

The background of the entire image is a photograph of three women with vibrant pink hair standing in a city street. The woman on the left is wearing a dark vest over a white collared shirt and a yellow tie. The woman in the middle is wearing a black lace top. The woman on the right is wearing a purple top and large black-rimmed glasses. The street behind them has brick buildings and a sign that says "Natural Hair".

# The Collected Works of Sasporilla Bucket

## Free of Charge

VOLUME 1

A Harry Potter Universe Fan Fiction  
By Darren Kelly

# Sasporilla Bucket - The Girl with pink hair

Originally Warner Brothers Games was creating a Harry Potter online MMO. As a huge Harry Potter fan I was following this very closely. A Harry Potter MMO was the game I planned not only to play but to live in. I created the character of Sasporilla Bucket to be my character in game. Over time I created a family tree & history for her and her relatives. As a failed author, never able to get a story read by any company anywhere, I wrote several short stories on the events in their lives that shaped them into who they were. In time I found my creations were as alive as any in the Harry Potter universe.

After years of prodding by friends & family I chose to create this website to share my creations with other fans of Harry Potter. This site contains some of my stories & artwork dealing with Sasporilla Bucket, her family & her time at Hogwarts & after. It is a work in progress so please be patient & enjoy. Check the menus above for the areas you want to peruse.

I am in no way affiliated with Warner Bros. or with J.K.Rowling. My work is purely that of fan fiction & do not ask for, nor accept money, gifts or other compensation for my work. If you really feel you must do something, research which charities J.K.Rowling donates to, then donate to them as such. My greatest hope is that as Harry Potter fans recharge a resurgence will happen & bring the huge following back into the light, encouraging Warner Bros. to complete & give us HPO! Sonys brief partnership with POTTERMORE was very encouraging, though it was pretty, it had little content. Most private HPO games on the net have tons of content but just have no graphical interface to make them worth playing. (Sorry guys I know this hurts some of your feelings but as the muggles say "TRUTH WILL OUT!"

Thank you for coming & ENJOY

*Darren Kelly*

Darren Kelly

# CONTENTS

Dementors Kiss	Page 03
Tears for Fears	Page 05
Baptism by Fire	Page 06
Natural Selection	Page 09
Kiss of Death	Page 42
Earth, Air, Fire, Water, Friendship	Page 46
The Apprenticeship of Sasporilla Bucket	Page 88
Seven Letters in Summer	Page 91
Sins of the Father	Page 93
Weavers of Light & Darkness	Page 96
The Nine Lives of Saporilla Bucket	Page 139
Art Galley	Page 142



# *Three Short Stories*



## **DEMENTOR'S KISS**

A Harry Potter Universe / Sasporilla Bucket Fan Fiction

by Darren Kelly

Ye olde Owlry Pub, Peckham - London October 23, 1981.

Riddonkulous Bucket nursed his pint of Guinness as he stared dreamily out into the night through the pub's old leaded glass windows. Smoke curled around him from the cigarette he lazily ignored in his left hand. His long thin face, standing out on his small thin frame, showed hardship and aging before its time. His hair a nest of tussled curls that looked as if it could not be tamed by any comb or hair care product. Just another lonely figure in a long forgotten pub full of old muggle drunks and bar-flies. Perhaps it was an odd place for a young man of 23 but everyone in the pub minded their own business. Riddonkulous liked that. Besides, from where he sat he had an inconspicuously clear view of a doorway to an old condemned building on the poorly lit corner.

The abandoned building was more alive with activity than it should have been. No one of consequence crossed its threshold all day but the parade of lackeys, servants and hangers on suggested something was happening inside. Something concerning the rise in dark magic activity in London. Riddonkulous Bucket was only an Auror 3rd class but his instincts were always spot on. Despite the assessment of the Hogwarts teaching staff.

"A most unremarkable student", was how professor Albus Dumbledore had referred to Riddonkulous Bucket in his final report card from Hogwarts. "Just enough effort to squeak by with passing grades in all subjects." It was a surprise to everyone when not only he but his best friend Nick graduated, let alone successfully joined the aurors. Activity had slowed in the last 15 minutes. 2 men stood in front of the doorway as if guarding something or someone inside. Riddonkulous needed a better look. Downing the last of his pint he staggered away from his table and out into the Peckham night air. Riddonkulous leaned against a lamp post as if drunk. He took a long cool drag off his cigarette and mumbled the words "Retrum Tollis". The cigarette ash began to unburn. Reforming the area of cigarette that had just been smoked. Riddonkulous began to cough as the smoke, tars and impurities were sucked from his lungs. He spit a small black glob onto the pavement & he began to sing.

"Oh let the grasses grow, and the waters flow." Riddonkulous bellowed making him appear to be just another drunken muggle staggering home in the night.

With a convincing misstep the young Auror stumbled and slid down the wall of the building across from the doorway.

"And we'll give 'em the slip and we'll tak a sip of the rare old mountain dew."

Signus Barlow and Jipsum Twigg, The two men Guarding the door were well known to the ministry's Dark magic division. They were low level thugs, in their black suits with shaven heads, working for a death eater named Goyle. Chances were good that with them outside, one or more wanted death eaters may be inside.

The two thugs sneered at the pathetic site of the drunk and looked away as if the sight of him might taint them with his drunkenness or worse his muggleness.

"His type will be the first to go," Barlow quipped. "When the Dark Lord rules all, ay Twigg?"

"Ya." Twigg chortled. "First to go."

"Chippy?" A voice called from somewhere down the street. "CHIPPY???"

A young fat man with shoulder length stringy long hair rounded the corner. Ridonkulous looked up at the man with a big drunken grin and belched. It was Nick, his partner from the ministry's auror division. He was late, as usual, but came ready to play.

"Gribbly Steward you ol' sod!" Ridonkulous hollered lifting his arms. "Give us a kiss me ol' beauty."

"Chippy!" Nick called coming over to where his friend and partner sat on the stained old sidewalk. "Yer wife 's a mess o' worry'n o'r ya."

"I don't care!" Ridonkulous shouted as Nick helped him to his feet.

"Now don' be tha way Chippy! Ya know Maggy loves ye more'n life itself!"

The 2 aurors leaned in and whispered in hushed tones.

"Any clue who's inside?" Nick said in his usual London accent.

"Goyle, Death Eater and others." Ridonkulous whispered back.

"Come on 'n Chippy." Nick said as he supported his partner. "Let's walk this'n off as we getcha home ay?"

Nick watched his last sentence float away in white mist. The night air was suddenly getting colder. The darkness getting even darker. Two distant street lights flickered out leaving the dim lamp above the door of the abandoned building the only illumination. Nick and Ridonkulous walked slowly back towards the old pub. Ridonkulous drunk act looking to be to much for the concerned friend to handle.

A dark mist formed on the street between the aurours and the thugs guarding the door. From it glided 3 figures. One dark hooded wizard followed by 2 dementors. Nick and Ridonkulous stopped and straightened drawing their wands.

Barlow and Twigg bowed their heads as they opened the doors for the dark wizard VOLDEMORT.

"Tom Riddle!" Ridonkulous Bucket yelled drawing & pointing his wand at the dark wizard who whipped around drawing his wand. "By order of the Ministry of Magic under section 412 of the magical law enforcement code I place you under arrest for murder, torture and crimes against the muggle and wizarding communities ."

The dark lord cackled at the sheer brash insolence of the young aurors. Then his face turned as sour as his dark twisted soul.

"Avada kadavra!" He yelled as a bolt of green hurled forth from the tip of his wand.

Ridonkulous pushed Nick then dove in the opposite direction as the deadly curse crashed into the wall behind them killing a spider.

"Take care of them!" Voldemort ordered as he walked into the abandoned building, the doors slamming behind him and disappearing.

Barlow and Twigg drew their wands. Nick and Ridonkulous got to their feet.

Curses and counter curses lit the night as volleys hurled from side to side. Glass blew out of old buildings and rained down on them. Wood splintered and flew like daggers up and down the street. Flame set 3 old buildings, including the Olde Owlry Pub, on fire.

Then in 2 hits Twigg went Rigid and Barlow was transformed into a chain which entangled his comrade and bound them to a lamp post.

The dementors struck swiftly knocking Nick to the ground. He could feel the happiness being sucked from him as the dementors icy claws held him against the cobblestone.

"Expecto Patronum!" Ridonkulous cast forth a bright white patronus charm from his wand taking the form of a dog which charged the dementors driving them away from his friend. One flew off into the night while other turned and circled its way back to Ridonkulous who ran to check on his friend.

"Oy Nicky." Ridonkulous said holding up his friends head. Nick was unconscious but alive. He patted the pockets of his jacket for that bit of chocolate he kept on him for just such an emergency.

The dementor grabbed Ridonkulous by the throat and lifted him off of his feet, pinning him to the burning pub wall. The dementor leaned in its face for a kiss. As the happiness drained from Ridonkulous he could only think of having one last smoke and how mad his wife Wysteria would be if she caught him smoking.

Holding his wand between his mouth and the dementors he whispered "Retrum Tollis."

The dementor coughed. Then gasped. It began to choke as the suction reversed & all that was the dememntor began to flow out of the creature & into Ridonkulous Bucket. As the creatures grip weekend Bucket found the strength to grab on and hold tight as the dementor began to shake violently.

Nick awoke, his head aching and spinning, couldn't believe his eyes. His friend and partner, Ridonkulous Bucket the most unremarkable student, stood over the dementor sucking the life from it. Somehow he had reversed the dementor's kiss. Aurors began to apporate in staring in disbelief at the sight.

The flailing beast screamed in terror as the last of its dark soul was sucked from its body and into Ridonkulous Bucket. The aurour dropped the dementors body, now a frail husk, to the ground. Ridonkulous fought to catch his breath as Nick ran up to his side.

"That was bloody brilliant Donk." Nick said slapping his friend on the back.

Ridonkulous lurched forward coughing and spewed forth a puddle of black viscous muck. The dementors soul had been expunged from his body but Suddenly he felt so painfully cold and so despairingly empty.

Ridonkulous Bucket fell at the feet of his colleagues and did not wake. The most unremarkable pupil had performed the most remarkable feat.



# TEARS FOR FEARS

## AN AUROURS WIFES WORST NIGHTMARE

A Harry Potter Universe/ Sasporilla Bucket Fan Fiction

by Darren Kelly

Wysteria Bent, of the Cobham Surrey Bents, was only 16 when her and Ridonkulous Bucket locked eyes in Diagon Alleys priemer book shop Flourish and Blots. Most considered the Bent family squibb on the homely side of plain. With her thick coke bottle glasses, stringy long strawberry blonde hair and country wide derriere. They made the oddest pair and the Bucket family disapproved highly of the disinherited young woman forced to work like a muggle for scraps. Her poor family!

It came as quite a shock to everyone when the pair eloped and were married in Edinborough just after graduation. Nick the best man and Daisey, Wysterias favorite of the Bent family house elves, was maid of honor.

The newly weds got a small one room apartment over a pub in the magical town of Avonshire just outside of Essex. It was all they could afford now but once Ridonculous became an Auror 1st class then they would buy a lovely cottage somewhere and raise a family. A safe home where children both magical and non-magical, beautiful and ugly alike, would be loved for who and what they were.

Wysteria was working late at the book shop the night of the 23rd. Like most nights it was her job to sweep up, empty the trash and make shelves tidy for the next days business. All chores the shops elves could do but Wysteria did whatever she was asked without question or complaint. No matter how demeaning or tortuous the task.

A knock came at the shop door.

"We're closed." Wysteria shouted as she swept.

Another knock.

"I said we're closed!" Wysteria shouted louder.

The knocking became quite insistent and Wysteria leaned her broom up against one of the shelves and walked to the door. She could see Nick in the shop glass window.

"Wyssy!!!!????!!!" Nick yelled frantically.

She knew that once the book store closed no one could see any deeper into the store than the window display. Magic was an amazing thing. She loved it so. She wished she had been born a witch like her sisters Bougainvillea & Impatience.

She had to fight with the magical door locks every night to leave. Tonight was no exception. As she forced the large bolt over Nick burst through the door.

"Wysteria," Nick wheezed out of breath, "You have to come with me. It's Donk."

Wysteria had feared a moment like this ever since Ridonkulous joined the Aurors. It was every Aurors spouses fear that when they kissed their significant other goodbye each day it would be for the last time. Wysteria stepped outside, the door latches locking swiftly behind her. She didn't remember nor care about her coat, hat or hand bag. She grabbed hold of Nicks arm and the pair apparated just outside of the critical curse ward of St.Mungos hospital. The heavy doors to the ward swung open before them.

A crowd of wizards stood around Ridonkulous Bucket who lay unconscious in his hospital bed. Nurses and Doctors pushed through the concerned friends and colleagues with loud shouts of "Excuse ME!" Or the much more prevalent "Get out of the way!"

Wysteria gripped Nicks arm tightly. Nick winced at her vice like grip. Wysteria and Nick walked through the crowd which parted easily for them. Looks of concern and sadness on familiar faces painted a grim picture indeed. Wysteria began to ball loudly when she saw her husband laying unconscious in the hospital bed. His face swollen and eyes blackened. His blue lips prefaced by the icy fog breath which passed them. Strange, Wysteria thought, it was actually quite warm in the ward. She caressed her husbands cheek. Traces of some unforgivable dark magic coursed like worms below his icy cold skin.

"With a loud POP the Minister of Magic Millicent Bagnold apparated in.

"Minister!" The wards head nursed hissed, "How many times have I told you your position gives you no right to break hospital rules on my ward!"

The letters of a sign saying NO APPARATEING glowed as red as her angry face.

"Not now Rathilda." The Minister held up her gloved hand and pushed passed.

Capt.Hedgerow Bussel stepped forward from the crowd. "Minister."

"What happened?" The minister of Magic asked in a severe hushed tone.

"I'll tell you what happened." Nick said. "This man, my partner, Ridonkulous Azmeth Bucket saved my life by reversing a dementors kiss."

"Impossible." The Minister poo-pooed the idea much to the disapproval of the crowd.

"No mum", the captain said, "Some of my best men witnessed it first hand."

"Do we know the spell he used?" The Minister asked befuddled.

"No Mum." The Capt. Frowned. "No one knows just how he did it, but the after effects are pretty obvious."

The minister could only look on as Wysteria wailed at her husbands side.

"Attention." Head nurse Rathilda Munkshood said in a harsh, serious tone. "Mrs.Bucket may stay. The rest of you OUTSIDE."

Every specialist from the magical and the muggle worlds who were deemed capable of helping Ridonkulous Bucket were brought through St.Mungos. They cleared his system of the residual dark essence left behind by his intake of the Dementors soul. They warmed his skin though he always maintained a pale pallor. But for all of their concerted efforts Ridonkulous Bucket lay in St.Mungos unconscious for 1 year and 43 days.



# BAPTISM BY FIRE

A Harry Potter / Sasporilla Bucket Fan Fiction

by Darren Kelly

By the birth announcement in the Daily Prophet one might imagine a warm loving close knit family.

"The High Street London Bucket and Cobham Surrey Bent families, are proud to announce the birth of their new Granddaughter Sasporilla Bucket. Born early morning August 9, 1983 To Ridonkulous and Wysteria Bucket. Mother and child are resting comfortably in their Avonshire home. A baby shower will be held by private invitation only. Those of lesser social standing who wish to send a gift may do so care of the Bucket or Bent estates."

An elite group England's important pure blood families gathered at the modest 49 room London Town home of Woodrow and Oblivion Bucket to witness the happy welcoming of their beautiful new baby granddaughter. The town homes great room was a buzz with polite conversation and soft harp music. House elves carried trays of hors d'oeuvres to guests as Champagne flutes magically refilled.

A toddler, sitting between his mother and father, squirmed impatiently.

"Sit still Draco." Lucious Malfoy hissed as he checked his pocket watch. The hosts were 15 minutes late. Typical. Keep them waiting as if everyone else was of less importance.

Oblivion and Woodrow Bucket stood over their granddaughter, in her 2nd hand thrift store bassinet, in the 2nd floor dens receiving room. Woodrow Bucket was a man of small stature who often wore lifts to reach that coveted 5 foot height. His dusty gray boller hat, a half size to big, rested on his large sticky-outy ears. His bulbous crooked eyes seemed to look in 2 directions at once. Oblivion Bucket was a harsh woman whose bitter craggy face showed it. Standing taller than her husband, as most people did, she paced impatiently back and forth.

DR.Quincy Moorehouse Westburne Pudge, predominate specialist in squibb diagnosis, examined the child. Test after test was administered with every medical instrument at modern magical medicines disposal. With a sigh the doctor stopped and turned to the anxious grand parents.

"I'm sorry Mrs.Bucket", the doctor said as put away his instruments, "The results of the test were... inconclusive. The baby may or may not develop magic abilities."

"Woodrow!" Oblivian said, a cross look fell across her hard aged face. "I will not have a squibb born into our family."

"No pet." Woodrow Bucket said.

"Kill the child, we'll say it was a crib death."

"No pet... I mean yes pet."

Woodrow drew his wand and began to wave "Ava---". When a loud pop came from behind them.

Trillium & Chrysanthemum Bent apparated into the room. Trillium Bent tall debonair man, always impeccably dressed, and never a hair out of place. He walked like a king but everyone knew he was just another petty functionary in the Ministry of Magic. A gigolo living off the money his wife inherited from the untimely death of her parents. Chrysanthemum Bent had classical witch features. She was hideously ugly with a twisted warty nose, crooked teeth and one white eye that pierced your soul when it looked at you. Even the finest, most expensive designer fashions, couldn't hide her portly humped back frame.

Woodrow waved his wand as if casting a lullaby spell. Oblivion turned with a scowl. "How RUDE!" Oblivion Bucket hissed. "Apporating into someone's home unannounced. How common."

"I could have been in my all together." Woodrow smiled waggling his eyebrows playfully at Chrysanthemum.

"Cut the Shit Brunhilda." Mrs. Bent said with a dismissive wave as she walked towards her grand child.

"My name is Oblivion!" Mrs.Bucket insisted.

"Change it to Daisy or to whatever you want for all I care." Mrs.Bent said pulling a clear stone from her robe.

"I have never been talked to like this before in my own home."

"Then I'm honored to be the first." Mrs. Bent laughed evilly waving her hand. "Now move your skinny ass aside."

"We'll I never." Mrs. Bucket scowled folding her arms.

"Yes you have my pet, remember last Tuesday..." Woodrow bucket smiled.

"Shut up Woodrow!" Oblivion Bucket hissed. "What are you doing Chrysanthemum Bent?"

"This stone is a gem of revealing. It is very old and very powerful. It will tell us with the utmost certainty if our granddaughter is a witch..."

"Or a squib." Mrs.Bucket smiled. "Like your daughter."

"Yes." Mrs.Bent whirled around and held the stone above the babies fore head. "If this child turns out to be like her mother..."

"Your daughter the squibb." Mrs. Bent smiled.

"... then you may kill it as you wish."

"I beg your pardon?!?" The voice of Wysteria Bucket shot across the room from the open doorway. Ridonkulous stood next to her, his unsteady inebriated knees just supporting his weight, but his wand was out at his side. Ms.Daisy, their devoted and set free House Elf, who chose to work for her favorite Bent, now a Bucket, Stood one step behind her mistress.

"None of you will touch my child." Wysteria yelled running to the babies side.

Wands were raised but flew from their owners hand as Riddonkulous disarmed them all in one wave. Wysteria picked up the baby and carried her back to stand beside her father.

"You would kill her for being a squibb?" Wsteria cried. "You're evil and pathetic the lot of you."

Riddonkulous reached out and took his wifes hand in his. He straightened himself a lot more sober than he was a moment ago, the unbearable empty cold was already sinking in.

"This child is our daughter." Riddonkulous said in the most firm of tones. "Sassporilla Imaginarium Bucket is our child, your grandchild. A life sacred and true and you would destroy innocence for hate sake. I disavow you. From this day forward you will not be allowed within a mile of this child. To do so will bring you folly and pain. 'Fanarai snóeile!'"

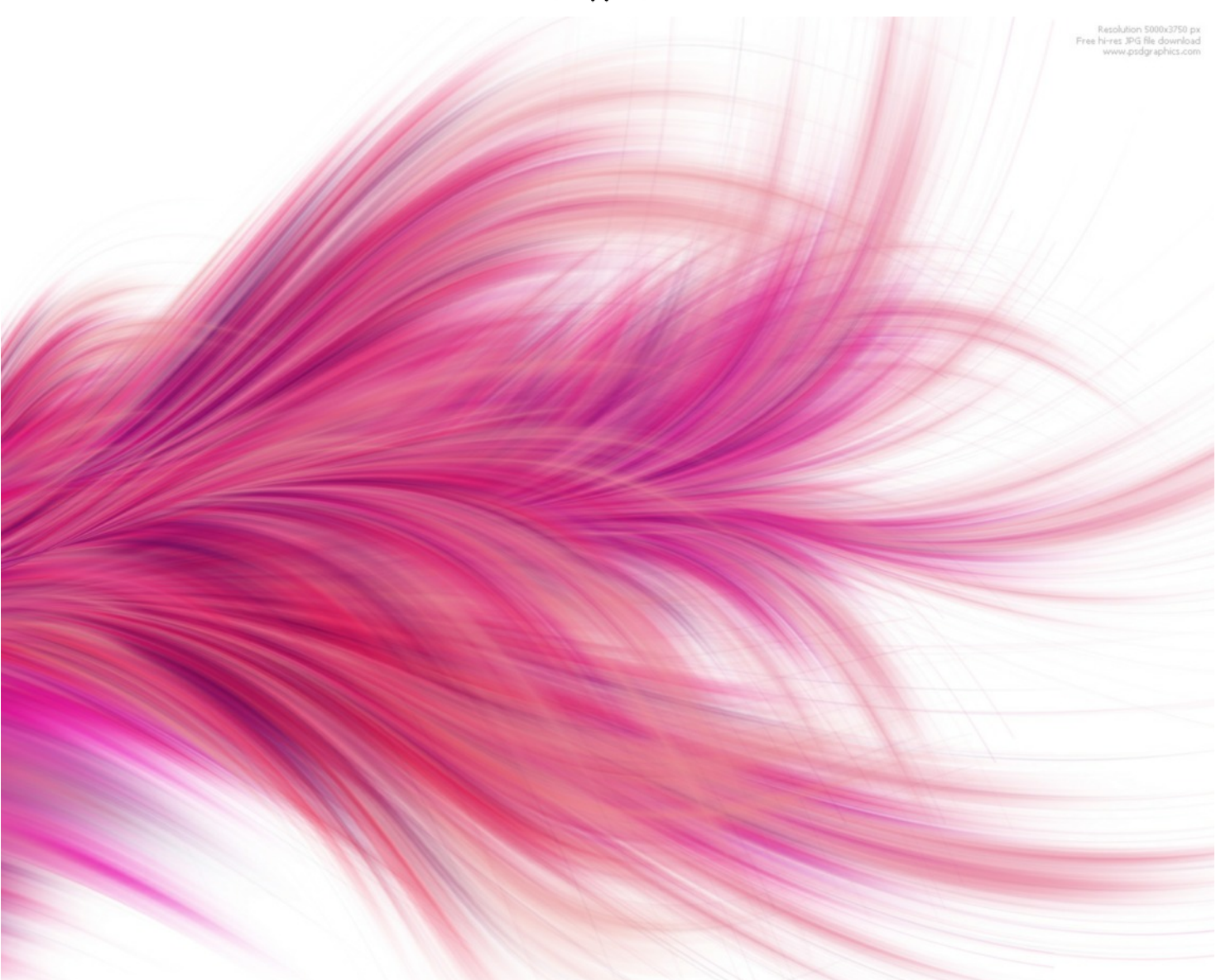
Riddonkulous' wand glowed with a bright red flare. A small flame appeared to grow out of the child's forehead. The flame surrounded the child then burst forth knocking her grandparents to the ground writhing in pain. The shrill screams of their own malcontent echoing in their ears.

The guests gathered in the great hall would never get to see the baby & mule their sicofantic praises to the socially elevated grand parents as Riddonkulous and Wysteria descended the back stairs, away from prying eyes and loose lips. Ms.Daisy made sure all doors closed and all eyes diverted as they made their subtle escape out the town homes back door into the warm late summer afternoon.

As Riddonkulous lead his wife from his parents home they noticed that where the small flame had once sprung to life, now grew a lock of fiery pink hair.



Resolution 5000x3750 px  
Free hi-res JPG file download  
[www.gsdgraphics.com](http://www.gsdgraphics.com)



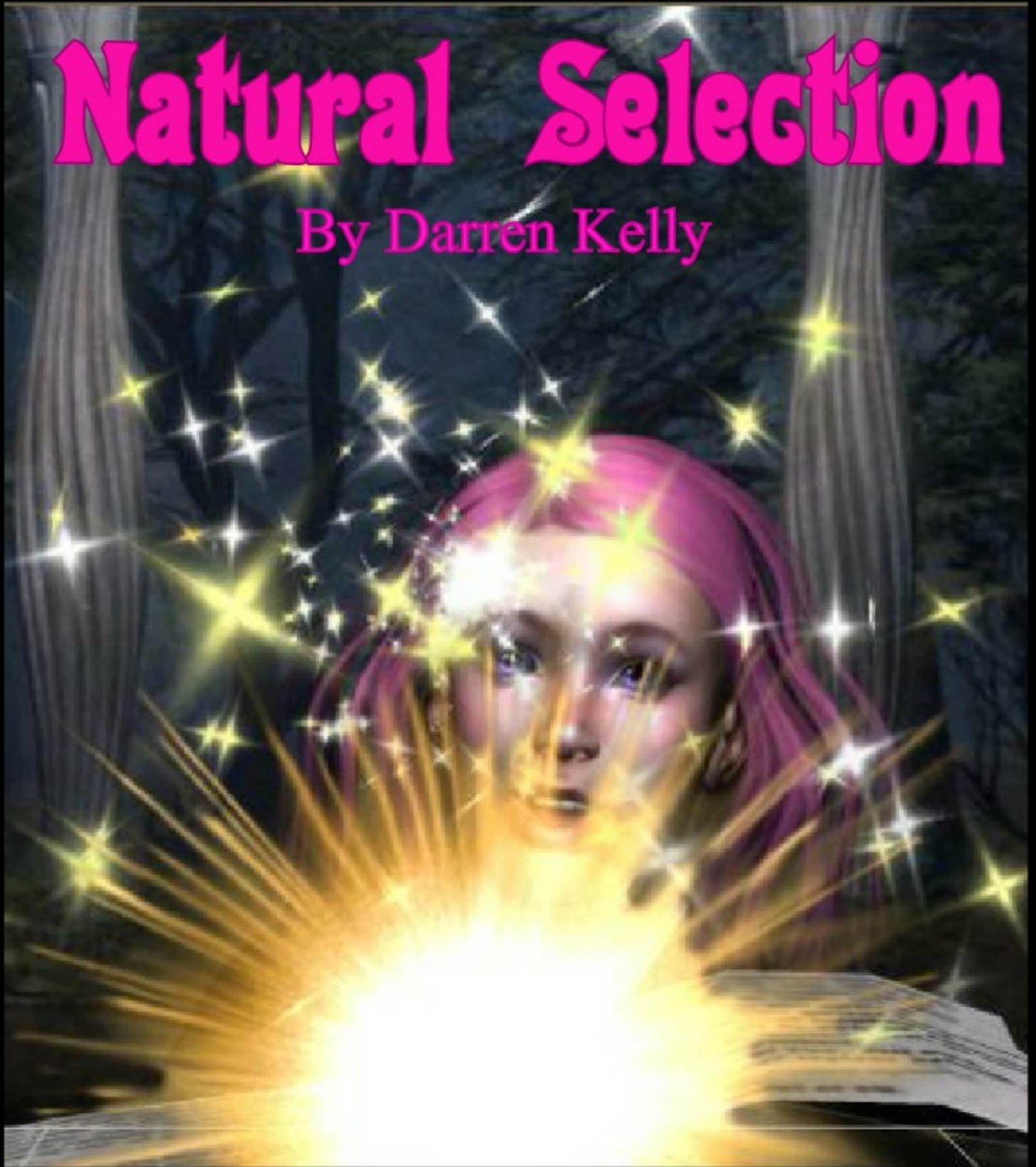


# Sasporilla Bucket

The Girl With Pink Hair

## Natural Selection

By Darren Kelly



A Harry Potter Universe Fan Fiction

# NATURAL SELECTION

A Harry Potter UNIVERSE/ Sasporilla Bucket Fan Fiction  
by Darren Kelly

## Chapter 1

The tiny one street village of Avonshire, just south of Essex, was home to many magical families. Though a reasonably poorer working class of witch or wizard lived there, exceptions were of course found. The Bombaduck family had been considered the founders of Avonshire some 200 years ago. They cast the protection spells which kept the town hidden from muggle eyes. The Bombsducks were quite wealthy and enjoyed showing it. They lived in the biggest house at the top of the village. Well, where else would the Mayor and his family live? Away from, and above all, those beneath them. They dressed in the most expensive elaborate fashions. They ate the most expensive of foods. They were even preparing to pay the heavy costs of a 1st class education at Hogwarts for their only son. Though young William could have gotten a scholarship with his top shelf grades, the Bombaducks saw it as their responsibility to allow those who were less fortunate to receive the charity of such things as 'SCHOLARSHIPS'.

Sasporilla Bucket was an amazingly plain and ordinary 10 and 5/6ths years old girl despite the challenges of life she had been born into. The only child of a squib mother and a father who was the town drunk. They lived in a one room apartment above the old Dog and Pony pub, at the muggle cross road, Just outside of town where the Avonshire road crossed the old muggle path known as the Kings Road. Her parents slept on a pull out couch on one side of the room while she slept in a converted sunken bookshelf with the shelves removed. Sasporilla didn't delude herself into believing she was any less than anyone else despite the fact her family was dirt poor. In many ways she was just like everyone else, even with her hot pink hair.

It was the last day of school, before summer break, for the seven students of Avonshire elementary. A small one room school house where the basics were taught to the children of the village. The teacher, Mrs. Esther Babbity, stood before her class with an excited look on her face.

"Students." Mrs.Babbity began. "I am both pleased, proud and excited to announce that one of your illustrious class mates has been accepted at Hogwarts!"

Every child in the class looked down at their desks. They knew who she meant and didn't care. He was the school bully and town delinquent. The best thought they could think was that he would be gone for at least 5 years.

"Please come to the front William Perciville Bombaduck!"

Mrs. Babbity applauded and expected the rest of the class to do the same. The children managed a slow, weak, half hearted clap. Billy Bombaduck, the stubby fat faced son of the mayor with his scraggly slicked back blonde hair and his upper-class school clothes, walked to the front of the class like a winning olympian. In his head it was like a royal parade. This was the adulation of his peers he had been taught by his parents to expect and demand.

Sasporilla Bucket couldn't seem to get her hands to quite come together as she looked out the window at a pretty blue butterfly, flapping around a flowered bush.

"Our young William has been accepted to the best school of Wizardry in the world! This is an honor that some of you," Mrs.Babbity said looking towards Sasporilla who didn't notice her. "will not have bestowed upon you. Some of you do not have good enough grades, because they do not pay attention!" With a wave of her wand Mrs.Babbity snapped the shutters closed.

"As well some of you're parents simply will not be able to afford a top caliber school like Hogwarts for your education."

Sasporilla felt the eyes turn towards her. She knew that they looked down on her and her family.

"I'd rather never have to go to any school", Sasporilla said with a coy smirk, "if the only way they'd have me is for my family to buy off the board of admissions."

Billy Bombaduck tensed and took a step towards Sasporilla with his fists clenched. Mrs. Babbity placed a calming hand on his shoulder and looked at him with the reassurance that she would vindicate him.

"Miss Bucket." Mrs. Babbity continued with a smile. "Though the point is moot, as in the 10 years we've known you we have seen no evidence of magical ability from you."

"Ya!" Billy Bombaduck sneered. "You're a squibb like your mum!"

The class tittered. What was the play ground skipping rhyme?

'Squibb, Squibb. Muggle, muggle. What's the difference? Shruggle, shruggle. Either way, nothing but trouble.'

"Quiet." Mrs. Babbity continued. "For your out burst you have earned detention, Miss Bucket." Sasporilla looked down at her desk bitterly. "But as this is the last day of school, and quite honestly I wish to get out of here as much as any of you, You can serve it after class first day of next year. After all? I expect you will be with us again."

The bell rang and the students rushed away from the school and off to summer freedom. Sasporilla walked out of the school slowly and lazily. She honestly had no where special to be. Her father would be in the pub and her mother was working late again at the book shop. Her mum worked so hard that she always came home tired. Some nights dad slept in the pub where he passed out. As awful as it was even to think it, some nights that he did come home she hoped he wouldn't. Some nights it just seemed impossible to be happy when he was around. She had some chores to do but nothing that couldn't wait. So she chose to walk slowly down the school yard path into town. The butterfly she had watched out of the window by her desk floated high above. It rode the currents of air with grace and beauty.

"Hello butterfly." Sasporilla said. "Having a nice day?"

The butterfly flapped its way down to her. Sasporilla held out her hand and the butterfly landed on her fingers. The butterfly looked up at her as she walked along.

"I know you can probably understand me. Most animals and insects do. I usually understand what they're saying to me too. Its a gift? Mum says."

The butterfly flapped its wings.

"Its nice to meet you. I'm Sasporilla Bucket. I'm not a witch like the other girls in the village."

The butterfly looked around.

"No I don't have friends like the others. No one likes me much. I speak my mind you see. Not to mention my moms nonmagical, so they look down on her."

The butterfly motioned with its front legs by its head.

"Yes with the glasses! That's my mum yes."

The butterfly spun around.

"Yes I think so too."

The butterfly flew up to her ear and landed on the tip, leaning in as if whispering a secret.

