatest wizard of Finland and the North, am your Pohjolan Isäntä." – "So you're the Santa of Finland?" asked Dudley jokingly. – "No no no", replied the old wizard, a bit angrily. "Sänta Claus lives in Rovaniemi, not far away from here. Everybody knows him. Many tourists come there for presents. You too can visit Sänta's home if you like." – "I don't think that would be a good idea", said Barbara, from her corner of the sauna. They then started to tell to the chief wizard Pohjolan the scary story of their near collision in mid-air with an incoming missile. He was shocked and murmured something in Finnish, and then told them: "That reminds me of a famous story about Väinämöinen, the former chief wizard of Finland. Once he was on his way to Pohjola, that is the Northland. He wanted to court a young girl and marry her. He took his magic-horse and rode high through the air, over land and sea. But then the brother of that girl, a meagre Laplander called Joukahainen, shot his horse with his bow-arch. The bards say that it was due to a grudge, since that hunchback had lost a duel of wizard against wise Väinämöinen. But I know the truth! The great goddess Ilmatar had forsaken Väinämöinen. He was too old to marry a young girl. He plunged into the sea, and that cooled his head." Pohjolan laughed. Harry saw the logic in this, and Barbara too, since she said: "Isn't it the typical fate of many old men, that they are hardly ever ready to give up on their plans to romance, with a young blond vixen preferably?" Now by chance they all looked into the direction of Harry, who was blushing a bit. "Cindy wasn't really blond", murmured he. Right now Draco entered the sauna. When he heard this he laughed his frosty laughter and said: "But she was really hot, wasn't she?" – "Only once in a month", said Harry. "And that would have ended if I would have made her a child." Then Pohjolan said: "So she wasn't the right girl for you, Harry Potter. Maybe you should look twice at our Finnish girls, when you want to find a wife to marry. You are reputed to be as powerful as Väinämöinen was. Maybe you are even as powerful, as wise as I am. But I must of course doubt and challenge that." The Finnish manakin laughed, and with his trembling beard he now reminded Harry of a bleating billy goat. – "So let's start a little competition of wizardry", proposed Dudley. "Right now I keep wondering about something that happened in the boat. It was immediately before the incident. Then Barbara shouted something that I can't remember. Barebelle dear, can you say that again?" Barbara Blocksberg covered her sad hanging breasts with her towel, and said: "I could. But can you guess what it meant without my help?" The question went to Harry and his challenger. Harry but realized that he had completely forgotten about it. – "Let me hear the conjuration first", said Pohjolan. So Barbara repeated it with a soft voice: "*Schweinigel-Striegel schurigeln!*" They all thought about this. Then Harry had to admit: "Sorry, that doesn't tell me anything." Looking into the face of the German witch, the Fin said: "Schwein, swine, and eagle, that's something evil and imperious. I think it is a curse against evil spirits." – "Correct", said Barbara, sounding amazed now. She then explained that the German rude word *Schweinigel* was a magical circumscription of the Snakes of the Hogs. Like all those superworms they had skin contacts on their bodies, that made them look a bit like hedgehogs, German: *Igel*. "In that critical situation we were in, I tried to momentarily push back the power of the evil Snakes from the stars of the Hogs. – "Well then, it looks as if the puny Fin has won that point against our Harry", said Draco. Dudley said to the Fin: "Harry really doesn't need more girl trouble in Finland. He has enough of this at Hogwarts."

After the sauna they hustled to the nearby house lake too cool down. The puny Fin was the first to jump into the pond, visibly feeling well. Barbara didn't go in, after checking the temperature with her left toe. Then Harry, Dudley and Draco stood side by side on the wooden planks of the pond banks. – “Jump”, said Harry again to Dudley. – “You first”, replied Dudley. Since Harry had lost the duel of wizards, he saw the need to impress the others with his manly courage. But before he could jump, Draco already jumped into the water with a big splash. Therein he stood up and gave Harry a shower with his hands. “Come on you chicken, where's your cockiness?” While Harry shivered and tumbled back, Dudley jumped into the water. Only Harry still stood there at the side of Barbara. She softly told him: “You need to overpower your inner *Schweinehund*. That is what they say in German to the magical power coming from the evil Snakes. that constantly brakes and depresses you. Now guess what that verbally means!” – “Right now I see the need before me to learn Russian and maybe Finnish too. So leave me alone with your German quips”, barked Harry. He was about to retreat, but he couldn't really chicken out now so he jumped into the water too. It was cold but really refreshing. Harry still was swimming when the others stepped out again. Later in his room it rued him, since now his running nose seemed to really run with unstoppable force. At noon they went to sleep then, but Harry couldn't breathe through the nose and found no sleep. His recipe against insomnia was that he rose again and made gymnastics and push-ups. But then Dudley complained: “You rubber ball should better share a room with Draco. And never tell me again to jump! The more I come to know you the more I need to fear your out-of-control magic!”

In the evening, after just a few hours of sleep, Harry was shaven and feeling warm and clean. One of the women had taken his salty wet clothes into the laundry. The Fins had prepared for him, the famous celebrity, and his travel mates a little welcome dinner and party. Delphini still looked beat and worried. Draco now told her the apotropaic spell they had learned from Barbara in the sauna, the spell that was supposed to ward off the swine demons. He had to repeat it for her three times, but Delphini still didn't manage to say it correctly. – “Good heavens, it's too hard for me to learn spells”, complained she. The chief wizard heard this and explained: “Maybe you English people from Hogwarts are not well enough educated. In Finland we have an old valuable tradition how to best learn and memorize spells. We just sing a little song, that tells the story of a spell. Any such song starts with a little history, for instance a tale about a traditional god or a heroic wizard. Then the story goes on how he used the spell. Afterwards the spell is told. By this way, a well working spell has more than one good tale, and it is often heard so that you may easily remember it. If a spell is not so good, his story will only rarely be told, and only some master wizards may know it. I tell you, I can sing such tales for several hours. I can do this because I rarely watch TV or read books.” That story impressed Draco a lot. “My ancestors and other Celtic priests had memorized thousands of such stories and spells and other traditional wisdom. Some students would spend a lifetime to learn all this. But with the conquests of Julius Caesar and the Romans, this traditional sorcery culture of the Celts and Druids became suppressed, and later it was nearly all forgotten.” Delphini now said: “That is why some wizards from Central Europe could start an entirely new tradition of sorcery at Hogwarts. Rumours have it that this was a wisdom from the Middle East. The mighty wizard Salazar Slytherin had learned that at the subterranean fortress of Agarthi. He was my ancestor.” – “A great man was he”, agreed Draco. That talk made Harry jumpy again. It was contrary to all that he had learned at Hogwarts to deem that vile Slytherin had been anything else than a rogue. But he saw now the need to find out more about the wizardry school of Agarthi. Right now some Fins began to play music. That rose up the chief wizard into a festive mood, and immediately he stepped on one of the raw wooden tables of the room, to sing traditional songs of sorcery. Unfortunately they were all in Finnish. Harry could neither understand nor guess a single word. They ate reindeer and drank berry wine, and soon later the party was on. “Now you sing us your songs Harry Potter”, demanded of him a buxom girl with braided hair and a red dress. Harry told her that he, sadly, had never memorized songs. He proposed: “But I can dance well. At home I even learned the sailor's hornpipe. It's a British tap dance.” The girlie but didn't want to see him performing that. She explained: “Tap dances are out. But do you dance tango?” Harry had indeed lately learned that in France. So he danced with that girl, and then with others until his shoes hurt.

60. Of Traditions and their Backgrounds

On the next morning the Brits all met at the sauna again. Now Delphini was also with them. She only shyly undressed. Harry found her little breasts not unattractive, but he warned himself to not get it on with her. She was definitely too rude and mean for his taste. Again the chief wizard soon joined them, now accompanied by an elderly woman called Larin. As it turned out, Larin was the music teacher of the village. They indeed had a little school of folk culture and traditional dance in Väinöla. “And it is inevitable that a singer of traditional songs also needs a basic understanding of magic”, explained she. “In many of our songs magic plays a role.” – “This entire world is full of magic”, said the chief wizard. They then talked some more about the traditional folk culture of Finland. In the 19th Christian century the famous scholar Elias Lönnrot had collected many songs from all regions of Finland, to then compose from them his great epic poem Kalevala. Larin told them in the tone of a conspirator: “The great Elias Lönnrot also had heard many songs of magic, so-called conjurations. But he only dared to publish these texts in 1880, shortly before his death. It is still a question of dispute, whether he was a magician too or not.” – “Of course he was one of us”, said Pohjolan jovially. “He knew tens of thousands of verses only from memory.” – “But he maybe didn't really get to the understanding of it all”, disagreed Lorin. “Only that understanding turns a mere bard into a wise man.” – “How can you be sure? You know that I am sure that you can't be sure”, said Pohjolan. – “Oh yes I am sure”, said Lorin. To Draco and the others she then explained: “Lönnrot asked very many bards to sing to him all the songs they knew. But when it came to reciting the songs of conjurations, they sometimes didn't do what he wished. Some of the magical songs that he heard were incomplete. The wise men had left out entire strophes. That was because such songs are dangerous. Conjurations should not be recited without an immediate need. Any time you sing them they lead to magical effects. Also, there are mean spirits who punish you if you tell their secrets.” – “True, oh dear!” said Barbara bitterly. But Pohjolan said: “Bah, that is much superstition of the old, ahm, *noitia*, the *häxan* ...” – “he means hags”, explained Barbara. – “Booh!” said Delphini, now scowling at the manakin. Pohjolan soon became a little nervous. He went to the hot oven wetting the stones with a gush. Lorin kept on saying: “Did you know that in the evening yesterday, our *noitian pomo* didn't recite all the verses that he sang for you correctly? He left out a number of verses that he disliked, to sing others that were untraditional and his own works.” – “But that is just what all the singers do. It's in their artistic freedom”, replied Pohjolan. – “I disagree”, said Draco now. “If you garble our old traditions, oral or written, with modernist and vain invented stuff, then the results are often a degradation of the value of our whole magical culture. Our magical traditions work like an anchor in history that helps to fix our heavily shifting reality. Modern magic may work too, but the results are too often unwanted and unforeseeable.” They breathed heavily now. Harry couldn't read Draco's red face, but he sensed that his adversary now seemed to wait for his protest. He but wasn't in the mood now for yet another of their typical feuds with words. So he only said, with his voice sounding a bit lame: “You know Draco, lately I tend to agree with you. I used to believe in modernist ways and the evolution of magic. That was what Murky, our current headmaster, made me believe in. But the consequences of me searching out new ways was, that my modernist group disintegrated, while the luck of a magician left me.” His statement made all the others get a little sad and worried, Harry realized that. To encourage him Barbara said: “Come on Harry, just keep your head up. You can still consider me and Dudley as members of your faction at Hogwarts. And now count in Pohjolan Isäntä as your supporter.” – “*Kuka?*” said Lorin now with a surprised voice. Then she laughed and said: “My goodness! Our sly master wizard didn't even tell you his real name! That is sadly typical for that old ice fox!” – “It is typical for all true magicians that they are secretive”, said Pohjolan. – “I agree”, said Draco. Now Pohjolan stepped forward, with one hand on his goatee and taking Harry by the other hand: “But if you are a truly inspired wise man, Harry, you should be able to guess my name, just like I guessed yours, remember?” Harry snorted with surprise. What could he say? He had no idea. Just then an inner voice whispered a name to him: *Väinö*. That was what Harry repeated: “Your name is Whynoy!” But Lorin moaned. The chief wizard laughed scornfully, again sounding like a billy goat, and said: “Now it's two to nil in our little competition of wizards, Finland against England.”

Harry felt relieved when they left the sauna, and again were jogging a little to the nearby village pond. Now he was the first to bravely jump into the cold water. Draco and Dudley followed, and Delphini too stepped into the water. But when Barbara again hesitated, Harry told her: "C'mon jump, Barbie! It really helps with the magic. I bet you'll then learn the true name of our host." So she had no choice now but to take a cold bath. Later on she looked at Harry with a bitter face, and told him: "I still don't know the name of this funny dwarf." – "So maybe that is because you are not at home here", said Dudley, now appearing fresh and sprightly. "Of course this clever Finnish wizard has the home field advantage. He is rooted in the magic of Pohjola, the Finnish Northland. But it is maybe typical for the Germans that they think that they have the home rights anywhere." – "Definitely not after 1945", said Barbara, sounding very demure now. "We Deutsche definitely learned the lessons of the two world wars. The grave problem but seems to be, that all the higher powers still see things differently. You know the latest rumours: The hidden Earth Goddess must try and promote us Germans to the position of her chosen people, whether we like that or not. It is her position in a cosmic war against the evil Snakes, who madly hate us for the same old reason. When we Germans got so misled in ages past, it was because of their devilish cosmic N-rays." She now looked at Draco and Dudley, as if expecting their support. But they didn't say anything.

In the afternoon they took a walk through the woods. Now Lorin was with them. When they came to a little grove she stopped at a number of berry trees. They had already developed small orange berries. Lorin gathered some of them, explaining to the guests that these trees were service trees. – "I know them as June trees", said Draco. He took some berries and ate them, but soon spat them out again. "Tastes like flour." Lorin but had more to say. She explained that in former times, the service trees and also the rowan trees were hallowed as symbols of the Tree of the World. "In the Nordic Edda they call this tree Yggdrasil. But no Norwegian bard can say what that name really means. Only we Finnish bards have preserved the memory of the original story. Ygg originally referred to the supreme god of the sky. His name was Ukko, and he was a Finnish god of thunder and rain. Only later the cult of Wotan the Saxon came up. In the end the cult of Jesus replaced the cult of Ukko. Still our great poem Kalevala tells us a lot of Ukko. The Kalevala sadly tells the tale that Väinämöinen, that greatest Finnish wizard of all time, felled the Tree of the World." Lorin moaned. "That sad tale must have come from the early Finnish Middle Ages when Väinämöinen lived. Surely that old wizard was sad, that his religion and his culture were destined to end then. Surely he gave the blame to Ukko the god above. But such a god doesn't really exist, or does he?" Nobody would answer her when they walked on. Dudley broke down a branch from one of the trees, now using it as a walking stick. Right now a gusty wind was blowing, that separated some leaves from their trees. Suddenly Dudley said: "Hey, now look at that!" He stopped and pointed to a little whirlwind that passed by, whirling up some yellow and brown leaves from their path. "Counter-clockwise", said Dudley. He then told them a story from his days at the University of Wisconsin: "They called me and a band of my fellows the Mad Sons. It was because we dared to research into local inconstant anomalies of the magnetic field. Those are some rather unexplained phenomena of geophysics. It was in Barrow, a British town that is renowned for it's high rates of criminality. It seemed to me that the towns on the British west coast were especially troubled by the incoming weather fronts from the Northern Atlantic. When we tried to measure anomalies of the magnetic field, we indeed found that there was a connection with the troubles. Sometimes we measured so-called sferics, atmospheric disturbances, shortly before the weather fronts came in. But we also could measure them with our heads, you know? Sferics made us feel bad and goofy sometimes. On our instruments they showed up as little jerks of the local magnetic fields. At the same time we heard things with our inner ears. But the really big discovery was that such jerks of the local magnetic fields were connected to atmospheric disturbances that happened at the same time in the stratosphere and higher up! So that really looked like some kind of cosmic super-tree was trembling right above us. That ain't a myth, it's hard science that we just fail to compute!" – "True", said Delphini suddenly with a coarse voice. She sounded annoyed, and shortly looked up the sky. It sounded like a curse when she then said: "I also know those pains that sferics bring us, those magnetic jerks. Alien jerks do that with cosmic rays." – "Don't hate them", warned Barbara.