"hmmmm." Sasporilla Bucket thought for a moment. "Well if I had a wish I guess I'd have to wish for world peace or something like curing all diseases or ending starvation. That sort of thing."

The blue butterfly flapped once & whispered again.

"Oh!" Sasporilla said surprised. "To wish for something JUST for ME?"

She had never really thought about something for herself. She had been raised with so little she simply didn't see the point in most THINGS. Like her mum says. 'We have a roof over our heads & we're not starving like some. We have what we need.'

"Well if it has to be just for me.... I guess I'd wish for a friend. Someone to talk to who understands enough to listen. Someone to have fun & laugh with. Though I love talking with all of you, no one stays around long. I don't blame you. You all have very busy lives & some much shorter than mine. It's just, some times, I get lonely. Some times."

The butterfly took off fast into the sky. Sasporilla watched as it soared higher as if rushing to take the secret wish off to heaven and the department of little girl wishes, priority division. Something heavy struck her hard in the side and knocked her to the ground. Billy Bombaduck stood over her and kicked her hard in the ribs.

"That's for insinuating my families honor, and this one..." Billy Bombaduck yelled and drew his foot back to kick again. Suddenly his leg lurched back and kicked his own backside. Billy Bombaduck looked surprised as his leg

then swung forward and up over his head, throwing him hard to the ground. Sasporilla got to her feet and backed away as Billy was lifted into the air by his kicking foot and began to spin like a top.

Sasporilla wondered for a moment if this was her power finally manifesting. Then she saw the friendly old face her families house elf Ms.Daisy coming up the hill wearing her best blue and yellow paisley dress with green lace fringes and her best floppy pink hat with the large purple Dorggal feather in it. With a snap of her small fingers the boy vanished and reappeared in the hammock strung between the 2 large oak trees behind his families home. "Miss Sasporilla my child." Ms.Daisy puffed as she walked her ancient frame up the hill. "That awful child! Did he hurt you?"

"A little bit." Sasporilla said holding her aching side.

Ms.Daisy came over and touched the area. Sasporilla winced at the pain from the slightest pressure.

"Oh dear we'll have to fix that." Ms.Daisy said snapping her fingers. The pain in Sasporillas side vanished as quickly as her attacker.

"There we are." Ms.Daisy said. "Right as rain."

"Thank you Ms.Daisy." Sasporilla smiled.

"Tut-tut child. Come along home. Mum is coming home early and we are having guests."

"Who?" Sasporilla asked surprised. They very rarely had guests and never on a week night.

"You'll see miss Sasporilla. You'll see."

The pair scurried to the other end of town where the Dog and Pony Pub lay.

"Hurry on up stairs now." MS. Daisy smiled through kind old wrinkled face. "I've done your chores so have a quick wash-up and into your Sunday best."

The door to the pubs back stairs unlocked at Sasporilla's touch. She went inside and raced up the stairs to her families apartment.

Ms.Daisy walked over to the old dog house that belonged to Mr.Barnswaggle, the pub owners late St.Bernhard "Quaffle." The Buckets had converted it into quite s cozy cottage for her. Equipping it with a lovely Maple door that Wysteria had hand cut from an old broken table top & building her a wondrous fire place for cooking and for warmth on cold nights. Furnishing it with a lovely bed for sleeping, a rocking chair for siting & knitting & small chest to hold her private things, Ms.Daisy had all she needed to live out her twilight years in comfort & in luxury, for a house elf. Though on hot days it did still smelled a little like wet dog. The old house elf went in and sat in her chair. She looked at a picture of her father "Fingus."

Fingus had been the head of the Bucket House elves a century ago. He was Kind, loving and obedient. Perhaps to a fault. It was because of some unspeakable scandal that he was freed & Ms.Daisy & her sisters were sold to other wizarding families. Ms.Daisy was very young when she had gone to work for the Bent family. She worked hard for them for many generations. She recognized wondrous qualities in young Wysteria Bent. As a child she was caring & kind. Not like her siblings. It was Wysteria who convinced old Mrs. Bent to give Ms.Daisy to her. Then in an act of ultimate kindness, she freed the house elf with the gift clothes. Wysteria presented Ms.Daisy with a small veiled hat & a pair of her old Sunday shoes. Mrs. Bent was furious but Wysteria kept Ms.Daisy on, paying her for her services at 1 knut a week. To this day Ms.Daisy had every bit of coin she was paid. One day she would use the money to buy something very nice.

Ms.Daisy reached out and stroked the top of the old pictures iron frame.

"Soon father." Ms.Daisey said. "Soon."



## CHAPTER 2

Mrs.Bucket was dressed in her finest tweed Sunday morning outfit. It was a bit frayed around the cuffs and she had gotten most of the Guinness stain out of her skirt but it looked beautiful on her. Sasporillas wild pink hair was combed down into a presentable state. She was dressed in a black skirt, with a white shirt and grey sweater vest that her mum brought home with her. She had probably picked it up at that second hand store down the street from the book shop in Diagon Alley. The owner set things aside that she could rarely sell because of damage that only mum could seem to fix, or because of some strange smell that no amount of magic could seem to get out. No

matter what, the price was always right. Free. The outfit was a bit big but "you'll grow into it" was her mums answer to any and all new used clothing related arguments.

Mrs.Bucket sat nervously on the couch as if at attention. Her knees tightly together with her hands resting together on top, & her posture straight as you'd see in any book n the subject. Sasporilla sat , beside her mother, slumped back against the couch, her feet apart, knees together, playing with a strand of pink hair with a figity finger.

"Sit up straight Sassy." Mrs.Bucket said prodding her daughter gently with her elbow.

"Why mum?" Sasporilla asked exasperated. "No one is here!"

"They will be soon so sit up straight!" Mrs.Bucket began tickling her daughter into doing as she was told. Sasporilla was very ticklish and her mum knew just how to use it against her. Sasporilla protested as the pair laughed and giggled. They didn't see the three men come in lead by Ms.Daisy.

"A hem." Ms.Daisy coughed and caught the attention of mother and daughter who sat for a moment like hippogryphs in headlights.

Sasporilla and her mum both sat up straight and tried to look respectable, despite her mums tilted glasses and one lock of Sassys pink hair that stood straight out sideways.

"May I present your guests Madame?" Ms.Daisy began.

"You may." Wysteria said, suddenly breaking out into inappropriate laughter along with her daughter at the ridiculousness of the whole pomp and circumstance of the situation.

"The Minister of Magic, Cornelias Fudge." Ms.Daisy announced. The short balding man gave a polite nod.

"Auror first class, Nixxi Owelmoore, representative for the United Union of Aurors and Flew Cleaners."

Nick gave a little wave and a smile with a wink.

"And Professor Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of the Hogwarts Acadamey for Wizards and Witches."

"You have a lovely home Mrs.Bucket." The old wizard smiled through his long white beard.

"Thank you professor, would you gentlemen like some tea?"

"Oh that would be lovely." Cornelias Fudge said.

Three chairs appeared around a small table with tea, fairy cakes, and biscuits. Ms.Daisy began to pour, as the three men sat. After a few moments of polite conversation about how pretty the curtains in the living room were and how nice the lovely the fairy cakes tasted.

"You must give Mrs.Fudge the recipe", the Minister of magic insisted, "Will your husband be joining us?"

"He's indisposed at the moment. Downstairs." Mrs.Bucket smiled both politely & embarrassed.

"Every year," Professor Dumbledore began, "a single child of unrecognized magical ability is chosen to receive a partial scholarship to Hogwarts."

Both Sasporilla and her mother sat with their mouths hanging open in shock.

"But I'm not a witch." Sasporilla said.

"Aw, but you are my dear." Professor Dumbledore continue. "Magical Ability usually manifests when a young witch or wizard is angry or frightened. With you it is quite the opposite. You are at your most powerful when you are calm and at one with nature. Can you think of nothing magical you've done in circumstances such as those?"

"She can talk to animals." Mrs.Bucket said proudly. "It's her special gift."

"And there we are!" Professor Dumbledore smiled and sat back in his chair.

"My Sassy a witch, Good for you sweet heart." Mrs.Bucket rubbed her daughters knee excitedly then suddenly stopped. "Partial scholarship you said? We can't afford to...."

"No, no, no my dear let me clarify." Cornelius Fudge smiled. "You see, her full tuition costs will be covered by the Ministries scholarship fund."

"Ya." Nick chimed in. "And all the lads been setting aside a sickle and here and there for your books and such for a few years now so you're all covered there."

"However." Albus Dumbledore smiled ryely with a touch of sadness. "You will be expected to work in the kitchens, laundry and with the grounds keeping staff everyday to pay for room and board costs. You will also have to maintain passing grades in all of your classes by end of year assessment. However your attendance is not mandatory. If you should so choose NOT to attend Hogwarts the scholarship will be given to another. The choice Sasporilla is entirely yours."

Sasporilla stood and walked away from them.

"Sassy." Her mother said softly trying to take her daughters hand.

Albus Dumbledore held up his hand and silenced them for a moment.

Sasporilla went over to her bed and sat on the side looking at the floor. A decision had to be made. She knew they would be expecting an answer tonight so there was no time to think about it. To go to Hogwarts was a chance at a better life than living above the pub. A chance to learn how to do magic! A chance to get away from the small minded school teacher. To go to a place where maybe she wouldn't be judged for who her family was and what they weren't. Drunk, Poor, trash, the words echoed in her head. Perhaps there, she would find a friend. She looked over and her mum smiled at her. She would miss her mum. She would miss Ms.Daisy. She would even miss her dad. He really wasn't all THAT bad. He'd been through a lot and needed to drink to cope with... NO MORE EXCUSES.

Sasporilla Bucket stood up and straightened her clothes. She tried to push down the stubborn lock of hair only to cause 2 more to spring up. She walked purposefully back to the couch and sat down beside her concerned mother.

"You have come to a decision?" Albus Dumbledore asked.

"Yes." Sasporilla answered.

Everyone sat on edge and stared at the girl. She wondered why they stared at her blankly then realized they hadn't understood what she meant.

"No. Well I mean Yes I have an answer & that answer is Yes, I will attend Hogwarts school, and work to stay."

"Excelent!" Cornelius Fudge smiled and stood. "Not every child can see the benefits of a Hogwarts education over being worked like a house elf."

Nick, Wysteria & Sasporilla all grimaced at that comment and looked away as Ms.Daisy whipped around.

"I beg your pardon?" Ms.Daisy asked putting her hands on her hips.

"I meant no offence of course." Fudge stuttered as Ms.Daisy walked towards him.

"House elves work very hard indeed." Ms.Daisy said loudly. "Without us to clean up after you, WHERE WOULD WITCHES AND WIZARDS BE? Still cleaning with spells or having your apprentices do it for you? That worked out well in the past, HASN'T IT?"

"Mrs.Bucket please call off your house elf." Fudge said backing himself into a corner.

"I am NOT a DOG to be called off," Ms.Daisy yelled, "I am a FREE ELF! Elves work hard for the love of their families and take pride in their jobs. WE ARE NOT SLAVES."

Ms.Daisy held up her finger pressed firm against her thumb as if to snap her fingers. Elves, being magical beings, needed no wands to perform magic. A simple snap of the fingers would do the trick.

"I'm sorry." Cornelius Fudge squeaked as he closed his eyes.

"Apology accepted Minister." Ms.Daisy said turning away and giving a small smile and wink to the Bucket girls.

"With that minister, I think we should be off." Albus Dumbledore said standing. "Your documents for the school will be arriving by owl in a few weeks. Good evening ladies. Are you coming Detective Owlmore?"

"No professor." Nick said. Thought I'd stick around and visit a spell."



## Chapter 3

Nick spent several hours with his god daughter and her mother. Sasporilla played him a very squeaky version of "Dance like a hippogryph" on her mothers guitar. She was getting quite good actually, and with just a bit more practice ,would be ready to play for others more openly. They showed him a muggle box that showed stories on it. The muggles called it a telie. Mom had found this old black and white one that some muggle had just thrown away and it worked just fine. Wysteria enjoyed watching some show called Coronation Street. A fascinating object, though Nick saw little point to it. He discussed taking Sasporilla shopping when her list of supplies arrived. It was easier and safer to buy her what she needed then to leave the money in the house. Donk would inevitably find it and drink away his daughters school supply fund despite his best intentions of putting it back when his pension cheque came in. Wysteria always found new places to hide the house fund, staying 2 steps ahead of her husband but it was a very small apartment & she was running out of new places to hide it.

Afterward Nick walked down stairs and shut the door. The latch clicked behind him as it locked. He stopped beside the old dog house and knocked on the roof.

"Good night Ms.Daisy." he said.

"Good night Detective Owlmore." Ms.Daisy said from somewhere inside.

Nick rounded the corner of the pub and peeked in the front window. The usual group of people having a quick one before home were present. As he walked in the door Mr. Barnswaggle the pub owner nodded to him and pointed towards the back. Nick held up 2 fingers and taps poured 2 pints of Guinness. Nick put the money on the bar and picked up the glasses.

"How's he been?" Nick asked.

"Gettin' worse e'ry day." Mr.Barnswaggle said. "Soon I mi' av t' ban him. Tha' would break 'is 'eart tha' would."

"Probably put you out of business ay Barnswaggle? I'll see to him." Nick said carrying the pints to the back of the pub.

Riddonkulous Bucket sat alone in the private booth that had become his second home. He spent most days here and more often than not, most nights. Nick felt the room get just a little colder as he neared his old friend, despite the fire burning in the hearth near by. Donk sat with his head down looking off into empty space, six empty pint glasses sitting across from him painted the picture of his daily activities. His skin was ashen and his eyes puffy and red from far to much drink.

"This seat taken mate?" Nick asked as he stood beside the table.

"Please yourself." Riddonkulous Bucket mumbled but didn't look up.

No one ever came over to sit and chat anymore. Only the odd stranger that passed bye, a local looking for that quid he'd borrowed last month and.... he looked up to see Nicks smiling face standing beside holding 2 fresh pints.

"Nickie you ol' sod." Riddonkulous said with drunken effort as Nick sat across from him & handed him a pint.

"What brings the likes o' you to my castle?"

"How you doin' Donk?" Nick asked genuinely concerned.

Riddonkulous took a long gulper off his pint. "Just lovely."

"You couldn't come upstairs tonight?" Nick asked as Riddonkulous looked away ashamed.

"No."

"Wssy says you rarely come home anymore, Donk. You want to lose your family?"

"They'd be better off without me Nick."

"Bollocks. Even though your an ugly drunken old sod Wysteria still thinks the sunshines out your ass."

"Look cut the niceties." Riddonkulous grumbled & Thumped the table hard with hands knocking over a couple of glasses. "Have you got it or not?"

Nick waved his wand and cleared the empties from the table to avoid any further accidents. "Ya."

Nick pulled a small vial of serum from his inside jacket pocket. "One drop under the tongue, ya?"

"I know how it works." Riddonkulous said pulling the stopper and taking one drop from bottle which he placed under his tongue.

Within seconds Riddonkulous' skin returned to a normal colour and Nick could feel the chill leave the air. Donk sighed with relief.

"That's the ticket." Riddonkulous said relaxing back in his seat.

"Have you told them yet Donk?" Nick asked.

"No." Riddonkulous said. "I will but not yet. Mind you neither of them are blind or stupid. I'm sure they suspect."

"How long 'till it happens?" Nick asked concerned.

"Doctors say another year maybe until they stick me in an institution. They don't know how long it'll take after that. Another year, more or less." Donk took another large gulp finishing his pint. He eyed Nicks untouched drink.

"You gonna...???"

"No mate." Nick said passing the glass. "Cheers."

Riddonkulous downed the second pint with ease. Most days no amount of drink could slake his thirst.

"Nickie." Riddonkulous belched making his oldest friend laugh. "I need you to make sure Wyssy gets my pension once they put me away."

"Right." Nick nodded.

"Don't let those wankers in accounting misplace my file, ya?"

"No problem."

"Someone's got to look out for Sasporilla too."

"Donk that's why they wanted you upstairs. Dumbledore and Fudge awarded Sassy with some partial scholarship. You know, one of those ones like ol' Mikey Flemming was on."

Riddonkulous let his head slump back in disbelief & disappointment. "So they'll work her to death."  
"Na. She'll be fine. At least she's going to Hogwarts right?" Nick smiled  
"Ya fine" Riddonkulous grumbled. "an' she'll be away from me."  
"Don't think that way Donk." Nick said noticing the air becoming just a little cooler once more. His pallor becoming ashen. "That din't last you more than a couple minutes?"  
"No." Riddonkulous said. "It never does anymore. The effects last for shrter periods of time with every dose."  
"Donk at this rate...?"  
"That's why I stay down here." Riddonkulous insisted. "To keep them safe from me. From WHAT I'm becoming."



## Chapter 4

Sasporilla couldn't remember ever having a shorter summer than this one. She had barely started a good daily conversation with a dog from another town or trading dirty jokes with the fish in the mayors pond when she found herself face to face with an owl with a letter in it's beak.

The letter bore the official Hogwarts seal and was addressed to Miss Sasporilla Bucket, the room over the pub, 1 Kings Road, Avonshire, Essex.

"That's for me." Sasporilla smiled regretfully.

The owl dropped the letter from it's beak and into the young girls hand.

"Thank you." Sasporilla said.

The owl wagged its head and let out a small chirp.

"Really?" Sasporilla asked surprised. "Not one witch or wizard has ever thanked you for delivering their mail?"

The owl screamed.

"Nor said please? How rude!"

The window above opened up and Wysteria Bucket hollered out. "Sassy it's dinner time. Come in side love before it gets cold."

"I have to go in now." Sasporilla smiled as she turned and waved to the owl. "Have a nice rest of the day."

Wysteria Bucket set a nice table, despite their meager means. Tonight they were having left over shepherds pie. They rarely had leftovers as they usually had just enough food to feed the 3 of them but then their definition of leftovers were a bit different. To the Buckets, leftovers were food the pub made last week and failed to sell. It was usually dry, burned or hours away from turning but with some sauce and a little love mum always made a meal of it.

Sasporilla came up the stairs hurriedly and burst in waving her still sealed envelope.

"It came mum." Sasporilla beamed. "Look my Hogwarts letter. It came!"

"Oh! Doesn't it look all official with that seal and everything." Wysteria Bucket smiled though the letters appearance filled with her equal amounts of sadness and happiness. The thought of her daughter leaving for a year was almost unbearable. All though she new there was no better place than Hogwarts for a young witch, they simply had never been apart in there 11 years together. "Well open it!"

Sasporilla opened the letter and pulled out the pages within.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Ms.Bucket, We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment. Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than 31 August.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress



The second page was the full list of all books and equipment they would have to buy for her year at school.

## UNIFORM

First-year students will require:

1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)
2. One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear
3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)
4. One winter cloak (black, with silver fastenings) Please note that all pupil's clothes should carry name tags.

## COURSE BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1) by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling

A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore

Magical Drafts and Potions by Arsenius Jigger

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them by Newt Scamander

The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection by Quentin Trimble

## OTHER EQUIPMENT

1 wand

1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 1 telescope

1 set brass scales

Students may also bring, if they desire, an Rat or Owl OR a Cat OR a Toad.

**PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICK**

Yours sincerely,

Lucinda Thomsonicle-Pocus

Chief Attendant of Witchcraft Provisions

Sasporilla handed the list to her mother with a worried smile. "Can we afford all this mum?"

"Don't you worry." Mrs. Bucket reassured her daughter. "Uncle Nick and the lads at the Aurors office have offered to pay for them remember? I'll send an owl off to him tonight. You can come in to Diagon Alley with me in the morning when I go to work. Nick can meet us at the book shop and take you shopping."

The evening meal was all giggles and musings of what a school like Hogwarts must be like. Wysteria did know something of the school from things she had heard her co-workers and customers say over the years. Sasporilla had read a bit about it in school. In many ways it sounded to wondrous to be true. In others it sounded like a place where she might get lost in the crowd.

Both women stopped when they heard the downstairs door open. Strong slow foot steps acceded the stairs. Ridonkulous Bucket walked in the apartment tucking the serum vial into his jacket pocket.

"There they are." Ridonkulous said as he sat down at the table. "My two beautiful girls."

"Do you want me to fix you a plate love?" Wysteria asked.

"Ta love." Ridonkulous said with a wink. "That would be lovely."

Wysteria went to the cupboard to get a plate. Ridonkulous reached into his jacket.

"I just wanted to make sure I gave my little girl a special gift for her birthday!"

Ridonkulous pulled out a small box, wrapped in a page torn from a Beano comic, bound with a piece of manky old string.

"My birthday was last week." Sasporilla said looking down at the table.

Ridonkulous stared at his daughter for a moment. Had week passed since Wysteria had reminded him that tonight was his daughters big day?

"I'm sorry love." Ridonkulous rubbed his face ashamed and bewildered. "I mean well but my mind is a tad scattered."

"I know." Sasporilla said.

"Well." Ridonkulous said pushing the present gently towards her knocking over the salt. "Open it."

Sasporilla took the package without lifting her head. She loved her father but just hated him so much sometimes. That very thought made her feel bad. Under the wrapping was a very plain small wooden box. Sasporilla carefully opened the lid and inside was...

"Nothing." Sasporilla said.

"Ya," Ridonkulous smiled. "There's nothing in it, now, but if you need something. Really need something, you can wish for it with this box. It's an elf box called a 'wishrel'."

Sasporilla looked at it for a second then up at her father. "A wishrel?"

"Ya, it works like this." Ridonkulous continued. "You write down what you wish for on a scrap of paper and put it inside. Close the lid and when you open it, there's your wish. It really works."

"Then why haven't you used it?" Sasporilla asked with a hint of disbelief.

"I have. Squandered my wishes I did when I was your age. Impetuance of youth I suppose."

Sasporilla sat quietly contemplating the enormous options this could open up to her.

"There are rules with it though." Ridonkulous said with all seriousness. "1. The wish can only be for you, not for someone else. 2. The size of the thing wished for can be no larger than the size of the inside of the box and 3. You only get 3 wishes."

"So once I've got my 3 wishes, then what do I do with it?"

"You pass it down to your child. Like my father did for me and like his father did for him."

A world of wondrous opportunities passed through Sasporilla's imagination. A coin purse that never emptied. Tickets to the weird sisters. The answer to the meaning of life, which Ms. Daisy insisted was 42 but would not explain why.

"And my darling daughter," Ridonkulous said with a concerned look. "Be very careful what you wish for."



## Chapter 5

Diagon Alley was still relatively quiet when Sasporilla and her mother arrived by flew. Shop owners apparated in and arrived by flew or through the entrance at the Leaky Cauldron. By 10:30 the street was a buzz with life. Parents and children buying school supplies bustled through the Flourish & Blotts grabbing copies of the books they needed from the many piles that had been placed on tables. It was the same every year. A new pile of books were put out and in minutes they needed to be restocked again. This was the shops busiest time.

It was no real surprise when Polly Cambridge-Smythe, manager of Flourish and Blotts, resisted Wysteria's request for a morning off tomorrow.

"I am sick and tired", Polly Cambridge-Smythe said tersely, "of everyone wanting to take off for a morning because their spawn need to be kitted out or taken to the train."

"Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe", Wysteria begged, "please be reasonable. I have never asked for a day off. I always stay late. I never ask for a raise."

"And well you should not!" Polly Cambridge-Smythe snuffed. "I only gave you this job out of respect for your family name. So the answer is 'No' you can not have the morning off tomorrow."

Nick appeared at Wysteria's side. "Whats the problem then Polly? Labour trouble"

"I was just explaining to my employee that she most certainly could NOT have the morning off to take her daughter to Kings Cross station." Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe said looking down her nose at Wysteria. "How may I help you detective?"

"Tough luck ol' girl, not getting the morning off to take my God daughter to see her off to Hogwarts." Nick rubbed Wysteria's arm then turned his attentions to the tyrannical Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe. "I just stopped in to see all your permits were in order Polly. Make sure all shipments are above board, stores safeties are all in place, etc. Its shame to close the shop down for the rest of today and tomorrow to check everything out but a jobs a job, ay?"

"You know Wysteria my dear", Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe said with a forced smile, "What I meant was you can't have off just the morning. Take the rest of today and tomorrow too."

"Thank you Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe." Wysteria smiled.

"Ah that was lovely." Nick said. "2 days off with pay, Polly you are one in a million."

Polly Cambridge-Smythe gritted her teeth. "Yes of course, that will be with pay Wysteria."

"Oh my Thank you Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe." Wysteria said running off to find Sasporilla.

"Oh on second thought." Nick said with a grin. "Maybe it was the sweet shop I had to check the permits of. I'm in the mood for a pack a Droobles."

Wysteria found Sasporilla in the back going through the stacks of used books. She had found all the ones she needed except 'magical creatures.'

"Come on sweet heart." Wysteria said helping her daughter with her books. "Your uncle Nicks arrived and we're ready to go shopping."

"You're coming to?" Sasporilla asked delighted.

"Mrs. Cambridge-Smythe was kind enough to give me today and tomorrow off. With pay!"

The two of them laughed excitedly. Nick joined them rubbing his hands together.

"So are you two beautiful young ladies up for a shopping spree on the town?"

"Yes." Sasporilla said. "But I need to find a copy of magical creatures."

Nick looked at the pile of tattered old books Sasporilla was carrying. "Na, na, na. What's all this ol' rubbish."

"We do not live beyond our means." Wysteria said searching a place where she sometimes set aside books aside in special need of care. "Here we are! One magical creatures and where to find them. The binding is a bit ripped but I can fix it."

"But Wssy." Nick protested. "We got the dosh for a whole brand new lot!"

"We DO NOT live BEYOND our means Nick." Wysteria said harshly. "That is final."

Nick reluctantly carried the tattered used volumes to the counter. Kathleen the check out girl looked at them as if she didn't want to touch them. Wysteria pushed in beside Nick and her daughter.

"Those are all for my Sasporilla." Wysteria beamed with pride. "She's going to Hogwarts this year."

"Wonderful." Kathleen smiled politely wondering what sort of fungi she was being exposed to every time she had to pick a book off the pile and place it in Wysteria's shopping bag.

"With your employee discount that comes to 3 galions 1 sickle and 3 knuts." Kathleen smiled politely.

Nick pulled the coins from his pocket and put them on the counter. The three of them walked out into Diagon Alley.

"Wyssy please reconsider." Nick pleaded. "Moneys not a problem."

"We do not live beyond our means detective." Wysteria said folding her arms.

The next few hours found them rummaging through the used clothes shops and used wizarding supply. They were able to find all manner of interesting things but their interests were held firmly to just what the list required. Nothing more. Nothing Less.

Nick and Sasporilla had a quiet moment alone as Wysteria chatted with her friend Deirdre who worked in used clothes at Second hand Robes.

"What's up with your mum?" Nick asked. "I mean I know she makes do on next to nothing but when it's offered?"

"Mum thinks it's cruel to expose a child to life better than the one that's their lot." Sasporilla sighed. "It all has to do with her being raised in a house of privilege until she was 11 then shipped off to live with her uncle in a hovel in the Scottish Highlands. Once they discovered she was a Squibb."

"Never heard that story." Nick said.

"Her uncle, Ruffus Campbell, worked her like a slave at home, then sent her off to work each morning at the mines."

"That's horrible." Nick cringed.

"You didn't work, you didn't eat." Sasporilla added mater-of-factly. "When she lost her job at the mine, because she just couldn't do it, she got a job here in the book shop."

"That's where your mum and dad met." Nick smiled. "We were in for our books for school on a day like this. I remember it as if it were yesterday."

"What's this." Wysteria asked appearing beside them. "About yesterday?"

"Just reminiscing." Nick said. "So we've got clothes..."

"Yes." Wysteria smiled holding up the large wrapped parcel. "I'm to understand for Deirdre that these belonged to the Weezly girl, Ginny. She was just about your size."

"Great." Sasporilla smiled. "Do I get to wear her used knickers too?"

Nick laughed abruptly then coughed to cover it.

"None of your cheek missy." Wysteria said handing Sassy the parcel. "That's the reason you're called Sassy. Because of your lip, Not because its short for your name."

Nick had to turn as he could barely control his smile.

"And YOU Nixxi Owlmore." Wysteria said. "Don't you encourage her. You and Donk were bad enough when you got together, in your day."

"Quite right." Nick said as he composed himself. "Where was I on this list? Books, supplies.... looks like all we need is a wand and a pet."

"Pets are accepted but not mandatory." Wysteria Bucket said. "She doesn't need one."

"I'd like one though mum." Sasporilla said.

Wysteria new that tone in her daughters voice. It meant she expected nothing from life, as usual. A feeling Wysteria herself knew all to well.

"All right then." Wysteria smiled. "Have a look in at the 'magical menagerie."

Sasporilla's face brightened and she ran off down the street.

The window of the Magical Menagerie held all sorts of pets. From owls to bats to snakes to puppies. Sasporilla excitedly pushed open the heavy wood door to see all manner of chaos loosed upon the store. Owls flapped around freely dropping feathers as they bumped into one another. Cats climbed the widow curtains as dogs chased after them. An alligator snapped at a snake that scurried across the top edge of its tank. A small orange monkey sat in the rafters high above throwing Hippogriff chow down at the shop keeper.

"You come down here this instant!" The older shop keeper snarled as a hard pellet bounced off his shiny bald scalp.

"What's going on?" Sasporilla asked ducking out of the way of bat.

"It's that BLOODY monkey!" The shop keeper yelled as he through a sponge up at it.

"She's just a baby." Sasporilla said looking up at the small monkey, no bigger than a small red squirrel.

"It's a bloody menace!" The shop keeper proclaimed as the monkey hit him in the nose with something that definitely was not a Hippogriff pellet. "It's opened up all the cages!"

Sasporilla climbed a shelf and got up close to the small animal as it stood there shaking  
With fright.

"I'm scared." The monkey screeched.

"I know." Sasporilla said holding out her hand. "I won't hurt you little one." Sasporilla smiled.

"He's mean to me." The monkey insisted jumping up and down flinging a small dark brown object from beside it on the rafter.

"Where is your mum?" Sasporilla asked.

"I don't have one." The monkey cried covering her face. "I don't even have a friend."

"I'll be your friend." Sasporilla said. "If you come down."

The monkey scurried across the rafter and leapt into Sasporilla's waiting hands. The shop keeper was putting away the last of the kittens when she walked over to the counter.

"How much for..." Sasporilla stopped and looked at the monkey. "What's your name."

"Gooseberry." The monkey told her.

"How much for Gooseberry here?"

The shop keeper turned slowly. Rage boiled in his eyes. Monkey poop smeared down the side of his nose.

"How much?" The shop keeper asked. "HOW MUCH!!!"

Sasporilla held Gooseberry tight in her arms to protect her.

"Take that trouble making, poop flinging , cage unlocking , Misfit and get it out of my sight!"

"You're giving her to me?" Sasporilla asked ecstatic.

"I'm not GIVING you a monkey." The shop keeper laughed madly. "I'm burdening someone else with this agent of anarchy. Take her away and never bring it back!"

With no more encouragement Sasporilla ran out of the shop with Gooseberry on her shoulder chattering "Free, free, free."

Sasporilla wasn't at all surprised at the reactions that she got when Mum and Uncle Nick first caught sight of Gooseberry.

"What is that?" Mrs.Bucket asked eyes wide.

"Oh wow." Nick smiled with enthusiasm, support and general confusion.

"This is my new friend Gooseberry." Sasporilla said and looked at the monkey.

"A monkey?" Mrs.Bucket looked with disbelief. "Of all the animals why did you think I'd let you have a monkey?"

"She's just a baby." Sasporilla took Gooseberry and cradled her in her arms. "The shop keeper was mistreating her. Wanted to keep her in a cage. Wanted to hurt her when she misbehaved!"

"But Sassy..." Mrs.Bucket pleaded.

"The shop keeper didn't want her anymore and he said I could have her for free!" Sasporilla was defiantly insistent.

"Sasporilla." Nick inserted himself. "Hogwarts allows pets but usually a rat, or a toad, or an owl..."

"Or a cat." Professor Albus Dumbeldore said appearing at Sasporilla's shoulder. "Good morning ladies, Detective. Fancy meeting you all here this fine day. Oh my, this is the oddest cat I have ever seen."

"But it is not a cat." Wysteria said. "it's a monkey. A monkey of all things!"

"Oh my." An old witch said passing by. "But that is the oddest looking cat I have ever seen."

"There you are." Professor Dumbledore smiled. "As far as everyone at Hogwarts is concerned Gooseberry will appear to be the oddest looking of cats. Only those beyond it's walls, who have nothing to do with the school and yourselves of course, will see the truth."

"Can I keep her Mum? Please!" Sasporilla pleaded.

Mrs.Bucket thought for a moment and with a sigh nodded her head.

"Ah." Professor Dumbledore said. "But the real question is does Gooseberry want to stay with you?"

Gooseberry stood in Sasporilla's arms and hugged her neck rubbing her fuzzy head under Sassy's chin. "Yes."

"Well then." Nick smiled clapping his hands together just happy a large public row had been averted. "I guess that's that then."

"Indeed." Dumbledore said and walked away with a wink to Sasporilla. "Good day."



## CHAPTER 6

It was quarter to three when Sasporilla, Gooseberry on her shoulder, her mum and Uncle Nick, all walked into Olivanders. Two other families with young witches and wizards were ahead of them.

"I'll be with you in a moment." Mr.Olivander assured them as a wave of a wand from the young witch sent papers flying.

The Bombaducks turned, curious to see who had come in behind them. With a reluctant smile Mrs.Bombaduck nodded to Mrs.Bucket. Wysteria waved, after all niceties must be maintained, no matter how one feels personally about someone or their family. Mayor Bombaduck, always the politician, saw an opportunity.

"Mrs.Bucket." Mayor Bombaduck smiled. "And young Saspiria."