Later Axel Hattunen joined them. Lorin's husband was a huge slow blond man who worked at a garage at the nearby motorway. They talked with him some time about American veteran cars, who had been in fashion for some years in the North. Axel once had tried to start a little business of his own, but right now things weren't going well. They were sitting at the dinner table eating Swedish smörgåsar, which Harry liked. It was dark bread with several coverings. Harry could identify fried fish with red beetroot, broccoli and onions, local cheese and walnuts. When they started talking about the flying boat that Dudley had used to visit Väinöla. Axel's light blue eyes suddenly got narrow and his voice sounded tense. But Draco briefly informed him that they were running into problems with these machines of alien origin, since the few experts who really knew how to handle them seemed to lately get mysteriously scarce. "I don't understand this", admitted he. "It runs contrary to any other field of modern technology." – "It's magic, but not as you know it", said Barbara. Then Lorin said that at Väinöla they were having the problem too, that most of the younger ones weren't able or willing to take up the traditions of the older generation. "Where are the young guys now when they could hear interesting talk and learn from you guests?" asked Lorin, looking around in the rather empty dining room of the big guest house. "They eat sausages and chips in their living room, where they have a giant flat screen TV with American films. In the old days, every household of the magical folks used to have a kantele, our traditional instrument, hanging at the wall. But nowadays hardly anyone knows how to play it." Lorin went to the wall now to fetch and show around some kind of traditional wooden cithern. – "Play us your English song, dear", said Axel, who suddenly looked a little more lively and relaxed. "For English guests Lorin especially translated a traditional song. I can sing it too." – "But Iivana doesn't like it", said Lorin, "because he says it's untraditional to sing our secret Finnish songs in English." That news made Harry laugh, and he blurted out: "Oh yeah, we have the same discussion at Hogwarts too." Soon later Lorin and Axel sat down side by side to sing their song. Axel had to sing it, verse by verse, and after every verse Lorin played a short melody on the cithern, giving Axel the time to remember the next verse. Sometimes however she repeated or corrected the verse. Harry found it surprisingly hard now to not think of his sorrows or anything else but to pay attention to the song. It was a mythological tale about the creation of the world. In the beginning a waterbird came to the sea, one of three, ready to lay his egg. He but found no dry land, no rush where he could build a nest. He flew around and could not lay the egg, and was in pains. But then rose a hero from the sea. It was god the father. He lifted his knee, and onto that knee the waterbird could rest and lay the egg. As it turned out, the egg was a magical contraption of extreme value, called the Sampo. It was a wondrous mill that could create all kind of things, if a giantess inside of it would turn it. When Axel and Lorin had ended their long and rather dull singsong, the Brits all saw the need to applaud. "It's very traditional", judged Draco, and that was meant as an encouragement. Lorin now said, suddenly fixating Harry with her eyes: "Lately I use to think that it was not a knee that the water god lifted from the water for the Sampo." – "What else was it?" asked Delphini. Lorin would not answer, but now Harry spontaneously guessed: "I presume it must have been his dick." They laughed and joked some more, and now the ice was broken between the visitors and their cold-blooded Nordic hosts. Lorin explained: "Later some of the bards sang that our greatest hero Väinämöinen was the water god, and that the heroic smith Ilmarinen had forged the Sampo, and with it's help heaven and earth. But Elias Lönnrot attributed the creation of this world to Ilmatar, which must have denoted the Godmother. And isn't it true that she really lives in such a magical egg? That is at least what recent rumours say, or let's call them revelations." Suddenly Lorin's voice sounded magical. Silence now arose, and the clock on the wall seemed to tick a bit louder than usual. – "But what then about the tales of Ukko, the father god in the sky?" asked Delphini, with scepticism in her face. Lorin replied: "We may identify Ukko with Ægir, the Germanic god of the seas. Maybe the Germanic people remembered that deity in a better version than we Fins did." Axel said: "But some say that shamans were climbing the Tree of the World in their nightly visions to meet the god of the sky. That story is too a part of the Kalevala." – "Yes, but the seers apparently didn't find Yggr, the god of rain up there. Some Mordvins, Fins in Russia, called him Tumopas. Lately I fear that this name might refer to Toma, who seems to be a demon of the sky."

61. Daydreams and Night Flights

Some days later the Brits were taking Lorin and Axel to their flying boat. It was drizzling, and the drab landscape in scarcely populated Northern Finland was void of life like usual. That was why Dudley spontaneously dared to fly with his guests a kind of aerodrome circuit around their local lake. He was flying very slowly above the trees and then stopped, so that they could touch with their hands the tips of the highest twigs of the conifers that grew all around here. Axel was very impressed, and Lorin said: "Now that is magic that really deserves its name." Delphini was sad when Wade's Boat sank back into the water. "I wish I could fly now, like a migrating bird, to the south. Winter is coming, and surely it's rather unwise for us to travel to Russia right now." That was the first occasion when the Brits could no longer ignore the obvious: They had been misled! Instead of flying to the mysterious wizardry school of Durmstrang, they had landed at some odd magical village of the Fins. – "J. Kay played a mean trick on us", grumbled Draco. – "She surely had her reasons", said Barbara. "I sensed too that things are rather difficult at Durmstrang at the moment. They seem to be active in a rebellion against the tyrannical president Putin." – "So what can we do now, Barbie?" asked Dudley. – "Shouldn't we fly back home?" – "Never!" said Harry emphatically. "I'm not a bird that flutters away in troublesome situations." – "But in fact, that is just what you do right now regarding Hogwarts", chided him Draco. Barbara immediately tried to soften the upcoming tension. She promised that she would phone up Durmstrang again soon and ask them for an update on their personal security situation. – "Couldn't you eventually guide us to that place?" asked Dudley, like several times before. But like usual, Barbara shied away from that question, saying: "They would maybe regard this as a grave violation of their security rules. They are traditionally very strict at Durmstrang when it comes to keeping secret their exact location." – "So shouldn't we rather fly to America?" asked Dudley jokingly. "We could maybe fly just across the North Pole now, and in a couple of days we'd bathe in the warm waters of Barbados." – "They expect us back at duty in Hogwarts by the end of next week", reminded him Draco with a strict voice. But Lorin now dared to say: "If you would fly to the south now, I would really like to join you. The winters are just too dark and cold and sad here in Finland, in the months of the nearly endless polar night." Axel her husband agreed: "When we sing the sad old songs in wintertime, sometimes I think that the stories of the heroes who travelled to Pohjola, that mythical Northland, did not really mean Lapland but another land further to the north. It is as if our sly wizards of old Finland, and Karelia and other Finnish lands, knew that there were more and warmer lands in the North, that you would find by way of flying across the North Pole." – "Absolutely", said Barbara with a warm voice. "That was why the Greek myth of Apollon has it that he always left Greece in wintertime. Surely he didn't travel to Britain then but to a nicer place further to the west." – "You mean Ireland?" joked Dudley. – "Not exactly, but Avalon maybe, or the Island of the Hesperides, another mythical paradisaical island far away." Harry saw that Delphini now smiled a rare smile. She seemed to be always thinking of her greatest holiday ever in Greece. Now she told the others another story about Apollon, the noble god of the sun of ancient Delphi: "Some wise Greeks, the Pythagorean and Platonist philosophers, interpreted his name verbally as 'Not Many'. That would mean that Apollon was a synonym for 'The One'. In the old days of classical Greece and Rome they used to revere very many gods. But some philosophers also had this idea that we could call monotheistic today, the idea that truly there is only one god." – "That's indeed true", said Barbara emphatically, who also was a fan of ancient Greek culture. "But the problem then arose who that was." – "The god of paradise, the creator", said Delphini. Lorin then said: "That reminds me of the Nordic name for Odin, the supreme god. In Russian that word means: 'One'." Axel now added to this: "That idea well meets the Nordic interpretation of our name Ukko, formerly the supreme god of Finland. The Norwegians believed that Yggr, the name of the god of Yggdrasil the Tree of the Worlds, was only another name for their Odin, one of very many." All who sat in the cabin of the boat seemed to agree with that. But Draco suddenly said, with his typical cold cynical voice: "Just thinking of that tree of the sky reminds me of ancient Ireland again. Near Dublin there used to be a grove that Vikings had dedicated to Thor their god of thunder. But some said that this god really was a Thurs, a gigantic sky devil. The name of the grove was *Coill Tomair* – Toma's oaks."

On the weekend Axel and Lorin had invited them for a road trip with one of their veteran cars. It was a Ford Country station wagon that had room for all of them. – “It's a great car, but it guzzles as much as a Russian”, said Axel, before he started the low-pitched droning motor. The weather had become cold during the last days. First snowflakes had already fallen. Harry but was wearing a red overcoat, a present from the Fins, above his fancy jacket instead of his warm winter parka. By wearing this garb he hoped to appear more like a Fin, and to avoid the usual turmoil that arose when people recognized him. – “You remind me of Santa Clause”, joked Dudley. “So what you also would need is a sack with presents, in case they'd later spot you in Rovaniemi, the home of Santa.” Harry joked: “That will be his business not mine, to entertain the gawkers and grockles.” Now Delphini joked: “If some crumpets come running after you, they'll want your underwear and maybe strip you on the place. So beware! Act as if you were a saint, or else you'll freeze to death in the polar night.” – “In that case I'll just fetch a broom and fly home to Hogwarts”, joked Harry. At a roadhouse they were eating reindeer again, this time with mashed potatoes and lingonberry jam. Harry didn't like that sweet dish much, and said: “I rather eat meat well spiced, with pepper and fresh crispy vegetables. – “That is sadly hard to get in the hinterland of Finland”, said Lorin. Barbara then absolutely had to tell the story of how she once was eating a 'red hot Mexican chili' in America. “It burned on my tongue for an hour, and in my stomach for a day, and in my bowels for a month. Some Indians consume even hotter dishes.” – “Better beware before telling that tale to school kids”, warned her Draco. “The Ministry of Education regularly sends around warnings before racism. The oddballs and socialists there even blame it as racism if you dare to notice that the flavouring habits of Indian Indians and other darkies are much less than healthy.” – “It is but typical for peat heads that they live less reasonable, healthy and sane lives”, said Axel. – “Don't be a Nazi Axel”, warned him Lorin. Harry said: “Let's better not talk about the British kitchen.” – “Maybe we had too many colonies in past centuries. That brought us down”, speculated Draco. They then went shopping in a supermarket, and Barbara later bought for them all schnecken at a bakery. “That is a liked German after. It's made of puff pastry with raisins”, explained she. “The tradition is to form a long snake of dough, that is then rolled to form a labyrinth. By this way the schnecke reminds of the labyrinth of the goddess, who is some kind of snake, or maybe a slug.” Axel at first looked at his schnecke with sceptic views, but when he tried it he found that he liked it. Draco but said coolly: “I'd rather like a beer, but it's surely too early for us to get drunk now.” Harry found his schnecke tasty, and he liked his coffee too, but he thought that an apple would have surely been a healthier choice. “So what the heck? We all die anyway in the end”, said he. It was only when they were back on the road that a hostile inner voice reminded him that he forgot to buy new kerchiefs and paper towels. His inner demons seemed to always lurk for his mistakes. In Rovaniemi then they were rather tired, and firstly went again into a café. Harry drank tea and wasn't feeling better from it. Draco drank a beer and looked more tired then. Axel drank a can of Red Bull and explained that “he and Iivana” disliked this town that was often overrun by tourists. Lorin took a big piece of brown tart with white coating and a cherry on it, complaining about the “tourist price”. Barbara was relieved that she had WLAN here and could try to contact her friends and colleagues at Durmstrang. “Right now we can only use some special messenger and e-mail services.” That news reminded Harry of his own troubles at home. So he went to a public internet terminal to check his e-mails. The news that he received stunned him. His Jewish business friends from the former Harry Potter bank had written him several e-mails, with news that they “deeply deplored”. The problem was that they weren't able to revoke contracts over “a pile of junk bonds” that they had bought in his name. The ensuing problem was that Harry's payment of “a little more than 1.7 billion US dollars” was already overdue. They told him to better fill up his bank account any time soon, and offered him help with asking for credit. The cherry on that collapsed financial piece of cake was the idea of Robbie Zuckerman: “If you can't cover that sum, then why not use your magic to twist the cyphers a little of your bank account? For a master magician that should be a doddle.” The e-mail program offered him to reply immediately. Harry wrote a short sketch about Jewish pigs, but then trashed it. With weak knees he went back to his table. When he told the bad news Draco judged: “It's typical for Jews that they have bad luck at the wrong moment.”

In the evening they strolled to the north-east of the tourist-trap village, since Axel found that they absolutely needed to visit Santa. Harry was feeling strangely giddy and lacking his usual form. – “You would need to declare a personal bankruptcy in Britain”; said Draco now to him. – “Not as long as I still have my magic in me”, snorted Harry. As they reached the kitschy Home of Santa, some German tourists just left it, loudly talking among themselves. Barbara chuckled when she heard this, and translated their conversation for the Brits: “The Germans just say that they accept it when all the attractions here cost a sum of money. But they find that it's too expensive to pay a sum of 55 Euros for just a single photo with such a false Santa.” Lorin then said: “Of course our local Santa is just an actor. The original saint Nicolaus was a bishop in today's Turkey.” – “But I am a real bishop after all”, remembered Harry. That gave him the idea of the day to make some money! He put the hood of his red coat on, and then hustled to the German tourists telling them: “Hey I'm a Santa too! You can book me for your photo if you want!” That took the tourists by surprise. – “You have no original white beard!” complained a kid. – “But I am a real bishop, no kidding!” – That's true, Harry has his own church in England, dedicated to Simon the Sorcerer”, said Dudley. – “So what's your price then?” said a woman. Harry demanded 35 Euros at first, but after some discussions he found it okay to take 25 Euros for a series of photos. They took those photos in front of the rather empty Christmas market, and all were satisfied with this in the end. “I still have ways to escape from any financial crisis”, said Harry gladly after the show was over.

But when soon later Harry went to welcome another group of tourists, that was just approaching the phoney Christmas market, the door of the House of Santa opened up. And then the original Finnish Santa marched out, perfectly dressed up in his costume. “*Painu vittuun, senkin huijari!*” roared he through the night, raising his hands with the thick gloves. And when Harry stumbled back and said: “What do you say? Hey, wait a minute!” the Finnish Santa repeated his words in perfect ordinary English: “Fuck off you impostor!” Harry was so shocked that he could not get away in time, when the Finnish Santa served him a mighty slap into the face with his soft-gloved right hand. Now Harry got angry, and he was in no way willing to retreat. “I am not a fake! I am an original British ordained bishop. And I am more of an original saint than you are!” shouted he. That stopped the big bellied Finnish Santa from marching on. “You are not a saint”, growled he. – “What do you expect me to do? I can do real miracles! I can fly like a real Santa! I'll show you right here!” replied Harry. Spontaneously he reached out for his magical wand, but to realize with slight terror that he had only a fake stick in his belt holster right now. He took it out anyway, and tried his best to levitate a bit. He absolutely knew and believed now that such a trick was possible even without the help of any magical wand! And indeed, as soon as Harry shouted out a common levitation spell: “*Commodo exultare!*” he started feeling light and free. Harry hardly realized that he was flying, and only saw that he seemed to grow bigger than this huge mighty Finnish Santa. Now the Finnish Santa tumbled back, his big mouth wide open with amazement. But while Harry was hovering in the air, he lost the hood of his fancy coat that was adorned with stylish Finnish embroidery. That made a tourist cry out: “Now look at his face! We know that lightning scar! It's Harry Potter in disguise!” And while Harry softly sank back to the ground again, the tourists all flocked around him. “Harry Potter!” – “Hey, I want a selfie with you!” – “Come on, me too!” But the Finnish Santa wasn't at all ready to give up so fast. Like with bear paws he shoved away the tourists, and then marched forwards against Harry again. “So you are not a real saint but a wizard of the night! You are night flyer, like all the *noitia!* You magic is magic of the devil, I presume!” Harry found that he couldn't counter that accusation well, and also couldn't escape, with all the tourists around him. But when he was just about to surrender a bit, he heard nearby Delphini hiss a strange spell in what was garbled Gaelic maybe: “*Deiseal dearg deil!*” That made the Finnish Santa rapidly turn to the right. He turned around his own axis two times, and then lost his balance and fell into the snow with a cry: “Urgh!” All bystanders were stunned for a moment. But then Delphini cried out, with her coarse voice: “Hooray for Britain and Harry Potter, the winner of the match!” – “Hooray for Harry Potter”, said the others too. Harry then had to pose as a winner for a large number of photos, with the Finnish Santa at his feet who didn't dare to rise again. In the end he earned the sum of 155 Euros, before he found that it was wiser to take a leave from the crowd.

62. When the Magic wins or fails

On the road again Axel talked a lot about motor sports. At competitions half a million spectators would watch rally cars speed over blind bend curves and jump on slippery gravel tracks. – “For many Finnish some of these drivers are their heroes. Yes, from my point of view as some kind of folk bard, those rally drivers need magical abilities. When they fly high with their race cars they need to have a magical sense how the road goes on. What puzzled me was that, on one occasion, the press wanted to make one of our national champions famous, promoting him to the title of sportsman of the year. But he didn't like the idea. He said that he was not looking good enough for such a title and not young enough to be such a role model. They should rather choose a young guy who was fit and good looking.” Harry understood that: “Certainly it plays a big role in any position whether you are good looking and still rather young or not. In my younger days I always found it helpful to be so very young, and nowadays I still feel like a teenager sometimes, instead of the senior teacher and bureaucrat that I have become lately.” – “You still look like a junior teacher to me, and you often act rather immaturely”, judged Draco. That remark made the others laugh, but Harry was not amused. Dudley, who was looking swell, then found that indeed it played a big role with the magic too whether you were making a good impression with your looks and your attire. Lorin agreed to that: “I'm just thinking of our great biathlon athlete Kaisa Mäkarainen. She always wore her hair dyed very blond, and that perhaps made even the saviour like her some more.” – “Of course the sympathy of the gods plays a mighty role especially when it comes to success with your magic”, agreed Draco. “The big problem however seems to be that some mighty demons also try to find their favourites.” There it was again, the disliked topic that often terminated a conversation. Dudley said: “I suppose that the devils and demons often prefer to push athletes who are doped. Even doping that doesn't really work makes athletes feel guilty! And that is a feeling that the inner demons welcome.” Barbara agreed to that, saying with her soft voice, that was hardly audible in the car: “Some demons like to be wanted helpers. Methinks this is the secret of the demon Ga-Toma. Sometimes it's like a pact with these devils when an athlete has to hope that he won't be tested positive by a doping medic.” – “Yeah!” agreed Dudley loudly. “That was surely the reason why the tests always were negative for Lance Armstrong, formerly America's most successful cycling star. Magic and magical pressure helped Lance to pass all the doping tests. Only later, when his career was terminated, suddenly it came out that he had been doped all the time. But I guess if you aren't doped well you can never endure a cycling marathon like the Tour de France.” Draco then said: “Destiny has little mercy with former stars and losers. If your best days are over, destiny has a tendency to turn against you, wiping out your successes and achievements back in time.” Barbara agreed: “It does play a mighty role if the people like and support you mentally. The crowds can push athletes to extremes.” Dudley nodded: “But they may also forget fast their former darlings. And with their sympathy you also lose the magic and luck of the winners.” Harry found that talk particularly sad: “Life is just not fair, and likewise are the gods.” Axel but kept up his sunny mood while driving slowly through the night. “That should not be a problem for former race drivers, who still can always drive on.” But Barbara now reminded them of the very strange case of Michael Schumacher. That formerly most popular race driver of Germany had had especially bad luck. “After a skiing accident Me-chaa-ale fell into a final coma, but they still keep him alive like a zombie. With his face and teeth gone he maybe looks like the mummy in a coffin.” Harry disliked that talk, it made him feel sad and sick. Why did the women always have to tell those bad and sad stories and then could not stop? Right now Lorin was telling the story of Matti Nykänen, a former Finnish top athlete who maybe had been the most successful ski jumper of all time. “He reminds me of you, Harry”, said Lorin. “Matti was an extremely lightweight type of guy. That was why he could fly so well. But later in his life he lost his self-control and his mind. He drank too much and was jailed several times for hurting his wife.” – “I presume it's just not healthy if you try to use your magic to fly too much. Maybe you should always better try to keep well in touch with the ground”, murmured Draco reluctantly. Barbara said: “So many people dream of flying high into the air! But up there are demons who seem to dislike all heroes.” – “Well, apparently our Eddie the Eagle was well advised to not jump so high”, concluded Harry.

At a fuel station the Brits footed the huge bill. Then Harry drove the limousine, which he enjoyed a lot. “I even like more right now to drive on the right side. To me it seems like this is indeed the *right* side.” Dudley agreed: “From the point of view of my alternative physics, there is something to it. Driving on the right side means that the traffic roundabouts lead you left, counter-clockwise, which seems to be in some mysterious way cosmologically better. We may take this from the fact that our milky way also rotates counter-clockwise.” Barbara agreed: “Horse whisperers often say that you need to ride horses counter-clockwise to not make them shy.” – “Why do the Brits drive differently?” asked Delphini, sounding slightly annoyed like often. – “The reason must be that there is this other planet, of the mysterious star that they call Sirius C, whose destiny seems to be especially linked to our Welsh. I reckon that they drive on the left side there”, speculated Dudley. – “I don't think so!” said Draco. – “But definitely these aliens have a burdening influence on our culture. That was why in former times, the term *Welsche* was a derogatory term for the French”, said Barbara. “One might suspect that they are rogues, but the news are that this is not correct. As it seems they are just more troubled by evil aliens and therefore need our destined moral support.”

It was past midnight when they arrived back in Väinölä. When Axel parked his sturdy old limo in a wooden makeshift garage, they took a look at the other cars that he was working up right now. – “Do you really plan to sell all those bangers some other time?” asked Harry, with disrespect and disbelief in his voice. – “That earns me more respect and dough than singing old folk songs that nobody really liked today”, replied Axel. Dudley said: “These old street cruisers remind me of the classical film *Christine*. That guy at least made a swell impression with a single car that he nicely worked up.” But Lorin said: “Better don't remind my man of that horrible film. Some Christians take that mysterious pink car as a symbol of the alleged goddess of the earth. She likes to pose as a pink lady, but in truth she is a very old, ahm, beast, that fell down from the sky.” – “The Bible calls her a vile dragon”, said Dudley in a light tone. Both Lorin and Axel looked depressed now as they went with the Brits to the guest house, to take some belated Saturday night drinks. Lorin explained that most of the people who now lived in Väinölä had originally come from Karelia, the former part of Eastern Finland that had been occupied by Stalin's Soviets: “Our forefathers were Russian Orthodox Christians. That is why they still much cared for the old folk culture, that today is so vital for Finland's self esteem. In all the rest of Finland, the intolerant German and Swedish Lutherans had spread their traditions, and they didn't tolerate the old tales from the times of our heathendom.” Axel agreed: “To us the fantastic tales of the *Kalevala* are as precious as the *Ilias* is to the Greeks. It's even much the same tale! It strongly reminds of the Greeks who sailed to Troy to win Helena, the most beautiful woman of the world. According to our *Kalevala*, always one Finnish hero after the other travels to the Northland, the magical land, to win a beautiful girl.” – “But the quest never really worked out, just like the plan failed of the Greeks to win Helena”, said Lorin. She laughed. “At one occasion the smith *Ilmarinen* was so frustrated, that he assembled a golden robot for himself, calling her the *Golden Goddess*. But he didn't like her because she was too cold in his bed.” Axel said vividly, with a British beer bottle in his hand: “Yes, and when the old wizard *Väinämöinen* drove out to *Pohjola* to win beautiful young *Aino*, she was so little fond of him that she jumped into the cold sea and drowned. But when the wizard went fishing for her, he found that she seemed to have transformed into a mermaid.” – “Uaah! Horror!” shouted Harry joyfully, fidgeting through the cold room to get warm. Draco said with his ghastly voice: “I guess that was only *Erda*, the goddess of the earth again. *Ewa* and other supreme Snakes like to appear under many masks. In fact my mean pa named me *Draco* because of her. But lately I learned from the Ring operas of Wagner, that she is not a dragon but often appears as one of three mermaids.” Barbara said, with a voice suddenly sounding feeble: “She is the goddess, from the point of view of Wicca. But who is her god?” – “Not anyone of the great wizards or heroes of old, who tried to conquer her”, said Draco. Lorin now looked at him a bit anxiously, turning to Harry then for help: “So can't it be true what the Christians say, that there is a transcendental father god in the highest of all the heavens? Harry Potter, since you are a bishop, what do you think?” – “That is a tough question”, murmured Harry. – “... but maybe only for those who are not well able to part the good and the evil powers”, said Barbara. She then groaned from pain, pressing her fist against her liver.

After hardly two hours of sleep Harry found himself unable to find more rest. So he got up to take a shower and a morning walk, and then he fired up the sauna. Therein the Brits met at eleven with Pohjolan Isäntä, talking again about religion. The grey Finnish wizard was obviously impressed but also grabbed by envy, when he heard the story of how Harry flew high up in the air before the Santa of Rovaniemi. “I am a Santa too. I can fly even without a reindeer sled!” said he repeatedly. – “I flew without a broom. I was angry”, explained Harry. Lorin then compared his adventure tale to a true story of the original Santa Claus: “Once all the bishops met at a church council. At that time nearly all of them came from the Levant, the Orient, and the mood among them was hot. The bishop Arius, favoured by the Goths, said that he believed that Jesus had been only one of several sons of God the Father. Hearing that, Saint Nicolaus got so angry that he gave Arius a slap in the face! And that settled the religious dispute.” They shook their heads in disbelief, and Harry said: “I bet Santa never ever really could fly.” – “That isn't so heavy”, said the chief wizard Pohjolan with a boastful voice. “I could show that. I have a light weight.” Harry felt tempted now to grin with disbelief. The consequence was that later the two of them met again on the parking lot for a competition of wizards. – “You should show him first what we can do”, proposed Draco to Harry. Harry drew his fake wand again confidently, and saying the common spell he tried to rise into the air. But all was in vain, and it also didn't help when he varied the spell: “Commodo levitare!” and yelled it three times. He was devastated! He could not understand this. Soon later but the little Fin managed to fly. He looked rather unprepared for this, and was obviously shocked. But when he sank back to the ground, the Finnish cheered to him, and he soon found back his typical boastful mood. “It's three to nil for Finland now”, said he. Harry was unable to say a word. Slowly but the idea formed in his mind, that the name of his host might be: “Ivanhoe! Now I know at least your true name.” He was right this time with his guess. As it turned out the tiny chief wizard had been baptised with the rather Russian name of Iivana. He explained: “My parents did this because they feared that the Russians would come. But it was due to my magic too that they never dared that. They all knew in Moscow that Stalin, that failed priest, was secretly praying when Hitler came.” When they then sat down for the Sunday's supper, the mood got a little too Christian for the taste of Harry. Lorin suddenly was not convinced that Jesus and some of his followers weren't really living on somewhere far away. But Dudley wouldn't hear any talk of this, and Barbara explained: “What we British and other wizards know for sure now is that out there in the abyss of the sky are evil demons, who may eventually appear under the false masks of saints who died long ago. They are immensely cruel, so watch out! That is why the sky seems to especially like dead martyrs.” It was a quiet young guy who suddenly said something before Lorin could answer: “I just remember the demonically masked hard rock group Lordi. They won the Eurovision Song Contest with their 'Hardrock Hallelujah'. That was when many of us magical folks thought: Now these remind of the real demons of the sky! They pretend to be our Lord in heaven and they sing the hallelujah for us. But we need to beware of those devils. Even thinking of them makes me feel weaker sometimes.”

After supper they drank cognac, and that stuff was hard enough to send Harry back into bed for hours. When he awoke, he realized that his room mate Dudley was packing in his things while warbling the song “Leaving on a jet plane.” When Harry asked him what was going on, Dudley explained that Barbara had received the okay from that Mr. Prigosine at Durmstrong. They would send a vessel to fetch her. “Harry, you look like you rather would return to Britain with me”, said Dudley. – “Do I? You get me wrong”, lied Harry. He was still so sleepy, and just couldn't get up now for the evening. When Dudley had gone, the urge came to him that he had expected – that pressing force, that had been getting stronger inside of him constantly, wanted him to masturbate again. He hesitated to do this, saying to himself: “Damn it! I am so much stuck in troubles right now! I maybe need a break from this.” But at the right moment, or maybe at the wrong moment, the thought came to him that he absolutely needed to apply the magic of the Zorro book again. He knew the way to correct his past errors! Harry only was fearing that he wasn't applying that magic correctly. When he then masturbated, with a strongly female touch, he whispered and begged to “Mother Zitza and Holy Lord Tus: Please help me first to really correctly do this magic.” He slept in soon afterwards. When he woke up again, he found that the Zorro book was lying on his bed!

63. The last Secrets of the Races

In the early evening a group of the younger guys got ready to leave Vainölä. They were working for the wood industry in an industrial town near the Russian border. Harry wished them goodbye with a funny bitter remark: “If you happen to see a flaming star in the night, then that is probably our vessel that got shot down on the way to Russia by a patriotic anti-aircraft rocket.” That joke made the young Fins look sad. A filthy looking dark young man but smiled at Harry: “In case you return you might smuggle us some pot, or other stuff from the Altai and Afghanistan maybe. That stuff brings us the most spectacular dreams, I tell you, and that's what magic at it's core is about. Or can't you witch pot for us right now, you sweet little witcher?” Harry seriously told him that any drug smuggle would be against his convictions: “I don't teach magic at Hogwarts to drug and bring down young people but to educate an elite.” – “I'd share my bong with you if I'd find one in damn Russia”, but said Delphini now to the filthy guy. When Draco and Lorin looked at her with critical eyes, she explained, sounding like a naughty girl now: “Drugs are a natural part of magic and medicine, are they not? My aunt gave me some tapes that my father Tom used to play. One was by a group of young Negroes from London. I didn't like their music called Ska. On one track they were greeting *all the bongsters* with the track 'Big big Monkey Man.' A bad friend of mine explained that to me: They meant guys who smoke pot from a glass bowl called bong. My friend then said that the monkey is a helpful guiding spirit. My father Tom was maybe convinced by the same idea, that drugs can let us contact helpful aliens, humanoids like us who are living in outer space.” – “But you know how badly Tom Riddle became a tool of evil in the end”, chided Harry. Draco then warned Delphini and the Fins that Negroes were especially prone to intoxication and depravation: “It's due to their genes. That is what our great British race scientist Houston Stewart Chamberlain realized a hundred years ago. Sadly the Muggles of today mostly ignore and reject his lore about good blood and ground. But the Wagners in Bayreuth used to be his greatest fans.” – “But so were the Nazis, sadly”, added Barbara. – “Things got so bad in Germany because Hitler didn't believe in the god of the Bible, and then had no other and better religion”, speculated Lorin. – “The Christians are to blame for anti-semitism. They always hated the Jews”, said a young guy. – “Some of us always hated the churches”, said Iivana now. To bid farewell to the parting group of youngsters he sang for them another one of his odd folk or maybe punk songs: “Kirkot sotää!” The discussion about drugs wasn't over when the young guys then left with their minibus. Back in their silent and rather dark guest house, the Brits started playing their usual rounds of Tarot. But Delphini suddenly said: “My father Tom also liked the records of Michael Jackson. For him this American Negro was a superstar. Tom had heard the rumours that Michael was also taking drugs, 'of course' he used to say. And Tom believed that this was the reason why Michael liked much his chimp Bubbles.” – “Yeah, but maybe too much”, said Draco with his grisly voice. “The rumours also have it that even the ape was gay in Michael's entourage, like many of the other Negro apes in his fantasy resort. I once sensed the mighty magic that he was building up, to make little Negro boys agree to his dominant sexual obsessions. At the same time he was but so ashamed of himself being bad and black, that he spent millions of dollars for treatments to transmutate his face into a white behind. The Dementors, who especially like such weird and bad types, made him excellent, and popular like a living god! That unique tragic case can really teach us something about black music and magic.” Barbara gave Harry an urging look. He had the feeling that she was expecting of him to talk back versus Draco and condemn his partly racist talk. Harry only sighed, feeling as insecure right now as rarely in his life. It was wise Barbara then who said: “What our world needs is a better understanding of human races.” Harry but said: “The problem is that such wisdom can't come to us without a better sense for the magic involved. It is too obvious that a spell distributed different races over different lands. I think Hitler was one of those simple minds who just held on to the racial lore of the Bible. For him some races were born to rule, while others were born to be gypsies or slaves. I believe that this was due to the fact that Bernhard Stempfle, a Catholic priest, was the co-author of Hitler's book 'Mein Kampf'. A similar racial lore is what the Bible teaches in the tale about Noah's three sons. Many of the western liberals, who are more or less Christians, do keep to this lore.” – “But Aryan Hinduism wouldn't really bring us one step beyond”, said Draco.