"Sasporilla." Sasporilla said noticing Billy looking over his shoulder laughing.

"And Detective Owlmore." The mayor said shaking hands with the auror. "On the fast track to heading-up Magical Law Enforcement I hear. After that fiasco your boss had with loosing Sirius Black from Azkiban?"

"Not a job I'm looking for." Nick said shaking hands. "I'm an auror and not much of a politician."

"Well," Mayor Bombaduck smiled awkwardly, "a bright star and a shining example none the less. Excuse me, Good afternoon." With that the mayor rubbed Sasporilla's pink hair with a cheery smile and returned to his family. Billy Bombaduck was busy trying his first wand from Mr.Olivander. Flames shot out and up. Obviously not that one. The next one made the lights dim and light come pouring in with steam through the cracks between the boards and brick. Sasporilla swore she could hear a large bell ring somewhere in the distance.

"Nope !" Mr.Olivander said grabbing the wand and waving off the effects. "Some of the French wands are dangerous in the wrong hands."

Sasporilla stared at the ceiling high shelves filled with boxes of wands. Each one hand crafted by makers such as Olivander himself. To find the perfect harmonic balance of woods, metals, crystals and magical elements to make

a wand unique to that of the caster was so complex. Sasporilla had read a chapter on it once in Flourish and Blotts as she waited for her mum to finish work. The science of it all boggled her mind but it sounded so fascinating.

An explosion of papers behind the counter had Mr.Olivander looking for the next wand.

"Nice man our mayor." Wysteria Bucket said. "I voted for him."

"Not like there's been any other choice." Sasporilla said.

The next wand seemed to do the trick. The Bombaducks seemed most pleased. 9 1/3" Ash with a werewolf hair core and the cycles of the moon inlaid in silver.

Billy glared at Sasporilla as they left the shop. His gaze was one of unbridled hate. Sasporilla didn't know what she had ever done to elicit such evil attention. Perhaps he just needed a person to focus all the blame for every thing he felt was wrong in his life.

He "accidentally" bumped his shoulder hard into her arm as he passed.

"Ouch!" Sasporilla said. "Watch it."

"How dare you talk to me, trash." Billy Bombaduck snarled.

"Oy." Nick protested.

"It's our fault for standing to near the door in everyone's way." Mrs.Bucket smiled nervously urging her daughter away from the confrontation.

The Bombaducks graciously accepted the apology and left.

"What's his problem?" Nick asked.

"I think he's got a crush on Sassy." Wysteria smiled. "You know how boys can be."

"No he's just an asshole." Sasporilla said rubbing her arm.

"Language." Wysteria Bucket protested.

"Can I help you?" Mr.Olivander asked.

"Oh yes." Mrs.Bucket said shoving her daughter gently forward. "My Sasporilla needs her first wand. She's going to Hogwarts."

Mr.Olivander tried her first with a 10" Mahogany with Unicorn hair wand. One wave did nothing. He urged her to try it again. Nothing. Next he tried her with a 12 1/2" Willow and dragon heart string. A faint spark shot forward from the tip. Nothing more. For the better part of three hours Mr.Olivander searched the stacks and racks in front and out back to find the wand for Sasporilla. They all had little to no effect when the pink haired girl waved them.

"Never in my history", Mr.Olivander said unable to hide the exasperation in his voice, "have I NOT been able to place a wand to a witch. What is your family name?"

"Bucket." Sasporilla said.

Mr.Olivander looked over the rims of his glasses at the young girl. "Bucket, yes. As in the daughter of Ridonkulous Bucket? The auror who reversed the Dementors kiss?"

"Yes." Sasporilla nodded.

"You see Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander said as he turned and walked stiffly into the back. "A wand works very much like the lens of a telescope or a pair of glasses. It helps the witch or wizard to focus ones energy and project it."

There was silence for a few seconds replaced by the sound of shuffling and a pile of something falling over. Mr.Olivander reappeared carrying a wand on a large green leaf. "Some lenses need to be convex rather than concave as some witches or wizards draw their power from a different place than the rest of us. This wand is very old. It has had many owners and has been repaired more times than I'd care to admit."

Mr.Olivander laid the wand on the counter. "Try this one."

Sasporilla looked at it. It didn't look like much. A well used wooden wand mounted in a worn brass handle. Gooseberry jumped up and down excitedly on her shoulder with approval. Sasporilla picked up the wand. Her hair blew about as air spiraled around her. A small ray of light seemed to shine on her.

"That's the one!" Mr.Olivander said. "I wondered why it made its way back here again. It was obviously meant for you child."

"What is it made of?" Sasporilla asked.

"This wand my dear is 10 3/4" Butterfly wood with a brass handle. Its core is what makes it special. You see this type of wand is a CONFLICATOR, and can only be used by a very rare breed of witch or wizard. It's core is

Basilisk Venom and Phoenix tear encased in a rose quartz vessel. It also has another quality that makes it unique. It's owner, to truly be the wand's master, must give it a name."

"Hobnob." Sasporilla smiled.

The wand vibrated gently in her hand. She could tell it approved of the name.

"I'll take it." Sasporilla said.

"More importantly young lady." Mr.Olivander smiled coyly. "The wand will take you."

"Not to be indelicate," Mrs.Bucket grinned with a worried smile. "But how much is it?"

"Oh my dear." Mr.Olivander smiled surprised. "I can not charge money for this wand."

Mrs.Bucket was confused. This was a shop and never in her experience at working in a shop had a shop keeper ever given something away for free. Unless it was cursed or worse. She'd seen Polly Cambridge-Smythe pull an old book out of a box slated for the rubbish pile to sell to a customer who asked after it.

"You see." Mr.Olivander continued. "This wand is meant for the witch or wizard who owns it. When that witch or wizard no longer needs it and another young person such as your daughter will soon be in need, it will find its way back here. Sometimes the same as you see it today. Sometimes in need of repair. But it always finds its way back, to find it's new owner."



## Chapter 7

It was quarter of nine when Sasporilla awoke. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she saw Gooseberry exploring her new home. Opening the cupboard and looking at the old bottles and boxes within. Mrs.Bucket stood in the kitchen tending to the morning fry up. Her father was already gone. He'd been asleep in the chair when they got home from shopping yesterday.

"Hurry up sleepy head." Wysteria said. "Just enough time to get a quick bite to eat, have a wash and get you off to school."

Sasporilla stumbled to the table. Gooseberry jumped onto her head and slid down onto her shoulder.

"Good morning." Sasporilla said as the monkey gave her a great big kiss.

"I've mended that book for you." Wysteria said putting a plate of eggs and chips in front of her daughter. "And I've got you all packed."

"Thank you mum." Sasporilla said handing a chip to Gooseberry.

"I was working on something last night I think the two of you might appreciate." Wysteria said with a smile.

Sasporilla looked at Gooseberry who was confused at just what to do with her chip. Then she looked back at her mum who put an old leather salesman sample case down in front of her.

"Ah." Sasporilla smiled. "It's very nice?"

"Turn it around." Mrs.Bucket prodded her daughter.

Turning it, Sasporilla saw that the front of the case had been painted with a lovely scene of a house with a garden. A door, made of cardboard but perfectly painted was on the front along with a window made of some kind of clear plastic.

Gooseberry ran down Sasporilla's arm and in through the front door.

"Gooseberry!" Sasporilla shouted looking inside the door.

"Open the side." Wysteria said clasping her hands together in excitement.

With the undoing of two snaps the side dropped down to reveal a lush bedroom inside. Gooseberry hopped on and down on her new bed.

"Do you like it?" Mrs.Bucket asked.

Sasporilla couldn't believe what she saw.

"I picked up the bed and chair from some trash and stuffed them until they seemed comfy. The wall paper was from an old sample book left in this case. I guess the muggle was a wall paper sales man. The carpet is made from..."

Sasporilla ran around the table and hugged her mother tightly. Gooseberry, ran up and joined the in hug, happy with her new home.

"Now eat up." Wysteria said. "Big morning."

After breakfast Sasporilla got into her uniform. It was a bit big but as always she was told, "You'll grow into it." Sasporilla found a couple of extra things she wanted to pack like her journal with the weird sisters ticket stub from last years Halloween concert. She couldn't afford to get in but, her and mum, sat outside the venue and could hear it clearly. After the concert was over, someone through their old ripped ticket stub on the sidewalk and Sasporilla picked it up. A memory of the night and all it meant to her.

By quarter of eleven the Bucket girls rushed into Kings Cross station. Sasporilla pushed her belongings on a flat cart, trying to keep up with her mum who kept shouting "Hurry! Hurry! You'll be late."

They ran through the barrier to track nine and three quarters and for the first time, Sasporilla Bucket saw the great red train that read 'Hogwarts Express'.

"Ok sweet heart, I want you to have this." Mrs.Bucket said handing her a small fist full of coins. "In case you want to get a treat on the train."

"Mum." Sasporilla said putting the coins back in her mothers hand. "I have everything I could ever need. Keep it for the house."

Wysteria hugged her daughter thinking how much she had grown up and selfless she'd become.

"Good morning ladies." Nick Owlmore said leaning in with a smile.

Uncle Nick motioned to the porter who took Sasporilla's things. Gooseberry protested at the man for taking her new house but Sasporilla grabbed it off the top of the trunk.

"I'll carry this with me, thanks." She smiled.

"Well." Nick clapped his hands together in excitement. "Already to start your first year at Hogwarts?"

"Yes." Sasporilla said shyly.

"Well me and the lads wanted to make sure you had a proper send off, ya?" Nick smiled picking his god daughter up by the waist and putting her on the train car step. "Best hug yer mum and find a seat."

Wysteria hugged her daughter goodbye, kissed her on the cheek and hugged her again.

"I love you Sasporilla Imaginarium Bucket." Wysteria said with a tear in her eye.

"I love you to mum." Sasporilla smiled.

"Make us proud." Her mother said waving as Sasporilla stepped inside the car.

Students, both new and old, bustled around the train looking for a seat as the whistle blew.

"All aboard!" The conductor said slipping his pocket-watch into his vest.

As the train pulled out the full Ministry of magic band played pipes and drums. The Aurors of the Magical law enforcement division all stood at attention saluting the train. A banner, as long as two cars read, "Congratulations Sasporilla Bucket."

Sassy saw this through the window as she entered the first empty car. She thought it quite wonderful until she heard the first young witch comment. "Who or what is a Sasporilla Bucket?"



## Chapter 8

Sasporilla sat alone in the train car with Gooseberry who ran around the window amazed at the scenery that passed by. The door to the car slid opened and Gooseberry ran into her case. A small dark haired girl stood in the doorway and shouted down the corridor "This one has room."

She marched inside and plunked down across from Sasporilla.

"I'm Mathilda Marchande, of the Manchester Marchandes ." The dark haired girl smiled. "And you are?"

"Sasporilla Bucket." Billy Bombaduck said with contempt from the open car door where he stood with an evil smile.

"Ah," Mathilda smiled, "these are my new friends."

A young Indian boy with his hair tied in a fabric covered knot on the top of his head, squeezed past Billy and sat down next to Sasporilla.

"This is..." Mathilda began.

"Balbeer Patel." The young man smiled shaking Sasporillas hand. "Pleased to meet you."



"He's of the New Delhi Patels! You know, the famous rope climb disappearing Patels. And this is..." Mathilda couldn't finish her sentence before Billy interrupted her.

"She knows ver well who I am." Billy snapped, sitting down beside Mathilda.

"Oh yes you said," Mathilda began then clued in, "Sasporilla Bucket? As in on the sign at the station Sasporilla Bucket?"

"Yes." Sasporilla said embarrassed.

"Wow!" Mathilda's eyes lit up. "Are you someone important?"

"Ha." Billy Bombaduck chortled in derision. "She's not important."

"No." Sasporilla said looking down, trying to ignore her town bully.

Billy leaned in from the seat across from her. "She is in fact, nobody of any importance. I could slide the door open and throw her off the train and know one would care."

"Shut it Billy Bombaduck." Sasporilla said just making the boy smile wider.

"You see, her father is our town drunk where as mine, is mayor."

The other two children looked impressed that young Williams father held an important political office.

"And her mum." Billy said with an exaggerated shiver. "Is a Squibb, who rummages through peoples trash looking for old tattered scraps and food."

"Shut up!" Sasporilla yelled.

"And what's this." Billy said looking at the leather case with a house painted on it that Sasporilla held on her lap.

"A doll house?"

Billy Bombaduck shoved his hand through the cutout front door of the case and grabbed around inside trying to get a doll.

"Get your dirty evil hand out of my case ." Sasporilla yelled trying to shove him off.

Billy Bombaduck got a smug look of evil satisfaction when he grasped something furry. Then the feeling of teeth biting hard into his finger made him withdraw his hand quickly with a yelp.

Billy Bombaduck looked his finger, turning all shades of purple, as it swelled too five times it size.

"I'll kill you." Billy Bombaduck screamed and jumped to his feet.

"Anything from the trolley dears." The train witch asked standing in the open compartment door way. It was then she notice Billy's hurt finger. "Oh my. You will have to go see the trains nurse about that straight away."

With a grab of his shirt, the trolley witch ushered the furious Billy Bombaduck from the compartment. His new friends Balbeer and Mathilda followed close behind him.

Gooseberry stuck her head out of the doorway and looked around.

"They've gone." Sasporilla smiled.

"Mad?" Gooseberry asked.

"I have never been so pleased in my life." Sasporilla smiled and the pair of them began to laugh.



## Chapter 9

First years at Hogwarts were taken off the train and loaded into boats which magically floated across the lake to the castle. Though a beautiful sight, Sasporilla was already starting to feel the pangs of home sickness. Gooseberry stayed hidden on Sassy's shoulder, tucked up under her pink hair. Inside they were all ushered into the front hall and up the stairs where professor McGonagall awaited them. Billy Bombaduck and his new friends stood at the front of the group looking important and privileged. Once inside the students were sorted into their houses. Billy Bombaduck's was the first name called to be sorted.

Professor McGonagall placed the sorting hat on his head. It seemed no time at all before he was proclaimed Slytherin. Next came a girl name Jennifer Pond who was sorted to Gryphandor. Then Billy's friends Mathilda and Balbeer were both sorted in to Ravenclaw. Ravenclaw had been the house her father had been sorted into. Sasporilla really didn't care which house she was sorted into as long is it was the farthest away from Billy the bully.

"Sasporilla Bucket." Professor McGonagall called.

Students tittered and pointed as Sasporilla stepped up to the stool. Perhaps they thought her pink hair was funny or maybe it was the big send off at Kings cross that made them laugh. No matter. Sasporilla sat down and the sorting hat placed upon her head. It gripped her tight as it searched the girl for all her hidden talents.

"I know your families have a long illustrious history in Slytherin."

"Please not Slytherin." Sasporilla thought closing her eyes.

"Ravenclaw your father was I see." The hat continued. "But different is the path I see for you. Nature calls you to its side, back to where your blood line started. Therefore Gryphendor is not for you, Ravenclaw, Slytherin just won't do. Better put you in... Hufflepuff!!!"

The students of Hufflepuff cheered and welcomed her to their table. After the announcements were made and a grand presentation for the Triwizard Tournament held, the students feasted on every manner of foods until they were more than full.

Gooseberry, was very hungry, ran out from underneath Sasporilla's pink hair and grabbed a piece of fruit.

"Oh my." Susan Bones who sat across from Sasporilla said. "What an odd looking cat."

Gooseberry spun around and ran back up to her hiding spot.

"She's shy." Sasporilla smiled red faced.

After dinner the students were all ushered up the stairs to their dorms.

"Hufflepuff down and to the left"

Hufflepuffs were taken to an area right by the kitchens. Sasporilla looked in and saw many house elves at work. The students were taken to a pile of large barrels, found stacked in a shadowy stone recess on a right-hand side corridor.

Their guide, a young wizard named Cedric Diggory tapped the barrel two from the bottom, middle of the second row, with his wand in a strange but pleasant rhythm.

"This is the rhythm of Helga Hufflepuff." Cedric said. "Remember it because tapping it is the only way to unlock the passage into the common room."

The passage inside the barrel twisted upward and finally into a round room of polished honey coloured woods decorated in yellows and blacks. Various plants stood on winding shelves and hung from copper pots. The ferns and ivy grew in abundance giving the Hufflepuff common room a warm feeling of life. Small round windows on the wall at eye level gave the viewer an unobstructed view of the Hogwarts grounds and the feet of passers-by. An ornately framed portrait of Helga Hufflepuff, the house founder, hung above a beautiful old stone hearth.

"This is the common room. Rules of use are posted on the bulletin board over there. Cedric Diggory pointed. "The round doors to your left and right lead to the boys and girls rooms respectively. Your belongings have already been taken up and your beds assigned to you."

Cedric stood and looked at the young Hufflepuffs who stood not knowing just what to do next.

"Right then." Cedric laughed and pointed. "Off you go!"

The boys and girls separated and went to their dorm rooms. Each room was furnished with four wooden canopy beds, all covered in patchwork quilts. Sasporilla was in dorm "A", the closest one to the common room. Her trunk sat at the foot of the bed nearest the door. She went in and sat on the bed. Her name "Sasporilla B." Embroidered into the pillow cover. An envelope sat on the foot of the bed labeled "S.Bucket."

Gooseberry took the moment to explore her new room. It was so big with curtains to climb and swing from. Places to play hide and seek. Even a small table with a fruit bowl. That was of course her first area of interest.

Sasporilla opened the envelope. A piece of parchment inside read,

"Dear Miss Bucket;

Welcome to Hogwarts! As per the requirements of your scholarship you have been assigned to work in the kitchens and the laundry and with the grounds keepers. Here is your schedule.

Mondays 5-7am Kitchen duty report to Lead House Elf Drooble

Tuesdays 6pm-8pm Laundry duty report to Mr.Filch

Wednesday afternoons 12-5 Grounds duty report to R.Hagrid. (may be reassigned based on grounds needs)

Thursday 6-8pm kitchens. DROOBLE

Friday 6-10pm Laundry. FILCH

Saturday and Sundays will be free for home work. Use this time wisely and responsibly. Unfortunately the other three girls assigned to this room have been unable to attend this year due to illness so the room will be yours alone unless new accommodations must be found for a difficult or troubled student.

Sincerely,  
Professor Sprout  
Head of Hufflepuff house.

Sasporilla flopped back on her bed. The room seemed so big, lush and full but at the same time so quiet and so lonely. She gave a sigh and looked over at a clock on the night table. It was already half past nine! And she still had to look over her class schedule.

Gooseberry leapt from the curtain and landed on her chest with a thud. The small orange monkey crawled up under Sasporilla's chin and fell fast asleep. Soon after, so did Sasporilla.



## Chapter 10

4:30 am the alarm went off on Sasporilla's bedside table. Gooseberry jumped and chattered.

"What is it? What is it?" Gooseberry yelled covering her sensitive ears.

Sasporilla sat up and looked around. Where was she? Hogwarts. I'm still dressed? Must have fallen asleep in my clothes. What's that noise? The alarm clock. What time is it. Four thirty.

"Four thirty?!" Sasporilla exclaimed and laid back down. The sun wasn't even up yet. Who would set an alarm for that hour of the morning.

It wasn't long until her eyes shot back open. Four thirty? Now almost quarter to four! She had to report to the kitchens.

As fast as she could, Sasporilla washed up, brushed her teeth, got dressed in her uniform and house robes. She had a heck of a time doing up her tie. Lucky that Gooseberry seemed how to tie a double Windsor knot.

It was 5am exactly when Sasporilla burst into the kitchen. An old house elf wearing an apron walked up to her.

"Sasporilla Bucket? Right on time I see." Drooble the head house elf said. "I like punctuality in a witch. Follow me."

The kitchen was alive with house elves doing every job imaginable from cooking to washing up.

"Can you cook?" Drooble asked.

"No sir." Sasporilla said.

Drooble turned and looked at Sasporilla both touched and surprised. No young witch or wizard had ever called him sir. So few talked to house elves at all and then with no respect.

"Not even scrambled eggs?" Drooble asked.

"I saw mum make them once." Sasporilla smiled.

"Well let's see how you do with that task." Drooble snapped his fingers and Sasporilla spun around and when she stopped, was dressed in some old jeans and a sweat shirt with an apron tied around her waist.

"Best to wear these to work in. Don't want to get your robes dirty."

Drooble lead her to a counter marked 'Egg Cracking Station' with spiral chutes which ran down into buckets below. Several house elves snapped their fingers levitating eggs from trays and cracking them above the chute. The eggs ran down into the buckets where the eggs were whisked. The shells tossed into a grinder where they were mulched for the grounds keepers use.

"Can you do that?" Drooble asked Sasporilla.

Always willing to try, Sasporilla stepped forward, grabbed an egg from the tray and struck it gently on the counter. Then struck it harder causing egg and shell to pour from her hand and down the chute. The chute shifted sideways and a small mechanical arm plucked the shell from the egg which then ran down into a bucket. Sasporilla looked but there was nothing to whisk with.

"No", Drooble instead, "use your wand."

Sasporilla drew her wand, dipped in the bucket, and began to stir.

"No miss!" Drooble yelled in horror as Sasporilla withdrew her wand from the Bucket. "I meant use spells to do that."

"I'm sorry." Sasporilla said looking ashamed. "But I don't know how to do magic. I haven't learned any spells yet. This is my first day."

Drooble was aghast. A humble witch that apologized to an elf for her lack of knowledge? A first year sent to the kitchens? What was going on? Then he saw the wand.

"Oh." Drooble smiled. "I didn't understand."

Sasporilla was confused. "Didn't understand sir?"

Drooble took her hand gently as egg dripped from the tip of her wand. "My dear, you were sent to us to be taught the old ways."

"Old ways." Sasporilla asked.

"Natural magic." Drooble smiled. "The magic that flows from the heart of nature. From life itself."

Drooble held up Sasporilla's hand. The tip of her wand began to glow brightly.

"Everyone." Drooble yelled. "Everyone give me your attention please!"

The house elves all stopped what they were doing and turned towards the head house elf and the young witch.

"This is Sasporilla Bucket, Our new kitchen witch."

Some of the house elves waved quietly, most just wondered why the interruption and wanted to get back to work.

"She has elvish blood in her veins." Drooble said making many pointy ears perk up. "She seems kind and respectful so understand she is to be given all the instruction and help we can give her."

The house elves cheered. Sasporilla stood there more confused than ever. She leaned down to whisper to Drooble.

"I'm not part elf?"

"Ah." Drooble's eyes widened as he smiled. "But you are my dear. You are. You see, some place, some time, in your lineage one of your ancestors, a witch or a wizard, loved an elf. In return nature's gift of elven magic waited in your bloodline to be given to one worthy of it. The person is always kind, gentle and often humble as we have seen from you this morning."

"But who?" Sasporilla began. Mum and dad talked so little of their families.

"That we will figure out. For now we need to teach you a trick to help you in your first classes. First hold your wand out in front of you."

Sasporilla did as she was told.

"Close your eyes and forget about the wand in your hand." Drooble said.

"Now calm yourself. Think of something peaceful. Got it."

Sasporilla nodded the tension visibly dropping from her face shoulders. "Now open your eyes and think about moving an egg to crack over the chute."

The house elves looked on with hope. Sasporilla's brow crumpled as she concentrated and began to strain her mind with worry.

"Calm." All the elves said.

Sasporilla closed her eyes once more and calmed herself. She pictured home and her mum. The elves gasped. As she opened her eyes she saw the eggs, all of the eggs, floating above the counter.

"I did it!" Sasporilla yelled losing both calm and concentration.

All the eggs dropped and broke on the counter. The house elves looked at their leader with worry, until Drooble clapped his hands together and started to laugh.

"Let's clean this up." Drooble said as house elves went to work snapping their fingers and magically cleaning the mess. Shells were separated from eggs. Eggs were whisked and breakfast ready on time as it was every morning for 1000 years at Hogwarts. Sasporilla did what she could, practicing her calm, picking up one egg and cracking it or twirling the whisk with magic. Suddenly magic started feeling very natural to her.

"Now," Drooble said, "understand that a lot of what the others are taught will not apply to you. They need their wands and potions. In a very short time you will not! As you learn their ways you will be taught to say words of power. They are words that help the wizard mind shape magic. If it helps you say them or think them in an animal tongue. Soon you will be able to do magic as simple as this."

With a snap of his fingers, Sasporilla appeared in her seat at the breakfast table, in the Hogwarts great hall. She was all dressed in her uniform and school robes.

"Where did you come from?" Susan Bones asked startled by her sudden appearance.

"I was working in the kitchens helping to make breakfast." Sasporilla smiled. "How are the eggs?"



## Chapter 11

"Wingardium leviosa" came easy enough to Sasporilla Bucket. She wasn't the first to get the charm working but once she did as the elves had said to stay calm and picture something that put her at peace, she did just fine. No one understood or could hear much of what she said in Coy. With all the other voices, hers was easily drowned out. Professor Flitwick came over to see Sasporilla's wand. With a gentle smile he walked on continued the lesson. Potions was scary. The intensity of professor Snape made it hard to get comfortable or relax. Her first potion exploded into a cloud of red dust which left her face purple for the rest of the morning.

Scariest still was defense against the dark arts. Professor Moody seemed angry and Crazy. He insisted on demonstrating the three forbidden curses. She had heard about them from her father of course in stories. She did miss him and her mum.

"Your Ridonkulous Buckets daughter, right?" Professor Moody asked suddenly towering over her.

"Yes." She said terrified.

"I trained your father." Allister Moody said putting his large rough hand gently on her small shoulder. "Hell of an auror."

Professor Sprout was much less intimidating. The short fat woman was bright and cheery. She made working with plants seem fun. Sasporilla's mum didn't have plants in the house because they grew in strange ways above the pub.

Dinner was the first time all day Sasporilla had any time to catch her breath. Susan Bones was talking to her friend Coriander, another 4th year Hufflepuff girl, about new classes they were taking. Everyone talked and laughed as they ate. Sasporilla felt isolated in this large crowd and alone. Even Gooseberry was upstairs having a nap. She would have to remember to bring her monkey friend a banana.

A girl from Gryphendor was trying desperately to convince her house mates to join her protest against House Elf Enslavement. Sasporilla thought perhaps she should go over and talk to her but perhaps not. She was a fourth year from another house. Why would a girl like that want to talk to someone like Sasporilla Bucket. Thinking better of it she headed back to Hufflepuff house.

The Hufflepuff common room was alive with conversation when Sasporilla walked in. Two second year boys Phil and Justin Murphy played wizards chess while a group of third year girls, lead by Juniper Fitzgerald, gossiped about the events of the day. Sasporilla walked in and sat in a large overstuffed chair with a gold and black crocheted Hufflepuff house standard. She sat there looking at others wishing one of them was interested in talking to her.

Gooseberry leapt onto her lap. The small monkey smiled at her. Sasporilla reached into her robe and pulled out the banana. With a quick peel she broke off a small piece and handed it to Gooseberry. The red haired monkey ate it with enthusiasm and then held up her hands for more.

"One more piece." Sasporilla smiled handing her another. "That last piece was bigger than your tummy."

"Yummy." Gooseberry said sinking her teeth in to her banana.

Sasporilla loved her monkey. They had only been together a few days but she couldn't imagine her life without her little friend now.

They sat in the common room for an hour before Sasporilla picked up Gooseberry and carried her up stairs. She felt as invisible leaving as she had when she arrived.

Sasporilla changed into her night shirt and sat up in the window looking out at the moon light shimmering on the Black Lake. Gooseberry slept soundly on her leg as she sat with her journal open, pen in hand. She wondered what to write. The thrilling tale of her day or of all the new friends she made perhaps? No, the entry simply read...

**Sept.2**

Life sucks.

## Chapter 12

The next morning Sasporilla rose before the alarm sounded. She stretched and yawned away the dreams of home and went to get dressed for the day. A couple of pieces of toast and some juice was all she felt like this morning. Gooseberry had her fill of fruits of all kinds, then scurried up to Sasporilla's shoulder, where she relaxed out of sight, under her pink hair.

Today's schedule started with 'Transfiguration.' Turning something into something else seemed useful. Though she had a hard time getting the hang of it. Professor McGonagall seem nice though she was very strict and sometimes terse.

History of Magic was a class every student except a special few seemed to loathe. The subject matter was boring enough before you added in the droning voice of the ghostly Professor Binns. Their first assignment was one which interested Sasporilla greatly. Create a family tree for both sides of your family back to and including your great grand parents. Due First class next week. Sasporilla would have to write to her mum and ask for help as she didn't even know where to start. The books were good but hard to cross reference. How could she know if they were accurate without knowing some of her own families history.

Lunch found Sasporilla very hungry. She quite enjoyed two sandwiches and a big glass of milk. She slipped an apple in her pocket for later.

"You never eat sweets?" Jenny Halburgh a fellow Hufflepuff second year with a round face & long light brown hair asked.

"I ... um." Sasporilla stumbled unable to find words.

"Are you unable to have them?" Jenny asked. "My mum is a muggle and she can't have sweets. I just ask because I've not seen you eat a desert, but you do take fruit."

"No I can eat sweets." Sasporilla said shyly. "it's just that we don't really have them at home often."

"Oh I see. Parents health types are they?" Jenny laughed reaching for triple iced cupcake. "I love my sweets."

Sasporilla watched as the girl took a big bite of the cup cake. Her eyes rolled up as she savored the chocolatey sweetness.

"Oh these are lovely." Jenny crooned. "Go on girl try one."

Sasporilla smiled politely and took a cupcake from the plate. It was sweet and cakey and everything for just a moment seemed right with the world.

"There you go." Jenny smiled and took another bite.

Sasporilla washed it down with a big sip of milk. It was maybe the best thing she had ever tried.

"I'm Sas..." Sasporilla began when she felt her nose start to run.

She placed the back of her hand to her nose and when she pulled it away, she saw that her nose was not running. It was bleeding. Jenny Halburgh started to laugh. Some others joined in. Billy Bombaduck pointed holding up a small vile of Zonko's nose bleed draught that he had placed in the cup cake. Sasporilla got up and ran out of the hall embarrassed.

The bleeding soon stopped. The effects of a Zonko formula rarely lasted more than five minutes. The cloth napkin from the dining hall was a bloody mess, though only a drop of blood got on her shirt. Sasporilla looked up at the big empty staircase and started to cry.

Gooseberry looked out from under her hair. "What's wrong?" Gooseberry asked.

"The first time I think someone's being nice to me, its all in aid of a prank." Sasporilla sobbed.

Gooseberry petted her friends sad face, then jumped down and ran off.

"Gooseberry!" Sasporilla shouted but to no avail. The monkey was very fast and near impossible to catch if she didn't want you too. All Sasporilla could do was cry.

"Are you ok?" A voice asked.

Sasporilla looked up into the kind? Concerned face of Cedric Diggory.

"Yes." Sasporilla sniffed. "I'm ok."

"You have to watch out for Jenny Halburgh." Cedric said. "She's actually a nice enough person but her tricks can often be cruel."

Sasporilla nodded and stood to collect her books. Embarrassment was now kicking in again and she just wanted to run away.

"I'll reported her to Professor Sprout so she will be dealt with."

"That's not necessary." Sasporilla said her head down eyes on the floor. "I'm fine really. Thank you. I have to get to class."

Sasporilla couldn't walk away fast enough. She popped in to the bathroom to wash the remaining blood from her face. She hardly recognized herself in the mirror. Bloodied upper lip, puffy eyes, an alien look of sadness worse than she had ever had. She was really starting to wonder if she should have ever come here at all. With a sniff, she collected her thoughts and her books and went off to class.

An introduction to magical creatures was interesting. Professor Grubly-plank seemed very knowledgeable on the subject. Although it was just an academic study from a book, Sasporilla found the class fun.

Last class of the day was broom riding 101 with Madame Hooch. Everyone laughed at the poor girl with Pink hair that could not get her broom UP. Not even a jiggle.

"You are sure you are a witch?" Madame Hooch asked. Sasporilla left the class in tears.

Sasporilla spent the last part of the afternoon in the girls toilet crying. She pulled some paper from her note book and wrote a letter to her mother.

Dear Mum;

Hogwarts is just what I expected. I hope to learn great things here about magic and myself. We have an assignment due about our family tree but I know nothing. Can you please send me some names & such as quickly as you can. Truth be told I'm not very popular here, just like at home. I guess that's part of what I expected.

I miss you with all my heart every second of every day & I miss dad too.

Big Hugs

Sasporilla

The pink haired Hufflepuff was able to use one of the official school owls to send off her letter to her mother, as they had no owl of their own. The large horned owl was happy to carry the letter for the polite young witch who thanked him for doing so for her.

When Sasporilla arrived in the Hufflepuff common room Jenny Halburgh was being wrapped in a blanket & helped through the door. Her long light brown hair was all cut off in ragged chunks. Sasporilla looked up to see her hair draped from beams in the round ceiling.

"Poor girl." Susan Bones said to one of her friends as she passed. "They found her hanging by strands of her own hair that had been tied into the ceiling! That must have been excruciatingly painful!"

Sasporilla would not have wished such a thing on anyone. Not even an evil prankster like Jenny Halburgh. Gooseberry climbed up her skirt & leapt onto Sasporillas hand then up onto her shoulder.

"Did you see what happened Goseberry?" Sassy asked.

"Magic." Gooseberry said.



## Chapter 13

Sasporilla reported to Mr.Filch in his office after supper. The grumpy looking old man sat in a chair by a small table, surrounded by boxes and piles of objects that he had taken away from students over the years.

"You're the Bucket girl?" Mr.Filch asked.

"Yes sir." Sasporilla said.

Mr.Filch liked being called sir, but he believed the students did so more out of fear than respect. Good. Fear was useful.

"Follow me." Mr.Filch grumbled.