The current round of Tarot ended with the Queen of Swords. The stately Redhead looked as if she was about to cut off her left hand with her sword. It was apparently a gesture that showed her as a kind-of tyrannical strict ruler. The classical illustration on the card reminded Harry of red-headed Delphini, who was sitting next to him. Suddenly he liked her a bit better, despite of the fact that in recent days she had turned remarkably cool towards him. Harry explained this to himself with his recent sudden lack of good luck. He was seriously indebted now, and since he had no money he obviously was 'just no good' in her eyes. Now he told her: "I really must control myself hard to not start hating the Jews altogether. I reckon that if bad luck is bound to come down on me via the cosmic tree pipeline, it will always find a way to do me harm." – "With slyness and courage and a good self-discipline you might escape", said Barbara. She then explained that she had always had more of her share of good luck, which she partly attributed to her still splendid golden-blond hair. "I think that for the same reason my blond daughter Bibi has become such an exceptional witch. It was such a nonsense when Hitler tried to conquer the world with his brutal methods. We blonds could have done a much better job naturally." – "Hitler was just a warrior by nature", said Draco. – "That is sadly typical for the redheads", said Barbara, now regarding Delphini, who retorted: "I am naturally rather brown." – "So better wash out that red dye and these crazy blue streaks from your hair, if you want Harry to like you", advised her Draco, with one of his sudden cynical grins. – "That is not what I need right now. Harry seems to love himself more than I ever could", said Delphini. Harry got red in the face while hearing this. Obviously all the other people had sensed what he had done hours before, while he had been alone in bed! "Magic can be so treacherous", complained he. – "Many people use magic with good intentions but to only reach the opposite of what they wanted", said Draco. It sounded like a warning to Harry, who was feeling more and more uncomfortable. Delphini was in an unusually talkative mood now, and she reluctantly told some more stories about her father Tom: "My father was a big fan of Negro music, and therefore he also opposed apartheid in South Africa. That was why Tom had a portrait of Nadine Gordimer hanging in his room. If you don't happen to know her, she was white, Jewish and a fighter against apartheid. My father Tom found it okay that Nelson Mandela and the Negroes bombed their way to black tyrannical rule. As a consequence he was getting more and more tyrannical and evil too. Today most people say that it was good that apartheid ended, and that Negroes now are in charge in all the former colonies in Africa. But in reality the gangs and the violence in many townships are terrible! Lately I think that the demons in the sky always foster and push some such trouble makers like Hitler or Gordimer, who bring up a racial lore that just isn't correct and sows the seed of terrorism and tyranny. The intention of these demons is to make things get so bad here on our planet, that in the end many people agree to the tyrannical rule of bad guys for the sake of peace."

On next morning Lorin came by for an early visit, while they were having breakfast. Lorin had an express letter for Barbara. – "Hey, it's from my daughter Bibi", said she. She sniffed at it and then predicted: "What can be so urgent? I bet she asks if she may visit me. Bibi has little bureau work to do right now, and her father is on unemployment benefits for some years now. Surely Bibi will be happy seeing you again, Harry Potter!" Harry wasn't convinced about that. Draco then asked Barbara about their plans to fly to Russia. But she assured him that the promised vessel wouldn't come so soon. – "Did you see that in your cards?" asked Lorin. – "No, but I know those Russians for some years now", explained Barbara. She confessed that she sadly was often misled by inner voices and intuitions, and also by the cards of course. "That is typical when it comes to important private affairs", admitted she. Lorin but was distracted, looking out of the window to a tree called *tuomi*, a bird cherry tree. Right now there was a flying squirrel hushing and jumping inside of it. Lorin explained: "In Finland, such a tree was also traditionally seen as a symbol of the Tree of the Worlds." – "So isn't this a bad grapevine that the demons use to send us harm?" – "Not according to some legends. These red berries reminded our bards of the souls of the people. And an ancient Nordic legend has it that a wondrous squirrel called Ratatosk hurries up and down the Tree of the Worlds, thus connecting a dragon at the roots and an eagle in the top. We may interpret the beast as a symbol for the Earth Goddess, a snake. The squirrel stands for us all. The tree may give us a hard time finding food; but let's hope that the eagle, who stands for God the Father, stabilizes it."

Some time later Harry was feeling increasingly lonely. Väinöla was a commuter town, where on weekdays few people remained: wives, oldsters and the cattle farmers. The autumn was coming fast. Some Finnish radios played lots of American songs. Once in the early evening Draco played a song on his handy that Harry liked a lot: A classical to folk crossover song by the Lena Jonsson Trio called Mama's Mage. It sounded so genuinely British that it made Harry get homesick. Tears came into his eyes. Draco saw that, who now was sharing his room. He sneered at him, and Harry started to hate him again. But with a mighty effort Harry fought back these old bad emotions this time. He told Draco, to try and make him understand: "I never had what you had: A mother who cared for me." – "My mother was like a slave of the Snakes", replied Draco, sounding weak too. Unfortunately there were no cell phone nets at remote Väinöla, but Draco had saved some infos about that band from the Internet with his smartphone. It was a small info text from an Austrian website in German. With difficulties he translated it, by his witty way: "The Swedish diva Lena also played the fiddle for the one and only Negro Barack, and for Greta the snappy climate tuna. On the stage Lena appears as wild and unhappy as any rock star. The track Mama's Mage must be about how it's like to be the mage, the wizard of a bizarre subculture goddess, because this is how she looks on some of her Gothic style photos." Draco sighed and clicked the group away. "I think that there are many people who struggle to win the wisdom of the Goddess of Earth. Her wisdom makes all the difference, for instance when it comes to making weather. Letting it rain, this is the key field of magic that gives most of the magical folks in all the world something to do right now. In the old days most everybody believed that a few simple spells would suffice. But lately, while all are becoming more aware of the Snakes, of course many witches and wizards try to reap from them wisdom and support with the magic. So who do they turn to?" – "Some turn to the demonic snakes." – "To the *Dementors* they turn. It seems to be true that some grey Snakes from the sky are helpful here with the making of the weather. But these evil beasts use their powers to do harm to anyone who even thinks of them. That was what must have brought Tom Riddle down. After all that I heard of him, he tried to win power and fame with the help of the Dementors, trusting in their magic. So now Jessica Riddle tells us that her father Tom was a fan of Negro music. Surely he sensed that the Dementors prefer Negroes, since these are the most stupid of all the Coloureds of this developing world." Draco now was talking intense and even conjuring, naturally using his domineering voice to impress and convince Harry. "Tom Riddle became a mighty black wizard, but that magic deformed and ruined him, it even turned him into a kind of reckless reptile on two legs. That is where black culture and magic leads to in the end. Just think of the voodoo and the other cults of the Haitians, who as a result are the poorest and most hopeless of all the Negroes of America. Harry, you and me, we survived a wizarding war that killed many others. Good friends and foul allies we've lost. But we at least got old enough to learn about the better ways of magic!" – "You think of the magic of the Zorro book?" asked Harry, now pointing at the mighty old book that he had put on his chair. "It's definitely the supreme magic of a goddess. But I absolutely fear that it may bring me down!" – "You just need to learn how to perform this magic correctly", said Draco, now sounding especially cold and energetic. "It's in the book." – "Sure. Maybe. But I fail to understand this magic since I can't read this damned book! That odd high German doesn't make me high but it brings me down!" Clutched by sudden despair Harry jumped up, and marched back and forth in his room. – "So hear my idea now: Tom Riddle turned to Negro culture, leading him to the bad black magic of guys like Michael Jackson. By this black magic both became some kind of anti-messiah with a spoilt face: The Surt, the Black Man, that is mentioned in the Nordic Edda. In our search for better wisdom let's try and follow the opposite strategy. We need white magic! We need the truly Aryan magic that the four founders of Hogwarts learned to master. You know the strictly secret story that some gipsies, or knights of the grail carried it to Britain from the East. But where did their wisdom come from?" – "Agarthi?" asked Harry, surprised about his intuition. "Paf!" A sudden sharp bang from the window side struck them with terror. They both ducked for moments. Then Harry was the braver guy who went looking. He found a bloody trace on one of the windows. As he opened it and shone his torchlight, he found a dead little rodent in the grass. "It was the flying squirrel. It broke his neck at the window pane." – "It's a bad omen", said Draco.

64. Magic against Global Warming

On the next forenoon they examined the dead squirrel with Lorin, who was sorry for the accident. She assured them that such an accident had never happened before in their little village, and then proposed to glue shadowy silhouettes of predator birds onto their windows. But Draco spoke up against this, and found that: "Such incidents are caused by negative magic and can't be avoided." In the sauna Harry then told them the tale of how he scorched a squirrel with his magical wand whilst on a stay at Balmoral. "I later learned from my former aide Evan Wells that squirrels have a habit to feed on bird eggs and nestlings. I reckon that this is why they are rather disliked by the friends of birds." – "True. We may well think that the mysterious Earth Goddess has a heart for sweetly singing birds", said Barbara. "I reckon that naturally creatures who are disliked by God the creator tend to have less luck." Lorin wasn't fond of such talk, Harry could read that from her face. She now told them a story from the main Finnish epic Kalevala by the poet Elias Lönnrot: "Often mentioned in the Kalevala are the 'birds of Hiisi'. That means the hornets, those dangerous giant wasps. Today in Finnish folklore Hiisi is generally disliked and feared as an adverse or even evil god or demon, a helper of the devil. But that was not always so. Some ancient stories say that he originally was the son of the giant Kaleva, who gave his name to the Kalevala. Originally Hiisi seems to have been a beast master, a lord of the animals, and not necessarily a bad god. I suspect that the Christians later demonized Hiisi, like they demonized any other non-Christian gods and deified heroes." – "So the original Hiisi was a juggernaut, like Hercules for instance", said Draco. Since Delphini didn't know this word, Draco explained that it was an English word for a mythical beast master: "Murky Chatterjee would say *jagannath* now, which just is a term of the Hindus for the supreme god Vishnu, in the aspect of the ruler of the woods and the wildlife. Some statues of him in Southern India but allegedly show him as a hubshee, an Indian-Aryan darky, or even as an exophthalmic Negro with bubble eyes. That may also refer to the impression that the ruler of wild animals is not really a nice divinity, but a nasty guy." – "But he is not, or is he?" asked Harry, and found that his fearful question sounded rather silly. Nobody would give him an answer. But Lorin later murmured: "If the wild animals get mad, the Christian clerics say it's because of our sins." – "So listen up, if you are a jerk", commented Delphini. Harry felt his pulse rise, but that was just typical for a visit in the sauna. – "That is one reason why I am not a Christian", said Draco dryly. "The Bible says that this world is doomed and is getting worse and worse, because all the people get sinful. But I rely upon the evolution of humankind. That is our stairway to heaven. The better we the people get, the more power we give to the good lords of creation, wherever and whoever they may be. That is why the important racialists of the 19th century, especially from Britain and France, like count Gobineau, tried to put that into account when it came to the reproduction of the races. Ernst Haeckel too, the famous German anthropologist and evolutionist, was teaching that it was necessary for the evolutionary progress of humankind that genetically bad people should not reproduce. Regarding bad wildlife, like hornets, I think it's just the same principle. The problem is though that definitely the Dementors try to make bad species reproduce too much, and get fit and bad." – "True", admitted Barbara reluctantly. "That is why one German proverb says, that 'weeds don't die out'." – "But they do die out in modern times", said Harry, now suddenly feeling hope. "We already managed to vanquish and let disappear so many diseases and pests. Things generally do get better on our precious planet." – "Maybe", said Lorin. She seemed to be much shaken by doubts right now, and her sweaty breasts wobbled. That was a sight that Harry found eroticizing. He had to think of the squirrel to not let his penis rise. – "But what do we think about those flying squirrels of Finland then? Are they demonic or God's creatures?" asked Draco. With his typical sharp and cold voice he suddenly sounded like a school teacher. He then added: "You know the case of the vanished red squirrels of Britain. After the tougher grey squirrels were spread onto our island from America, the reds only survived on some islands. Evolution obviously has a strong tendency to let the stronger and nastier creatures survive. I guess if flying squirrels would spread to Britain, they would maybe give the grey squirrels a tough fight for survival." Barbara suddenly sighed, and then said: "We Germans are lucky, since neither grey squirrels nor flying squirrels do exist in our land. It's not explainable without the idea that our god especially cares for Germany."

On the next weekend Bibi Blocksberg, the rather young daughter of Barbara, arrived at Vainölä. Harry immediately recognized her from the photos that Barbara had shown him. Bibi was a rare racial type, with her natural golden-blond hair. She wore it in a manner that looked old-fashioned: An Alice band made her hair rise and spread out at the back of her head, thus making her mighty head look even bigger. Bibi had an unusual round head with sunspots on top of her mighty round cheeks. As Draco saw her he murmured to Harry: "Lo and beware, the Roundheads are coming to town. Well, some experts say that these are the truly Aryan types." Bibi was travelling with three of her mates, two pretty women and a meagre young man. The latter wore round black-rimmed glasses and thus looked surprisingly similar to the typical Harry Potter of the popular culture. The most famous witch of Germany but looked rather tired, and the sight of her mother didn't cheer her up. When they all entered the guest house and the travellers took off their thick coats, Barbara groaned loudly. Bibi was wearing a flashy pink, knee-long narrow stretch dress with white moon boots and flouncy underpants that reached down to her thighs. The women whispered in German and seemed to bicker, until Lorin led the newcomers to their rooms. – "What did she say?" asked Draco, who had tried with his little knowledge of German to find out what was going on. Barbara explained to the Brits: "I was just complaining: *Must you look like a slut?* Bibi reminded me that the long white underpants are her trademark. She is a great star in Germany, and always wants to be recognizable to her fans." Harry vaguely remembered that he had seen Bibi at Hogwarts years ago, where she had spent a term abroad. He now found that it had maybe been an error that he had never spent such a time abroad during his years of study. "I wasted so many years of my life. It rues me now that I was living an easy but often sad life in France with sexy but plain Marge. Instead I could have travelled to Agarthi, for instance, to study there the supreme Aryan magic." Now Delphini paid attention. "That is a cave fortress in India, is it not?" – "They say that Agarthi lies hidden in the remote hinterland of Tibet. But nobody seems to know that for sure. And since the Chinese commies conquered Tibet, there seem to be virtually no news coming in from there", replied Draco. – "So it's even harder to retrieve than Durmstrang is", said Barbara. – "Maybe only you could find Agarthi, Harry Potter", presumed Delphini. Suddenly her voice sounded strangely tense. – "Surely it would help you with the education of your mind", speculated Draco. "One of your many big problems seems to be that you lack mental discipline, that is for instance needed for the task of flying a magical vessel. But from my point of view it's the truly magical blood that misses out in your veins. Even if you would learn yoga and meditation at Agarthi, that would not help you with that deficit." – "I'm glad that I don't have a round head like Bibi. And if there's one thing that I don't consider helpful in magic, it's to chunter odd mantras and spells", retorted Harry. The three Brits then had their usual afternoon tea, while Barbara went to spend some time with Bibi and her mates. When they then had a common dinner in the evening, the Germans all talked German among themselves. Harry suddenly was feeling bad and sick, which often happened to him in the evenings lately. It seemed to him that the demons noticed when he was sitting down for the dinner, to then give him pressure in the bowels. Nevertheless he was eating, since he had Norwegian salmon with roast potatoes and vegetables, which he liked a lot. After a while Barbara suddenly smiled at him, and then informed him about the latest gossip that Bibi was spreading: "My daughter extra travelled that far to ask me for help with an old problem of our family. Bibi and her best friend Tina are managing a summer riding camp for children and teens. Their season just ended, and now she has a few free weeks before her drab winter job is about to commence." – "Yes, but it seems that maybe our horse farm is finished soon! That is an old problem with our landlord", said Bibi, suddenly looking agitated and annoyed. "The Martinshof, the farm that we have, is rented by Tina's parents. But the count that owns the farm plans for years to sell it away. He is in financial troubles, since he has a huge castle that he must pay for. So now he plans to sell the estate of Martinshof to investors from New York. It's the company Black Bloke. They plan to change the farm into a gated community with luxury apartments." Harry could not trust his ears: "Do you mean Black Bulk, those well known international locusts?" – "Yes, exactly!" said Bibi, with a juvenile grin. "So maybe you can help us Harry Potter?" Delphini but warned her: "Better don't ask him. When it comes to Black Bulk he is prejudiced. He's also absolutely out of money."

On the following weeks there was still no trace from a flying ship from Russia at the Finnish sky. In one clear night they all went out with Iivana to gaze at the stars, who seemed to twinkle in the cold air. The chief of the village was in his typical boastful mood, and told them: "If the tourists knew how nice our Finnish weather is, they would come to us in much larger numbers. Right now many prefer to visit Norway by ship. But in Bergen and at the Norwegian coasts it rains nearly all of the time!" Barbara then said she would like to see another evening with northern lights. Carrot-haired Marita and the other Germans then started to talk about the global warming, the topic that worried the muggles most right now: "I liked much Emmelie de Forest's 'Rainmaker', a song that she sang ten years ago at the Eurovision Song Contest. But in spite of the efforts of rain makers in all the world, the rain seems to stay away in more and more dry regions. In Iran they discovered a desert where the temperature is deathly high, nearly as high as 80 degrees." – "It's no wonder that arid regions are most affected from the lack of rain", said Draco with his grisly tone. "When the darkies reproduce like mice and then chop off their forests, with their goats and cattle eating away all the other vegetation, that stops rain clouds from forming. Plants naturally attract the rain. It's a magic of Mother Nature that experts as well as rain makers tend to ignore." – "That is why many people think that this world is doomed and must go under soon", said Flori. That dark haired guy from South Germany was working as an unpaid trainee at a newspaper and was in an accordingly bad and rebellious mood. But Bibi was fascinated from the idea that vegetation could attract rain. "That is maybe our magical recipe to stop global warming! We maybe only need to try this out."

Two weeks later, when Halloween was due, Bibi and her three young friends fabricated costumes for themselves, made from plastic and cut-out cardboard that they had painted with water colours. Flori now posed as a sunflower, and orange Marita now wore the pink dress of Bibi. With a thick, Elizabethan looking cardboard collar she posed as an aster. Bibi wore blue plastic garbage-sack petals around her neck, posing as scorpion grass. Black-haired Moni was an all-white ghost now with a snow-flower cap. Dressed up like that the four wanted to drive to a Halloween party in the city of Oulu with Axel Hattunen, who wanted to dress up as a vampire. Harry wasn't fond to join them on the trip, finding that such a party was past his age. But Axel urged Harry to join them, since he had bragged among his mates with his very prominent guest. Harry agreed to join them, but criticised the costumes of Bibi and her mates: "These costumes are fit for carnival or a flower parade maybe, but not gloomy enough for Halloween." Marita and Flori promised to redress at once, but Bibi showed herself cussed: "We often have mask shows and costume parties at home in the *stadl* of Neustadt. And I find that the kiddies like me best in most colourful and charming costumes. Looking charming means being charming too, Harry Potter! That is one secret of my extraordinary magic!" Harry could not well talk back to such a beautiful and charming witch. So in the end Bibi remained a flower, while Marita had dyed her flowery collar in black. When they then saw Florian they all laughed. With a painted black lightning on his forehead he had masked himself as a Harry Potter! With his small, round black-rimmed glasses young Flori indeed looked more like the original Harry Potter than aged Harry himself! – "You are going to be the star of the party!" promised him Alex. It but was still a long slow way overland to the harbour city of Oulu, mostly on remote dark roads that were already all covered with snow. When they arrived there Alex first took the time to go shopping. They then went to a warehouse called Rags, where they also could have a beer and sit in a cosy lounge. "For us Finnish drivers this is a dangerous place!" warned them Alex. Harry was wearing his red Finnish Santa coat again and blinking red devil's horns. But nobody else wore costumes here, and Harry found it uncomfortable that all the people stared at him and his travel mates. From the warehouse it was a walk then to the house where the Halloween party was due. But right now it started to rain. There was a thin blanket of snow on the pavements that soon turned into sleet. Rather soon the cardboard masquerade lost it's shape and it's colours. Marita asked Bibi with an annoyed voice: "Now is this how your spell of rain making works?" – "Exactly", replied Bibi with a high spiky voice. But then she raised her arms towards the sky and sang out a spell: "*Ene Mene bunter Segen, Wasser werd zu Glitzerregen! Hex, Hex!*" It took some minutes then, but slowly the rain became snow, that was better to endure. Bibi said to Harry, with some hesitation: "I always thought that my weather magic was not good enough."

65. The Second Coming Carnival

A few days later Harry was wearing his Finnish Santa coat again, including the blinking red devil horns. It was the eleventh of November, and the Germans had invited all the others to some kind of traditional witches carnival. "It's a rather new tradition from Holy Cologne", explained Barbara to Harry and Draco, when she met them with a plate of sand cookies, that she and her beautiful daughter Bibi had just baked. Barbara was wearing a black cap with ears and looked like a mouse maybe. They all were drinking beer and wine. Barbara explained that it was a rather new tradition from Cologne, Germany, that the yearly carnival session would already commence just before the festive season of the Christians: "The fools in Cologne are so eager, they just can't wait drinking and dancing until Christmas is over." So they danced a little then to disco music. Harry danced with Marita, who was wearing a kind-of fairy costume. But that German tourist wasn't in such a good mood, and seemed to dislike looking Harry into the face. When they later all sat down and chatted, Bibi moaned to her mother: "I'm so hungry! Put those cookies away or I'll eat them all." – "That's the magic of carnival", said Draco with a grumpy face. He had participated in one of the creativity workshops that the Fins were organizing to entertain their guests. Subsequently Draco was wearing a plushy dragon hood, that covered his eyes and only left visible his grumpy mouth. There were some other tourists now at Vainola. Some Finnish and other skiing tourists had come when snow had covered all the land, but they didn't participate in this premature carnival party of the Germans. Harry had been skiing until sunset. Now he was tired and his legs ached. Barbara explained Cologne carnival before Christmas: "A local myth in Cologne has it that Jesus will one day come back from the sky to Cologne with his 11.000 virginal brides, killed nuns that he once married, including the most prominent Saint Ursula, a pilgrim from Britain. That will be the day when all the Christians will rejoice. The Catholics will then expect that Jesus will ferry them into the sky first with his magic. He was a super wizard, that is at least what the Bible says. But who will be worthy to enter his spaceship? The Bible has a clear message about this in Matthew 5:3. Jesus said: "Blessed are the fools because they will inherit the kingdom of heaven". So you need to be a fool, you need to be a goof, you need to be a real dork to get into the favour of Jesus! That is what all the Catholic fools of Cologne have in the backs of their minds, when they meet on the eleventh of November, at 11:11, for the Second Coming Cologne Carnival. They count down the seconds for the second coming, hoping that Jesus will come back this time. Maybe the saviour of the Christians will then choose the foolishest of the fools and grant him the first ticket for his star trek to paradise in heaven." Harry and Draco laughed about that idea, but Marita found it not so amusing. To Harry she explained: "My old grandmother is a little of a Christian, and she really believes in such nonsense. That gets into my mind all the time. Jesus is like a curse from the sky that is making people get silly, with his promises and scary menaces." – "You need to wait until your granny dies", supposed Harry, who now was able to smile and enjoy that premature carnival party. Barbara also explained that, according to her experience, the Christian types not only in the carnival stronghold of Cologne were getting into some kind of Christmas frenzy with Christmas day coming near: "In the Christmas season Christians try harder to be more of Christians again. They sing Christian songs more often and follow Christian traditions. That indeed should make those mentally poor people get even more silly." – "They don't know our magic and often can't even see it", said Bibi. "I find that appropriate, and if they all want to be silly I'm not against it." Bibi was wearing a skin-tight light green dress and a frog face cap, and looked especially sexy. Harry felt tempted to ask her for the next dance, but the disco music wasn't right for romancing and he didn't really like Bibi anyway. In a way he was wearing his red devil horns to challenge and annoy her. How could she dare to be a witch with a stronger magic maybe than his own? She was still so young and fresh and sweet! He but was a dark and rather sullen type of guy. He had always found it so hard to compete with the blonder and brighter, fitter and more evolved types. They danced some more now, also to German vernacular carnival music from Cologne. But when the carnival party was over, since they all were tipsy, Harry decided to not join any carnival party again soon. Back in his room he took off his coat in front of the mirror. But when he then tried to remove his devil horns he found that his hands would not obey him!! He found that really scary.

In those cold dark days in northern Finland, Harry had taken up the habit of skiing frantically. He found himself motivated by his expensive wrist watch, that had a fitness tracker. It was a bit hard though to ski in the woods near to Vainolä. The snow was only trampled down on some few ways there. Every time fresh snow had fallen even these were hard to use with the narrow langlauf skis. But Harry had found a skiing mate who knew a way out of this dilemma. They were driving with a car to a nearby ski resort, a hotel where they could use the local cross-country skiing tracks, and ski well on the dirt tracks that the cars were using. His mates were Ulrich and Sepp from Austria, naturopaths by profession. They were faster than Harry, who but tried hard now to build up more speed. The Austrian blackhead Uli had lots of stories to tell, while they were skiing side by side on a dirt road. One of his strangest tales was that of a patient from Switzerland called Adolf. That guy had been a chain smoker, with a daily quota of 50 cigarettes or more. It was no wonder then that he got heart troubles at an early age. One of the arteries of his heart got clotted. At this time it was a rather deathly disease, that only could be cured with a stent, the installation of a makeshift bypass artery. An extensive and risky operation was needed for that. But just when patient Adolf got in trouble; the young surgeon Andreas Gruentzig, a refugee from the GDR, was developing the revolutionary technique of balloon dilatation. He would widen the artery with a tiny balloon. Bot for his first operation ever he needed a test person. Adolf came to Andreas at just the right moment. The operation succeeded. It was an enormous breakthrough, but the colleagues seemed to hate and hinder Gruentzig so much that he emigrated into the USA. Uli found that remarkable: “We magical folks may ask ourselves: Who is responsible for this strange mobbing? Surely the magic of the most famous Adolfs of all history played a key role in this case. It was the curse of the disliked name that made patient Adolf try hard to smoke himself to death early in his life. He thus became just the idiot that Gruentzig needed for his experiment. If that pioneering operation would have failed, the home-made technique of his would have been discredited maybe forever. Bad Adolf magic was helping Gruentzig at the right moment. Andreas Gruentzig died relatively early, at a private plane accident in the USA. Patient Adolf started to call himself Doelf. By this way he escaped from the curse of the bad name. Patient Dölf thus became one of the patients who survived such heart troubles for the longest time ever.” Harry had to laugh when Uli told him that story, but he also got a bit scared. When it came to black magic and the consequences later in life, t seemed that he knew much too little about it, and also saw no way on how he could learn more.

Then the official day of Santa Clause came, the sixth of December. The Germans and Austrians at Vainöla asked Harry to dress up as the Finnish Santa again, and hand out little presents on the eve. They also had a special role for Draco Malfoy, urging him to wear his plushy dragon face mask now, Alex's vampire cape and a thick brushwood rood. His role was that of the Krampus, so he was the punisher, an Alpine demon that traditionally accompanied Santa Claus to flog naughty kids. Draco seemed to dislike his role. Nevertheless he played it well, with his usual grumpy face and voice. But when Harry cried out the usual Santa shout: “Ho, Ho, Ho!”, the others found that he sounded way too much like a dog. They then also imitated dogs, and laughed a lot. Draco was then called up, by the Austrians mainly, to punish juvenile Bibi Blocksberg. They judged that it was her job, as the most prominent witch of them all, to act up against global warming and make more snow in the Alps. When Draco laid Bibi over his knee and flogged her a bit, Bibi cried with some bitterness that weather magic had never been a field where she excelled at, while studying at Hogwarts. “I'm just a girl whose intentions are good. So don't let me be misunderstood, even while I talk Faselmund. But I'm German, and the British weather was too hard for me to handle!” Next morning Alex wore another Santa cape. He presented Harry a pack of candy bars, and then invited him for a special tour with one of his American vintage cars. Harry at first was glad that he could drive the mighty old station wagon out of the garage. But the gurgling motor sounded like a patient in urgent need of a heart operation. The stench that this old jalopy was coughing out even inside of the cabin was so bad that Harry had to open his window, despite of the below zero temperatures. The tires looked nice but screeched with every curve. Alex explained that he only dared to move that car on snowy tracks, and begged him to drive cautiously. “Absolutely, Alex”, assured him Harry. And he suddenly wondered. Hadn't the name of that guy been Axel before?