He prattled on about how things used to be in the old days at Hogwarts. When discipline was the order of the day and how much he enjoyed imposing it. Sasporilla followed the old caretaker through the lower halls, getting much

Just before the Slytherin boys were hanging around the entrance to Slytherin their house and started taunting the old man for laughs.

"Hey Filchy," Crabbe shouted out. "Got yourself a new girl friend?"

"Off to your secret love nest then?" Goyle laughed and started making kissy noises with Crabbe.

"Even he wouldn't have her." Billy Bombaduck said bitterly. "Her mother's a squibb."

Sasporilla seethed inside but refused to let it out in front of so many people.

"Everything ok Mr. Filch?" The slow menacing voice of Professor Snape asked from behind the boys.

"Nothing a week's detention wouldn't solve." Filch sneered.

"Consider them your guests." Professor Snape said looking down his nose at the surprised boys. "One day's detention," Snape said relieving the boys a bit, "in the dungeons with Mr. Filch."

Professor Snape dragged the boys by their ears into the Slytherin common room and slammed the heavy wood and iron door shut.

"Come on." Mr. Filch grumbled.

"Isn't there a way to the laundry that doesn't take me past the Slytherin house?" Sasporilla asked.

"Yes." Said Filch.

They continued to walk along in silence. Sasporilla waited patiently for an answer but none came.

"Will you show me that route?" Sasporilla asked.

"No." Filch said stopping at the laundry door and pointing inside.

Many house elves toiled stirring mountains of dirty clothes, bedding, table cloths and napkins in huge pots of boiling water. Others hung the laundry out to dry on long lines. A warm magical breeze did the rest of the work.

"In you go lass." Filch said.

"Why won't you show me the other route." Sasporilla asked.

"Because walkin' that way will toughen you up a bit." Filch said. "Yer mums non-magical like me ya? Well most of us SQUIBBS either get beaten down by society or we get tough. I can tell by the way you are that your mum is not a fighter. You need to grow a bit o' back-bone. Now in ya go."

Mr. Filch walked away as Sasporilla stepped into the Laundry. All motion stopped. The house elves looked at her with surprise and admiration.

"Hi?" Sasporilla smiled awkwardly. "I've come to work my shift."

"Miss Bucket!" A small house elf said at her feet. "It's so nice to have you with us. I am Zerlo. Drooble has already told us of the special instruction you need. Follow me."

Zerlo led Sasporilla through the laundry to a well of water. Next to it was a large empty pot.

"Put the water in the pot please." Zerlo said.

Sasporilla looked for a bucket or a bowl. Anything to scoop out water from the well and carry it to the pot. She saw nothing.

"I need something to move the water with sir." Sasporilla said.

"You only need 'YOU' to move the water." Zerlo smiled. "Take out your wand."

Sasporilla as she was told. She stood there with her wand. She closed her eyes and calmed herself.

"Now open your eyes and envision the water flowing from the well up into the pot. Try and feel the water as if it were a part of you."

As Sasporilla extended her feelings she felt as if she was the water and it was her. The water began to rise in thin spouts from the well and spilled over the edge of the pot until it was filled.

"Now stop." Zerlo said.

The water began to spill out on the floor.

"Stop." Zerlo said again looking up at the young witch.

Sasporilla's eyes were white. The warm breezes began to blow harder. All the waters began to flow up and out of these pots. Through the windows elves could see water spouting from the Black Lake.

Zerlo ran and got a hot wet towel, freshly fallen, from rising water out of a laundry pot. A tidal wave 100 feet high formed on the far side of the Black Lake and headed for Hogwarts. The surprised look on the face of the Lakes resident giant squid was one of shock.

Zerlo slapped Sasporilla hard in the face with the wet towel, knocking her back.

"Oy!" She shouted as the waters all fell to the floor soaking everything, including herself.

"Sorry miss," Zerlo pleaded. "But if Zerlo hadn't done that you might have been lost."



"Lost?" Sasporilla asked dripping wet.

"Yes." The house elf began. "You see, Zerlo is nature. Miss Bucket is nature. The water is nature. The air, the plants, the earth, magic, all nature. To touch nature is easy. For elves to draw magic from nature is easy. To use magic to help nature shape and heal. Easy. To get lost in the greatness and vastness of nature's power, very, very easy. You were calling forth great power from nature but you were losing you in the exchange. You have a great ability inside you, but you need to learn control, or Sasporilla Bucket will be lost."

Sasporilla looked around at all the dripping wet house elves, piles of wet clothes and puddles on the floor. "So I'm responsible for this mess?"

"Yes." Zerlo said handing her a mop. "Perhaps we will start easier with this."

---



## Chapter 14

It was after supper when Sasporilla found her way back to the Hufflepuff common room. The warm nook was alive with Hufflepuffs who sat around laughing and joking, studying and practicing spells. Sasporilla stood back from her house mates watching and wishing she was part of it all.

Madame Sprout stood on an old wooden stool & spritzed her plants talking to them and laughing as she did so.

"Oh my Ficus you are a saucy one."

"Professor Sprout?" Sasporilla's small voice startled the teacher who teetered on her stool and almost losing her balance.

"Yes girl?" Professor Sprout asked rather flustered as she stepped off the stool onto solid ground.

"Professor I don't feel as though I..." Sasporilla hung her head.

"Yes child?" Professor Sprout asked a little concerned.

"I don't feel as though I fit in." Sasporilla whispered.

"Oh." Professor Sprout smiled with mild relief. So many of the children had problems and secrets they confided in her. This one she was fully equipped to deal with. "Come with me Miss Bucket."

Professor Sprout led her through the common room to her own private Quarters. A smallish one room apartment. Quaint and humble yet stuffed with years of accumulation and half over grown by plants. It smelled a bit like uncle Nicks place. Like old farts and stale cigars.

"Sit at the table Miss Bucket." Professor Sprout smiled warmly. "I'll pour us a cupa."

A quick boil of the pot and Professor Sprout was back with a nice fresh pot of tea and a small plate of cookies. She poured out a cup for each of them, took a long sip and settled back into her chair.

"Now let's sort this all out," Professor Sprout smiled, "Shall we?"

Sasporilla sat there a bit dumfounded. People didn't normally show her this much attention when she raised a concern or shared a feeling.

"Ummm, well..." Sasporilla began a bit embarrassed.

"What were your friends back at home like?" Professor Sprout asked with a quizzical smile.

"Well..." Sasporilla thought for a moment. She really had no friends other than the animals she talked to. The rest of the town looked down on her and her parents. "There was a duck that told delightfully dirty jokes and a stray dog named..."

"Any human friends?" Professor Sprout smiled, "Magical or muggle?"

"No." Sasporilla sighed, ashamed of her inability to make friends.

"Well then," Professor Sprout said. "There's the answer."

Sasporilla looked at her Professor quizzically. "What?"

Professor Sprout took a big bite of cookie and sipped her tea. Sasporilla could only sit there dumfounded. Gooseberry jumped up onto the table, grabbed a cookie, and ran up Sasporilla's arm to sit on her shoulder.

"I don't have many witch or muggle friends either." Professor Sprout said. "Most of my friends are my plants you see?"

Sasporilla thought about the animals she'd met. The ones she liked and ones she looked forward to seeing every day. She looked at Gooseberry who smiled up at her. She loved this little monkey.

"I understand but..." Sasporilla began.

"But human friendship is something different?" Professor Sprout nodded.

"Yes but I don't seem to know how to connect with people." Sasporilla said ashamed.

"One day girl" Professor Sprout said finishing her tea. "A person will appear in your life and you may instantly connect with them. Or you might not be able to stand them and yet you will grow close with them through circumstance. You see, in all my years I learned that it's nice having friends, but all you really need is one good true friend."



## Chapter 15

First thing after lunch Sasporilla Bucket met up with Rubious Hagrid by the Black Lake. He was standing there whistling loudly trying to get the attention of something in the water.

"Mr.Hagrid?" Sasporilla asked.

"Ah!" Hagrid smiled. "There's the girl. Miss Bucket I presumes?"

"Sasporilla." She smiled.

"An you can call me Hagrid. Ye don' need the Mister." Hagrid turned and looked at the calm black lake. "Where is he. Never roun' when ya wants 'im"

"Who?" Sasporilla asked quizically.

"Well the giant squid o' course. That's why yer here. T' help."

Sasporilla looked a Hagrid like he had 3 heads. "A giant squid? You want me to do something to get rid of it?"

"What?" Hagrid seemed amazed. "Get rid of ol' Ernie?"

"The giant squids name is Ernie?"

"Well tha's wha' I calls 'im. In truth 'e hasn' got a name." Hagrid explained. "H'es a bit testy but usually a good natured sort. I needs you to talk to 'im for me. Professor Dumbledor says you can talk to animals and such. I gots a message fer 'im that's right important."

Bubbles broke the inky still surface of the Black Lake. A large tentacle uncurled from below the water and slitheted onto the shore. It wrapped around Hagrids leg and pulled him off his feet lifting him high in the air above the gigantic head of the squid which peered up at him with its cyclopean eye.

"Ernie!" Hagrid scolded the beast. "Ya pu' me down!"

A deep guttural bellow came out of the beaked mouth of the giant squid. He motioned Hagrid above his gaping maw. Hagrid new if the squid let go of him now, he'd be lunch.

"Excuse me." Sasporilla said. "That is very rude."

The squid turned its eye towards her. It let out a small short groan.

"Yes I'm talking to you." Sasporilla said walking forward. "Put him down this instant. Your terrifying the poor man."

The beast groaned again and dropped Hagrid on the shore.

"No I don't think it was a funny joke at all." Saporilla scolded.

"Ernie ye shoud'n a...." Hagrid began but Sasporilla interrupted him.

"He doesn't like being called ERNIE." Sasporilla said.

"Wha'?" Hagrid asked rubbing his behind.

"He told me he doesn't want you to call him Ernie. That's why he pretended like he was going to eat you. To show you he is displeased with you."

Hagrid looked at Er... the giant squid and back to Sasporilla. "Oh well tell 'm I'm sorry an' ask him wha' he wan's me t' call 'im."

The beast spewed forth a deafening growl that carried for miles past Hogsmead. Sasporilla put her hands over her ears for fear of going deaf.

"He said he understands you even though you don't always seem to understand him. He wants to be called his highest regal exhalted majesty of the depths of...." Sasporilla began.

"I'm not callen 'im tha'!" Hagrid said.

The groan was subtle but not missed by Sasporilla. "He says he's always been partial to Francis."

"Francis?" Hagrid asked as the big eye turned towards him. "Lovely name Francis is. OK then Francis Professor Dumbledore needs yer help an' cooperation a big important matter."

The giant squid clicked its beak.

"He asked What does Albous need?" Sasporilla said.

"Well", Hagrid explained, "we're havin' guests that'll be comin' by boat through the pass. They're gonna be stayin' on the boat in the Black Lake. Professor Dumbledore asks you ta just let'm be. We don't want to cause an incodent do we?"

The squid gurgled and chortled.

"No Francis," Sasporilla said tursley, "No practicsl jokes!"

"No jokes, no tusslein' the boat and no grabbin' or splashin' the guests." Hagrid said.

The giant squids groan was almost a whine.

"The secon' thing Professor Dumbledore would ask of you is to get hold of the Mer-king in the Lake. They need t' speak about the guests."

The great beast roared and lashed his tentacles in the water splashing huge amounts of cold water over Hagrid and Sasporilla then in a flash he was gone below the surface of the Black lake leaving only a ripple in his wake.

Sasporilla stood there drenched and freezing cold. "He said okie dokie."



## CHAPTER 16

Sasporilla Bucket wasn't in the great hall when the guest schools arrived for the Tri-Wizard Tournament. She was in the kitchens reading a book on wand making that she got from the school library. The house elves were most impressed at how fast miss Sasporilla learned their way of magic and was able to incorporate it with what she was being taught in her classes. Her sense of calm and link to the magic all around her was truly amazing for a non-elf. As she sat reading she used her powers to both wash and dry dishes as well as stir a slow simmering pot of soup for today's lunch.

Some of the house elves gathered at the doorway leading in to the hall. Sasporilla raised her eyes from her book. A small procession of professors lead a young woman with wild red hair, dressed in a shredded blue dress covered in writing and symbols and a leather mask around her mouth, being shoved forward by a very large woman. Professors Sprout and Dumbledore followed up quickly behind. Professor Sprout saw Sasporilla's look of concern and pointed to her implying she mind her own business & to get back to work. Professor Dumbledore simply waved his wand shutting the kitchen door.

After dinner Sasporilla returned to her room. She was greeted by her monkey Gooseberry and the 2 played for a few minutes before Professor Sprout interrupted.

"Excuse the intrusion Miss Bucket," Professor Sprout said, "We have a new student and new addition to Hufflepuff house. As I know you've found a room of your own rather lonely I thought who better to place her with than you." To big hands reached across the doorway and pushed the girl into the room. She lost her balance and would have hit the floor but Professor Sprout caught her robe and steadied the girl.

Sasporilla realized the girl standing before her in a new clean Hogwarts uniform was none other than the girl from the hall by the kitchen. Her wild red hair was unmistakable.

"Really Maddame Maxime?" Professor Sprout protested. "There is simply no need for that kind of man-handling of a student!"

"Ya watch the hands big'ns." The girl sneered.

"You will see very soon Professor Sprout." Maddame Maxime laughed. "But zen she is your trouble now oui?" Professor Sprout continue to chide Maddame Maxime as they walked away. The girl looked over at one of the other beds in the room. Her trunk and possessions sat 2 beds over from where Sasporilla and Gooseberry sat watching in disbelief.

The girl stood there for moment looking around then she locked eyes on Sasporilla. The 2 girls stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity. Then the girl rushed at Sassy startling both her and Gooseberry. The young witch stood in front of Sasporilla with a look of disgust.

"I don't like that bed." She said motioning to the one she'd been assigned. "Think I'll take yours instead."

Gooseberry started to jump up and down chattering excitedly.

"No." Sasporilla said calmly. "This is my bed and I've grown fond of it. You can't have it."

"Ah!" The girl smiled. "So you do have SOME backbone? Good. A room mate of mine needs it."

The girl flopped back onto the bed next to Sasporillas. "Ya this'll do for couple weeks."

"A couple of weeks?" Sassy asked.

"That's about how long I give them 'till they toss me out of this dump. I've been tossed out a lot of schools. Ilvermorny, Mahoutokoro, Beauxbatons and now the legendary Hogwarts."

The girl turned and sat up on the side of the bed and held out her hand. "I'm Lyra Lee-Ashwolf"

Sassy was taken aback. This girl was all over the place with her moods. From her accent she could tell she was American.

"I suppose proper introductions are in order." Sasporilla said straightening herself and shook the other girls hand.

"I'm Sasporilla Bucket."

"Good to meet ya Sassy." Lyra said pulling herself up on the bed post and swinging gingerly from it. "What kind of mischief can we get into?"

"I try to stay away from trouble." Sasporilla said. "Even though it seems to come looking for me quite regularly."

"Not the adventurous kind?" Lyra laughed. "That's ok you'll come around."

"I'm here on a working scholarship so..." Sasporilla began.

"That's why you were down in the kitchens when they brought me in."

"Yes." Sasporilla looked a bit ashamed. "Why were they treating you that way?"

"Don't you know?" Lyra said coming so close to Sasporilla their noses almost touched. "I'm the BOOGIEMAN!" Sasporillas eyes opened wide. Gooseberry squealed and ran behind her. Lyra fell back on her bed laughing. "Oh the look on your face."

"You're not funny you know?" Sasporilla chided.

"No I'm absolutely hilarious!" Lyra laughed. Wiping a tear from her eye Lyra looked down at the floor. "I get treated that way because I'm honestly the most dangerous kind of person to have around."

Sasporilla could see Lyra was no longer kidding. Serious Lyra was a little scarier than 'funny' Lyra.

"I'm a free thinker and an activist. I fight for human rights against the fascists who exist in our institutions. It's our responsibility to fight injustice to maintain our rights and freedoms. To free the minds who've been clouded by lies as readily as those clouded by a curse. We the few, like me, fight for the rest... how about you?"

"I don't want to cause any trouble." Sasporilla said.

"Ah yes." Lyra said dropping down onto the bed beside her. "But trouble finds you. You said so. What do you do when faced by those who'd take it all away."

"If I have to." Sasporilla thought for a moment. "I fight. Even though to do so displeases my mom."

"Ah yes! The parental units!" Lyra said. "The ones who teach us the rules of the world and how to play the game of Life fairly within those rules." Lyra smiled. "Well let me teach you your first lesson. The rules aren't followed by those with power. The rules are lies, the game is fixed."

"That's a very pessimistic view of the world." Sasporilla said shaking her head.

"It's a realistic view of the world." Lyra said standing. "The question is when you realize the truth will you still try and play by their rules, or by rules of your own?"

The words echoed with a deep truth in the back of Sasporillas mind.

"I don't expect you'll get it as young as you are." Lyra said laying back on her bed. "11 is still pretty young to become a socio-politically conscious rebel. You've got dolls and boys to worry about at your age. Probably still only know the music your parents played at home. Eventually you'll grow to be person with HOPEFULLY your own thoughts and opinions. A product of your actions and your influences. Just got to make sure you get the RIGHT influences."

"I think for myself." Sasporilla insisted.

"Of course you dear." Lyra laughed condescendingly. "By the way. What you wearing to this big Yule Ball. Want to make sure we don't clash."

"Only Fourth years and older are allowed to attend." Sasporilla sighed. "Unless an upper class mate invites you as their date."

"So." Lyra asked. "Which wizard asked you to go?"

"Ya right." Sasporilla scoffed. "Like anyone would ask me."

"Ok then I'll ask you." Lyra said. "Not really as a date but my plus one."

"Can you do that?" Sassy asked a bit amused.

"Just did." Lyra waved her hand as if casting a spell. "If the headmaster has a problem with I'll fight him like no one ever has."

Sasporilla's mind turned towards something to wear. Given enough time mom could get anything and fix it up.

"Now child it's past your bed time and I'm bushed." Lyra yawned. "Jammies on, teeth brushed, and into bed chop-chop."

Sasporilla looked at Gooseberry then they both looked at Lyra. The three burst into laughter.



## CHAPTER 17

Sasporilla Bucket sat alone in the crowd, quietly chewing on a sticky bun, at breakfast on the morning of the Yule ball. This day would bring unexpected surprises for Sasporilla. Surprises that would be both wondrously joyous and heartbreakingly devastating.

The owls began to swoop and dive over the tables dropping letters and packages. At the familiar screech of the Avonshire pub's owl Sasporilla raised her head. The owl dropped a large package, knocking her in the head, and flew off. Sasporilla rubbed her head as she read the words written on the outside of the paper.

"To Miss. Sasporilla Bucket - Hufflepuff House - Hogwarts from Mum and Dad and Uncle Nick."

Excitedly curious she tore off the brown shipping paper and opened the box inside was a dress. The most beautiful gown she had ever seen. A full length formal gown in pink satin and lace. She pulled the gown from its box and held it in front of her. She saw how it draped and flowed. She could see herself at the Yule ball dancing with...

"That is a most spectacular gown Miss Bucket." The voice of professor Dumbledore said from somewhere distant in the fog of joy in her mind.

Sasporilla turned and saw the headmaster standing behind her. "My family bought it for me for the Yule Ball."

"Ah." Professor Dumbledore said sadly. "That is why I've come to see you Miss Bucket."

Sasporilla felt her heart sink.

"You see," The old wizard continued, "the terms of your scholarship to Hogwarts require you to work the night of the Yule Ball."

Sasporilla quietly folded her gown and put it away in its box.

"If I may use one of the school owls sir I will send the parcel back. Perhaps they can get the money back for the dress if I don't wear it."

"That is your choice," Professor Dumbledore grinned coyly, "but I didn't say you couldn't wear it while performing your duties. In fact I don't see where it would hinder them?"

Sasporilla wondered what it was she was to do? Most of her tasks and duties were dirty work. "What will I be doing?"

"At 4pm you will Meet Professors Flitwick, Sprout, Hagrid, Zerkow and Drooble in the great hall. They will give you your assignment then."

Sasporilla watched Professor Dumbledore calmly walk away and got the sense that he was terribly pleased with himself.

Sasporilla returned to her room carrying the open box with a flash of pink satin and lace hanging out the side. Gooseberry sat on top of her house chewing on a slice of apple. Lyra laid on her bed listening to loud muggle music on her CD player.

Sasporilla took the box and tossed it on her bed slumping beside it. Sasporilla looked at Lyra playing air drums and wished she could be the kind of rebellious free spirit her roommate was. That just didn't seem to be her way. Lyra let it all hang out, where Sasporilla let all hang in.

"Oh... my...God!" Lyra said throwing off her headphones. "A pink satin and lace gown?"

"Ya," Sasporilla sighed, "So what?"

"So don't ya think it's a little to 'Princess'." Lyra laughed.

"I like it." Sasporilla said. "Doesn't matter anyway I won't be wearing it."

"Hey," Lyra frowned holding up her hands, "Don't, not wear it, because I think it's sickeningly saccharine and hideously trite."

"I'm not." Sasporilla said. "I've been informed by professor Dumbledore that I won't be attending the Yule ball."

"What?" Lyra gasped. "Why not? I have detention for the rest of my life and they're letting me go. Not that I need their approval or permission."

"I have to work because of my scholarship." Sasporilla sighed. Gooseberry jumped up onto the bed and onto Sasporilla's shoulder hugging her head and stroking her pink hair. "Professor Dumbledore said I could wear the gown if I want. I don't want to get it dirty."

"Screw'em kid," Lyra smiled, "Wear the gown despite of them making you work. Don't let them beat you down. Don't let them take your pride. Do a little something, you know look busy, then when no ones looking sneak into the ball."

"I can't do that." Sasporilla frowned. "My scholarship is on the line."

"Then wear it protest of unfair child labour practices in the name of higher education. Stand up against the educational elite & the Pharo leaders of magical schools everywhere & scream I AM SASPORILLA BUCKET! LET MY PEOPLE GO! "

Sasporilla thought for a moment. That was something she could do. It wasn't fair that she was singled out on this night of all nights! The night of the Yule Ball! To do what? Slug boxes, do dishes or maybe spot-clean dirty formal wear? Sasporilla stood suddenly scaring Gooseberry of her shoulder and forcing Lyra to take a surprised step back. With new found strength and determination in her voice she said. "I'll do it. I'll wear the gown."

Just before 4pm Sasporilla Bucket entered the great hall wearing her flowing pink satin and lace gown. The hem barely hovered above the floor, hiding the fact that her shoes were her ordinary school uniform shoes. Her pink hair flowed naturally across her bare shoulders. The professors, & Hagrid were dressed in their formal wear. The house elves wore traditional garb but seemed very well scrubbed.

"Oh my." Professor Flitwick smiled. "Miss Bucket you look wonderful."

"Our Sasporilla cleans up quite well." Professor Sprout smiled, eye brows raised.

"Yer a vision a loveliness Sasporilla." Hagrid grinned.

"Even though I have to work I've decided to wear my gown." Sasporilla said with a sense of defiant pride. "Even if it does get ruined doing whatever dirty job you have for me."

The clock chimed 4pm. Professor Flitwick dispelled an illusion revealing a large double doorway in the back of the great hall. Hagrid opened the large double doors to reveal closed in court yard. Everyone walked outside. Sasporilla followed still wondering what it was she would be doing. In the blink of eye a large bus floated down before them. The simple mat black paint job and blacked out windows reminded Sasporilla of muggle cars that carried rich and important people. She had seen one once in Essex when she was shopping with her mom.

"Our guests have arrived I see." Professor Dumbledore said appearing out of nowhere. The bus door opened and a small bald man in a tattered blue suit stepped off the bus. He walked over to Professor Dumbledore hand outstretched. "Albus my good man, good to see you."

"Good to see you to William." Dumbledore said shaking Williams hand. "It's been too long."

"Indeed."

"These are some of my best and most capable people William. They are at your disposal." Professor Dumbledore motioned for William to follow him.

"This is Professor Flitwick. He is our Master of charms. This is Professor Sprout our Master Herbologist. This is Hagrid our grounds keeper. These are Zerlo and Drooble who are in charge of our house elves. All of them are at your disposal to meet any needs you may have for the show."

'Show?' Sasporilla was bewildered. What show? It was a big old boring dance with music by the Hogwarts orchestra. Then she saw HIM step off the bus. His long hair sparkled in the afternoon light. Sasporillas heart began to beat hard and fast. She swallowed with an audible gulp. Her eyes widened. Myron Wagtail the Lead singer of the Weird Sisters was here! At Hogwarts!!!

"And this is Sasporilla Bucket." Professor Dumbledore said as he used his wand to gently close her gaping mouth and tipping her head gently upwards, snapping the girl out of her trance.

Sasporilla smiled and shook Williams hand. William turned and motioned to Myron who walked over. "Miss Bucket." Professor Dumbeldor smiled is most familiar with the band and has been chosen as Hogwarts liaison. She will be coordinating with the professors and house elves to see that all of the band members needs are met."

Myron Wagtail reached out and took Sasporillas hand kissing it gently on the back. "Enchanté mademoiselle. It will be a pleasure to work with you."

The rest of the band piled off the bus carrying their instruments in cases.

Heathcote Barbary - Rhythm guitar, Gideon Crumb - Bagpipes, Kirley Duke Lead guitar, Merton Graves - Cello, Orsino Thruston - Drums, Donaghan Tremlett - Bass & Herman Wintringham - Lute. A group of men and a troll carried other pieces of heavy equipment into the great hall.

"Miss Bucket will escort you all to your private dressing room just across the court yard." A door appeared in the wall across the courtyard. Sasporilla smiled and motioned for the band to follow her.

"We hope you will be most comfortable and we look forward to your show." Professor Dumbledor called after them and joined William as he gave orders to the roadies as to where to set up the stage and equipment.

The Weird Sisters piled into the large dressing room. Sasporilla was surprised at how lavishly it was decorated with flowing cloths and over stuffed comfortable furniture. A long table with all manner of food and refreshments sat to one side. The band made themselves at home as they tuned and played tunes on their instruments. Sasporilla stood aside quietly Star struck as the band went about their business.

"So." Myron Wagtail said popping up beside her. "You know the most about us do you?"

"I guess." Sasporilla smiled sheepishly. "I'm a big fan."

"A big fan ay?" Gideon Crumb asked sidling up on her other side. "How much of our music do you have at home?"

"Well I don't have any of your offical discs..."

"How many posters of us have you bought to hang in your room?" Donaghan Tremlett asked with a smile.

"Well none but..." Sasporilla tried to answer.

"T-shirts?" Other members of the band started to pile on. "Magazines? Trading cards?"

"No." Sasporilla hanged her head.

"You don't sound like much of a fan to me." Herman Wintringham laughed.

"Have you even been to one of our shows?" Myron Wagtail asked a little disappointed.

"Yes." Sasporilla smiled. "No. Well sort of."

"Well girl," Kirley Duke asked mischeivously. "Which is it? Yes... or... no?"

Sasporilla Bucket straightened herself said proudly. "My mother took me to your concert in Essex. We sat outside the stadium and listened because we can't afford most things."

The Weird Sisters stood in shock at the girls frankness.

"My Mother is a squibb and supports our household on her salary from Flurish & Blots where she works 12 hour days 6 days a week." Sasporilla addressed the band Tersely. "My father was an aurer before he was attacked by the minions of Vauldemort."

Most of the band cringed at the sound of the name that must not be named.

"Now my father mostly sits and drinks what little money we do have away. That is why have no discs or t-shirts or posters to hang in my room. I don't even have a real room at home. Just a bed behind a curtain in a an old space in the wall. What I do have is a ticket stub that someone through away after your show and I cherish it."

The Weird Sisters felt suddenly awkward and ashamed.

"How is it you can afford to come to Hogwarts?" Myron Wagtail asked concerned.

"I'm on a scholarship that requires I work in the kitchens, the laundry, the green house and help the grounds keeper. I'm not even permitted to go to the Yule ball because I'm working tending to you lot."

The band members had returned to where they were and fiddled with instruments or primped themselves for the show. All except Myron Wagtail who had a strangely concerned look on his face.

"So you're not even going to the dance or the show because they're making you work?"

"It's part of my scholarship yes. Now does anyone want or need anything?"

"No. Nope. No no." Were the answers from the band members.

"Well Sasporilla Bucket," Myron Wagtail smiled putting a backstage pass around her neck. "You stick close in the wings and watch the show."

The door into the great hall from the secret court yard now lead to the back stage area. Roadies milled around getting things ready. The stage was dark, with a wall of fog that rolled down from the ceiling, which concealed it from view. Sasporilla watched from the side as the band did a sound check. It seemed no one beyond the curtain of fog could hear the band.

After a few moments Professor Flitwick waddled up on stage and tried to gain the attention of the young crowd. It was hard to hear him through the fog. Then the fog began to stop flowing and as the last of it fell to the stage she heard Professor Flitwick announce, "Boys and Girls, The Weird Sisters!"

The lights flared, the band started playing and Myron Wagtail strutted forward and grabbed the microphone. "Hello Hogwarts!" Myron Wagtail screamed.

Sasporilla watched her classmates rush the stage in gleeful excitement. "Are you ready to rock? I said are you READY TO ROCK? I can't hear you."

The crowd screamed yes until they were hoarse.

"We're gonna teach you all a new dance tonight!" Myron smiled and started into the song 'Do the Hypogryph.' The concert was like a whirlwind of sound flowing around Sasporilla who danced by herself in the wings stage left. Old songs like 'Ghost in you' and 'True' as well as new ones like 'Friday I'm in Love' and a muggle song called 'Paint it Black'. But it was when she heard Myron's voice say, "This is a new one we just wrote tomorrow about a very special friend of ours.... Sasporilla Bucket"

The music swelled as the Weird Sisters played a song called 'Pretty in Pink'.

Sasporilla stood dumfounded as Gooseberry hopped up onto her shoulder dancing up and down. She was both dumfounded and flattered, embarrassed and elated all the same time. As he sang "Isn't she-eee pretty in Pink" Myron turned his head and winked at Sasporilla. It certainly was hot backstage.

As the night continued they played more wondrous tunes like 'How soon is Now' and 'Love Song' that enveloped Sasporilla on a cocoon of music.

The music softened and Myron spoke low and soft. "This going out to all the lovers out there. Hold each other tight and keep each other warm."

The Weird Sisters played 'Dance your final dance' Sasporilla's favorite song of all time. She swayed in the wings as she heard Myron call to her "Sasporilla, come dance with me."

Sasporilla pointed to herself surprised. Myron nodded. Terrified she walked out onto stage Myron took her hand gently in his and they danced. As the band played and as Myron sang as the world spun and they danced.



## CHAPTER 18

Sasporilla Bucket awoke the next morning, her head still spinning with events of the night before. It was 5 am and her duties today were in the kitchen. There would likely be a lot of clean up from last night still going on. A quick clean up and a brush run through her pink hair and she was right as rain for her mornings washing up. She headed down the corridor towards the kitchens. Billy Bombaduck stepped from a shadow in front of her. Sasporilla stopped and gasped in surprise.

"Did I scare you SPAZ-PORILLA?" Billy sneered.

"Yes." Sasporilla said. "That face would scare anyone."

Sasporilla tried to walk past him but no matter which way she went, Billy Bombaduck stepped in her way.

"Get out of my way Billy Bombaduck." Sasporilla frowned. "You'll make me late for my duties."

"I heard about the concert." Billy growled. "Must feel pretty pleased with yourself."

"Actually I am." She said proudly. "I hung out with and danced with Myron Wagtail of the Weird Sisters. What have you ever done besides hit people you maniacal troll?"

Billy Bombaduck balled his fist and drew it back to punch, but when he tried to lunge forward he found his fist would not move. A wand rested gently upon it. He turned to see Professor Sprout looking rather cross at him.



"William Bombaduck." Professor Sprout said sternly. "It is unbecoming, undignified and unacceptable for a young man to strike a young lady. This is the third act of violence against another student that I have caught you at. 50 points will be taken from Slytherin and I shall be having a word with the headmaster about you." Billy Bombaduck looked at professor Sprout with unbridled hate in his eyes and growled. "My father shall hear of this."

"Oh I guarantee he will indeed." Professor Sprout said. "And as you are already awake and roaming the halls at this hour you can take Miss Buckets shift in the kitchens."

"But..." Billy started to whine.

"You can think of it as the first day of a month of detention." Professor Sprout smiled. "That is, if you're still at Hogwarts to serve your time."

Billy Bombaduck contemplated saying something back. Perhaps he should slap the fat little pig as his father would his cheeky mother. No he'd bide his time and get them when he could. Billy walked into the kitchens where the house elves gave him the dirtiest of jobs to do.

"Now Miss Bucket." Professor Sprout smiled. "You are required in the great room court yard."

"Of course Professor Sprout." Sasporilla smiled. "And thank you."

It was quarter of six when Sasporilla entered the court yard from the great halls secret door. The Weird Sisters were mulling around the bus stowing their gear. Professor Dumbledore walked and talked with the bands manager.

"I do believe, William, that our students had the time of their lives at the show."

"Yes Albus." William smiled looking towards Sasporilla. "Some more than others I'd say. Yes?"

"Ah", Professor Dumbledore smiled seeing Sasporilla approach. "Our charming Liaison has arrived."

"Yes Headmaster." Sasporilla said. "What do you need me to do this morning?"

"Oh my dear no." Professor Dumbledore said. "You misunderstand. I did not request your presence."

"But Professor Sprout said to report here?" Sasporilla questioned. "If you didn't call for me then who did?"

"I did." Sasporilla turned to see Myron Wagtail walking up from the bus. "I wanted to apologize for the hard time the band gave you yesterday. You know... the whole biggest fan business."

"That's ok." Sasporilla said hanging her head a bit ashamed of how she'd yelled at the lads.

Myron put his finger under her chin and tipped her head back up to meet his gaze. "I know things seem hard now Sasporilla but as you get older you can choose your own path and hopefully be little better off than your parents. After all, it can't rain all the time, Can it?"

"No." Sasporilla smiled. "I guess not."

"Good," Myron smiled putting his arm around the young girl as they walked towards the bus handing her a small slip of paper, "Now I want us to stay in touch."

Sasporilla opened the paper which read 'Myron Wagtail - 24 Leinster Terrace, Bayswater, London.'

"That's my personal home address." Myron smiled. "I just ask you don't share it with anyone."

"Of course not." Sasporilla said excitedly flustered as she searched her robes for a scrap of paper. Myron, still smiling handed her a piece of paper and a quill ready for her. Taking it from him she wrote down her address. 'Sasporilla Bucket, 1 Kings Road, Above the pub Avonshire, Essex'.

"Great." Myron said putting the scrap of paper in his pocket and waving to the roadies to bring over a package.

"Now this is a little something for you from me and the lads."

Sasporilla cracked open the box and saw autographed music discs, t-shirts and posters of the Weird Sisters.

"Oh my gosh thank you!" Sasporilla said hugging Myron Wagtail.

"Well we can't have our biggest fan not having the full set of swag now can we?" Myron laughed.

"Thank you." Sasporilla smiled shyly. "For being so kind to me."

"Remember my words when things seem darkest Sassy." Myron said bending down and kissing the girl on the forehead. "It can't rain all the time."

# THE END



# KISS OF DEATH

A Harry Potter UNIVERSE / Sasorilla Bucket Fan Fiction  
by Daren Kelly

It was in the wee hours of New Years eve when a small precession of figures entered the Avonshire Cemetery carrying a simple pine coffin. The cold fog bit into their skin as they walked quickly to the heart of the Cemetery and placed the casket on the ground before a simple wooden cross that read 'RIDDONKULOUS BUCKET 1964 -1994.'

The aurers who came to pay there last respects to the man they once knew stepped back from the grave. Nick stood stoically beside Wysteria who shivered as she placed a single red rose on the coffin. The night was quickly becoming colder.

"We can't stay here long Wysteria." Nick said urging her to leave. "They'll be coming soon."

"Quite right." Profesor Dumbledore said as he approached. "I believe making haste is most important at this moment." The group apperated away from the graveyard to safety. They knew what followed and chose not to be witness to what was to come. The same way I encourage you now to look away.

The air became unbearably cold. Any one unlucky enough to be caught outside tonight would be instantly frozen. The families of Avonshire snuggled deep under their covers as frost formed on their windows and snow began to fall in the fog.

Shadows moved in the frigid dark night air. Hooded figures in black glided down into the grave yard. Dementors, dozens of them, encircled the coffin containing Ridonkulous Bucket as he exhaled his last human breath.

The dementors breathed deep. Feeding on the lost love. The dead hopes and dreams. The fear of a death that would never come.

He had fought the transformation as long and as hard as he could, but to no avail. The dementors kiss that he had reversed all of those years ago, had left him cold and empty inside. There the dementor grew and ate away at him, until nothing of the brave aurer was left. Though the spark of life did not pass his lips, Ridonkulous Bucket was no more.

What rose weightlessly from the coffin was something else. Something dark. Its ashen face showed great pain and twisted fear. Its eyes sank in. Its mouth circled as it let out a twisted howl. Its arms and fingers grew long. What was left of its hair fell to the ground leaving only its ashy white scalp. The others hung a robe over its quivering shoulders. Welcoming the newest dementor into their ranks. Together they howled for all things lost and all things they had yet to take. A dementor was born.

\*\*\*\*\*

## *Daily Prophet Obituaries*

Bucket, Ridonkulous Azmeth - 1964 -1994 Died Tuesday in Avonshire England. He will be greatly missed by his family Father Woodrow and Mother Oblivion Bucket, His twin brother Homunculus Bucket. His wife and child. Closed Casket service to be held at Westminster Abbey Friday morning at 10 am. The family will be in attendance. All well wishers welcome. Donations can be made to the Aurer Disability Fund.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dementors rarely ventured away from the feeding grounds the ministry of magic had assigned them. Places like Azkaban prison were their homes. The creatures held no memory of who or what they were. So Nick wasn't afraid of the creature that was his best friend attending his own funeral.

Nick walked a very shaky and teary Wysteria, who held on tightly to her daughter Sasporilla, in to the cathedral. The crowd was huge. Aurers, low to high ranking officials in the Ministry of Magic as well as some muggle political figures like The Prime Minister were in attendance. The lead singer of the Weird Sisters Myron Wagtail was there with his girl friend famed broom and robe model Heather Dejour. HeadMaster Dumbledore and Professors Sprout, MacGonical, Snape and Flitwick.

Sassy saw Lyra sitting with 2 wealthy disinterested adults that she assumed were her parents. Lyra crossed her eyes and stuck her tongue out. Sassy laughed for the first time in days... if only for just a second.

Sasporilla, Wysteria and Uncle Nick were ushered off to the side of the crowd and in to the family pews. Sassy looked down along the line of people sitting with them. She didn't know any of them personally but recognized her grand parents, Her uncles and her aunts from pictures she had seen. Her fathers coffin was very ornate cherry wood, trimmed with 24 karat gold with a Ministry of magic flag draped across the middle, with his framed picture sitting on top.

"That coffins bigger than our whole apartment." Sassy whispered to her mum who gave her a sharp elbow in the side.

As the Arch Bishop gave a very moving sermon about bravery and yay though I stand in valley of the shadow of death, Sasporillas mind wandered to memories of her father.

Good memories from when she was very young. They played and ran and laughed but there always seemed to be that bit of distance between them. A distance that grew as she got older. She never understood what drove her father away from her. She just assumed it was his love for the drink that was greater than his love for her or her mom. She wished with all of her heart she knew the reason.

Nick Owlmore stood and walked to the podium. He took off his dark sunglasses to reveal red wt eyes that looked like he'd been crying for days. He pulled a piece of crumpled paper out of his pocket and straightened it as best he could. Sasporilla could hear professor Snap roll his eyes. With a deep sigh he began in a shaky, teary voice. "Riddonkulous Bucket was my best friend."

Wysteria began to cry. Sasporilla hugged her mom being that pillar of strength she needed most now. Aunt Impatience moved over and started talking to her big sister in a hushed whisper.

"Donk and I were always best of friends. In class at Hogwarts. In detention after class, ay Professor's?" The crowd chuckled as he cleared his throat. "Donk was a true hero, a great aurer and a brilliant mind. Ya, he wrestled with his demons, or as he said some nights they just cuddled, but he fought. With all his might he fought and lost the battle. To quote Bono of U2. 'I was drowning my sorrows but my sorrows they learned to swim.' It was much more than that with Donk but..."

Nick Owlmore paused. There was something he wanted to say but he just couldn't.

"Damit Donk we all loved you and we'll all miss you. I wish we could have had the old you longer."

\*\*\*\*\*

After the funeral the family stood in a precision line to accept sympathies from funeral attendees. Everyone had something nice to say about Riddonkulous Bucket. Everyone seemed to like him. Sasporilla could only wonder where they were all the years her mom struggled and only Uncle Nick was around?

Next in line was Lyras mother and father. They were very American and explained how they supported the police and aurers. How saddened they were by Riddonkulous' death and how it had effected them personally. Lyra grabbed Sasporillas hand and shook it vigorously. "Wonderful job you've done with the place! I bet it'll be the best restaurant in England." The girls laughed until Lyras mom grabbed her by the ear and dragged her off.

Myron Wagtail was being urged by his girlfriend to 'SPEED IT UP.' He stopped at Wysteria and gently took her hand. "Mrs.Bucket, I am truely sorry for your loss and on behalf of the Weird Sisters I pass on our deepest condolences."

"Thank you." Wysteria smiled shyly knowing the young man was the rock star Sasporilla admired and enjoyed most.

Myron moved next to Sassy who smiled as the first small tear rolled down her cheek.

"I wasn't going to let my friend go through this alone." Myron smiled taking Sasporillas hand. "How you are you holding up?"

"I'm..." Sasporilla sniffed and burst into tears.

Myron hugged the girl as Wysteria stroked her hair.

"There, there angel." Wysteria said.

Myron just hugged Sassy until she was ready to pull away.

"Thank you." Wysteria smiled. "She's kept it all bottled in for so long."

"Remember my words Sassy." Myron smiled sympathetically. "It can't rain all the time."

\*\*\*\*\*

After the crowds had dwindled only the closest friends and family remained.

"Wysteria dear." Her mother smiled forcedly, "I'd like a word with you."

Wysteria walked away with the old woman and over to a small group of her family members.

"What do you want mother?" Wysteria asked.

"I would like to..." Chrysanthemum Bent began and was quickly interrupted Oblivion Bucket. "We would."

"Yes of course." Chrysanthemum sneered. "WE... want to get to know OUR granddaughter."

"I see." Wysteria said crossing her arms defiantly. "And tell me just WHY I should trust you around my little girl? I haven't forgotten what you lot tried to do to her and what Ridonkulous did to protect her."

"Ah but that's it exactly." Trillium Bent added in. "With Ridonkulous gone the spell has lost its source of power!"

"This is really just a formality dear." Oblivion smiled looking over at her granddaughter. "We aren't really asking your permission."

"Oh really?" Wysteria said stepping between Sasporilla and the grandparents.

"Be reasonable dear." Chrysanthemum urged her daughter. "Ask the child if she would like to get to know her grand parents. What child wouldn't?"

"First off," Wysteria snapped, "the child's name is Sasporilla. Second I imagine any child told that her bloody grandparents plotted to have her murdered as an infant because she wasn't magical would want to stay well clear of the likes of you."

"But she IS magical dear." Oblivion smiled like a shark trying to reassure a seal.

"Third." Wysteria said holding up 3 fingers. "Ridonkulous didn't want any of you near my baby ever again, and I intend to honor his wishes."

"Poppycock." Oblivion said as the grand parents pushed past her as if she was so much garbage.

"Sasporilla." Wysteria yelled alarmed.

Sassy looked up and saw the precession of grandparents walking towards her. Sasporilla's scalp burned with an uncomfortably increasing warmth.

Her grandparents were less than five feet away when they stopped. Sasporilla felt the cold chill first then saw the ice fog breath of her grand parents. She looked up to see a dementor hovering feet above her head.

"Child." Oblivion gasped as the creature howled and flew at them hands outstretched. Wands were drawn as it flew around them feeding from their fear as they grew weaker and weaker.

"Leave us alone." Chrysanthemum Bent cried.

"Yes take the child." Oblivion yelled.

The dementor turned its attention to Sasporilla. The grandparents fell to the ground as the creature glided away from them towards Sassy who held her ground.

The dementor tilted its head as he looked at her.

"Sassssspor..." the creature hissed and choked.

The booming voice of Albus Dumbledore cut through the din. "Expecto Patronum!"

Brilliant white light flooded the air as a phoenix of light flew between the dementor and Sasporilla driving the creature away.

Wysteria rushed to her daughter followed closely by Nick Owlmore. Wysteria grabbed her daughter and looked intently into her face. "Are you alright?"

"Yes mum I'm fine." Sasporilla smiled.

"I think," Albus Dumbeldor said, "it best I escort Sasporilla back to Hogwarts."

"Good idea." Nick agreed. "I'll see to it Wysteria gets home safe."

"Wait." Sasporilla said. "It new my name."

"I'll explain it all to you some day darling." Wysteria said. "For now I think it's best you go with your head master."

"Yes mum." Sasporilla conceded.

With a gentle touch on the shoulder Albus Dumbledore apparated away with Sassy.

Wysteria and Nick turned to the grandparents who struggled to stand.

"Take the girl???" Wysteria yelled as she jumped off with what would turn out to be a 25 minute tirade.

Nick just stood there amused.



# Sasporilla Bucket

The Girl With Pink Hair

Earth, Air, Fire, Water  
Friendship



By Darren Kelly

A Harry Potter Universe Fan fiction

# Earth, Air, Fire, Water, Friendship

A Harry Potter UNIVERSE/ Sasporilla Bucket Fan Fiction  
by Darren Kelly

## Chapter 1

Gooseberry snuggled in for a midmorning kip on Sasporillas pillow. His own bed was nice and very comfortable but he enjoyed it here best because he was in the warmest sun spot which kept him cozy while he drifted off to sleep surrounded by the scent of his person. There was no telling how long the little monkey slept before the banging started.

BANG!

Gooseberrys eyes popped open.

BANG! BANG!

Gooseberry jumped 3 feet in the air landing on the window sill looking around cautiously for the source of the sound.

BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

The sound was coming from the nightstand. Or rather from inside the night stand that was right below the window. Lyra Lee-Ashwolf walked into the room and through her books on the bed. "That bloody Snape's a pain in my a..."

B-B-B-BANGEDY! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Lyra jumped sideways startled by the sound and screamed when Gooseberry jumped on top of her head.

"Gooseberry!" Lyra screamed. "I told you never to jump on m..."

B-B-BANGEDY-BANGEDY-BANG!BANG!! BANG!!!

Gooseberry hugged Lyra hard against her cheek. Lyra hugged Gooseberry back. Their eyes set wide as saucers as they stared at Sasporillas night stand.

BANG!!!

Slowly they approached the small table.

BANG!

The lamp upset from the night stand and toppled over. Lyra lunged forward and grabbed it before it hit the floor.

BANG!!!!!!

Lyra held the lamp high above her head with one hand as she reached out slowly with the other and jerked open the night stand drawer.

A small wooden box flew out of the nightstand and landed on Sasporillas bed.

Lyra and Gooseberry could only stand at look at the box as it rattled and thumped along the length of the bed from headboard to footboard and back again.

"What is that thing." Lyra asked.

"What's what thing?" Sasporilla asked walking into the room startling Lyra and Gooseberry who screamed! Sasporilla jumped back surprised at the reaction.

"What's wrong?" Sasporilla yelled placing her hand on her racing heart.

Lyra and Gooseberry pointed at the small wooden box which bounced up and down on her bed.

Sasporilla walked over to her bed and sat on the edge beside the small wooden box that now bounced up and down excitedly. Sassy placed her hand on the box, calming it.

"What is that thing?" Lyra asked.

"A wish box." Sasporilla said. "My father gave it to me for my birthday."

Gooseberry ran down Lyras arm and jumped onto Sasporillas bed. Peering across Sasporillas lap curiously Gooseberry watched as the box jiggled. Sasporilla picked up the box and held it before her.

"My father told me it would grant me 3 wishes." Sasporilla mused. "I just thought he was drunk."

"3 wishes?" Lyra laughed. "Here pass it to me! I have a world to change and a lottery to win."

"It doesn't work that way." Sasporilla sighed. "It only works for me until I pass it on to my own child."

"So..." Lyra said sitting down on the bed beside her friend. "What'dya wish for?"

"Answers." Sasporilla said opening the lid.

A large piece of paper unfolded. Sassy pulled the paper from the box. It was in fact an envelope and on the front there was just one name. Hers. Sasporilla.

"Who do you think it's from?" Lyra asked looking over at it.

Sasporilla sighed and felt a tear well in the corner of her eye. The slightly shaky hand writing and the small ring mark from the bottom of a pint on the bottom right corner said it all. "It's from my father."

"Considering the funeral was a week ago Thursday," Lyra shivered, "this is pretty spooky."

Sasporilla held the envelope in her hands and debated opening it. She wished so hard for answers and these would most certainly be them but now that she had them, did she really want to learn them. Her fathers words echoed in her head. "Be careful what you wish for."

"Do you want me to leave so you can read it in private?" Lyra asked.

"If I said yes." Sasporilla looked at her and smiled. "You'd say something to the effect of 'tough luck kid. Can't always get what you want' and plant yourself behind me to read the letter anyway."

"You know me so well." Lyra smiled taking up a position behind her.

Sasporilla ripped open the envelope.

"Dated August 9, 1992", Sasporilla read. "This was written on my birthday 2 years ago."

The room began to whirl and spin until Sasporilla found herself standing in a blank space the colour of the parchment the letter was written on. Before her stood her father Ridonkulous Bucket.

" 'ello Sassy my darlin', " Ridonkulous smiled. She had never seen him so healthy looking and had never seen him this sober. "If you're readin' this then I'm gone and you've demanded answers. Rightfully so. I hope yer old enough to hear the truth cause yer gettin' it."

"I was an aurer but you knew that." Redonkulous smiled and took a drag of his fag. "I was the first to create a spell to reverse certain kinds of effects. When Nick and I were attacked by Dementors while followin' a lead on Voldemort I used it to reverse the dementors kiss. They called me a hero."

Ridonkulous seemed to find the space bright and put on his sun glasses and had a sip off a pint. "When I took in all that blackness of a dementor I was arrogant enough to believe my spell expunged it all from my system. I was wrong. A small part of it like a seed stayed inside me and grew. It festered in the pits of my guts and ate me alive leavin' me feelin' cold and hollow."

Ridonkulous downed the pint as an invisible hand passes him another.

"Tried to fill the cold void inside me with drink but it was never enough. Soon I found that you and yer mum couldn't be happy around me. I was suckin' the good thoughts from everyone. I knew soon enough I'd be turnin' into the thing I tried so hard to stop from killin' Nicky an' me. Shoulda just let it take me I guess. But then I would never of had you in my life. I wasn't much of a dad, but I could'n trust that I the creature would'n harm ya. So I kept my distance. Soon the transformation'll be complete and I'll become a bloody dementor."

Her fathers appearance became more and more Ashen. When he took off his sunglasses to rub his sore red eyes, the sunken red rings said it all. He quickly put them back on and finished another drink.

"Everyone's tried their best to stop it, reverse it or end the process. Nothin's worked. Don't feel bad fer me cause this is my doin' and my fault. I'll suffer the consequences in silence. Sassy I need you to know that I love ya an' yer ma more than ya know. My pension and insurance will take care of ya both better than I ever did. Yer ma will likely be able to stop workin' if she wants and you can get yerselves a nice little house somewheres that's not over a pub. A place with a garden fer you and Wyssy to plant flowers and sprinkle water or whatever ya do in a garden."

"How is this possible?" Sasporilla asked waving placing her fingers on her fathers hand which felt like warm flesh. Ridonkulous gently took his daughters hand in his and squatted to meet her gaze.

"This letter is very powerful magic." Ridonkulous said. "Elf magic. Miss Daisy helped me do this. Now soon you'll need more answers. Don't waste a wish on' em I'll tell you where to find them. You'll find them with Miss Daisey."



Sasporilla looked down at her feet. "I wish I'd known when you were alive father. I should have tried harder to understand. I hated you! My own father! How could I have done that when you loved us so much. You sacrificed..." Her hands grew cold. Sassy looked up into the dark ashen face of a dementor that began to suck the life from her. As she fell it was pulled away hissing "Sasssssporrrrrillllllaaaaaaa!"

Sasporilla Bucket awoke on her bed. A cold cloth on her forehead was turned gently by Gooseberry who smiled at her. Lyra sat to one side reading a book by the lamp's light. It was dark outside the window.

"What happened?" Sasporilla asked.

"I'll tell you what happened!" Lyra snapped slamming her book shut. "You were reading the stupid letter that just said 'For answers see Miss Daisey' then you turn cold and pass out!"

Lyra plonked down on the bed beside Sasporilla. "I called for Sprout, she called for Pomfree, she called for Dumbledore and he called for this." Lyra said handing her a bar of chocolate. "Said it would make you feel better."



## Chapter 2

It was the strangest of mornings. Sasporilla started in the kitchens helping with pancakes and waffles. The house elves were in a particularly good mood and sang songs of work and joy.

The new term brought with it most of the same old classes but also some new ones. Care of magical creatures was now being run by Professor Grubbly-Plank. It was no longer as good as it was with Hagrid. That was the general consensus of all students anyway. Care of wand class was her favorite. Taught by an Irish teacher named Ms. Dingle. As expected it taught about oils and rags and how to polish your wand. It taught basic care and maintenance as well as very basic repair. However there was so much more. She knew about the different types of woods, metals and stones and what they meant and how they were used. She knew about the different cores and how they interacted with the woods and metals and stones and they all came together to form a cohesive bond with the wizard or witch that used them. Sasporilla fed on the information which she relished. However these are the usual things and not all that was strange or different about the day.

It was in the dining room at lunch that she first encountered it. Sasporilla took her usual place at the Hufflepuff table with a small bowl of soup, half a sandwich and cup of pumpkin juice. Quarley Moon, who had sat beside her all year and never spoken more than 3 words to her, turned and smiled at her.

"Good afternoon Sasporilla" Quarley Moon said.

"Good afternoon." Sassy answered a bit bewildered.

"Good afternoon Sassy." Susan Bones said sitting down next to her. "Potions after lunch. Yuk."

A strong firm hand laid gently on Sassy's shoulder. Sasporilla looked up into the young handsome face of Cedric Digory. "Mind if I join you?"

This was the beginning of what was a very strange day. Everywhere Sasporilla went people were saying hello to her. Not just the kids from Hufflepuff house but from Gryphendor, Ravenclaw and even some from Slytherin.

Lyra spent the afternoon handing out 'Potters a Rotter' buttons. It was the first cause she'd latched her teeth into that people seemed to positively respond to. Her quick involvement in Hermione Granger's Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare (S.P.E.W.) was a disaster. Though passionate about the cause, Lyra's methods were often viewed as too aggressive for Hermione Granger. The last straw was the Lunchroom incident where Lyra Lee-Ashwolf chased 3 house elves over, under and through the tables in the great hall trying to force them to take a sock and thus their freedom.

It was Sasporilla who convinced Lyra, who held the quivering house elf against the wall threatening to stuff the sock in his mouth, to let the poor elf go. Sassy didn't understand why witches and wizards didn't understand that House Elf culture was one of work and service. To free them before they were ready simply wouldn't work. The house elves had to be shown what freedom offered and the wizarding community had to also learn to do for themselves and put inclusive options in place for the transitions. Then as house elves made the decision to be free, they should have the right to do so.

The Potters a Rotter buttons were all the rage in the Hufflepuff house common room. Lyra had a large bucket of them and was handing them out to everyone. Everyone laughed and smiled as they walked by Sasporilla saying hi.

Sassy walked up to Lyra who said "Hey superstar!" Lyra said pinning a button on her Best Friend.

"Superstar?" Sassy said surprised.

Lyra handed Sasporilla the bucket of buttons to hold as she dug into her bag and pulled out the latest edition of the Daily Prophet. On the front cover was a picture of Sasporilla standing below a dementor looking calm. The headline read 'YOUNG WITCH UNAFRAID OF EVIL.'

"But that's not what happened." Sasporilla said to Lyra handing her back the bucket. "This was taken before I even knew it was there!"

"Ya but everyone else doesn't know that." Lyra grinned handing out another button. "Half the paper is about your dad the hero cop and how he stopped a dementor by reversing the kiss and how he saved you from your own grand parents when they tried to have you murdered as a baby."

"They what?" Sasporilla gasped opening the paper to read all 9 of the stories. Sasporilla wondered how much of what was written was true and how much was fabrication. The article about her said she was "Strong and Brave" and was written by Rita Skeeter so of course it was all Slug Slime. Pictures of her and her mum walking past the Queen and British PM. Pictures of the Minister of Magic giving his condolences in the reception line. A picture of Myron Wagtail giving a weeping pink haired girl a hug. This explained why everyone was suddenly talking to her. Everyone wanted to get close to anyone famous and call them friend, even if it wasn't really true.

At breakfast the next morning everyone wanted to talk to Sasporilla about what it was like to so close to a dementor. The only other one who knew was...

"Harry Potter." The bushy haired young man said holding out his hand to her. "I just wanted to check and see that you're ok after the dementor."

"Ya." Sasporilla smiled shyly as she tried to cover over the button on her robe. "Ya i'm fine. Thanks."

"If you ever need to talk about it." Harry said. "Just, feel free. You know."

"Ya." Sasporilla nodded. "and thanks."

Eggs, bacon, bangers and beans with chips made for a quite the breakfast fry up. A hearty full English breakfast would start the day off right anywhere. Well perhaps with the exceptions of France and California.

"So what class you got next?" Lyra asked.

"Brooms with Hooch." Sasporilla said. "You?"

"Potions with Snape." Lyra said screwing up her face.

The two girls laughed as they finished up their morning meal.

"So." The voice of Billy Bombaduck interrupted as he through a wet copy of the Daily prophet onto the table. From the stench they could only guess what the liquid was. "Think your a big hero then?"

"No I don't." Sasporilla said grabbing her bag and preparing to leave for class.

"Good because your not." Billy Bombaduck yelled. "Your no hero and neither was your father. He was a drunk. Our whole town is glad he's dead."

"Watch your mouth piss-ant." Lyra said jumping to her feet ready to fight.

"Take it back Billy Bombaduck." Sasporilla said angrily. "Take it back or so help me I'll."

"You'll what?" Billy Bombaduck sneered looking into her angry eyes with hateful disdain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sasporilla Bucket couldn't believe she was actually in detention. Professor McGonagall sat at the desk in front and watched as the small group of new faces read the chapter of the book she'd assigned, while the regulars flaunted her authority to sit and stare off into space.

Loud applause erupted as the queen of detention Lyra Lee-Ashwolf entered the room.

"Thank you." Lyra bowed and waived.

"Settle down students." Professor McGonagall urged.

"Now, now Minerva." Lyra said tossing her books onto her regular desk. "Don't be hard on them dear. After all they're my adoring fans."

Whoops and hollers of approval came from the back of the room.

"Never the less you will address me with the respect my position deserves and you will be on time for detention?"

"Am I not?" Lyra asked oh so innocently.

"You are 15 minutes late." Professor McGonagall chided. "Perhaps you could be more like your friend Miss Bucket and be here on time!"

"I will indeed strive to be more like Miss Bucket." Lyra said looking over at Sassy. "When faced with a bully she knew just what to do! Throw a good right hook and break his nose!"

"Lyra stop." Sasporilla said.

"Dude!" Lyra cheered. "You're my hero!"

"You don't understand." Sasporilla said looking down at her desk. "I punched another student. Yes it was Billy Bombaduck and yes he deserved it but I acted rashly and in anger. I got detention and rightly so for hurting someone. Now I've put my whole future at risk."

"How do you mean?" Lyra asked.

"My scholarship hinges on 3 things. Working for the school, making good grades and staying OUT OF TROUBLE! Now I'll lose my scholarship and have to go home to do what? Work in Flourish and Blots with my mum the rest of my bloody life?"

"Calm down Miss Bucket." Professor McGonagall said. "No one ever lost a scholarship at Hogwarts for one small indiscretion. Especially one involving such a problem child as William Bombaduck. I am happy to hear that you are contrite and understand the seriousness of the matter. This incident will leave a small black mark on this years scholarship record but I see no reason that the board would remove it from you. Now I believe your punishment has suited your crime. You are free to go."

"Thank you Professor." Sasporilla said gathering her bag.

"Ya thanks Minerva", Lyra said half way out the door, "you're a real peach."

"Not so fast Miss Lee-Ashwolf!" Professor McGonagall smiled waving her wand and pulling Lyra back into detention. "You'll be in detention until you're 157 years old."



## Chapter 3

Charms class brought Sasporilla bucket yet another surprise. As the young witches and wizards around her spoke there incantations and waved there wands she noticed for the first time how the motions of the wand pulled at gossamer thin strings of light and how the words formed them into shapes around the wand. When cast the light flew from the wand and created its desired effect. She sat there watching the same thing happen over and over again. She looked around her and saw the light strands floating like thin spider webs all around her. She waved her hand in them breaking them apart as she moved. They floated free and reformed with other strings.

"Is there a problem Miss Bucket?" Professor Flitwick asked directly in front of her.

"No professor." Sasporilla said her attentions returning to the class. "It's just that I can almost see the magic."

Professor Flitwick leaned in closer. "Like strands of light intertwining?"

"Yes!" Sasporilla said excitedly.

"Stay after class Miss Bucket." Professor Flitwick said walking away.

Sasporilla didn't know what she'd said wrong but it looked like she was in detention again.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Am I in trouble sir." Sasporilla asked, as Professor Flitwick closed the class room door, after the last of the students departed.

"Not at all Miss Bucket." Professor Flitwick smiled reassuringly excited. "I am sorry if I worried you. You may or may not know that my small stature is from having an elf bloodline in my family. What you are seeing is something very few witches and wizards see but ELVES can!"

Professor Flitwick took Sasporillas hand and lead her to the middle of the room. As they stood she could see the strands of light begin to appear again.

"You see Miss Bucket, what you are seeing is the fabric of our magical energy that exists in and around all things. It is what binds us all together."

"It's beautiful." Sasporilla said exhilarated standing amidst its silvery strands. "It's almost a shame to wave a wand through them. Ripping holes and tearing strands to collect them like candy floss on ones wand."

"Indeed it is but they do fill back in." Professor Flitwick insisted. "That is the basis of how most do magic. For elves of course the magic flows through them so with a quick snap of the fingers we can produce any effect that floats through their imagination."

"Are there other ways Professor?" Sasporilla asked.

"Yes of course." Professor Flitwick said walking away.

"How is that done Professor Flitwick?" Sasporilla asked full of wonder.

"There are elves known as WEAVERS." Professor Flitwick said. "They do not wave wands or snap there fingers. They use there fingers to gently pull and tug at the strands of magic so that they cross and join. Making new patterns amongst the energy without breaking it from its natural state."

Sasporilla tugged and tore a strand of magical energy. She felt bad but as professor Flitwick had said, it quickly filled in. Then she tried again but with more grace and gentility. The strand crossed another and linked. She did it again and again until something resembling a string art circle floated in the air before her.

"Unbelievable." Professor Flitwick said attempting to wave his wand through it but finding the object as solid as a shield, and quite unmoveable.

"This is impossible." Professor Flitwick mused. "Unless...."

"What?" Sasporilla asked.

"Yes. Yes," Professor Flitwick mused. "That would explain a lot."

"What?" Sasporilla insisted.

"It's not for me to say Miss Bucket." Professor Flitwick said quickly opening the class room door. "Thank you so much for staying behind. Good day."



## Chapter 4

A fresh coat of snow had fallen overnight turning the Hogwarts grounds into a winter wonderland. Sasporilla ran up to the owlry as fast as she could after her shift in the kitchens. She needed to get hold of one of the schools owls to send her weekly letter home. It would be a day early but she had questions that needed answering. Handing the envelope to old gray barn owl she asked the bird very politely to deliver the letter to her home address. The owl was very impressed with manners of this young witch. Perhaps he would not "accidentally" loose this letter on route to its destination. Sasporilla watched as the owl flew off into the sunrise then made her way back down for breakfast.

Dear Mum;

I know by now that you've seen the Daily Prophet Dated January 9 with my picture on the front page standing beneath that dementor like the clueless git that I am. I thought the tribute article to dad was nice. I wonder though about the accuracy of some of the other things that were written, as accounts of my bravery were greatly and wholly exaggerated. I am of course referring to the story about my grand parents and their attempt on my life as a child. The article said dad put a spell on me for protection from them. That that's why they never came around and why my hair is pink. Are these facts or lies. I need the truth please.

When I got back from the funeral I found a letter from dad had appeared in my wish box. I know now what happened and why he kept away. For years I thought he didn't love us any more and then that he was just a drunk. Now I know better and know he loved us.

Life here has gotten much better now that I have Lyra and Gooseberry to talk to. A lot of the kids are talking to me now because of the news paper but I don't expect that to last. Even Harry Potter said hello to me. I must admit the attention was a bit unnerving at first but I must admit I rather enjoy it.

I am enclosing a note for Miss Daisy as well. Can you please pass it on to her as it is a matter of some urgency.

Thank you

I love you and miss you all the time;

Sasporilla

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Miss Daisy;

I hope my note finds you well. I miss you and your smile. My dad said that when I needed answers I should turn to you. I have but one question. Am I part elf? Drooble the house elf insists I am and professor Flitwick did everything not to say it. If I am I just want to know the truth. To many things have been kept from me, maybe for my own good, but I need to know who I am and why.

With Love

Sasporilla

\*\*\*\*\*

It was at dinner that Cedric Digory quietly announced to the table that he had discovered the answer to the Riddle of the dragons egg. Sasporilla hadn't seen the first challenge of the Tri-wizard tournament because her schedule kept her in the laundry on that day. She had heard many times, at meals and in the common room, of the bravery of Cedric Digory as he stood face to face with a fire breathing dragon armed with only a wand and his knowledge of spells. Sasporilla wondered if, like the story of her in the Daily Prophet, just how much of it was accurate. Cedric Digory wouldn't tell them just what secrets the egg held but he did say he had discovered them in the bath. It was after dinner Sasporilla and Gooseberry decided to go for a walk up the snowy north hill behind the castle. Gooseberry told Sasporilla of her day. A wondrous tale of adventure nicking fruit from places and eating it in the comfort of her little house.

"Your quite the rapsclion." Sasporilla laughed at Gooseberry.

"You were always quite the rapsclion yourself." A small voice said from beside her.

Sasporilla jumped sideways surprised by the sudden appearance of her families elf Miss Daisy dressed in a pretty blue and white coat and hat.

"Miss Daisy!" Sasporilla said gently hugging the fragile old elf. "What are you doing here?"

"Why Sasporilla Imaginarium Bucket you only sent the letter to me this morning." Miss Daisy laughed. "Have you forgotten already?"

"No I mean...." Sasporilla began.

"I bring you answers dear heart." Miss Daisy said stroking the young girls cheek. "Come let's sit on the stone bench by the north garden and talk."

As the three of them walked to the North garden they exchanged pleasantries. "Yes everything was fine here. Oh yes your mother is doing very well. No my grades are above expectations. Yes I imagine your mother will continue to work."

Sasporilla and Miss Daisy snuggled up on the stone bench over looking the snow covered garden. They sat in silence for what seemed like an eternity until Miss Daisy spoke.