A few days later Harry met Delphini again. She was suddenly there when he entered the sauna, in the late morning like usual. Delphini, or rather Jessica now, had left Vainolä weeks ago, so where had she been? In Oulu probably. Harry hadn't the nerve to question her. Jessica looked depressed, and the sauna was well filled with tourists. Those Austrians and Germans talked German, but all understood English well, so Harry had to be cautious with anything he was saying. In comparison to beautiful blond Bibi, red Jessica was a little less beautiful and charming. Bibi Blocksberg often was at the centre of the attention of all the guys, and also Harry sometimes just couldn't avoid to stare at her tits. They called her a golden goddess jokingly. But that talk was not to the liking of tiny Iivana. The old chief of the village definitely did not favour any sign of a Christmas cult, and strictly kept to his Finnish heathen traditions. With his mighty ego he often confronted Bibi a bit. He seemed to try and challenge her when it came to sorcery. "I once fabricated a golden goddess myself", boasted he. "I did what Ilmarinen did, the most famous magical smith of Finland, and maybe of all the known world around." Later in the creativity workshop he could indeed present a kind-of mechanical puppet. It was a rather primitive construction, made of old leather mainly and of some metal pieces that looked like parts of an old oven. The face reminded a bit of the robot C3P0 from the Hollywood movie series Star Wars. All the tourists applauded when Iivana carried the robot into the workshop barn with a wheelbarrow. He then took out a can of golden paint, to freshen up the dim paint on the metal parts. Meanwhile facing Bibi, and Jessica Riddle too, Iivana challenged them with his boastful voice: "So girls, the challenge is to make this golden goddess of mine move. Can you animate this robot with your magic?" Bibi shook her head at once. She then murmured a little German singsong, but as she had expected that was to no avail. Delphini just said with her usual snippy voice: "I could do that, but why bother?" Harry believed her, but Iivana did not. "I can creep into that thing while I am asleep, just like I also can impersonate and possess animals, and birds. Iivana can show you! But right now I am not tired." – "Ha", laughed Jessica. "So show us this trick tonight." She then took out her wand and murmured a little spell, in ancient Greek maybe: "*Mechane nautias depou!*" The robot instantly seemed to jump up from his wheelcart, up on his feet. But he could not stand, and frantically swirling around his own axis two times he fell to the floor. The Germans and Austrians all stood shocked for a long moment. Then they cautiously started to applaud, and cheered. Jessica smiled a little smile. Barbara went to Harry to whisper to him: "That was exactly the way how Delphini brought the Finnish Santa down in his home town. There she also helped you to fly." – "I surely did that myself", replied Harry with a strict voice. But he knew that this was a lie. Without his magical wand he was rather helpless, and it was Jessica who had confiscated it. Now he nearly hated her, at least for a while.

It got dark very early, and after a little skiing they all met again in the lounge for chat and drinks. Jessica now was with a huge but rather humble man, who must have come with her from Oulu. Harry heard that it was a Brit and gladly went to meet him. Robert Micawdor brought news for Harry from London, like he explained to him when they separated from the others. He gave him back his iPhone, and told him: "Minister Atlas Engelwood and others in Ministry of Magic are worried because of your troubles. Harry Potter, you are still Britain's most famous wizard, and we can't really dare to lose you to the Russian sorcery school of Durmstrang. So you should not take the troubles at home too seriously. We are confident that we can settle that little affair of yours with that French underage witch by way of you pleading guilty and receiving a minor sentence. But in return we would ask you and Draco to really try hard to spy out the secret of wand making. Our magical wands are really extremely helpful, as you have seen again today. We mastered that superior technique of wizardry for centuries, and it's still a big mystery why we lost it in the end." Harry nodded, and was glad that he at least had his cellphone back. When he tried to switch it on he found that the batteries were empty. There was no net anyway at Vainola. In the evening, Bibi and her mother Barbara came to him with big expectations. Barbara explained: "We have much trouble at home, and our magic failed to resolve it. Bibi tried to scare the count who owned our Martinshof estate with a magic circle spell. It banned him into his castle. But now he has sold the estate to some investors from the USA, of the company Black Bulk. So can't you help us Harry?" – "I know these damn locusts", replied he. "But right now, I miss the magic to sock it to them."

66. A Nightmare before Christmas

On the next day Harry Potter drove the BMW SUV of Uli to the skiing resort. He found that he enjoyed much driving through the falling snow. Alex joined them, who was in no mood for work today. He was fed up with his old street cruisers and wanted to test such a modern hybrid car. "If we could fly now with these cars, like it is feasible, I'd fetch my wife and fly with her to Buenos Aires right away. We'd tango there for the rest of the week. It's really a pity that we wizards keep that technology strictly secret and even can't dare to use it ourselves." Harry sensed the complaint that Alex was bringing up against him, but he was no expert of flying vessels. Uli then told Alex, dryly laughing: "Don't forget that you need to earn money. Tango originally was a dance of the Argentinian prostitutes, wasn't it?" It was. Uli then showed around pictures of his wife, who was called Afra. "In German that name means something like Ape woman. Her parents gave her this name to always remind her that man descends from the ape. In Catholic lands some goofs find it hard to believe that. We magical folks know many things better, but we need to beware to not tell too many secrets to the muggles." – "Absolutely", agreed Robert who was with them on this little trip. Thinking about Robert Micawdor Harry found that his new mate was definitely some kind of British secret agent. So he needed to watch out and better not tell him too much about anything. After a round of cross country skiing at the resort, the Brits, Uli and Alex dined and relaxed in the wellness spa. Suddenly Harry realized that he now had a smartphone again. Switching it on he found at first that he had no net. He could not understand that, it made him get really angry and upset. "Damn it!" he cursed. He now tried hard to invent a little spell. He tried out in vain a few weird key words. Then he rubbed the cell phone in between his legs. And suddenly he had a net! There was a heap of incoming e-mails. He sorted out the ones that seemed to be most interesting. Dudley had written that he was back safely in Hogwarts, and assured him with a typically short line that all the other guys at home were still his fans: "Even Jimbo Dickens likes you now. He tells everybody how much he wishes you well and wants you back at school. Jimbo and Jasper revamp the old Vauxhall for your personal that Evan Wells had to give back when he chickened out." Harry longed to fly back home too, but he still had a mission in Durmstrang. Ginny wrote that all was not well in sunny California state prison where his second son Sirius was an inmate right now, and would continue to be so for at least eight more years. Then there was a mail from his Jewish business partners in the USA. They congratulated him, since they had managed to sell the big packet of high yield stocks that they had bought in his name: "By that way we managed to reduce the debt of your still existing stocks account to a little less than 225 million bucks. Be sure to do something about this soon. You can do all things with your magic can't you?" Harry was not so sure. It was a shock for him when he then checked his ordinary bank account, and found that it indeed was in the red by nearly that sum in British pounds. When Harry confidentially told this to Robert, the secret agent seemed to find it hard not to laugh out aloud. Soon Uli and Alex also had the news, and were likewise amused. Alex said cynically: "Harry, your personal debt is still not much higher than the national foreign debt of Finland, which is 215 billion dollars, if I remember this correctly." Right now the news TV on the wall showed them the noble faces of Charles and William, a sight that Harry found in some way relieving. He joked: "If I were the king of Britain now, I could give orders to my prime minister to print me more bank notes, couldn't I? And if that lackey would refuse I could just send him home to India, couldn't I? I tell you, at Hogwarts they only recently appointed me as the holy king, the monarch of the season." The four wizards joked some more about this. Robert then revealed that his motherly grandparents had been Scottish who but had moved to England: "My grandma disliked the whisky drinking Scottish. She found that in Scotland our family would most probably never get to wealth. But right now, we Scotland Yard Scotsmen ask ourselves whether old man Charles really is our king. He wasn't crowned at Scone as the king of Scotland and hugged the Holy Stone or did he?" When Robert explained this rite to the foreigners, Alex asked Harry with some fervour in his voice: "Harry, so can't you challenge Charles the third and overthrow him to become the king of England in his stead?" – "I guess the Scots at least would crown me as Harold the third. All I would have to do is to impress them with some really great miracles", mused Harry. – "Grant them free whisky for life", proposed Robert.

Back at Väinölä in the evening they made house music, like often. Uli could play the cithern well and also the guitar. They were singing Finnish songs too. In a joyful mood they adorned the odd name Väinölä with more umlauts than usual. Uli was convinced that making music was one of the best ways to work magic, and the Finnish women agreed wholeheartedly. Later they started to talk about sympathetic magic and the art of healing. Uli asked the Brits: “Thinking of your king Charles the Third again, do you know that his predecessor Charles the Second had been a mighty healer too?” Draco agreed instantly. It was a fact that Charles-2 had done like some French kings had done too: He had received some sick at his palace and laid hands on them, to heal them of the skin disease called scrofula. Uli, and another Austrian healer called Seppi, explained that this was a kind of tumour of the lymphatic system that could also lead to ugly skin spots. Historically the name scrofula could also mean tuberculosis, another feared disease. – “So how do you heal such symptoms?” asked Lorin, now sounding a little fearful. Any tumours were hard to handle, as Uli pointed out. Seppi then explained that in the Alps they was proscribing and applying therapies of natural healing: “We take some patients to refreshing baths, and treat them with rich food. Most of them feel better after some few days of trekking from one hut to another. But some others also already thrive as they drink solutions of blooming herbs who grow next to rivulets.” – “... what I but attribute to the alcohol of these solutions”, added Uli. Iivana could not let the foreigners talk, and explained that he often used techniques of magical healing. “I lay in bed in the morning time and think of sick guys, and with my magic I visit them. That makes them get better.” – “Spiritual healing may work too”, agreed Uli. Seppi however seemed to dislike this, and explained: “But it's a technique that gets nearer to negative magic. It's magic that only works with the help of the evil powers, of devils and demons.” – “So what?” asked Uli, suddenly with a cold voice. “Some guys just have a natural bias towards antipathetic magic. Just like the Moon has a dark side, such dark magic is an unavoidable part of our reality. Getting drunk is the common way to work this magic. The problem is that the evil spirits bring diseases, and then claim that they only can cure them.” – “That is why many shamans get drunk before they feel ready to contact the spirits”, said Iivana. He then stood up and served them all tiny glasses of Finnish vodka. Only Seppi didn't take one.

Some days later in the workshop, the Brits were discussing the troubles of Barbara and Bibi. The other young Germans had already left Väinölä, but these two witches had remained. Bibi seemed to hope that Harry Potter would find a way to help her win back her estate. “You know that guy in New York, the boss of Black Bulk, don't you?” She snuffled and tried in vain to clear her nose. Already the thought of Dimon Leigh seemed to make her sick, or so she explained. Harry tried to remember his face, but he hardly managed to do this. He explained: “I once visited the CEO of Black Bulk in his office in New York City. He resides in a splendid but rather faceless building, made of steel and glass. I was so occupied by my thoughts then that I hardly looked him into the face. He had blue eyes. But all the time I stared at his funny painting, that was hanging on one of the pillars there. It showed a faceless business man with a gray suit on. He had a heart-shaped red balloon in his hand. It was a work of the famous artist Banksy maybe. I don't really know such things.” Draco suddenly said, with a tense voice: “Can you maybe draft me a copy?” That gave Harry something to do. In less than an hour he painted a copy of this odd painting from memory. He proudly showed this around to the others, including the golden goddess in the wheelbarrow. “So whadda *you* think Harry?” asked Robert the Scotsman when he saw it. – “I think that maybe this gives us an idea to scare that boss a bit. We could try to haunt Dimon Leigh, by sending him a nightmare before Christmas”, said Harry with a slow voice, while these thoughts came into his mind. – “You mean you could try and dress up like this grey demonic guy and play him?” asked Robert. Harry shortly looked down at himself. He was wearing a white collar shirt and a slipover in brown colours to his brown corduroy trousers. Suddenly the idea scared him. Then sexy Bibi took the painting from his hands and went to Draco with it. “You have the blue eyes of Dimon, Mr. Malfoy. So couldn't you do like Iivana does often, and try and pay that guy a haunting visit?” Draco didn't answer right away. But suddenly Jessica said: “My dear, what a great idea!” She was not much into doing fanciful creative artwork, and often just sat around with a cup of tea looking bored. But while she now spoke up emphatically, Jessica seemed to have decided over the plan.

Some days later came the eve of midwinter. At Vainölä they were celebrating it with a gorgeous festivity. The Fins now all wore their traditional gowns. They firstly erected a spruce on a lawn with much funny ado. Then they adorned the tree with apples and sacks of presents and golden balls and glitter chains. Afterwards they all danced around the tree with increasing joy, singing some special midwinter songs. Harry tried his best to participate joyfully. But when Lorin started to sing a “piggy song” in English, and wanted them all to act like pigs, he had enough of it and quit the circle of the midwinter dancers. Iivana too had already quit dancing. He was a little short of his breath, and exhausted by too many winterly sauna visits. Now he asked Harry to help him with “feeding the elves”. He seemed to mean that seriously. Harry, Jessica and some others had to help with carrying cups and bowls in front of every door of the village. Those vessels were filled with porridge, that was dedicated to “feed the elves”. Iivana explained: “It's a Nordic tradition to placate the trolls with food in winter time.” – “But who is really eating this? Pigs maybe?” asked Draco with his usual grumpy voice. – “We'll see that tomorrow”, said Iivana with a cryptic smile. They all were rather drunk when they got to bed before midnight. Early in the next morning, loud terrifying gunshots suddenly awoke Harry and Draco in their cold room. “What the hell is that?” cursed Draco. – “Maybe the Russians are coming”, said Harry, trying hard to show no fear. – “Or rather the Internet trolls”, said Draco. As they cautiously went to the door, and then out into the freezing cold, they found that Iivana and another Fin had shot down three huge brown animals: Not wild boars but bulky elks! Iivana crowed, proudly like a cock: “Now look here at our nightly guests who tried to steal the food of the elves!” – “Serves them right”, said Draco, who tried not to appear shocked now. – “What a shame”, muttered Bibi, who just came on with only her white nightgown on. Harry and Draco then were asked to help. They spent hours in gathering the blood of the dead elks in pots and cutting them apart. The meat was freezing fast in the bitter cold, but Lorin and the other Fins were really proud. Alex explained to the Brits: “That is what Iivana did with his simpatico magic. The boss went with his spirit to the elks and made them come here. He is one of the greatest wizards of the world.” Bibi but disagreed: “Iivana only could do this with the help of Our Lady of the Animals. You know the great goddess, don't you Axel?” Harry was tempted to disagree. But suddenly he realized that strangely enough, Alex was Axel again now.

Three days later their mood was less joyful. They all had eaten lots of elk meat for days, which was rather tough. Harry at least found it better than the stripes of old dried reindeer meat that the Fins would chew instead of chewing gum. Early on boxing day however they had other things to do than celebrating yet another feast. They had prepared a rite that was supposed to disturb the season's peace of faraway Dimon Leigh in the USA. To work that special negative magic, Harry and Draco had dressed up with their scary attire. Harry now wore his Finnish Santa coat with the red blinking devil's horns again. Draco had now dressed up as a gray American business man. He was wearing a red cardboard heart, his Dinosaur face mask and a gray suit of one of the Fins. Bibi too was part of the magical plot, now wearing the foamy body costume of an ugly toad. And then there was Jessica, who was wearing her black winter coat and a star spangled steep witches' hat. As the four sorcerers mustered each others they found that they looked scary enough for any kind of unwelcome magic. But would they manage to find and scare that faraway CEO, who probably was asleep in his unknown flat right now after a nice Christmas eve? Harry now started to shiver a bit to get into the mood for working this dark magic. But a voice interrupted his concentration. “Don't you fear that the Christian god and his saints may interfere?” That was what Lorin asked, who watched that scene from the door. Draco shook his head, and explained to her that much of what the Christians used to believe was just fantasy and mythology: “Take the myth for instance that Jesus was born by married Mary as a bastard son of God the father. But who was his father really, if he allegedly was the father himself?” They all had to laugh, and the concentration was gone. Now Jessica looked at Draco with critical eyes. “Your dragon face looks funny rather than scary”, said she. “And anyway, you are supposed to be a business man, a criminal maybe and not a carnival dinosaur.” Draco had to agree with that. They started again some kind of ritual dance. But now Bibi was hopping around in her funny toad costume so grotesquely, that they all had to laugh out aloud again. That took away the rest of the scare from the show that they had planned.