"My fathers name was Fingus. He was the head of the Bucket House elves a century ago. In the house of your fathers family under his master Happenstance Bucket and Mrs.Felicity. He was Kind, loving and obedient. Perhaps to a fault. He raised me and sisters to respect the Buckets and serve them faithfully."

"But you came from my moms family." Sasporilla said. "The Bents."

"Yes." Miss Daisy said looking down. "You see child, my father was just a house elf to Happenstance Bucket but to Felicity he was much, much more. The two of them were not in love but Felicity often used my father to fulfill her wanton needs. It wasn't a problem until she got pregnant with my half brother, your grandfather Woodrow Bucket.

It was very clear by the look of the boy that he was Fingus' child and not master Happenstances. It caused an unspeakable scandal in the wizarding community. Fingus was freed and left to his own devices to make it in the world, alone and disgraced."

"So my grandfather was your half brother." Sasporilla said.

"Yes." Miss Daisy smiled. "Your fathers father."

"But what about the rest of your family." Sasporilla asked concerned.

"My sisters and I were sold to other wizarding families." Miss Daisy sighed. "I was taken by the Bent family and my ownership was passed down through the generations. That is how I came to be with your mother who freed me and gave me both a paying job and a home."

"I always considered you family", Sasporilla said as she hugged Miss Daisy, "but to find out you actually are, fills me with such joy!"

Gooseberry joined in on the hug wrapping her little arms around Miss Daisy's ear.

"I'm happy you feel that way my great grandniece." Miss Daisy laughed. "For I have loved you since the moment we first met in your mums hospital room."

The pair sat silent for a moment holding hands tightly. Both afraid that to let go may some how end the magic of this wonderful moment.

"Now girl." Miss Daisy said seriously. "I need you to listen to me very closely. Now that you've seen the fabric of magic..."

"You know about that?" Sasporilla asked surprised.

"Yes." Miss Daisy said waving her hand. "Cousin Filius informed of it."

"Cousin?" Sasporilla was bewildered to find out her Charms teacher was somehow related to her as well.

"Yes you have many cousins here amongst the elves." Miss Daisy mused. "But please allow me to continue!"

"Sorry." Sasporilla said shutting up.

"A dark time is coming. Dark forces stir in the shadows. They will not step into the light but will make the world dark around them so that all falls in shadow."

Sasporilla felt a cold shiver run up her spine that had little to do with the northern winter weather.

"You know the basics of your power. That you draw on nature. You've seen the strands and know of weaving. You know how the wizards use the strands and words to form spells. You know how to use them all to get by between the elf ways and theirs. However there is still so much you need to learn. You must master the 5 elements."

"I thought there was only 4 elements?" Sasporilla asked as Miss Daisy quickly placed her finger across the girls lips.

"There are 5." Miss Daisy insisted. "Earth, air, fire, water and Love. Once you've mastered these you'll be ready to move forward. Drooble can help you with water and fire. Seek him out for further study. For earth I need you to go see Weerlow in the dark forest. He's a bit of a hermit but he's the best one to help you. As for Air there is no one better than I. I will pop in from time to time and we will work together on this."

"I'm not allowed into the dark forest." Sasporilla said below Miss Daisy's finger. "I'll get in trouble."

"I'll see what I can work out with Albus." Miss Daisy said removing her finger and standing up. "He owes me one or two favors. Now give me a hug girl and I'll be about my business."

With the biggest hug of her life, Sasporilla thanked the small elf who then disappeared in a puff. The walk back to the castle found her brain alive with answers but with even more questions.



## Chapter 5

Lyra Lee-Ashwolf was a Princess raised in the house of Corporate Royalty in America. Her father the CEO of ASHWOLF inc. She grew up very, very rich. What the poor people called one of the 1%. Her parents found it mildly amusing how the have-nots whined about the haves who worked so hard for what they had. Lyra saw it for what it was. The 1% moniker was a well deserved insult. A black mark on the corporate pharos who enslaved the poor in debt. A cry for justice by the taken from against those who took their jobs, their money, their rights and their freedoms. Though she had been raised and groomed from birth to take on the job of head of her fathers

company, Lyra had other ideas. This became very evident when she became socio-politically aware and active in any cause she could sink her teeth into. She was marching in protests at age 10. Civilly disobedient at every turn. A disappointment to her parents who hoped to breed the perfect accessory to their perfect lives.

She had always thrown tantrums. What child didn't? But when on the day before her 11th birthday, while arguing with her parents about not wanting a huge party but rather donating the cost to a local homeless shelter, her anger got the better of her and manifested in a sea of flame which singed many priceless works of art procured for her parents by the usual dubious channels. They were lucky not to be burned alive.

Her parents tried to dismiss the incident as a burst gas pipe and coincidental timing, after all they were muggles, but the first letter from Ilvermorny school of witch craft and wizardry proved them wrong.

Lyra enjoyed being a witch and she loved to learn. She also loved to piss her parents off. The cost of Witch craft schools was excessively high for the very rich muggle. Less so for the poor and middle class families. Every time Lyra was kicked out of a school it cost her parents a kings ransom to put her in another. She liked attacking them financially. It was the only punishment the rich truly understood. So Lyra Lee-Ashwolf flaunted and broke every rule, law and regulation she deemed unfair and unjust at every turn she took. It was a blast.

Lyra showed up to potions class late, as usual, but today she was wearing normal street clothes rather than her school uniform and robes.

"Miss Lee-Ashwolf." Professor Snape. "Said with a severe tone. "Where are your robes?"

"I've decided not where them." Lyra said throwing her books on her desk and sitting in her seat. "In protest of the house elf enslavement."

Professor Snape, some what accustomed to the young witches shenanigans, walked over and stood before her desk. "Girl do not test my patience. GO AND PUT ON YOUR ROBES!"

"No!" Lyra yelled standing up on her desk and looking around at her peers as she began to strip off her clothes.

"In fact perhaps I'll take mine off. Everyone should cast off our clothes for aren't they just the true symbols of our enslavement by societies rules. We will not be controlled. Today I cast off my chains and stand before you a free woman."

Professor Snape was outraged. "Put on your clothes!" He ordered. "Avert your eyes!"

The boys wouldn't look away as Lyra stood there in her birthday suit. Though they covered their eyes, some girls peeked.

With a wave of professor Snapes wand the classroom spun and Lyra found herself clothed & sitting before the Headmaster.

"Ah Miss Lee-Ashwolf", Professor Dumbledore smiled. "I've been expecting you."

Lyra sat there with her arms folded defiantly as Professor Dumbledore held out a small bowl of lemon candies.

"Would you like one?"

Lyra spit into the bowl.

"No then." Professor Dumbledore sighed. "Well let me express for you my admiration for your conviction to the cause of freeing the house elf. Though I can't say approve of your methods."

This caught Lyras attention. No adult had ever said they agreed with any of her causes. Especially one who held any sort of authority.

"Oh yes." Professor Dumbledore nodded. "I too have always believed the house elves should be free. There are obsticals before us before this can happen but I do believe one day we shall overcome."

"Lip service." Lyra chuckled. "All the people in power know how to do is give lip service. Say you agree, make your promises and hope we believe you and go away."

"It is hard to convince one as jaded as yourself that I speak anything less than honestly." Professor Dumbledore sighed. "Perhaps your house matron may have better luck."

"Hello Headmaster." The voice of professor Sprout said from behind Lyra. "Miss Lee-Ashwolf."

Professor Sprout took a seat next to Lyra. Sprout had that ever present disappointed yet mildly amused look she always had when around Lyra.

"What seems to be the problem now Lyra?" Professor Sprout asked.

"Miss Lee-Ashwolf disrobed in potions class." Professor Dumbledore mused. "In protest I assure you."

"In protest of what?" Professor Sprout asked.

"It started out me not wearing my uniform and robes in protest of what they represent. Uniforms are the chains of our enslavement by society. Just like the house elf."

"Ah I see." Professor Sprout nodded.

"No you don't." Lyra objected. "None of you do."

"Oh but I do." Professor Sprout insisted. "You don't have any pride in your house. I could see it if you were of the other 3 houses. Bravery, cunning, intelligence. They are slaves to their egos, their plots & their books, but HUFFLEPUFF? We are the house of loyalty and compassion. We are those who truly effect change. I would think someone as passionate as you about justice for those who see little to none of it would understand that and take pride in her house! Do the clothes you wear now show anything but a hefty price tag?"

Lyra sat for a moment thinking about what professor Sprout had said. Her own clothes, though torn and shabbied up were still designer. Sasporilla always held her head high for being chosen Hufflepuff. Perhaps it wasn't until this moment Lyra understood why.

"Ok." Lyra conceded. "I'll wear the uniform that represents the things I believe in."

"Good girl." Professor Sprout said patting Lyra's arm proudly and preparing to leave. "Now let's get you back to class than shall we?"

"Ahem." Professor Dumbledore interrupted. "Though I am delighted you've found a way past your original objections I'm afraid there is still the matter of your indiscretion."

"I don't feel punishment is in order here Headmaster." Professor Sprout said raising her eye brows. "But I defer to your wisdom of course."

"I believe that it might be a good Idea if Miss Lee-Ashwolf were to take an extra curricular activity in place of yet more detention." Professor Dumbledore mused. "Here is a list of all activities with vacancies."

A sheet of parchment flew from the Headmaster's desk and unrolled in front of Lyra. A quill floated next to the paper ready for Lyra to make her choice. Lyra looked over the activities and only one stood out to her as fun... and it had 2 slots open!



## Chapter 6

Sasporilla found Drooble in the halls just outside the kitchen where he sat on a wooden crate marked fresh eggs and honey smoking his pipe.

"Miss Sasporilla?" Drooble said surprised to see the young witch. "Today is not your day in the kitchens but we are always glad to see you."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you sir." Sasporilla smiled warming the house elf's heart with her humble respect. "I've just been talking with our home elf, my grand aunt, Miss Daisy."

"Ah cousin Daisy has told you of your blood line." Drooble cheered jumping off the crate, grabbing Sassy by the hands, and dancing excitedly. "Drooble is happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy!"

Sasporilla danced joyously with house elf finding there was nothing else to do but lose oneself in the excitement of the moment.

After a vigorous dance they collapsed onto a 100 lb sack of potatoes.

"Drooble I need to respectfully ask for your help in two matters." Sasporilla said seriously.

"Respectfully ask for Drooble's help!" Drooble smiled so proud.

"Yes sir." Sasporilla nodded.

"Anything that is in my power to do for Sasporilla Bucket." Drooble grinned. "I will do for sure. What do you need?"

"I need you to train me in the elements of water and fire." Sasporilla smiled nervously.

"Yes, Yes, yes, yes, yes.... yes!" Drooble insisted.

"And I need to find Weerlow?" Sasporilla said. "Do you know how I can find him. Miss Daisy says he lives in the dark forest."

"Uncle Weerlow, yes I know exactly where he lives." Drooble said. "I can take you there tomorrow if you like?"

"Yes please." Sasporilla smiled hugging Drooble excitedly.

"Good, good, good, good, good!" Drooble laughed. "We'll go right after breakfast."



"Bingo!" Lyra yelled as she spotted Sassy and ran up to her, grabbing the young witch by the arm. "There you are, I've been looking for you everywhere!"

"Why what's wrong?" Sasporilla asked.

"Nothings wrong." Lyra smiled. "I signed us up for dueling club and it starts in 15 minutes."

\*\*\*\*\*

Dueling club was held in a large room adjacent to the defence against the dark arts class room. Not one of Sasporillas favorite classes but one she saw the importance of.

As they came through the door Sasporilla and Lyra caught the attention of the 2 teachers who ran the dueling club. Professor Moody who smiled and said. "Ah I see our new members have arrived." And professor Snape who rolled his eyes. "Late as usual."

"Traffic baby." Lyra laughed.

Sasporilla looked around the spartan room. Only an ornate stage stood long and thin in the center. A small crowd of boys stood around stage waiting anxiously for the dueling to begin.

"Now everyone gather round." Professor Moody said from the stage. "Dueling is not something you may ever have to do in real life."

"Like math." Lyra shouted.

"5 points from Hufflepuff." Snape glowered at her. How her impudence reminded him of Potter senior.

Lyra was about to blow him a raspberry when Sasporilla gently grabbed her arm, silently mouthing the word "STOP."

"Unfortunately though." Professor Moody continued. "As long as there are dark wizards using dark magic and hot headed immature wizards and witches, there will be aggression. In this club we will be learning how to directly defend against attack."

"Take out your wands." Professor Snape said. "Pick a partner and practice the most basic of self defense spells. Expelliarmus."

Sasporilla new this one. Her class had been shown it just last week in Defense against the dark arts.

Sassy and Lyra found a safe corner and practiced taking turns knocking the wands from each others hand with Expelliarmus before the other could. Lyra was fast but when Sasporilla won the draw it through her friends wand clear across the room.

After 15 minutes or so of practice professor Lupin called all of the students to the side of the stage. The young wizards gathered quickly. Sassy and Lyra hung to the back.

"Ok duelers." Professor Moody cheered hyping up the crowd. "What is the first rule of dueling club?"

"If it's your first day you have to duel." The crowd cheered back with whoops and hollers.

"Correct!" Professor Moody said excitedly. "And we just happen to have...?"

"Two new members!" The crowd shouted. "Duel, duel, duel!"

"All right." Snape hissed holding up his hands to silence the unruly crowd. With a flick of his wrist he pointed an icy finger at Lyra. "Miss Lee-Ashwolf you are first."

Lyra jumped onto the dueling stage showing no sign of fear.

"Who will duel this lovely young lady?" Professor Moody asked of the crowd.

There were several eager volunteers from Slytherin and Gryphindor as usual but one hand appeared from Hufflepuff.

"Mr.Diggory." professor Snape grinned. "Our 'OFFICAL' tri-wizard entry. Please take the stage."

Cedric jumped up amid the cheers. Diggory was not just the Tri-wizard entry along with the Potter boy, but he was also the dueling club champion.

"How are you Lyra?" Cedric asked smiling politely.

"Ready to put the boots to ya dude." Lyra laughed stepping side to side like a prize fighter.

"Ready." Professor Snape said.

Cedric held his wand up straight in front of his face. Lyra looked at this as odd. Then looked at her own wand.

"Ahem" Professor Snape cleared his throat catching Lyras attention and slowly placed his own wand before his face.

Lyra got it. Starting stuff. She placed her wand up before her face and looked at her professor's who nodded approval. Cedric slashed his wand down and to the right signaling his readiness. Lyra followed suite with her Professors approval.

"Begin!" Professor Moody Barked.

"Flipendo!" Cedric Diggory cast before Lyra could complete Expelliarmus, flipping the young witch end over end to the back of the dueling stage.

Applause erupted from the crowd. Sassy ran up to Lyra. "You ok?"

"Ya, you get the number of that truck?" Lyra laughed.

"Well done Mr.Diggory." Professor Snape hissed. "Miss Bucket, you're next."

Cedric came to Lyras side helping her to her feet then down of the stage. "Sorry. Didn't mean to hit you that hard."

Sasporilla stood at the far end of the stage feeling every eye in the room on her.

"Any volunteers to duel our next lucky contestant?" Professor Moody called out.

"Ya, I'll give it a go!" Ron Weasley from Gryphindor called.

The crowd cheered, the only thing better than watching Cedrics awesome performance as a skilled duelist was watching Weasley screw up.

Ron looked at Sasporilla who dug her wand out of robes inner pocket..

"Look," Ron grinned, "I know you're a first year. Do you know any spells?"

"Not really." Sasporilla said. "Just Expelliarmus."

"Ok, let's just use Expelliarmus then ya?" Ron reassured her.

Sasporilla nodded her agreement. As the professors took up their positions.

"Ready." Professor Snape said.

Ron snapped his wand to attention as did Sasporilla, both knocked themselves in the nose and forehead with their wands. The crowd laughed, this was going to be good. They then slashed their wands down & to the right and assumed there starting positions.

"Begin!" Professor Moody Barked.

Time seemed to slow around Sasporilla. She saw the hand of Ron Weasley begin to move. Strands of magic spun onto his wand as he opened his mouth to begin the incantation. To the crowd it looked like Sasporilla drew lightning fast. The professors barely heard her say Expelliarmus! Ron Weasley spun around his wand. His arm twisting unnaturally at the wrist with a loud crack and he hit the stage with a thud.

Everyone looked at Sasporilla for a second until they turned there attentions to Ron who was holding up his broken wrist weeping.

"Uh oh." Professor Moody said. "That'll need attention."

"I'll take him to the infirmary." Professor Snape said helping Ron to his feet and out of the room.

Sasporilla felt sorry and ashamed. No one saw her as she slipped out of club room as all eyes turned toward the loud 'slap' at the side of the room. Cedric Diggory rubbed his cheek as Lyra scolded him for stealing a kiss.

"How dare you!" Lyra screeched. "I'm not a toy for you have your way with Cedric Diggory! You most certainly not my type and I don't approve of your advances!"

"I'm sorry." Cedric tried to apologize. "I thought we had a moment there."

Lyra looked around for Sasporilla but didn't see her.

"What is your type?" Cedric asked.

"Not boys." Lyra snapped running off to find her friend.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sasporilla found her way to the infirmary where Ron sat on the side of the bed holding his wrist. Madam Pomfrey carried over a small tray and sat it on the bed next to him. Rons friend Harry and Professor Snape stood at the end of the bed as Madam Pomfrey checked the wrist.

"Yes." Madam Pomfrey nodded. "That's broken alright, but easily fixed."

The matron of the infirmary took her wand from the tray wand waved across then touched Rons wrist. The bruising and pain began to subside and he sighed with relief.

"Now lay back here for a few minutes and I'll be back to check on you." Madam Pomfrey smiled and walked back to her desk.

Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley burst in through the infirmary doors and ran past Sasporilla to Ron's side. "Are you alright!" Hermione asked looking at Ron's arm.

"Ya." Ron said bending it slowly. "Just a war wound. Hazard of the dueling club. It's a man thing. You girls wouldn't understand."

"You can be a bit of a condescending Prig." Ginny said to her brother. "You know that?"

"I'm so sorry for hurting you Ron." Sasporilla said coming a bit closer.

Everyone looked over at her making Sassy very self-conscious. Ron blushed as Ginny and Hermione burst into laughter.

"Please don't laugh." Sasporilla pleaded. "I didn't mean to hurt him."

This made the 2 girls laugh all the harder.

"It's a man thing." Ginny mocked.

"You girls wouldn't understand!" Hermione joined in.

Harry couldn't hold back his laughter anymore. Even professor Snape cracked a small thin smile.

"Big manly man," Ginny mocked, "got his wrist broken by a little girl!"

Sasporilla started to cry. She felt so bad. Not only had she broken Ron Weasley's wrist but now his friends made fun of him for it. The girls went over and tried to comfort Sassy.

"Don't cry." Hermione said tenderly. "We always kid each other like this. We don't mean to be mean and we know you didn't mean to harm Ron."

"What spell did you use?" Ginny asked.

"Expelliarmus." Sasporilla said.

"I wasn't ready." Ron said.

"Give it up Ron." Harry said. "Looks like we've found a natural dueler."

The girls kept laughing as they calmed Sasporilla down.

"Good shot." Professor Snape said as he slipped past and out of the infirmary.

"I just wanted to disarm him." Sasporilla said quietly.

"Dis-arm?" Ron laughed. "You almost ripped it right off!"

Everyone laughed including Sasporilla.

"I am sorry." Sassy said walking over to Ron.

"No harm, no foul." Ron said holding out his hand. Sassy took his hand strongly in hers and shook it. Ron winced as they shook.

"Guess it's not quite there yet." Ron smirked.

Everyone laughed.



## Chapter 7

Sasporilla found she was the subject of many strange looks from the girls at the Hufflepuff Breakfast table and just as many smirks from the boys. Lyra was oddly absent from breakfast but her schedule was a slave to her own chaotic whims. Sasporilla finished a quick piece of toast and a small cup of pumpkin juice before she ran out of the great hall. Today would be a glorious day.

Drooble waited just outside the great hall for Sasporilla who came charging out and tripped right over top of him. The pair ended up in a tied up ball on the Hogwarts hall floor.

"Sorry sir." Sasporilla chuckled rubbing her butt.

"So excited to learn." Drooble said. "This is good! And always so respectful of a humble house elf. If you only knew how special you are Sasporilla Bucket."

Picking themselves off the floor Sasporilla noticed 2 girls pointing at her and whispering. It seemed the time of the fame and friendship band wagon had passed and something new had developed. Any other day she'd have let this get to her but not today.

Sassy and Drooble strolled down to the lake. A cold breeze blew across them made even chillier by the water.

"Before we go to the dark forest to find Weerlow", Drooble said, "I want to show you water."

"I've seen water before Drooble sir." Sassy laughed.

"No!" Drooble insisted seriously. "You have not! Look at it very closely and tell me what you see."

Sasporilla walked over and looked down at her reflection in the Black Lake. That couldn't be it. She looked passed herself and saw the silvery strands of magic and how they flowed within the water passing through, connecting and being the water.

"I see the magic in the water, of the water, is the water."

Droobles eyes widened. "Yes, yes, Yes, yes, Yes, yes! Very good Miss Sasporilla."

"I see the strands of magic, the fabric and how it is part of the water and the water is part of it."

"Yippeeeee!" Drooble screamed as he did a back flip in joy. "You see the water for the first time. Now do you understand it?"

"Understand it?" Sasporilla asked.

"Oh yes." Drooble said. "It's alive. Yes!"

Sasporilla looked back at the water. She watched the black lake ripple in the breeze as its waters gently kissed the icy shore line. Sassy closed her eyes and listened to the lapping of the water. She let the sent of the lake fill her nose. Sasporilla opened her eyes and what she saw amazed her. She saw the water. She saw the magic of the water. She saw the life of the water! Not just the fish and the plants and things that were alive in the water, but the currents and eddies that flowed like a blood stream through its body. The heat of the surface and the cold of its depths. The way it formed in its place in the earth and how it slowly fed its hunger through erosion and absorption. She sensed there was more but Sasporilla just couldn't quite see it.

"What do you see?" Drooble asked.

With a calm unlike anything she'd felt before Sasporilla smiled and said. "I see the water for all that is. Alive."

"That is good." Drooble said. "Now lets get you to Weerlow. We've a long walk ahead of us."

The edge of the dark forest was just that, dark and foreboding. A sign along the end of the path read 'Hogwarts students forbidden unless accompanied by a member of staff.'

"Will we get into trouble going in?" Sasporilla asked.

"No, no, no, no, no." Drooble insisted. "I am a member of staff! All house elves are so named by the Headmaster himself! Yes!!!"

Sasporilla followed Drooble as he lead the way with a jaunty whistle and stride, but an ever cautious series of glances left and right. They walked for nearly an hour and stopped in a small clearing.

"We will rest here for 5 minutes." Drooble said pulling out his pipe. With a snap of his fingers a small flame formed and lit the cherry tobacco inside. Sasporilla rubbed her hands together warming them.

Something rustled in the foliage. Droobles ears perked up. Sasporilla moved a little closer to the elf and reached for her wand. Another rustle and a strange sound. Not quite like a growl more like.... an engine?

A small blue car, weather beaten and badly scratched and dented leaped from the bushes into the clearing like a wild animal. Its engine sputtered and coughed as it tried to roar. One door hung half a jar and its cracked and broken head lights reminded Sasporilla of sad eyes.

Sassy stepped past Drooble towards the car. "What are you doing?" Drooble said grabbing her hand.

"He's hurt and alone." Sasporilla said. "He's scared."

"He's scared?" Drooble asked sarcastically.

The car shook its broken mirrors as it shimmied from side to side coughing, sputtering and snorting.

"We didn't mean to trespass on your territory." Sasporilla said. "We meant no disrespect."

The little blue car bounced up and down. A headlight blinked on and off again.

"Settle down now." Sasporilla said placing her hand on the hood that snapped at her. "Shhhhhhh."

The car seemed to calm beneath her touch. Sasporilla rubbed the hood as she reached past its light and tugged hard at a branch stuck in the wheel well. The car blasted its horn as she pulled the branch free and tossed it aside.

"There." Sasporilla smiled. That's a bit better."

The car honked happily.

"It's enchanted." Drooble said. "A wizard toy."

"No." Sasporilla said to Drooble. "Look harder, it's alive."

The car spun its wheels and honked its horn.

"How long have you been in the dark forest?" Sasporilla asked it.

The car revved and coughed twice and sputter of wiper fluid.

"Almost 3 years!" Sasporilla said giving the car a hug. "I can only imagine how lonely you've been."

The car lowered its back end and revved again.

"Yes I imagine you'd have to be quite tough to survive out here all alone."

"Miss Sasporilla time is passing and we have a journey to continue." Drooble said.

"Yes quite right." Sasporilla said. "Before we go on our way, may I offer to do some repairs on you?"

The car backed up a bit.

"No please don't be frightened." Sasporilla insisted. "I'll be very gentle, but I won't do it without your permission."

The car thought for a second then crept slowly forward. Sasporilla placed her wand gently onto the hood and thought for second. To fix the car couldn't be to much harder than anything else but might need a bit more power.

She watched as the threads of magic gathered onto her wand until it glowed with magic. "Automilus Repairo!"

The car jumped and sputtered as the tires filled, the dents came out, the scratches disappeared and the cracked bits of glass became clear and polished. Before them sat a clean car as good as new. The car honked and revved its approval.

"Now with your permission we'll pass through your territory on our way to find Weerlow." Sasporilla said putting away her wand.

The car flashed its lights. Backed up and forward again.

"Yes Weerlow the elf", Sasporilla asked, "do you know him?"

The car revved its engine snapped its hood and doors open and closed.

"Oh dear." Sasporilla cringed with surprise.

"What did it say?" Drooble asked.

"Weerlow calls our friend here an abomination and throws rocks at him." Sasporilla said very disappointed. "I'll have to have a word with Mr. Weerlow about that!"

The car jumped and thumped, beeping and whirring.

"Yes that sounds acceptable to me." Sasporilla agreed.

"What sounds acceptable Miss Sasporilla." Drooble asked.

"Our friend will take us to Weerlow 'if he can stay and listen to me yell at the elf for throwing rocks at him." Sasporilla smiled.

"Do you think that's wise considering you're going there to ask him for help?" Drooble asked.

"I don't want the help from the kind of person who'd throw stones at a frightened soul." Sasporilla said crossing her arms. "Not unless he sees the error of his ways and apologizes to him."

The ride was fast and bumpy through the dark forest. The car scrambled up paths and leaped over dead falls. It knocked tree branches harshly out of its way and cared little for the wildlife that got in its way.

As it pulled up to a small house deep within the dark forest Sasporilla opened the door and stepped out. The front door of the house burst open and a small elf with a long white beard and no clothes stomped out carrying a very large rock.

"I warned you what would happen if I caught you around here again!" Weerlow shouted as he pitched the rock at the car.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" Sasporilla cast catching the rock in mid air, levitating it and placing it safely on the ground.

"You'll stop that right now!" Sasporilla insisted.

"Impudent girl!" Weerlow shouted. "Get off my land!"

"Hello cousin Weerlow." Drooble waved.

"Cousin Drooble?" Weerlow said cupping his hand above his eyes. "Did you bring this thing and the witch with you?"

"I, I did yes." Drooble said.

"Well you can take them back where you found them." Weerlow shouted. "I don't want any visitors. Good day!"

"Now you wait a moment Uncle Weerlow." Sasporilla chided. "I'm here on important request of Miss Daisy and I'll not get to it until you apologize to my friend here."

"You expect me to apologize to that... abomination?" Weerlow yelled.

"He's alive and has feelings." Sasporilla said. "You can't go throwing rocks at him. You've seriously injured him in the past."

"That thing", Weerlow growled, "Drives through my forest breaking tree limbs and scaring the life out of the animals. The forest is alive... not that thing!"

The car beeped and revved. Snapping its bonnet like a rabid dog.

"I can see we've reached an impasse." Sasporilla said. "You are both at fault as the other has said yet you're both to pig headed to admit your own faults and only see the fault in the other."

Weerlow looked unamused and the little blue car just sat there silent.

"Perhaps if you agreed to stop your foolishness and drive respectfully through the forest." Sasporilla said to the car. "And you agree to stop throwing rocks at him and acknowledge that the car is as alive as any other living thing in the forest."

The 2 of them stood there glaring at each other. Sasporilla couldn't believe how stubborn they were.

"Why should I agree?" Weerlow asked.

"Because." Drooble said. "It's the right thing to do."

"Besides." Sasporilla said. "You'll never know why Miss Daisy sent me to find you if you don't. I'll head back to Hogwarts and not bother you again."

"As good as that sounds to me," Weerlow sneered, "I am curious as to why a human like you would call me UNCLE. If 'HE' agrees then I will abide."

The car revved forward and honked.

"Then we have an agreement." Sasporilla smiled.

The car levitated off the ground and flew up out of the clearing and off above the trees. Weerlow and Drooble hugged.

"Well." Weerlow sighed exasperated by the events of the day. "I guess you'd best come in."

The small house was only one level and not much bigger than the room above the lub where Sasporilla lived. It had a table and 1 chair and was cluttered with natural forest debris and assorted wild life. A kettle hung above a small fire. Tea was on as if he'd been expecting them.

"Sit." Weerlow said pulling out the chair.

"Thank you." Sasporilla said taking a seat. Drooble took up a perch on a large tree root which cut through one corner of the house.

"Well girl." Weerlow yelled. "What in the name of Merlins beard do you want?"

"First let me introduce myself." Sasporilla said with a very deliberate calm. "My name is Sasporilla Imaginarium Bucket. I am the great grand niece of your sister Daisy."

"Ah." Weerlow said. "So the indiscretions of my family have borne fruit that dropped into my home."

"There's no need to see me that way." Sasporilla said. "I've come to request your help."

"Have you now?" Weerlow said slightly amused. "Tea?"

"Ooooooh yes please." Drooble clapped.

"None for me thanks." Sasporilla said curtly.

Weerlow poured a cup of tea and levitated to Drooble. He poured his into a large old mug and sat on the table by Sasporilla.

"Go on girl." Weerlow sneered. "What do you need my help with?"

"She's here at my request." Miss Daisy said as she walked through the front door. "And if you speak to me as you have to my precious Sasporilla you will suffer my displeasure like you have never before."

"My apologies." Weerlow said to Sasporilla. "I don't want to displease you sister BUT none of what's being said is telling me why you're all in my.... house."

"I need you to teach me the ways of Earth." Sasporilla said.

"A human witch? Never!!!!" Weerlow yelled throwing his favorite cup against the wall with a smash.

"Not just a human witch." Daisy said placing a calming hand on her brothers arm. "But shes also part elf."

"So what?" Weerlow said. "Many Wizards and witches have a bit of elf blood in them and don't know it. What makes her so different."

"She's different Weerlow." Daisy said. "She's the balance."

"What?" Weerlow asked. "Her?"

"Yes." Miss Daisy said. "I'm sure of it."

"The BALANCE?" Sasporilla and Drooble asked at the same time.

"Sundays after lunch." Weerlow said. "At the edge of the dark forest by the crazy giants cottage. We'll meet up there. I'll teach you. Now get out."

"Thank you for the tea." Drooble smiled. "It was delightful."

"I look forward to it." Sasporilla said sarcastically.

"You were always a horrible person Weerlow." Daisy said. "Treat her with the gentle respect your fear of my wrath brings."

"Of course sister." Weerlow grinned.

"By the way." Daisy smiled and kissed her brother on the cheek. "Your beards on fire."

Weerlow looked down and saw the smoke and flame coming from the end of his beard.

Outside Miss Daisy took Drooble and Sasporilla's hand and the vanished.

"Ow my berries on fire!" Weerlow yelled. "Ooh! Ow! Ooh!"



## Chapter 8

Sasporilla got back to the Hufflepuff common room by mid-afternoon. Cedric was surrounded by a small group of girls and some of his mates. They laughed and joked. Others chatted away in the room which went silent when they realized Sasporilla had walked in. All eyes turned to her. Some looked at her with disgust, some with pity, & some with a 'we know the truth' grin.

"Right then!" Sasporilla said splitting the silence. "I've had just about enough of this. What is going on?"

"Nothing." Cedric smiled.

"Nothing?" Sasporilla asked.

"No." Cedric said.

People returned to their conversations but back in hushed whispers and tones.

Sasporilla went upstairs to her room. Lyra was in on her bed listening to music with her headphones on. Sassy walked over and sat on the edge of Lyra's bed.

"The whole castles gone bonkers." Sassy said.

Lyra didn't answer her. She just laid there. Sassy turned and looked over her shoulder at her friend who turned away from her. Sassy could feel the tears well in her eyes.

"What have I done?" Sassy started to cry. "Why is everyone....?"

Sassy ran to her bed and flopped down face first wailing. Lyra looked over at her friend and took off her headphones.

"You've done nothing Sassy." Lyra said. "I'm afraid I've said something that's affecting both of us."

Sasporilla sat up and faced her friend. "What did you say?"

"Cedric kissed me at the dueling club and I slapped him." Lyra began.

"Ya." Sasporilla nodded. "Rightly so."

"Well I told him he's not my type." Lyra turned her eyes to the floor almost ashamed.

"That's nothing to be ashamed of. So he's not your type. You have the right to your own tastes don't you?" Sasporilla said with a smile wiping away the last of the tears.

Lyra stood and walked across the room to look out one of the windows.

"Yes I do." Lyra said. "The problem is he'd made me so mad I announced to the whole dueling club that..."

"What?" Sasporilla asked.

"I'm afraid if I tell you," Lyra said hanging her head, "I'll lose you as a friend."

Sasporilla stood up and walked over to Lyra and put her small hand up on the older girl's shoulder.

"I'm your friend." Sasporilla said. "Unless you're a serial murder or death eater or something like that I can pretty much guarantee what you have to say won't effect that."

Lyra took a deep breath and turned to face Sasporilla. "I don't like any boy that way. I like girls."

Sasporilla looked at her friend for a moment processing what she'd just been told.

"Ok." Sasporilla said. "So you're a lesbian like old Ms.Potts in my village. That's cool. But what do you have to tell me that is so horrible that I'd stop being your friend?"

Lyra looked at her friend in disbelief. "So you don't care if I like girls?"

"Not one bit." Sassy said. "You like girls. I like boys. I'm pretty sure Professor Sprout prefers Vegetables."

The 2 girls laughed and hugged.

"I'm afraid that people are judging you now by what I am because we're room mates and friends." Lyra said.

"That explains the whispers and stares." Sasporilla said. "Right then."

Sassy took Lyra by the hand and lead her out of the bedroom, down the stairs and into the common room. Everyone went silent and stared at them.

"Right then you lot," Sasporilla said forcefully, "This my friend Lyra. She likes girls the same way I like boys. She's my friend and that's never gonna change. You can sit there thinking what ever you want like a bunch of judgmental prigs but I'm telling you now, treat her any different then you want to be treated and you'll answer to me. Got it?"

The room nodded and murmured there forced agreement.

"I'm lucky to have a friend like Sasporilla Bucket." Lyra said putting her arm around her. "She's 11 and more accepting and forgiving then most of you in your 7th year. You'd a be lucky to have a friend like her."

"So you're not a couple?" Cedric asked.

"No." Each of them insisted. "She's just my friend."

"Look." Lyra said. "It's because of this kind of reaction I never said anything to anyone. I know there are probably some of you here that are in the same boat. I just hope you have someone to accept you as a friend when your truth comes out."

Some faces were angry, some ashamed. Some struggled with there own truths. No matter in Sasporillas mind she was as proud of her anarchistic wild child friend who cared about nothing in this world but losing her friendship.

"I do believe its dinner time." Sasporilla said walking towards the common room entrance. "Tagging?"

"Ya." Lyra said. "I'm starving."

The girls walked out of the room proudly amidst the quiet Hufflepuffs who sat there dumfounded.



## Chapter 9

Sasporilla stood at the side of the black lake looking at the water for the second hour in a row. Drooble sat back on an old log and smoked his pipe seemingly very happy and comfortable. Sassy on the other hand was getting cold and tired.

"Drooble sir." Sasporilla said. "Is something suppose to happen with me just looking at the water? Is this all there is? Isn't there something more?"

"Yes much more." Drooble said. "But Drooble will not teach until the student asks to learn."

"I'm asking to learn." Sasporilla said trying to hide her exasperation.

"Good!" Drooble said placing his pipe down and walking to her side. "Drooble knows you see, hear, & feel the living water. Drooble knows that you can call it through your sense of calm. Did Miss Sasporilla know that you are as much part of the water as it is part of you?"

"What?" Sasporilla asked confused.

"The water is part of nature." Drooble said. "Part of life. All things flow from nature and back to nature."

"I'm not sure I understand." Sasporilla said a bit perplexed.

"Miss Sasporilla, Drooble, Miss Daisy, the students, the animals in the dark forest are all partly made from water." Drooble insisted.

"Oh!" Sasporilla said. "You mean like we're all 70% water in our bodies you mean."

"Yes!" Drooble clapped.

Sasporilla looked at hand. She'd never given much thought to that fact. She'd read it somewhere. Probably in a book or magazine while waiting on mum at Flourish and Blots.

"Now", said, "can Miss Sasporilla tell Drooble the difference between her water the water of the Black Lake?"



Sasporilla looked at her hand and at the lake.

"My waters here and the lake waters there?" Sasporilla guessed.

"What if Sasporilla was in the lake?" Drooble asked.

"Well my waters part of me." Sasporilla began. "And the lake water is the lake."

"But if you are in the lake are you not part of it?" Drooble smiled.

Sasporilla thought about it for a moment. "So you're saying that I am as much a part of the water as the water is of me?"

"Yes!" Drooble laughed. "You are both different but the same. Like sisters joined by blood but different people. Joined by the magical fabric of nature as sisters are by family."

Sasporilla's head was swimming with the concept. Her sister the lake. She'd always wanted a sister.

"Hi ya sis." Sassy waved at the lake.

A hand made of water waved back at her. Sasporilla stood and looked at it in disbelief. "The lake just waved at me."

"Well it would have been rude not to." Drooble said very matter of factly. "After all.."

"I'm a part of it as it is a part of me." Sasporilla said.

Never before had the connection of water within her been so clearly connected to the water around her. She saw and felt the essence of her water in the fabric of nature and how it flowed and sat firm within her. She saw the magic strands that both bound and flowed through her water. She saw how it was the same for the waters of the black lake and how the fabric of nature flowed between them and bound them together. Sasporilla looked around. She saw the water in the air, in the plants, in the animals and how they were all one.

Sasporilla melted into a puddle of water and soaked into the cold beach soil.

"Miss Sasporilla!" Drooble yelled. "Oh, oh. Droobles bad. Droobles killed Miss Sasporilla!"

The water of the Black Lake rose and splashed. Sasporilla's form leaped from the water but was water. She had assumed the form of the black lake and it assumed the shape of her. Drooble jumped and hollered excited on the shore. Once Sasporilla understood, she took to it like it was second nature.

Sasporilla found herself as the currents, washing in and out of the burrows and caves under the Black Lake. Passing unseen through the secretive kingdom of the merfolk. Sneaking up on and tickling the giant squid who jumped clean out of the water and landed with a huge splash.

Drooble stood on the shore for nearly an hour with no more sign of the young witch. He began to worry.

"Miss Sasporilla?" Drooble said. "Miss Sasporilla!"

Sassy floated weightless and calm. Fish tickled at her toes as under water plants caressed her skin. Then she heard Drooble's voice calling to her, but all so distant.

"Please Miss Sasporilla!" Drooble pleaded. "Don't lose yourself in the water. You are one but you are separate."

'Yes.' Sasporilla thought. 'She was Sasporilla Imaginarium Bucket. Daughter of Ridonkulous and Wysteria Bucket. A witch. A human. Flesh and blood. She found she now had now air to breath. Her form was sinking. The water surrounded her and crushed her down. She was drowning. Sasporilla let out a deep growl as the water filled her mouth.

Drooble jumped up and down nervously looking up and down the Black Lake for any sign of movement. If Miss Sasporilla was hurt or worse Miss Daisy would see to it he ended up the same way. Oh yes.

A long Black tentacle unrolled from beneath the surface of the lake slithered onto shore carrying an unconscious Sasporilla Bucket and dumped her on the shoreline.

"Oh Drooble has killed Miss Sasporilla." Drooble cried.

"Wha's goin' on?" Hagrid roared running up to him.

"Miss Sasporilla was water and now." Drooble wept.

Hagrid picked up the unconscious girl and started running towards the castle. "Drooble man yer not makin' sense."

\*\*\*\*\*

Sassy woke up in the infirmary somewhere around half past two in the morning. She sat up in bed and switched on the light. Madam Pomfrey stirred in her bed and looked over. With a gasp the infirmary matron jumped to her feet and rushed over.

"How are you feeling?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

"Fine." Sasporilla croaked out of a very horse and sore throat.

"Do you know your name?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

"Sasporilla Bucket." The young witch answered taking a sip of water and choking on it.

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Ummm last I remember it was Saturday." Sasporilla wondered just how long she'd been here.

"Good." Madam Pomfrey said. "Now snuggle back into bed. You need your rest."

Sassy wanted to ask questions but she was tired. Perhaps it was physical exhaustion of whatever had happened. Perhaps she'd been given a sleeping draft. Which ever the reason Sasporilla took Madam Pomfreys advice, snuggled in, and drifted off to sleep. Adrift, weightless in a sea of blackness. The freedom. The struggle. The pain. The voice on the shore screaming her name.

"Sasporilla!"

Sasporilla woke with a start and sat straight up in bed. Professor Dumbledore, Professor Sprout and Drooble stood at the foot of the bed. Gooseberry sat on her night stand smiling at her.

"I remember." Sasporilla said. "I remember what happened."

"Good." Professor Dumbledore said. "Then I trust it will never happen again."

"What were you thinking girl?" Professor Sprout asked. "Swimming in the Black Lake at this time of year!"

"It's Droobles fault." Drooble said. "Please don't blame Miss Sasporilla."

"No Drooble." Sasporilla said. "It is my fault. I forgot my very first lesson and almost lost myself in the water."

"Well then." Professor Dumbledore smiled looking over his glasses at Sasporilla. "You must always remember that getting lost in strange and new waters is very easy indeed. One must be mindful of where one is and where one is going. Most of all never forget who you are."

"Right." Madam Pomfrey said. "Clean bill of health. Off you get to breakfast and class dear. It's Tuesday morning and if you don't get a move on, you'll be late."

Gooseberry leapt onto a pile of Sasporillas uniform and robes left on a chair beside the bed. She picked up a small corner of cloth to encourage Sassy to get dressed.



## Chapter 10

Sasporilla sat at the breakfast table sharing on a rather delicious piece of melon with her monkey Gooseberry. Wednesdays Schedule saw a Sudden and abrupt change. Sasporillas usual helping with the grounds had been canceled and she was ordered to the side of the Black Lake for 9 am, and it asked that she bring her friend Lyra Lee-Ashwolf with her if she so wished.

"Sassy!" Lyra yelled jumping down in the seat beside her. "Good to see ya up n' around."

"Thanks." Sasporilla smiled.

"Whatcha got there?" Lyra said snatching the paper. "Ah your slave schedule."

Lyra read it over and saw the big red CHANGE ALERT flashing on the paper. She read the changes which specifically asked for her as well. "What the fu...?"

"I know." Sasporilla interrupted. "It requests I bring you along to the Black Lake?"

"It's probably an extension of my detention." Lyra said standing up and crawling onto the Hufflepuff breakfast table where she stood proudly and faced the head table. "Not satisfied with detaining me behind bars every afternoon any more? Now you want me to work hard labour like some kind road crew in a southern prison? Well I am no ones slave!"

"This is going to be good." A gryphindor laughed.

"I hope she gets her kit off again." Another said.

"Miss Lee-Ashwolf." Professor Snape snapped. "Sit down!"

"Not as long as injustice reigns in the hierarchy of our enslaving overlords."

"Lyra." Headmaster Dumbledore said appearing beside the breakfast table. "Please allow me to explain. You are not required to attend. You've been asked to accompany your friend in her task if you wish to. It is your choice I assure you."

Lyra looked dumfounded. "Well then. Ok."

Lyra jumped off the table and sat down beside her friend. "What's the gig?"

"The gig?" Professor Dumbledore asked.

"I think she's asking what you require us to do headmaster?" Sasporilla said.

"Ah yes." The headmaster said quietly. "Tomorrow is the 2nd challenge in the Tri-Wizard tournament. I will need volunteers to stand in places along the shore of the Black Lake to effect assistance to any one who finds themselves in danger. I felt Miss Bucket, though a first year, has skills that would be invaluable to lend assistance. As for you Miss Lee-Ashwolf you are a fifth year with every skill necessary to effectively help where needed. I just thought as it will be a long period of time, standing and waiting for hopefully nothing to happen, that perhaps Miss Bucket would like the company. But if you do not wish to accompany your friend then please feel free to do as you wish." Lyra sat there a tad embarrassed, watching the headmaster walk away.

"So?" Sasporilla asked. "Coming with me."

"Like I'd let you do the rescue rangers things without me. Last time you went to the Black Lake you fell in and nearly drowned. What a clutz bag."

Sassy tugged Lyra's hair. Lyra tossed toast at Sasporilla in response. The 2 girls sat and laughed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wednesday morning found Sasporilla and Lyra standing in icy temperatures at the side of the Black Lake, in a small crowd of volunteers and conscripts from all three schools. The Headmasters of each school stood before them.

"Welcome volunteers." Headmaster Dumbledore smiled. "We, the headmasters of your schools, have chosen you for a very important task. Each of you have exhibited remarkable qualities which makes you perfect for the task at hand."

Albus Dumbledore motioned to the other headmasters. Each of them held out a small circular metal object which flipped open like a pocket watch.

"These are rescodinators." Professor Dumbledore said. "They are linked to small metal bands that each Tri-wizard champion wears on their wrist. If a champion is truly in distress and in your area the Rescodinator will pop open and set off a red flare. Thus you would be wise not to keep the device in your pocket but hold it or place it near you where it is easily seen."

A bag with Rescodinators was passed around the crowd.

"Each of you." Madame Maxime of Beauxbatons school said. "Have a partner therefore you will only need one between the 2 of you. May I suggest the more responsible of the 2 of you hang on to it."

"That was a shot at me!" Lyra said taking a deep breath to yell something out but Sasporilla accidentally stomped on her foot.

"Oops sorry." Sasporilla said hanging onto the rescodinator.

Professor Karkaroff of Durmstrang went next. "You will each be assigned a place on or around the Black Lake. If trouble arises and the Rescodinator goes off do your best to rescue the champion. As the dangers of the Black Lake are very real we ask you use caution. Understand that you will not be alone as you have your partner and a team of Professors will be coming to your aid within a minute."

With a wave of Dumbledores wand a large green magical outlined map of the Black Lake appeared before him. Different coloured markers showed where each group would go and below was a list of names in corresponding colours. Sasporilla and Lyra were designated for the pink marker set halfway up the lake on the shore between the castle and the station at Hogsmead. The map turned horizontally in the air and stretched out until it was a colourful one to one scale outline of the lake, placing all teams at their designated locations.

Sasporilla and Lyra looked around at the thick trees that surrounded the shoreline clearing they stood in. A couple of old logs sat beside a stone fire pit.

"Get some twigs." Lyra said. "No sense in sitting here freezing while we do this."

Sasporilla collected some sticks and twigs. Lyra placed them in the stone circle.

"Got my merit badge in campfire building in the girl scouts." Lyra smiled proudly as she pointed her wand at the teepee shaped pile of wood. "Inflamari!"

The wood burst into flame and before long they were sitting around a snug little camp fire.

"Wait." Sasporilla said. "You were a girl scout?"

"Ya." Lyra smiled. "I was in it for the cookies."

Sassy put the rescodinator on the log beside her where she could keep an eye on it.

Lyra handed Sassy a stick with a marshmallow on it. Sassy saw a small bag of them on the log next to her friend. "Where did you get these?" Sassy asked amused at her friends never ending antics.

"I always carry a bag of marshmallows." Lyra smiled "They're my one indulgence."

"What do you do with them like this?" Sasporilla asked.

"You're kidding right?" Lyra said completely amazed.

"No." Sassy shook her head now feeling a bit dumb.

"Ok", Lyra said coming over to sit next to her friend. "You hold out your stick like this and put your marshmallow barely into the flame."

Sasporilla followed along doing everything Lyra did.

"Now you turn it a bit then when it starts to look melty but before it burns we pull it out. Blow on it and pop it in your mouth." Lyra said.

Sassys eyes widened. It was sweet and gooey but it was like a hot ball of molten lava in her mouth. Sasporilla started waving her hand in front of her open mouth trying unsuccessfully to say 'hot'.

"Ya they can be a bit warm." Lyra laughed.

The sound of Albus Dumbledores voice echoed across the waters of the Black Lake followed by the loud BANG of a canon.

"Sounds like its on." Lyra said.

"Yes." Sassy said. "I wonder what they have to do?"

"Probably have to take a pearl from the giant squid or something like that." Lyra mused.

"Wow." Sasporilla cringed. "Francis wouldn't like that."

"Francis?" Lyra asked. "The giant squids name is Francis."

"Well it's the name we all finally agreed to." Sasporilla chuckled. "He's partial to it."

"Fair enough." Lyra said.

The pair sat in silence for a minute enjoying the gentle lapping of the lake on the shore and the warmth of the fire.

"So." Sasporilla broke the silence. "Are you leaving school after your O.W.L's , or are you staying on to 7th year for your N.E.W.T's?"

"Didn't think I'd even make it to my O.W.L's." Lyra said stoking the fire. "Figured I'd be kicked out by now. I don't mind Hogwarts because I've got something here I haven't had anywhere else."

"What's that?" Sassy asked.

"A friend." Lyra said rubbing Sassys hair.

"I've never had a friend either before you." Sasporilla said rubbing her friends hair too.

"I'm debating if I want to travel for a couple years then go into social sciences in a muggle university or stay in the magical community and get my N.E.W.T's."

"I hope you stay." Sassy smiled. "But you have to follow your own path."

The rescodinator flipped open and a flare of bright red shot straight up into the air.

The girs jumped to there feet as a the rescodinator beamed live images of Fleur Delacour in distress just off shore from where they are. Grindylovs, small tentacled creatures with large mouths full of sharp teeth mobbed Fleur Delacour and dragged down into there warrens in the kelp below.

"I can stun them." Lyra said pulling her wand, "but if I do it'll stun her too. Can you pull her up if I stun the grindylovs?"

"Yes." Sasporilla said.

"Are you sure?" Lyra asked.

"Trust me." Sassy yelled.

Lyra ran to the waters edge and plunged her wand into the icy depths. "Stupefy!"

A burst of magic flowed through the water and struck the grindylovs and Fleur rendering them motionless.

Sasporilla reached her arms out the waters of the Black Lake which rose up to meet her fingertips her arms became as water and stretched down into the icy depths. Lyra looked in amazement. No wand, no incantations. Arms of water wrapped around Fleur Delacour and started drawing her to the surface. Sasporilla hung on tightly as she pulled with all her might.

"She's heavy." Sasporilla cringed walking backwards up the beach. Lyra grabbed hold of Sasporilla and added her weight to the pull until Fleur Delacour was safely ashore.

Fleur Spit out water as Sassy and Lyra sat huffing and puffing.

"Thank you." Fleur said.

Teachers began to appear from all directions. Professor Sprout, Professor Moody and Professor Snape were the response team for this area of the lake. They surrounded Fleur and checked her out.

"Are you ok girl?" Professor Sprout asked.

"Yes." Fleur said.

"What happened?" Allister Moody asked.

"Ze Grindylows grabbed me." Fleur said. "Zay were all over me and I could not... échapper."

"Miss Bucket, Miss Lee-Ashwolf", professor Snape nodded, "excellent work. 50 points for Hufflepuff."



## Chapter 11

It had been a long week of classes & working in the kitchens and laundry. Sasporilla stood by the back of Hagrids cabin looking into the Dark forest waiting on Weerlow.

"Goo' mornin' Sasporilla!" Hagrid smiled. "Wha' bings you ou' 'ere this early on a Saturday?"

"I'm waiting on Mr. Weerlow." Sasporilla smiled.

"Weerlow?" Hagrid boomed. "Weerlow the hermit? The mad elf o' the dark forest?"

"I wouldn't quite say that." Sasporilla said. "He's been asked to show me the ways of nature."

"Not sure its so safe fer ya though." Hagrid said concerned.

"I'll be fine." Sasporilla smiled.

Vines stretched out from the dark forest and wrapped around Sasporillas waist pulling her through the trees.

"Sasporilla!" Hagrid yelled as the young witch disappeared deep into the dark forest.

Sassy bounced off trees and rocks. Grass whipped at her skin as ground spun around her like waves of waters forming tubes. She was thrown from limb to limb like a quaffle in play until the vines grabbed her again and through over a large rock and out of the dark forest near where she started by Hagrids cabin. The ground rose up to catch her falling body softly and sunk back leaving her standing upright.

"Miss Sasporilla are ya ok?" Hagrid asked as a small stone flew out from between the trees and hit him between the eyes.

Weerlow stumbled out of the dark forest chuckling madly.

"Weerlow." Hagrid growled.

"Hagrid." Weerlow laughed putting his thumbs in his ears and sticking out his tongue at the grounds keeper.

"Weerlow!" Sasporilla shouted. "That is rude and uncalled for!"

"So am I!" Weerlow said walking up to his student.

"You scared the life out of me with that...." Sassy began.

"Demonstration." Weerlow insisted. "That is the power of Earth that you must learn."

Sassy wondered just how much of Weerlows meanness and madness was show and how much was real.

"You do still want to learn this way?" Weerlow asked. "If not Weerlow can go make a batch of home brew in the big kettle."

"Yes." Sasporilla said. "I do wish to learn but you have to be NICER."

"That's not part of the deal." Weerlow said.

"I wonder how Miss Daisy would feel about that." Sassy mused.

"Hmmm!" Weerlow snorted. "Fine! I'll make efforts to be nicer."

"Are ya sure y'll be ok with 'im?" Hagrid asked.

"No." Sasporilla answered honestly. "But I know he's scared of my Miss Daisy. That's a good bargaining chip to have."

Hagrid nodded and walked back inside his hut throwing open the kitchen side window. "Any problems with 'im jus' yell."

Weerlow laughed and turned his backside to the hut and bent over laughing.

"Hagrid doesn't like me much." Weerlow said standing. "Since I tried to burn his hut down."

"What?" Sasporilla asked shocked.

"It's a long story." Weerlow instead. "Now lesson one."

Weerlow turned and looked into the dark forest. He looked long and hard. "Now tell me what you see?"

Sasporilla looked at the forest as she knew what he was asking. The forest was alive like the water. She saw the strands of magic that intertwined and flowed through. She saw the trees and animals. Saw the life in it all. "I see the living forest."

"Of course you do!" Weerlow slapped Sassy in the back of the head. "You're part elf! Not some tree burning muggle! Look harder!"

Sasporilla stood and stared for the longest time. She tried to see more. Really wanted to see more.

"That's all I see." Sasporilla conceded.

"The balance! Hah!!!" Weerlow laughed. "You don't even see yourself in the forest?"

"Myself?" Sassy asked

"Like a reflection in the water, so are we in the earth." Weerlow said as the trees, rocks and soil formed into his fuzzy bearded face.

"The earth is not just Dirt!" Weerlow said picking up a handful soil. "The earth is life. It is minerals, nutrients, even water. Life in solid form. From it grows all. To it returns all. Death feeds the soil and from it begins the cycle of life again."

"Like the water," Sasporilla said. "You're saying that I am an extension of the Earth like all things that grow from it."

"Very good." Weerlow sneered. "Not so stupid after all."

Sasporilla reached out to the forest. Found the water. Saw the water. Could feel it and draw it from the life of the earth.

"No, no, no!" Weerlow yelled swatting the girl in the back of the head again. "Not just the water. So much more!!! You need to feel the difference between the earth and the water. To remove the water will kill the earth. You must see the whole of it. Again!"

Sasporilla tried and tried. Minutes turned to hours but she could not feel the Earth the same way she felt the water.

"I just can't do it." Sasporilla said dropping to the ground exhausted.

"Doesn't come as easily to some as it does others. It will take time with you but I think you'll get it... eventually. It's very important to bring the control of earth to your side." Weerlow smiled as a giant spider leapt from the bushes at him. Vines shot forward and entrapped the large arachnid and threw it back, far off over the tree tops.

"For the earth produces danger as well as beauty."



## Chapter 12

Lyra ran through the halls of Hogwarts excitedly looking for her best friend. She bounced off walls and dodged on coming students until she found Sasporilla just about to go into Defence Against the Dark Arts.

"Not today." Lyra said to Sassy pulling her in the opposite Direction.

"What's going on?" Sasporilla asked surprised.

"I found something that I just had to show you!" Lyra said spiriting her away down the hall. Three lefts and a right. Up a back set of stairs past a portrait of a woman in green then down another corridor to a solid wall.

Lyra put her hand on the solid brick and patted it proudly.

"Right here." Lyra smiled.

"Very nice." Sasporilla said sarcastically. "Best wall in the castle, but now you've made me late for class."

"You're not going to class." Lyra said as a door formed in the wall. "You're playing hooky with me."

Inside the gigantic room were piles and piles of junk thrown in over centuries and forgotten about.

"I was looking for my disc-man." Lyra said. "Snape took it off me for listening to tunes in class. So one day i'm looking up this hall and boom I find this door. I step in and there's my disc-man on a table still paused on "I fought the law and I won."

"Amazing." Sasporilla said looking around. "Imagine how much good some of these things could be to poor family in need. Rather than piled in here like a huge fire hazard."

Lyra pulled Sasporilla by the sleeve of her robes over to the side of a creepy looking black wardrobe cabinet. "You brought me here to play dress up from grand mothers old wardrobe in the attic?" Sasporilla laughed. "Honestly Lyra I'm late for class."

Lyra opened the door to the cabinet, stepped inside, waved and shut the door. Sasporilla stood there for a moment with her arms folded waiting for her friend to pop out of the cabinet but she never did. Sasporilla walked over to the cabinet exasperated with her friends shenanigans and through open the door. Lyra was not inside. Just a note reading "Sassy, step in and shut the door."

\*\*\*\*\*

Alister Moody stood at the front of the Defence against the dark arts class writing the word 'Curses' on the chalk board. His eye twitched and swiveled. He turned to face the class and looked at the empty spot at the desk 1 over and 2 rows down.

"Where's the Bucket girl." Mad-eye Moody asked gruffly. "Don't tell me she nearly drowned again?"

"No sir." Yeroslaw Joriganson said. "She was in line coming to class but I saw Lyra whisk her away."

"Ashwolf." Professor Moody growled.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sasporilla stepped inside and closed the door. She heard the light tinkle of a bell. She waited but nothing happened. She opened the door prepared to go back late for class. Whatever game this was Lyra was playing Sassy was not amused.

As she stepped out and shut the door she realised she was no longer in the room full of old things but rather someone's front hallway. The hall smelled dusty and dank. An old house elf carried a small tray of tea and cakes into a room off the hall. Sasporilla looked in. There sat Lyra in a big old stuffed chair across from a very old man. Who looked up at Sasporilla.

"Ah!" The old man said. "Is that your friend now dear?"

Lyra turned and saw Sassy. She jumped to her feet and ran across to give her a hug. "Just go along with what I say." Lyra whispered.

"Yes this is my friend Jenny." Lyra said. "We are just popping out to see a film then we'll be back in time for tea grandfather."

"Very good." The old man said having a sip of tea. "You girls have fun."

Lyra pulled Sasporilla down the hall and out the front door. Sassy had to take it in a moment, but they were standing in London!

"How is this possible?" Sasporilla asked.

"Best as I can figure out that is a pair of vanishing cabinets that are coupled together." Lyra laughed. "And we know where they are. We can get away into the city when ever we want and no one will ever know it!"

"It's lucky your grandfather has the other one." Sasporilla smiled.

"Oh he's not my grandfather." Lyra laughed. "Just some lonely dottering old coot who thinks I'm his grandkid."

"Lyra really!?" Sasporilla exclaimed. "That's despicable!"

"Na it's ok." Lyra said. "He's old and lonely and I pop in and have tea with him and talk. In trade I use his cabinet. Its win win. Come on!"

Lyra took Sassy by the hand and the pair ran off down the street. Turning a corner Sasporilla realised they were in a very posh shopping district. Lyra reached into her bag and pulled out a small plastic card. "Feel like doing some shopping?"

The girls tried on outfits and fancy dresses, jewellery and tiaras all afternoon but bought nothing. Lyra saw that Sassy felt very out of place in designer shops and boutiques. The pair headed into Marks and Spencer's where they looked around at fashions Sasporilla was more accustomed to.

In the lobby was another cabinet with a curtain for a door.

"Oh ya!" Lyra yelled and pulled her friend inside.

"What is this?" Sasporilla asked looking around.

"It's a photo booth." Lyra said. "Look straight ahead."

A blast of light flashed in their faces.

"Ouch what was that?" Sasporilla asked rubbing her eyes.

"Just the flash Sassy." Lyra laughed. "Make a funny face."

Sasporilla's expression was meant to be one of displeasure and disbelief but apparently it was just what Lyra was looking for as the next flash went off. "Perfect."

Lyra crossed her eyes and stuck out her tongue. Sasporilla burst into laughter.

The pictures took a moment to develop but eventually slid out. Lyra ripped them in half 2 for her and 2 for Sasporilla. A commemorative souvenir of their day away from Hogwarts.

When they returned to the house with the vanishing cabinet all was quiet except for the sound of an old victrola playing in the living room.

"Grandfather?" Lyra called.

There was no answer. The girls walked down the hall to the living room where the old man usually sat. He was slumped down in his chair. His faithful old house elf beside him curled up on the automaton. Lyra went in to say goodnight but as she gently kissed the old man on the cheek she realised he was cold. She felt his pulse and that of the house elf.

"They've passed on." Lyra said a little saddened.

Lyra rang 999 anonymously from the home phone and the 2 girls used the vanishing cabinet to get back to Hogwarts.

\*\*\*\*\*

As the girls silently left the room and walked down the hall two big hands grabbed them by the shoulders and spun them around.

"Where have you been?" Mad-eye Moody questioned them aggressively.

"No where." Lyra lied. "We've been here the whole time."

"Don't lie to me girl." Professor Moody growled harshly shaking her by the arm.

"Hey hands off Mongo." Lyra yelled. "You're hurting me."

Moody let the girl go but turned and looked Sasporilla in the eye. His tongue shot in and out of his mouth like a snake. He often did this when angry or excited.

"What do you have to say Miss Bucket?"

Lyra shook her head at her, begging her friend not to crack.

"I'm sorry sir." Sasporilla said walking back to the wall where the door appeared. "We were in there."

Mad-eye looked at the wall for a second and chuckled. The door to the room appeared. Mad-eye opened it and saw the room piled high with things.

"The room of requirement." Mad-eye said. "You were looking for something?"

"My disc-man" Lyra said holding it up.

"Muggle tat." Mad-eye humphed. "I don't care about it, who took it from you or if you take it back. But I don't want you girls coming back to this room again."

"Yes sir." Sasporilla said.

Mad-eye's face started to sag. Lyra noticed it first. His eye strap grew loose.

"Sir?" Sasporilla asked. "What's wrong with your face?"

Mad-eye felt at his face. He could feel it shifting and changing. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his small metal flask. He popped the top and took a swig. It always made him shiver as the funky elixir ran down his throat.

Lyra pulled Sasporilla behind her and drew her wand. "Who are you?"

Mad-eye Moody looked at the girls and sneered with hate. "I'm professor Moody of course."

"I don't believe you." Lyra said raising her wand. "I know the effects of polyjuice potion when I see it."

Moody raised his staff and slammed it on the hall floor yelling 'OBLIVIATE.'

Both girls fell to the floor unconscious. When they awoke they were in their beds. Each had the pictures from the photo booth with no memory of having them taken.

\*\*\*\*\*



Daily Prophet March 3, 1995

Founder of the Daily Prophet Robert Galbraith Dies at 106.

Robert Galbraith, founder of The Daily Prophet passed quietly in his home of natural causes yesterday. He left his vast fortune to his granddaughter Joanne who was the only one who ever visited him.

---



## Chapter 13

Sasporilla enjoyed her lessons with Drooble. He was positive, encouraging and kind. She always learned so much. Her lessons with Weerlow on the other hand were always most unpleasant. This weekend both Drooble and Weerlow wanted to see her by the side of the Black Lake.

Sasporilla walked down to the shoreline there she saw Drooble sitting on a rock smoking his pipe and Weerlow dancing to some tune only he could hear.

"Ah here she is now." Drooble said.

"Good morning Drooble sir." Sasporilla smiled. "Mr. Weerlow."

"Good lets get this over with." Weerlow snuffed.

"What is it you both have to teach me?" Sasporilla asked.

"What is this difference between water and earth?" Weerlow asked.

"Waters soft. Earth is hard." Sasporilla said defiantly.

"Ah!" Drooble said. "Yes! This is the problem!"

Sasporilla looked at them still not understanding.

"Water is soft when you enter slowly." Drooble said. "It is soft when it flows gently. When you hit the water fast the water turns as stone. When it hits fast it crushes and destroys.

"Earth", Weerlow said, "moves and flows like water. It can be as fluid. It can be solid. It can be comforting home and harsh desolation."

"Yes I do understand." Sasporilla said.

"Your mind thinks it knows but you do not feel it." Weerlow said snapping his fingers.

Sasporilla nearly lost her balance as a wave passed through the soil. A low vibration caused the earth to turn as water. The young witch began to sink and clawed at the dirt that was like water. Water shot up into the air landing on her hard as stone. The earth hardened around her as the water trickled into her gaping mouth choking her. Sasporilla fought with all her might clawing her way through the earth to the surface. She pulled herself free of the earths grasp. She rolled over on her back coughing and spitting up water and earth. She laid on the shore, half in the water and half on the Earth. She felt the low lapping waves of water. No. It was a wave in the earth. No. It was both. They each flowed in there own way, the same, but different.

Sasporilla lay there feeling the Earth as she felt the water. Fluid, solid, alive with life. The earth broken down to its finest parts existed within her. She was as the Earth crumbling into the soil. Her body was the land, her limbs the plants, the life the animals. She moved amongst them as they moved above her. To be as wood, creaking in the breeze. To be as stone hard and unmoving. To be a deer leaping through the bushes but she would not lose herself this time. She reappeared on the shore standing before a very pleased Drooble and an amazed Weerlow.

"Well by joe I think shes got it," Weerlow said.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" Drooble danced. "Miss Sasporilla understands!"

"I see the difference and the similarities of the water and the Earth." Sasporilla said.

"Yes." Weerlow said. "Now lets teach you to use them."

## Chapter 14

The morning owls brought letters from far and away to Hogwarts students. It was something everyone looked forward to. A chance to bring a bit of their missed love ones to them at school. That week saw many letters go back and forth.

My Dearest Sassy;

I've received your half year report card and am very happy to see you've gotten good grades. I know I've said it a thousand times my little girl but I am so proud of you.

I got a note from Professor Dumbledore on your actions that saved the girl in the lake. You are my hero.

I've cut back my hours at the shop. People treat me a bit differently after the Daily Prophet articles. They're seem more tolerant of me.