67. The Quest for Fresh Money

On boxing day the wizards and tourists all visited a skiing resort again, that wasn't far away from Rovaniemi, home of the Finnish Santa. The atmosphere was festive there, and the show included an impressively fat Santa with a white polyester beard. At his side appeared a guy in black with a kind of Nazi helmet on, who was wearing a silvery cardboard comet on a long stick. As it turned out that was supposed to be Darth Vader with the star of Bethlehem. "So here is the real father of Jesus from the sky", explained Axel, who found this scene quite amusing. He reminded the others of the fact that Jesus had been much of an anti-Semite in the end of his career, who had cursed all the towns of Judea when the Jews hadn't donated enough money to his sect. They then had a little celebration. All the Finnish sang the popular New Year's song "Maoni Kaoness", which means in translation: "The Earth is beautiful." Barbara, Harry, Draco and their new mate Robert sang along well, since they had learned that song at Vainöla. Harry much enjoyed the short day and the long evening at the resort, where they could also ski on tracks illuminated by seasonal lightings. But a shock came for him when he was due to pay his bill, and found that his master card was refused. He hadn't the nerve now to try out his visa card too, but paid with one of his few Euro bank notes. Soon the mood of the Austrians became a little frosty, fitting to the temperatures. When Uli went to the toilet, his business partner Seppi informed Harry about a little secret: "His wife's name isn't Affra, but it's Christinë. She secretly works as a, ah no, a b, helping patients with their sex lives. Christinë used to work as a girl when Uli called her up to join him. Harry, you need to find a wife that earns money too. Then you will never have to fear to run out of credit at the wrong moment." Harry realized that these nice guys were leaving, and really saw the need now to get to some fresh money. He could duplicate some Euro bank notes, but he had no idea how to exactly work a spell to rid himself of his enormous debt. Making money was one of the favourite topics of discussion among the magical folks. They talked some more about money when they sat at Vainöla for their evening drinks and house music. Robert Micawdor now retold once again the well-known story of the rebellion of Scottish Bonnie Prince Charles, the young pretender to the British throne. "It was in summer 1745 when Charlie landed with a few men in Scotland to conquer all of Britain. He soon found supporters among the ever rebellious and unruly Scots. With his makeshift army, of highlanders mainly, he indeed managed to win a battle against the British troops at Prestonpan. Then he marched against London, down the western coast of Northern England, until he reached Preston. But at Derby he had to give up and turn around. The historians say that he just ran out of money, and could not pay the guerdon of his troops. You know how stingy the Scots traditionally are when it comes to money." – "Many other peoples are comparable, especially the Israelites", said Lorin, who knew the Bible well. They all agreed, but Robert wasn't through with his story. He lowered his voice when he now told them: "There is a secret episode of this tale, that is only known to wizards who were educated at Hogwarts. Bonnie Prince Charles had a black wizard in his retinue. It was a Negro slave. You can see him on an early painting of the family, where he is wearing the train of the young prince. A later caricature though shows the Negro as a black devil, at the side of the pretender and the pope of Rome. At that time the pretender was James the third, Bonnie's father. Allegedly the devil promised them the victory over all the armies of the world, if they would acknowledge him as their spiritual master. The pope but refused this, and also made the king of France refrain from sending troops to Scotland to help Bonnie with his rebellion. The young pretender then marched to the south to find Hogwarts, where he hoped to win the support of guys like us. He had heard that it was a castle near to Preston town. Bonnie visited Preston two times, but in vain tried to locate Hogwarts. Our predecessors kept their heads down and remained loyal to the house of Hanover. Maybe this was too because Bonnie Prince Charles just didn't have the money that he would have needed, and the courage that wizards always need." The wizards and witches remained silent for long moments when Robert was through with this little tale. The clock in the room suddenly ticked loudly. And while Barbara, Draco and Bibi looked at Harry, he could see the big question in their eyes: *Have you the courage that you need, Harry, and the luck that will bring you the money that you need too?* Harry was sure that he had at least the courage. To Barbara and Bibi he proposed: "Let's try again to teach a lesson in magic to this billionaire."

At the farewell dinner with Uli and Seppi but they talked again about Bonnie Prince Charles, and later they sang the old British folk song: *My bonnie is over the ocean*. Uli explained with surprise that he was knowing this song since his school days from some English language class. “But only now while we sing it again, I realize that it's a song about that Scottish rebel king, an earlier king Charles the third.” – “Bonnie Prince Charles wasn't a king”, corrected him Robert, “he was just a young pretender. He wasn't crowned at the stone of Scone, like Charles the second had been. The reason was that the old pretender, James the third, was still alive. Maybe Bonnie failed with his quest for the British throne because his father James didn't die in time.” Draco agreed: “It would have been the moral duty of James the old pretender, to travel to Britain first and fight till death.”

The Brits still talked when the Austrians went to bed. Late in the night they then went one more time to the workshop, to try again to disturb the peace of Dimon Leigh over the ocean. To their surprise now Iivana now joined them, who had heard of the plot. “I know how we can make this evil spell succeed well”, explained the tiny wizard with his usual boastful voice. He had carried a huge ghetto blaster with him and also two bottles of vodka. Firstly the Brits, Barbara and Bibi had to dress up again in scary costumes. Now Harry was wearing the black vampire coat of Alex, and Draco again was the gray business man with the plushy dragon head. – “No no no”, said Iivana when he saw this, and he chided Draco: “You look as silly as a Hollywood film super rogue. Find yourself a more scary mask.” Draco but had no idea what to try on. Suddenly Jessica, who was weary and moody tonight, went to her room to fetch a thin mask. When she showed this to Draco and the others, Harry gasped with excitement. This was the demonic face mask of a Voldemort! – “I didn't know –”, started Harry, and couldn't speak on. “Of course it was just a rubber mask that Tom Riddle was wearing”, murmured Draco now. – “Put this on if you dare”, said Jessica with a slightly spiteful tone. Draco's hands were trembling when he slowly put this ugly, noseless mask over his big blond head. “Am I scary enough now for you?” asked he then with a distorted voice. – “More than you ever were”, assured him Harry, who had found back his breath. Draco indeed looked like a business man who had just risen from his coffin. He then wanted to take up the red cardboard heart but could not find it. They searched for that item for some time, and grew rather frustrated about it. – “This surely is a bad omen”, said Barbara, who was unusually silent tonight. But right then Bibi came back to the workshop, now wearing a glittery golden gala robe. She had the red cardboard heart in her hands. “I am the golden goddess now”, explained Bibi. “I am sure we will need her to make this spell succeed.” Harry was relieved that the plot could continue, and the others didn't know what to do anyway. Iivana gave Bibi a black carnival eye mask, and urged her: “But do try to appear scary, like a true witch.” Then he was playing Finnish punk, metal and grunge music. They started to dance to this, and drank of the vodka that Iivana was handing them out in tiny glasses. “We need spiritual ecstasy! We need to dance into trance”, explained Iivana with a now shrill voice. He then took on an old coat that was made of grey wolves skins, and thus he looked like a werewolf. “I shot all these wolves myself”, explained he. “Now their spirits must serve me.” Harry was not sure about this, but with the loud music and the vodka in his brain he found it increasingly hard to think now. Jessica was still wearing her usual thick duffel coat, that a Finnish woman had borrowed her. She was the first of them to really get into a trance, and when she became possessed she raised her head to shriek, shrill like a dolphin. Harry was feeling really besotted now, not only because of the vodka. He had to take extra care to not stumble and fall to the floor, and could not think of anything else. He then danced to Barbara, who stood in a corner now with a sharp hat and a black coat. The bad idea came to him to hug her. But Barbara escaped from him. “I damn that black magic. It never works the good way you want it”, cursed she, now unusually loudly. That eruption of emotions made her daughter Bibi get just a little wild too. She shrieked with a shrill voice in the beat of the grungy music. Then she shouted some spell verse in German, followed by her usual 'hexadecimal execution sequence': “Hex hex!” Bibi then raised her red cardboard heart, to suddenly throw it away. With a sad voice she explained: “It is useless. Dimon is sitting at a Christmas dinner. He can't hear us.” That made the others stop their efforts. Hesitantly Iivana stopped the music. It was relieving, found Harry. Draco grumbled: “Let's go to bed.” Harry saw that the red cardboard heart had miraculously landed on the golden robot puppet.

“It's so useless what we are trying here. My life is so futile.” That was what Harry soon later told Draco. They were back in his room. Harry had taken a short nap, but now he could not sleep on, and really was in a bad woke mood. Draco seemed to feel likewise. He was still wearing the ugly Voldemort mask, which Harry found disgusting and disquieting. Harry hardly managed to walk to the bathroom and take a cold shower. The room was nearly freezing cold, and the water wasn't much warmer. The Fins at Vainölä had to save energy too. Harry crawled back into his bed and hugged his big white pillow, shivering from the cold. – “You really should try to get warmer with your magic”, proposed Draco. “I strongly suspect that this was what the young pretender did too whilst he was in exile, with his plans for a military coup having failed. Bonnie must have hugged his pillow all the time in Rome, while thinking of his Scottish mistress that saved his life, and of all the other beautiful British girls.” – “Yeah”, agreed Harry, who knew that story too. “On the run before the British troops Bonnie had disguised as her maid. That trick must have dramatically increased his abilities to work sexual magic. I know that from my own experience.” Draco slowly nodded. He seemed to know that experience too. Harry did hardly dare to watch his face now. To him it was as if Draco had magically transformed into yet another version of the devil Voldemort.

The clock showed 07:30 Finnish time when loud knocks at their door disturbed the sleep of Harry and Draco. It was Iivana again, who still appeared rather drunken. “Wake up! Get up and fight!” shouted the little man from outside of the door. – “Coming”, shouted Draco. But it took him and Harry an awful lot of time to dress up again in their costumes and to march back to the workshop, aside the thick heaps of snow shovelled away. Harry then tried to switch on his blinking red devil horns, to find that both of the batteries suddenly were empty. “Another bad omen”, murmured he. In the workshop then Bibi was missing. “Bibi is too sad now”, explained her mother Barbara. – “I can't believe it! That German teaser! We are doing all this spook because of her!” fumed Jessica. Now she was ready to call it quits. Harry saw the reason in this, and had an alternative proposal to make: “Maybe we should rather try and counter my big financial troubles. I need more money!” But as they looked now for Iivana, who might help them with some idea, they found that he was not present. Barbara explained: “He went to bed again, and said he would help us in his dreams.” – “Maybe you should all go to bed again”, said Robert, who had no costume and was not willing to play a part in that plot. But just when they were about to finally give up the plan, then suddenly the golden goddess puppet in the wheelbarrow started to move. The sounds made them all shiver with excitement! The robot puppet raised her head and her arms, as if she was taking a look at all of them. Then she tried to clutch the red cardboard heart that had fallen on her golden belly. That was in vain, she had no fingers! Barbara hurried to the robot puppet to fix the cardboard heart in between her arms. “This is what Iivana does while asleep. He really is the most powerful wizard of us all”, explained she. – “Great”, murmured Robert. Draco was visibly deferential towards the robot puppet painted golden, who now rose to her feet with the help of Barbara. – “We might cut out the light, to try and let a vision appear”, proposed Harry, who was a little shocked too. Jessica switched off the light. Now only a little green emergency light was colouring the room. It made them all appear like swamp things. Suddenly Harry had an idea. He cautiously took Draco by the right hand and Jessica by the left one. Barbara and her puppet joined the improvised magic circle, and so did Robert Micawdor. The red heart fell to the floor now, but Draco took it up muttering: “This is my symbol anyway.” – “Be silent now, and let's all concentrate on that business punk!” Harry tried to do this, closing his eyes just a little. Then he spontaneously shouted a spell that just came into his mind: “Capiemus caper vetus Dimon Lynch!” – *We will catch the old buck!* All of a sudden Harry saw his bedroom in a vision! The billionaire was asleep in bed aside his wife, with fresh figs on a silver platter on his presents table, and a modern art picture above his head. Harry tried to materialize there. “Pay me”, hissed he. He looked around for a wallet, but suddenly felt a headache hurting him. He had made a mistake, and confounded Dimon's name Leigh into Lynch! Draco now acted. he waved the red cardboard heart to the awakening manager, growling: “I take away your heart!” And then he ripped apart the heart. Jessica had meanwhile drawn her magical wand. Her spell was hardly audible but it worked well. Dimon jumped high up from his bed, spun around his own axis two times and fell down to the floor. His long shout of terror ended the show.

68. When a Star appears

Harry, Draco and Robert, and Barbara and Jessica were in a glad mood when they walked back to their bungalow. Robert was much impressed and joked: “Now Dimon can call himself a real spin doctor.” Draco joked: “That is what his firm needs right now. Maybe you need one too Harry: A sweet talking guy with good ideas how to make fresh money.” – “Aren't you talking about a new wife for Harry?” asked Barbara. Jessica said, with her typical snippy voice: “Maybe Harry Potter needs a wife like the one Harry Windsor married: a second Calamity Meghan. Such a wife might serve to Harry Potter as a lightning conductor, just like that French witch Margaude did.” – “You are not ready to volunteer and become Harry Potters third wife, Delphi, or are you?” asked Draco, still with an unusually glad and light voice. – “Shut it Voldemort!” hissed she. Harry felt the need to assure them: “I'll never marry again! Marrying Marge was surely one of the major errors of my past. Really, I wish I could undo that.” – “You can, can't you, with the help of the Zorro magic?” asked Barbara. – “That is but tricky magic, because of the negative by-effects”, explained Draco to her. Meanwhile they had arrived at the apartment of Barbara and her daughter Bibi, who was still in bed. – “*Na gucke, die Bibber-Bibi!*” joked Barbara in German. – “I'm not scared”, replied Bibi with a sleepy voice. “I'm just very depressed right now. Those cosmic rays bring me down. You all know that don't you?” Harry said coolly: “So get out of bed, princess charming, and take a cold shower. Fresh water reliably helps against the rays.” – “You must be joking Harry Potter”, replied Bibi. She now even sounded a little annoyed, which rarely happened to her. – “When my wife Alison gets into such a troubled state of mind she always complains that I neglect her”, said Robert. Barbara explained: “That is because loving care eventually may help to soften these N-rays.” Jessica now said to Harry: “So really, you have no alternative but to find yourself another wife. That might also be the best way to get out of your constantly worsening financial troubles.” – “I have ways to deal with that. I can make myself as much money as I want”, assured her Harry. He was surprised to hear that his voice suddenly sounded louder and fiercer than he had intended it to. Meanwhile Draco was fumbling at his latex mask, trying to take it off. Soon he had to stop because his hands would fail him! They started to wave and shake. Jessica alias Delphini had to help him. “I just feared that a spell might hit me at the exact moment when I would show my face again to the world”, said Draco, now with a red and distressed face. Jessica nodded: “That is what my aunt told me about my father too. Tom Riddle was wearing such a Voldemort mask more and more often in the end. It was because of the evil magic that he was working. Black magic made the devilish rays disfigure his face, and mark it with spots and warts. He was getting increasingly ugly.” Both Barbara and Bibi were visibly scared by this news. Barbara's voice faltered when she said that just that was why 'the witch' on many fairy tale images had an ugly nose and warts on it. Bibi now found the power to rise. “That is why I put my hope and trust into the healing magic of the good Goddess, Mother Nature.” Shivering from the cold she just slipped over her winter coat, and took a look into the dressing mirror. “And are we two still beautiful or not?” That remark of her made the men chuckle. Bibi and Barbara left the room in a hurry, hoping that the ray attacks would be less bad out in the open. It was just dawning, and Uli and Sepp were heaving their bags into the back of their car. Bibi ran to them and begged with her most charming voice: “Hey guys! Don't let me freeze to death here in the cold! My mission was a success, but now I want to drive home for the New Christmas after New Year. Hex hex!” And of course the two Austrians couldn't refuse her a ride home to Deutschland. But first they all went back to the workshop, to take a last look at the scene where Harry and the others had managed to teach Dimon Leigh in faraway New York a lesson in magic that he surely would never forget. Barbara now was as agile and talkative as ever. She had left the golden girl puppet on the floor. Now she lifted her up to lay her back into her wheelbarrow. “Ouff! Puff! She's so heavy!” Barbara found this surprising. Harry came to help Barbara, but stopped with a startled face. The old puppet seemed to be alive in some way, he just sensed that. “What the heck is in there?” murmured he. He turned around the puppet, and found that it had buttons in the back. Opening them he put his hand into the slit. He touched something warm and soft: It was a human body! Suddenly the puppet started talking: “Harry Potter, help me get out!” Harry was so shocked that he nearly dropped the puppet, that had the voice of – Lorin!

It took them some time now to help Lorin to crawl out of the back of the golden girl robot puppet. The Finnish witch was sweating and breathing heavily, and her hairdo was all messed up. With a complaining voice she explained to them: “I was fearing I would die in there. It was all the fault of Iivana. He helped me to put this on. Then he went to bed to work his animation magic. He was supposed to liberate me in the morning. But I guess Iivana just got too drunk and is still asleep.” – “That wasn't really animation magic, but for a trick it was excellent”, judged Harry. Barbara said: “One thing is sure: Genuine magic and trickery are inseparable like the two sides of a tarot card.” Uli and Seppi were laughing and chuckling. Bibi fetched the torn heart as a souvenir and rushed to pack her bags. Harry Potter was strangely sad when that charming girlie left Vainöla. Draco's voice soon became grumpy as usual when he said, while staring up into the now clear blue sky: “I reckon that we two now have become bad enough wizards, and are ready for our trip to Russia.” Harry couldn't agree to that. Suddenly despair tried to clutch at his heart. But then he remembered the Zorro book that had materialized in his room. As it seemed, this unique sorcery book showed him the way he was destined to go. To Draco he said: “I need to better up my past or die trying.”

“I see a silver star coming down.” That was what Barbara said in the evening. The Brits were all at their lounge as usual, mostly drinking orange juice with vodka now. The Fins hadn't come like usual to make their music. Iivana hadn't taken it lightly that Harry had debunked his trick with the golden puppet, and he was the one who mainly kept up the tradition of singing and playing songs on the cithern in the style of the Finnish bards. But Harry had heard enough of this monotonous and entirely incomprehensible stuff anyway. His sorrows were troubling him day and night, as if hostile spirits were sending them down from the sky with the gloomy northern lights. to this cold and isolated corner of winterly Finland. He thought, yes he realized that this really was the case. – “A silver star? That reminds me of the Argentum Astrum of bad Aleister Crowley”, said Robert Micawdor now. “It was the name of his masonic lodge. Once he even presented a badge to Adolf Hitler, who had been an initiate of these esoteric lodges too.” – “What star exactly did Crowley mean?” asked Barbara. Robert didn't know that. Draco speculated that Crowley must have meant the Venus, the morning star: “In Christian mythology the Venus is called Lucifer, one of the most powerful and beautiful devils.” – “It's not the star of Bethlehem, or is it?” asked Jessica. Robert had heard the tale that Christian pundits thought that the star of Bethlehem had been the planets Jupiter and Saturn at a time when they had been in great conjunction, and were very close. Draco but reminded them of the biblical story of evil aliens sending down bright and flaming stars onto earth. “If such a doomsday would happen, then the town of Bethlehem would become Beetlehem, the town of the bugs. Such a global super catastrophe would allow the evil aliens from the sky to fill our world with pests and plagues.” – “That was not the silver star that I saw in a vision. I saw a star that was bringing us the hope for salvation”, explained Barbara. – “You mean the coming of a new messiah?” asked Jessica, with a distressed face now. When nobody commented on that she pointed out: “Let me assure you that I fail to believe in these recent rumours, yes absolutely.” – “I don't know what to think of this silver star”, explained Barbara. – “But a fact is that the silver star didn't bring luck to Aleister Crowley. He was such a scum”, said Robert. He reminded them of the Satanic cults that had allegedly “grown like poison mushrooms” from the seeds of evil that Aleister Crowley had sown not only in Britain: “Remember the Museum of Witches in Burton-on-the-water. In the temple there they occasionally put a nearly naked woman onto the altar, her legs spread-eagle towards the eye of the beholder, and covered only with a semi-transparent gown of gauze. She seems to invite the priest to fornicate with her.” – “I know that scene. It's sexy, isn't it?” murmured Draco. Barbara hesitantly agreed. “Sex is natural and nothing evil in principle.” – “But too much sex means too many children, a flood of people that spoils the world”, said Jessica dryly. Harry didn't like to listen to that discussion. “Witchcraft has often been closely associated with evil powers and the devil. But lately I became convinced that much of this old stuff is just foolery.” They all seemed to agree. But then Draco pointed out: “The evil powers definitely exist, and they are much misunderstood. They want us to be fools, and Christian lies and nonsense help them to best achieve this objective. If you mess with these evil aliens they'll securely spoil you. I only learned this lately, but it made me change my life and try very hard to become a good guy.”

Barbara then showed them another picture from her collection of photos. It showed a scene from a medieval drawing. Inside of a French cathedral lots of Christian clerics and churchgoers flocked around a woman, that was riding on a donkey. Barbara explained: "That is a scene from a French 'donkey mass'. The Catholics celebrated such second coming carnivals to please their false gods. Of the real saviour we but should expect that he grants us wisdom instead of asking us to play the fools. Wisdom is what the snake in the garden of Eden offers. Sadly her wisdom is not for all of us. If you are not fit for her truth you will only stumble from one castle of illusions into the next. And isn't Hogwarts such a fantasy castle too?" Harry protested: "Hogwarts is good enough for me and Draco and all the rest of us. Much of the magical lore that we cultivate there may be just utter nonsense, well comparable to the foolery of a Christian mass. But real magic definitely exists. It is hard to comprehend, but we are much closer to understanding it than all those college muggles, those educated fools with vain spiritual and noble and academic titles and honours in their mind. I tell you, if I would decide to dare this, I Harry Potter could easily become much mightier than the highest ranks in nobility and politics, in society and science. I could become the new pretender to the British throne! Really, I could scare away old man Charles and his old vixen Camilla with my night-time magic, and make the House of Lords crown me as their new king in less than a year!" The others were stunned to hear Harry suddenly talk so toughly. Robert then said with a lowered head: "You don't have what Bonnie Prince Charles had, a noble lineage." And Draco said: "When it comes to noble magical blood you are just a halfbreed, remember?" – "Harry has his big mouth and his stormy courage", said Jessica disrespectfully. Only Barbara seemed to see now the lighter side of Harry's proposed plot. "A a king you could sell all the king's castles and crown jewels, and even the famous knight's armour of Henry the fattest to America." Draco said: "As the new king of Britain you could even rehabilitate the finances of the bankrupt Gringott wizarding bank. You could print as many grinbacks as you'd want and become fabulously rich, like Scrooge McDuck!" They all laughed when they thought about this perspective. Suddenly Harry Potter had the idea that the other Brits now were respecting him a little more than before. But he didn't really trust into this notion from above. Draco however told them a story that he had read in the book of the adventures of Marco Polo: "This traveller from Italy brought first news from China to Europe. That was only possible in the short time when Kublai Khan and the Mongols ruled China and all of Central Asia, from Indonesia to far away Poland. In China they already were using rag money, so to say. Some gooks told Marco Polo, that Kublai Khan could print as much paper money as he wanted, and thus buy everything that he wanted and all the world. But from our modern western point of view there was an error in that Chinese calculation." – "Yeah", agreed Harry with sudden sadness in his voice. Barbara then packed in her funny old picture of a Catholic donkey mass, and assured him and the others: "What we magical folks really need is wisdom, the wisdom to do the things who are right, the wisdom to avoid stumbling into the traps of destiny like dumb donkeys. And to find this wisdom, to find the source of it, that is why we must travel to Durmstrang now." A week later they were but still sitting in Vainöla. On New Year's eve the mood of the Brits and their hosts was a little depressed. They were playing cards, like often. Barbara knew well how to play the tarot game and won often. Harry didn't, and tiny Iivana too wasn't well able to better not risk too much, when his cards were not as good as he would have needed them to be. Only some days ago they had started to gamble for money a little. Meanwhile they had important sums of Euros stacked before them on the cards table or not. Right now Iivana had no bank notes left, he was out of gambling money. But when the next set of cards was given out, the village chief found them so good that he spontaneously, angrily cried out to Barbara: "You grabbed our money, like the Nazis did! Now I bet my golden goddess against 300 of your Euros." That took Barbara by surprise, but she saw the need to agree to this suspenseful round. It took them minutes to play all the cards. – "The Star!" cried Iivana then. He threw his last card on the table, thinking that he had won. But Barbara said: "Wait!" when he reached out to fetch the jackpot. Calmly she played out the Sun, an even higher trump. – "This is witchery!" Now Iivana got so fidgety that he could not sit still. He jumped up and went to the oven to rub his hands. Then he looked out of the window, rubbing away an icy crust. Suddenly something outside excited him: "Look, a star comes down!"

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Notes:

Dur-mst-str-ang – Дури место строилась Англичанка Den Platz der Narretei baute eine Engländerin. The place of foolery was built by the English woman.

Птицу запелавшую слишком рано кошка съела. – Den Vogel der zu früh sang frass die Katz. The cat ate the bird who sang too early.

Гарри Поттер, возли грабли и помоги мне Garry Potter, take the rake and help me!

“Now take a look at this picture of a statue of the goddess Athena. It's the best of all the statues of this goddess that they found. It shows Athena with a noble face and *with a scarf made of living snake heads!* While many common people think that we sorcerers do any magic all by ourselves, many of us surely sense that we completely depend on the secret assistance of the Snakes”, said Barbara, while showing around her large collection folder of photos. Delphini reluctantly agreed: “The better witches at least know this. I think women are commonly more aware of the Snakes than men. The problem is that the host of the Snakes are evil devils who often come in so cruelly! While big wizards like Aleister Crowley sensed the evil in the sky they became evil themselves.”

Pip pip – Und schliesslich sei das Oansembel 'Leh voa hümään' genannt mit sainer Ainschpiilung von Johannes Schenck's op. 8 mit dem Tiitel 'Le Nimfe di Reeno', 12 Sonaten für 2 Gamben. It is dedicated to the mermaids of the river Rhine, strictly 'Johann Schenk Die Rheinnympfen-Sonate'.

XX. A short Look at the Author

Hi, that's me, Bertram Eljon, the saviour of this planet. On one hand this is strange and funny entertainment, a text for the Internet only, that freely links invented stories from the fantasy saga of Harry Potter with bits and pieces of real stories from our civilisation. I hope to educate young people with this. That is why the persons of my saga talk a lot about philosophy, instead of fighting out magical duels, searching for unreal treasures and learning nonsense. Magic does really exist, but it's a deathly domain that does not welcome any muggles. Writing this text mainly helps me to save my mind from the daily N-ray attacks of the hostile aliens, who manage to make many goofy muggles believe that they don't exist at all but are gods and dead saints maybe. So on the other hand this is a divine revelation of supreme value, because it leads you into a truth that no other mortal authority was able to explore so far. While I write such texts I still learn more and are eventually able to better up the past. That isn't something that not only I am able to do. It depends though on my beloved wife, the good Earth Goddess Ewa Sofia Helene, who is worthy to be sorted among the blessed who are able to cope with God's wisdom or who must stand back.



Überschrift Kapitel

Unterkapitel, Zwischentitel

Textkörper normal mit Rand

Textkörper abold

Textkörper herab

Textkörper hervor

Textkörper herbei

Textkörper vor

Textkörper Exkurs

Prosaish ist extern

Hier steht ein Gedicht, sieht man das nicht?

RDHT 1JB↑ DF↑K JV↑

Vorlage Bild

THE NEW WAY TO WISDOM

This is a very short common introduction into the Universal Truth Religion (UTR, V.23a 2023). With the Universal Truth Religion God debunks all other religions and lores of science. The UTR only tells the truth about all things. I teach things who are modern and must be correct, but I must counter the sufferings of two worlds by suffering and making mistakes. I Bertram Eljon Odin was called in 1993 to become the saviour, husband and advocate of the Earth Goddess. This good lady who created this earth reveals all her secrets only to me and by and by. The lore of the UTR is not in all parts based on evidence, but with the years scientific finds supported many teachings. The UTR sadly is only really suitable for young and well developed enlightened children of light with bright natural colours. The cruel Greys, cosmic she-devils, distort and spoil many people with N-rays. Greys bring all sorts of trouble. Only with God's help mortals can get strong enough to take a stand. God can best guide young well-raised Europids (Caucasians) of the German Rhineland. Only few have good development perspectives. Few shall evolve after 150 years to ageless Æsir: great and gentle demigods who'll be fair, beautiful and wise, who can read minds and do miracles. God but also likes and supports many ordinary homo sapiens, who shall slowly die out in peace. This Earth has a Goddess, the white 90 m congera (lentworm, leviathan, snake) Ewa. She lives in the house of God (Betyle), 300 km below of Eden (Aden) at the heart of the earth that she created with patient, hard, sly work. I'm God the Father, she's Mother Earth. The minds of all humankind associate to form the Divine Spirit. Over 5500 free and paradisaical earths of Humanoids (Angels), Marsupial Rats, Ducks, Frogs, Meerkats etc protect us and help us to develop. Ewa's Betyle was created near Anna's former star Mirá 1.7 GY ago and travelled to settle this earth. Letar (Sirius C) of Ga-Leta and Fred Willms, and Sesam (Big Dipper 47) of Ga-Rina and Jonathan Eckart are our best neighbours. We are rare planets in trouble, like the 6 of the Sauroids, the 53 Marsupial Bears or the 63 Feken. On Letar Welsh are the chosen people; but the Aryan Parses are, like our Jews, a false chosen people linked to a primitive earth of the Feken (Hogs). That is why Jewish religion with it's god Yahweh (Ga-Jewa) and Jewish science often mislead. The rotten Greys ruined 99% of this galaxy's 1,050,000 earths with falling stars. Most of these harbour dwarfish Arthropoids: Berks (Spiders), 22,000 Cräybs (Crabs) etc. Grey evil wights are slaves of the Greys, who failed to create own earths. The Berk-OS has it that earths are populated with six major races, of whom five are unlucky Racial. Especially the Arthropoids-Greys send us N-rays, modulated pulsar rays who build magnetic fields and appear as hypernovas, whistler waves or atmospheric mini-comets. Greys suck lifeforce (mana, vril) with the help of intoxication, lust and laze. Congeras typically appear masked as gods, angels, devils, spirits, stars, celebrities, parents, beasts or fantasy figures. As priming, inner voices or forcing impulses of what to do congeras perceptibly interfere into our minds. They may make believers believe into nonsense and go erroneous ways. Especially wrong is the creed that the dead will once resurrect or live on as spirits. The thoughts of confused people cause many mental disturbances. The Greys pester good people but may push a few lesser people. While God could not protect well the chosen and the good, the old religions were a compromise with the Greys. God had to hide from modern thinking atheists, who are the booty of vain egoism and megalomania. Most generally all the older people are not fit for the needed mental updates. The Goddess Diet teaches how to best resist to evil. That starts with a healthy and fresh nutrition with much protein. Fresh water baptism and fitness sports in the open help to gather vril. Physical and mental troubles can be countered with work, entertainment and creativity. Sadly God's help has narrow limits when it comes to supporting, protecting and telling the truth, so help yourself and be sly. The rotten Greys right now suck too much vril from our earth that is overpopulated by 99.8%. God's strategy must be to reduce population to no more than 12 million people. Then God will have enough time and power for to evolve the homo superior, and completely rid this earth of all sufferings. In 2100 we shall erect a Holy Reich, where Ewa plans to incarnate as the perfect woman. We shall travel to the Humanoids of the Big Dipper and ward off Greys like Ga-Sama, Dora, Musa, Toma, Reta, Fe-Luka, Li-Zora. Be sure that God is on your side if you want to live a decent life. Ewa tolerates errors, grants rights and sexual liberties, but is overworked and in pains.