I wanted to ask you a question. As you know your father left us quite a hefty sum from his insurance and I'm collecting a widows pension from the aurers. We have enough money to get our own house if we wish it. I hoped we could be still be happy in Avonshire but there are so many bad memories and so many toxic people here. What do you think of us looking for a house somewhere away from here?

I hope all is going well.

Mum

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Mum;

I think buying our own house would be amazing! I don't much like Avonshire, even though its been home, I don't much care for the Bombaducks and their intolerant iron grip on the town. To have our own home maybe with a small garden and a bedroom for both you and Miss Daisy, as well as one for me I guess, has always been a dream of mine. I know you'll make an excellent choice and leave it in your hands.

I love you and miss you mum.

Love

Sasporilla

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Lyra

As expected your doing average in your classes. Your teachers comments are all to familiar. 'Needs to work harder. Has a bad attitude. Counseling recommended.' Your mother and I are disappointed and ashamed by your rebellious nature and pray it is just a phase. We've sent your allowance in wizard money as usual. It's very expensive to convert to their currency. In many ways you aren't worth the effort.

Your Father

James Ashwolf

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Mom and Dad

Thanks for the cash and the kind words. Hope moms rehab is going well and hope that current case of insider trading doesn't find you jail by summer vacation. How is moms boy toy and your 3 mistresses?

Life is pretty good here and I'm considering staying in school 2 more years just to cost you the tuition.

Understand that once I leave school and establish myself in whatever I choose to do, you'll never have to worry about me embarrassing you again because I'm as disappointed and embarrassed of you as you are of me.

Go to hell.

Love Lyra Lee-Ashwolf

like it or not.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sasporilla;

Myron Wagtail, your friend here. Just wanted touch base with you and see how things are going? I am writing some new songs and working on a couple of other projects. As much as they are like family to me sometimes I need a break from the other members of the band. They have a different world view from mine. They all have dark leanings where as I don't.

I may have a surprise for you coming up soon but it will depend on your mum. I have been in contact with her. She's a nice lady and I hope you feel lucky to have her as your mum.

I've heard your grades are good and your friend Lyra sounds pretty out of this world. People like her can bring great adventure into your life and they can bring just as much trouble. I know you have good sense and strong morals. Follow your heart and you'll always be fine.

Be a good girl and I hope you write soon;

Myron Wagtail

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Myron;

Hi it's Sasporilla. Yes things are good at school. I'm happy to hear your writing new songs. Your music always takes me away to a special place.

I learned something kind of strange and not quite sure how to tell you. I am part house elf. My great grand father on the Bucket side was actually the Head of the Bucket House elves. Because of this i'm secretly being trained in the ways of elf magic by elves. I know that in our society people look down upon house elves but I am trusting you are not one of those who do. As to do so would mean you look down on me. I know that as my friend we've both seen something special in each other and I trust you enough to tell you this.

I can't wait for the summer to get home and pick up mums guitar again. I love playing but I don't have one of my own. I'll get one someday soon when I earn a bit of money of my own.

I have some home work to finish so I'll end my letter here.

With love your friend;

Sasporilla

\*\*\*\*\*

Dearest Sasporilla;

I am pleased with the progress you've made. Both Drooble and Weerlow have glowing praises for your efforts and success. Soon I will come to teach you about the air. Once you know this you'll be ready for fire.

Going with your mother to look at houses this morning. I will of course move my home to be with yours. We are family and nothing can pull us apart. Your mother is looking in both magical and muggle communities. I feel she'd be happiest in a muggle area away from the snobbery of wizards.

Big hugs muffin

Miss Daisy.

\*\*\*\*\*

My dearest Lyra;

I don't know what you said to your father this time that is making him talk of writing you out of the will and cutting off your trust fund but whatever you said I applaud you. I've dropped a little extra in the girls only account. Just in case.

I'm back from my 28 day sabbatical and am so happy to see your father hasn't dismantled mommies bar. It's almost happy hour. I threw some fun money in so have some fun pumpkin.

Mommy

\*\*\*\*\*

The final letter of the week came with a package. 4 owls carried the rather heavy box into the great hall as breakfast was almost over. They dropped it right across Sasporilla and Lyras breakfast splashing oatmeal and eggs in all directions. The girls sat there covered from head to toe in food. When they looked at each other they couldn't help but laugh.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sasporilla;

I didn't know you played guitar! The secret to getting better at it is practising every day. I know that's hard when you're stuck playing your mums guitar and it's in Essex. So I thought I would send you a guitar that you can keep for your very own.

Your friend

Myron Wagtail

\*\*\*\*\*

Inside the heavy wooden crate was Glibtone 4001. Its rounded corners and long neck were classic rock n' roll in the wizarding world. Though usually in Black or Red Myron had this ones body custom made in the same colour pink as Sassy's hair.

Sasporilla pulled the guitar from its box. She flicked on the switch and the small silver cone in the body started to vibrate. She struck a high 'C' chord and nearly blew the windows out of the hall. Glasses burst along the table spraying students in Pumpkin juice.

"Sorry." Sasporilla cringed.

Lyra burst into laughter falling backwards off her chair.



## Chapter 15

Sasporilla was becoming accustomed to the long days of classes combined with her work in the kitchens and laundry. She used her time to constructively practice working with water while getting her chores done. Working on the grounds with Hagrid and Professor Sprout was getting easier as out on the grounds she could practice her powers of Earth while in turn getting the odd jobs done they had tasked her to do. The weekends were taken up training with Drooble and Weerlow. She was really getting the hand of Earth and Water. So much so that they could no longer surprise her with any attack. She felt it coming and could turn it on them before they had the chance to get her.

It had been a long winter and Sasporilla was ready for the Easter Break. Lyra was going to her parents beach house in Spain. Sasporilla's mum only said she had a surprise for her.

Sassy stood on the platform in Hogsmead, 25 minutes past when the Express left headed back to King's Cross, leaning against the new travel bag her mum had sent her, with Gooseberry's house stacked on top. She picked at the guitar that hung from its strap on her shoulder. Gooseberry danced along to 'Do the Hippogryph' which was really the only song she knew well.

A long purple car pulled up along side the train platform and adjusted its height so its doors sat level with it. A driver jumped out and ran alongside opening its back door for Sasporilla. The man looked familiar to her. Tall and thin with a pale complexion and long greasy black hair tied back under his driver's cap. Inside sat her mum and Miss Daisy who waved excitedly.

"Look they sent a big fancy car and all." Wysteria said. Sasporilla went to pick up her bags but the driver intercepted her.

"No worries miss." The driver smiled. "I'll take care of your bags. You just get in and enjoy the ride."

"Thank you sir." Sasporilla smiled and climbed into the back of the car.

The inside was huge. There was more room inside the car than some muggle busses she'd been on. Gooseberry found a bowl of fresh fruit and made a bee line for the peach on top.

Wysteria grabbed her little girl and gave her the biggest I miss you hug that seemed to go on for moments to long. Quite frankly Sasporilla would never get enough of her mums hugs so she just enjoyed it while it lasted. The car began to drive away up and off the tracks and into the sky.

"So is anyone going to tell me where we're going on this SPECIAL super secret Trip?" Sasporilla asked.

"Nope." Wysteria and Miss Daisy said in unison then burst into laughter like school girls.

The drive was long and peaceful. Sasporilla fell asleep in a sunny spot as the car flew above the clouds. Sassy dreamed of a boy who watched her from afar. The boy was scared, sad and angry yet showed no emotion other than a slight snarl on his left upper lip. Sasporilla tried to reach him but the boy was always to far away. Perhaps if he knew that just one person cared about him it would make the difference in his life. The dream became frantic and disjointed. The boy would turn corners. A man would be waiting for her as she followed. Evil laughter, explosions, dirty water, wands spewing green death.

Sasporilla jolted awake as the car touched down on an old country road.

"I'm sorry Sassy dear." Wysteria said. "I didn't mean to startle you. Just wanted to wake you to say we're here."

The car turned up a long dirt driveway and drove through a long grove of trees. Sasporilla rolled down her window and breathed in the clear fresh farm air. As they broke through the trees She saw a man standing on the white porch of a large red farm house. He waved as the car pulled up.

"Myron!" Sasporilla yelled.

"Hello!" Myron Wagtail said heading towards the car.

The wheels barely came to a stop when Sasporilla threw open the door and jumped out, running up and hugging her friend tightly.

"Thanks for the guitar." Sasporilla beamed up at him. "I love it!"

"Did you bring it with you?" Myron asked.

"Yes its in the boot." Sassy said.

"Ah brilliant" Myron said excitedly. "After you all get settled in we'll get together and you can play me something."

"All right!" Sassy said breaking off and running to the back of the car to get her guitar. The driver looked at her, smiled and handed her the guitar. One of the strings had snapped.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sasporilla had her own room in the farm house. It was done up in whites, pinks and purples and was officially named on the door "The Sasporilla Bucket Suite."

She took no time putting her things in the cupboard and side board. After all she'd only packed for the week. Wasting no time she grabbed her guitar and a pack of extra strings. Gooseberry took her place on Sassy's shoulder and they ran down stairs as fast as feet could carry them.

"Oy!" Wysteria yelled after her heavy footed daughter. "Slow it down! You sound like herd of water buffalo running wild you little animal!"

"Ah the excitement of youth." Miss Daisy said setting up her rocking chair outside her house.

"Truth be told." Wysteria said. "I'm pretty excited too."

\*\*\*\*\*

Myron Wagtail showed Sasporilla how to change out strings on her guitar. It was easy as 1, 2, 3... um 4 & 5... ok 6 too. Well he was a singer after all and the band hand techs and rodie's to deal with that stuff. They sat on very comfortable out door chairs on the front porch.

"There." Myron said handing Sasporilla the guitar. "Now that that's settled how about a song?"

"OK." Sasporilla said closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. The first few notes were harsh klinkers indeed. "I'm nervous."

"Why?" Myron asked. "It's just me."

Sassy started playing "Dance like a Hippogryph." Myron jumped to his feet danced and sang along. It was just like at the concert but better because now she was the guitarist.

Wysteria and Daisy carried a plate of cookies and a pitcher of Lemonade. When the song was over Daisy and Wysteria applauded and cheered. Myron did his trademark stage bow and returned to his chair.

"We put together a small snack for before tea." Wysteria smiled and sat down beside her daughter.

"So don't fill up." Miss Daisy wagged her old bony finger at the youngsters. Wysteria grabbed 2 Ginger snaps from the plate. "That means you too!"

Gooseberry jumped up onto to table, grabbed a ginger snap and started munching.

"Gooseberry loves ginger bread." Sassy said. Gooseberry smiled and took another bite.

Glasses poured and lemonade sipped all sat back and enjoyed the cool spring afternoon.

"Ladies", Myron said concerned. "Please tell me you're not cooking. This is a vacation!"

"No, no." Miss Daisy said. "Your kitchen elves Nurnie and Greeble made it very clear that we were not to assist."

Sassy laughed at the thought of her mom and Miss Daisy not being allowed to cook.

"So were you surprised?" Myron asked. "Your mom and I have been in contact for a bit working this week out. You know, my schedule, hers and yours."

"I was so surprised!" Sasporilla said looking around. "I can't believe all this is yours."

"I'm renting for now." Myron said. "I have to the end of August to decide if I want to buy. I like it out here away from the city."

"Yes it's very peaceful." Wysteria said.

"Any luck in the house hunt?" Myron asked.

"Nothing yet." Wysteria smiled. "I'm holding out for the perfect spot."

"Good for you." Myron said. "Never settle. Hold out for the right thing and you'll never be disappointed."

\*\*\*\*\*

Dinners, long walks in serene pastures, interacting with some the whittiest cows Sasporilla had ever met made for the perfect Easter vacation. She found her self in the east pasture trying some of the chords and picking techniques Myron had shown her.

Sasporilla yawned. Nights here were quiet and peaceful but her dreams were not. Nightmares had plagued her slumber since the day she arrived. Last night she hadn't even wanted to go to sleep and just tried to stay awake. Of course not being used to late nights she dozed after eleven. Trapped in a tumultuous world of disturbing imagery.

"May I join you dear?" Miss Daisy asked popping out of nowhere.

"You never have to ask Miss Daisy." Sasporilla said patting the grass. "You're always most welcome with me."

Miss Daisy kissed the young witch on the cheek. Such genuinely sweet loving child.

Miss Daisy pulled a small tea towel from her hand bag and placed it down on the grass beside Sasporilla and sat down. They sat and looked out across the pasture at the clear blue sky.

"I thought that perhaps today, in this perfect spot, at this perfect time, would be the perfect place to teach you about the Air." Miss Daisy smiled.

"Sounds perfect." Sasporilla laughed.

They sat in silence as the wind gently washed over and around them, caressing their skin, and making ripples in the grass.

"The air, like water, like earth, is very much alive." Miss Daisy said quietly. "It can be as soft as a babies kiss, as hard as a brick wall, as strong as a team of dragons!"

"I've tried to feel the air like I do water and earth but its just beyond me." Sassy said a bit ashamed.

"That is because you don't know how to feel it or what to feel it with." Miss Daisy said placing her hand gently on Sasporillas. "You can feel water from your insides out. You can feel Earth in your nose, your muscles and skin. Air you feel in your chest, your lungs and in your palms."

Sassy took a deep breath allowing the air to circle inside her, exhaling as she looked at the palms of her hands.

Miss Daisy gently turned and waved her hand in the air. Its delicate movements spun the air gently around it. Sasporilla could see the air twist and turn its flow around her movements. Sassy started to move her own hands in this way and watched the air flow on around and past. She watched as it travelled on flowing into the distance. She saw the air in its blending temperatures and levels of flow.

"I see it." Sasporilla smiled.

Clouds began to form in the sky which grew dark as the winds picked up.

"Looks a storm is brewing." Sassy said grabbing her guitar. "We better get inside."

"No." Miss Daisy insisted.

"But the storm?" Sassy asked.

"You are the storm." Miss Daisy said. "Air is delicate, air is powerful. To put too much in, effects it a thousand fold. To be the air one must be calm unless you want to bring a storm."

Sasporilla sat back down and relaxed her mind & her muscles. The storm continued to intensify. Sassy was getting nervous.

"Calm." Miss Daisy said. "Breathe."

Sassy closed her eyes and took a deep breath. The wind howled blowing her over. She remembered being very young. Going on a walk with her mum to shops and spotting a white dandelion pulling it up and blowing at it so that it blew apart... just as her breath had made for the wind which blew her over.

Sasporilla jumped to her feet and raised her hand slowly to the sky. The winds slowed. She looked up to the clouds and with a gentle word separated them and dismissed them. The sky brightened and returned to a beautiful blue afternoon. Miss Daisy looked at her grand niece with pride as Sassy turned ever so slowly, arms out stretched and lifted into the sky. Floating like a balloon with the will to make the wind blow it where it would go. Through the grass and across the treetops. Over mountain peaks and high above the clouds to the edge of infinity.

"That's my girl." Miss Daisy said. "Now come down and let's head back."

Myron was lounging on the porch reading Dickens when Sasporilla and Miss Daisy returned to the house.

"Having fun?" Myron asked.

"Oh my yes." Sassy smiled sitting down. Gooseberry sat in a hanging planter crunching on ginger snaps.

"You'll get fat if you only eat sweets!" Sasporilla warned the monkey who pulled out a banana and stuck her tongue out at her.

"Cheeky monkey!" Sassy laughed.

"You know." Myron's eyes sparkled. "It's funny moments like this that can inspire me to write songs. You should try it."

"I haven't got the talent for that." Sasporilla blushed.

"Nonsense!" Myron insisted gathering up a bit of paper and a quill. "Bet you've never really tried?"

"Well." Sassy thought for a moment. "No, I guess I never have."

"It's easy." Myron said. "Sometimes you get a tune in your head and words form from it. Other times you got the words and the music comes from them, see?"

"Yes I understand." Sasporilla said looking at the blank paper. "What should I write about?"

"Something you're passionate about. A cause or an emotion. Love for instance! Write about how much you love that cheeky monkey of yours!"

Sassy started to string some words. "My monkey."

"That's it." Myron said. "Just write them down and try and connect them."

"I have a little monkey.... and I took him to the country where he'll only eat gingerbread." Sassy sang.

"Brilliant!" Myron cheered! "Keep going."

The process was hard but fun and made for a most enjoyable afternoon.

It was late afternoon when Heather Dejour arrived with her entourage carrying a myriad of garment and accessory cases. Myron stood up to greet her with a kiss.

"Heather." Myron smiled. "What a lovely surprise."

"I found myself with a couple of free days and thought I'd pop out for a bit of fun on the farm." Heather laughed.

"Brilliant." Myron said. "There's plenty of room for everyone. I'll show your people where to stow their gear. You don't mind doubling up with me do you sweetheart?"

"Oh I insist." Heather laughed giving him a devilish kiss.

'Get a room' Sasporilla thought as she picked out some notes. Myron showed Heathers people to their rooms while Ms.Dejour chose to stay on the porch and talk to Sasporilla.

"You must be Sassy." Heather sneered.

"Yes." Sassy said smiling putting down her guitar holding out her hand. "Sasporilla Bucket Miss Dejour." Heather slapped the girls hand aside. "Look you little twerp. I know your kind. Poor little girl with the widowed mother who tags on to a star to siphon off their money."

"No I'm..." Sasporilla tried to explain.

Heather slapped Sasporilla hard across the cheek.

"Shut it." Heather insisted and then started to mock her. "Oh I don't have a poster. Send her a box of swag. Oh I don't have a guitar. Send her an 800 galion custom Glibtone. You pathetic little whore."

Sasporilla was angry but the words hurt her so bad she burst into tears and ran into the house. Amidst the ruckus of the entourage settling in to the large farm house it didn't come to Myrons attention until dinner that something was horribly wrong.

Nurnie the house elf came out of the kitchens into the living room where Myron and Heather snuggled on the couch in front of the fire.

"Sir." Nurnie said. "Dinner is being served."

"Thanks Nurns old man." Myron said rubbing his hands together excited at the smell of roast beef. "Did we have enough for everyone?"

"Oh yes sir." Nurnie smiled. "Even if your guests had not left we are always prepared for more!"

"Left?" Myron asked. "Who left?"

"The leaches left dear." Heather said hugging her man. "I saw to it. They won't bother you again."

"What did you do?" Myron asked angrily.

"Sasporilla? Wysteria? Miss Daisy?" Myron shouted as he ran up stairs.

In Sasporillas room he found the name plaque covered over by a handkerchief and the guitar left neatly on her bed with a note attached.

Dear Myron;

I don't want you to think of me like a charity case. We aren't leeches who use people for their money and fame. We're not those kind of people. In retrospect I can't accept your gift and humbly ask you not to send it on. I just wanted to be your friend. I'll be returning home early with mum and miss Daisy.

I'm sorry to have been a burden on you.

Sasporilla Imaginarium Bucket.

\*\*\*\*\*

A small scrap of wripped up paper blew across the front yard of the farm. The tall thin man who had driven Sassy and her family to the farm walked over to it and picked it up. The scrap of paper was all that remained of Sasporillas first song.

"My Monkey by S.Bucket.

I have a little monkey

And I took him the country

Where he only eats ginger brea..."

On the back were 3 words "Bought the farm"

The thin man put it into his pocket with a dubious grin.

"Marlon." Myron Wagtale called out.

"Yes sir?" Marlon answered.

"I need your help getting Heather and her people packed up and out of here."

"But sugar plum." Heather said trying to calm her furious boy friend. "Where will we go."

"Straight to hell for all I care." Myron yelled. "Just get OUT!"





## Chapter 16

The headline story of the Daily Prophet brought a smile to Wysteria Buckets face. Though nothing had made Sasporilla smile in days.

Daily Prophet Sunday April 18, 1995

Green Dejour

Model Heather Dejour has developed a condition known as Hamilton Syndrome. The rare disease, once believed to be caused by a fairy curse, causes the skin of the afflicted witch to turn green and form small warts on the nose and face.

It had started off so well but had turned into the most deplorable of Easter Breaks.

Sasporilla finished packing the last of her freshly laundered clothes. Sassy readied Gooseberrys house for the trip and let her up onto her shoulder. She had put on her robes to save time in changing once she got back to Hogwarts. Wysteria looked at her daughter who was clearly still down over what had happened on Myron Wagtails farm.

"Sweetheart." Wysteria said walking over and hugging her daughter. "I know what was said hurts but it wasn't your friend that said it."

"I know." Sassy said pulling away inconsolable. "I'm ready to head back to school now."

Sasporilla and her mother used flue powder to travel to Kings Cross station. They passed quietly through the barrier onto platform 9 and 3/4. The Hogwarts express sat waiting as students climbed aboard. Sassy hugged her mom goodbye and stepped on board. She looked for an empty compartment, slid the door open and stepped inside. She stowed her carry bag and sat down. Gooseberry hugged Sasporillas arm and looked up at her adoringly. How the little monkey loved her person.

Sassy reached into her robe and pulled out a letter from Myron.

My dearest Sasporilla;

I am so sorry for what happened to you at the farm. I don't know exactly what was said to you but I know it was something unforgivably horrible.

I do not think of you or your mother as leeches. You are not a charity case to me I only think of you fondly as a friend. In some ways I think of you as a little sister. I didn't mean for the gift of the guitar be used against you. To belittle you or make you feel anything but happy. I'll respect your wishes and not send the guitar back to you. Know that I'll keep it for you and hope that one day you'll come for it.

I also wanted to tell you that I broke off my relationship with Heather and threw her and her bunch out of the house. I could put up with her vanity and superficial charms but I won't stand for her attacking an innocent girl. I detest that kind of toxic negativity around me which is one reason I like to get away from the lads in the band sometimes. You've seen first hand what jerks they can be.

You take care and write back when you're less mad at me. I know it's not my fault but she was my girl friend in my home and therefore an extension of me. So I am sorry.

Give my love to your mum and Miss Daisy.

Myron

The door to the compartment slid open. "There you are." Lyra said jumping in and landing on the seat beside Sasporilla. Lyra was tanned and all smiles. "Have a good Easter break kiddo?"

Sasporilla could only sit there and cry, as the Hogwarts Express pulled out of the station, on its long journey north back to school.



## Chapter 17

It was nearly a month before Sasporilla started feeling more like her old self. She still hadn't written back to Myron Wagtail but intended to do so.

It was an early Monday morning in the kitchens. Sasporilla was still yawning when she walked in.

"Miss Sasporilla." Drooble smiled. "Good, good, good! I was thinking today we could start the final area of your teachings yes!"

"Sure." Sasporilla yawned.

Drooble took Sasporilla by the hand and over to the hearth where a low fire burned.

"This is fire." Drooble said.

"Um yah!" Sasporilla said. "I've seen fire before."

"Oh yes." Drooble said. "We all have but do you know fire?"

Sasporilla looked at it crackling and burning the wood in the hearth. "I know it makes light and warmth. I know it burns."

"Yes!" Drooble laughed triumphantly. "It burns. It eats! Always hungry it eats what it licks as it feeds on the air!"

"It feeds on air?" Sasporilla asked.

"Yes!" Drooble said. "Without air fire can not burn."

Sasporilla pulled the air from the hearth. The fire sputtered and died.

"Yes!" Drooble cried. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Air feeds fire. No air smothers fire. Earth smothers fire. Things from earth feed fire. Water smothers fire. Fire turns water to air!"

"It's a giant circle." Sasporilla said. "Everything in nature connects to everything else in some way."

"Do you know why we chose to teach you fire last?" Drooble.

Sasporilla wondered this too. Why wait until the end to learn fire? A small fly flew onto the blackened wood in the hearth and burst into flame. This small spark rekindled the flame and the hearth burned alight.

"I don't know." Sasporilla conceded.

"Water goes where earth allows. Air goes where water is not. Earth holds it all in its palm. Fire is not as easily controlled as it goes where it will."

Sasporilla tried to feel the fire burning before her. She felt its heat, saw its light, but couldn't feel its essence.

"But! With a bit of practice..." Drooble said calling the flame into his hand where it took the form of a baby dragon.

"Fire will look to you for control."

Sasporilla held her hand open trying to call the fire to her. It made the leap from Drooble's palm to Sasporilla's hand where it crashed and burned setting the edges of her robes on fire. Water flew from a basin and splashed on to Sassy's robe.

"Fire is far too dangerous to learn inside." Drooble laughed. "Drooble fears Miss Sasporilla would burn down the castle! We will practice outside soon, but today oatmeal."

\*\*\*\*\*

It was time to write the letter Sasporilla had been dreading. She almost didn't know what to tell her friend Myron about what had happened that late afternoon on the farm. She chose to simply tell him the whole story, how it made her feel and the damage that it had done. An early morning owl saw the letter fly off to find Myron Wagtail wherever he was now, on tour with the Weird Sisters.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sunday morning found Sasporilla out by the Black Lake spinning orbs made of earth, air and water around her as she sat on the grass. The first three elements came easy to her now. Months of practice and an understanding of her connection to the magic of nature had led her to this place in her life. A place of peace and confidence in her abilities and in herself.

Drooble skipped across the lawn to an invisible tune in his head. Sasporilla smiled. He was such a happy care free little elf. Nothing broke his spirit.

"Good morning Miss Sasporilla." Drooble smiled and waved.

"Good morning Drooble sir." Sassy smiled returning the orbs to their natural states.

She reached out and gave Drooble a big welcoming hug.

"What has Drooble done to earn such an honour as a big hug from young Miss Sasporilla?"

"I have let go of a lot of negative feelings and just want good warm ones to fill the void." Sasporilla smiled.

A small boat drifted ashore at Droobles request. "A our ride is here."

"We need a boat?" Sasporilla asked.

"It is safest to practice fire for the first time in the middle of the lake." Drooble grinned.

Drooble held the boat still for Sasporilla as she climbed in politely thanking him for being such a gallant gentleman.

"Take us to the center of the lake!" Drooble said casting off from shore and hopping aboard. Sassy saw the oars beside her but knew instantly that was NOT what Drooble meant. She took a deep breath and exhaled long and slow. A strong warm wind blew them across the water. Sasporilla shifted the water around the boat to control where they went as the wind blew hard at their backs.

The center of the Black Lake was quiet and calm. There were hundreds of feet of open water on all sides of them.

Drooble reached into his pocket and pulled put a strange little silver box.

"A muggle born student gave me this device along time ago." Drooble said. "I've never really had a use for it until today."

Drooble flipped the top of the box open. Inside was a small wheel. He turned the wheel fast with his thumb and a small flame sprung to life.

"So inventive those muggles." Drooble laughed.

Sasporilla listened intently on the quiet lake. In the dancing yellow orange flame she saw a face. Twisted and cross like a new born baby who'd just been slapped. Above sounds of the lake, and past the hiss of the gas from the lighter she heard the flame speak.

"Hungry." The flame said in a small voice.

"Quick Miss Sasporilla", Drooble said, "pick up one strand of the dried grass I left for you on the floor of tge boat, and carefully feed the flame."

Sasporilla did just that. She put the 1 long thin piece of dried flame near what she assumed was the mouth in the face of the flame at it quickly burned it up.

"Num, num, num." The flame said growing just a tad larger. "More. Hungry!"

"Now offer it a small piece of the stick behind you if it will jump to your hand and not burn you." Drooble said.

To Sasporillas surprise the flame accepted the offer. It jumped from the lighter and landed in the palm of her hand. She fed it a small piece of stick that she broke off from a larger one behind her.

"This goes perfectly!" Drooble smiled excited. "Now much like going to the menagerie to get a pet you must see if you have a connection to the flame. See if it is the one you would connect to you. To take care of and feed. To do so gains you control of the flame."

"He is rather cute." Sasporilla said feeding it another small bit of twig. "Would you like to come live with me? We can be friends."

"Yes!" The flame said sinking down into Sasporillas palm. She closed her eyes and when they opened they were as fire. Her hair was alight and flamed in the breeze. She stood and through her hands to the sky crying "The Hunger!"

Flames burst from her hands and spun in ever widen circles. Steaming the water and heading for the trees on shore.

"Miss Sasporilla!" Drooble yelled taking cover under one of the boats seats. "The flame is tied to you and your power now. You must keep contained and controlled other wise it is like a puppy off its leash. It will innocently cause all kind of havoc because it doesn't know any better."

Walls of water sprung up along the shoreline of the lake and quickly spun in ward containing the flames in a tight spiral pillar above the boat. The flame grew taller and taller but the water followed it. Containing it.

"If you keep going above the clouds you'll only find the cold empty airless void." Sasporilla said firmly. "Now if you want to live a good long life and eat and play you'll come back to me now. If you don't I'll push you into space where you'll extinguish and be no more."

The flame retreated to her palm. It looked up at her with its best cute babies been bad smile. She closed her fingers over it and pulled the flame back inside her. Now part of her.

"Remember Miss." Drooble said. "A Flame is like a wild animal tamed. It can live for years with you in peace and harmony then one day it can turn on you. Suddenly. Viciously!"

"I'll remember." Sasporilla said sitting back. "I see why you chose to do this in the middle of the lake." They pair of them laughed as they headed for shore.



## Chapter 18

June saw the beginning of the nicest days. It was time when slipping away to practice with Drooble and Weerlow became harder because more people were outside and more time had to be spent studying for up coming exams. Sasporilla sat on her bed with her text books spread out surrounding her. Lyra was somewhere in the castle not studying as it 'just wasn't her thing'. Gooseberry was no where to be seen. In fact Sassy hadn't seen her monkey since breakfast. She pulled water from a glass, stone from the floor, air from, well ... the air and opened her palm and let fire out to play. She spun all 4 as orbs around the room, chasing back and forth and all around. It was second nature to do this now, even while studying.

Flame crashed into the ball of stone and both into the ball of air. There was a bright flash as the three orbs formed a single ball of molten rock. The lava rock dropped to the floor and started to melt through the stone floor.

"Flame!" Sasporilla scolded. "BAD FLAME!" Sassy pulled the flame from the stone which hardened in an odd shape. The flame returned to her hand where it looked up at her with a cute remorse. "Hungry."

Sasporilla fed the flame a small bit of paper and put him away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Exams went fine. Sassy never did well in written test but her scores were always just a bit better than passing. Theory aside, her practical exams were always 100% spot on. Charms, Herbology, care of magical creature, potions even Defense against the Dark Arts went very well. All of the professors were very impressed with her. She was one of the best students performance wise. If only her grasp of theory was as good as her practical application of magic.

The most important thing is that her exams were finished and all she had to do now was spend the last week working with the elves and reading up on wand craft.

There was American style barbecue for lunch. The house elves had given into the insane amount of requests for it that Lyra had made all year long.

The girls sat at the table diving into Barbecued food. Sasporilla enjoyed a very tasty hamburger while Lyra dug into the barbecue ribs like she hadn't eaten all year. Sauce covered Lyras face from ear to ear as her eyes rolled back in her head like a shark in a feeding frenzy.

"Sasporilla." A voice whispered some where behind her.

Sassy looked around. Gooseberry turned her nose up at most of the food. However he found a pinnapple ring on the back of a roast pig and tucked in.

"Sasporilla." The whisper was louder.

Sassy looked all around her.

"What's up?" Lyra asked with a mouth full of barbecue.

"I keep hearing someone whispering my name." Sassy whispered.

"Your suffering from BBQ Overdose." Lyra laughed.

"Sasporilla!" The voice called.

The world around her pulsed and spun. The lunch table was gone and she stood in a serene pasture surrounded by flowering trees that gently rained petals in the calm of a warm afternoon breeze.

An old woman dressed in a lovely green dress walked towards her leaning on a crooked walking stick.

"Who are you?" Sasporilla asked.

"I am earth. I am air. I am fire. I am water." The old lady smiled. "I am mother nature."

The old lady walked up to Sasporilla and sized her up.

"I'm Sasporilla." Sassy smiled nervously. "Sasporilla Bucket."

"Yes you are that." The old woman smiled. "BUT are you the balance?"

The balance. That was what Miss Daisy and the elves had been talking about.

"What is the Balance?" Sasporilla asked.

"The person who will find themselves walking the path between man kind and nature." The old woman said.

"Maintaining the Balance."

"So you want me to be mother nature?" Sasporilla asked.

"If you can pass the tests yes." Mother nature smiled walking past her.

"What tests?" Sasporilla asked.

"Over here." The old woman called to the young witch.

Mother nature stooped over in the center of the clearing pointing her grizzled finger at a large ant colony at the base of a tree. Ants milled around coming and going. Small patches of saw dust were splayed around the tree.

"These are carpenter ants." Mother nature smiled. "They build there colony underground and in the tree. Look how each one has a job to do in their colony."

"Yes they are most impressive." Sasporilla agreed.

"They weaken and destroy the tree from the inside." Mother nature scowled. "I like this tree. It's one of my favorites. Destroy the colony."

"What?" Sasporilla asked shocked.

"Destroy the colony girl." The old woman nodded at the ants and sneered. "Go on girl, they're just insects."

Sasporillas insides started to tighten

She couldn't just kill them.

"They are ants. Pests. Unimportant!" Mother nature cackled. "Kill them!"

"No." Sasporilla refused stiffening her back and her neck. Adopting a defiant scowl.

"Why?" Mother nature asked.

"Because they're alive." Sasporilla barked. "Eating trees is what they do. Whether it's your favorite tree or not. To eat is what they do. It's the way they survive. It's in their nature."

"Good answer." Mother nature smiled. "But. What if the tree was the tree of life. The center of all life and all magic. For that ant colony to destroy the tree would destroy all magic and all life on Earth. Then what would you do?"

"Then I would try and talk to the ants and explain to them how dangerous what they're doing is. Then I'd move them else where. Far away to another tree."

"Compassion isn't always practical." Mother nature said. "What if they refuse to stop? What if you move them and they come back. Killing the colony is the only answer then, yes?"

"Yes." Sasporilla conceded hanging her head.

"Also a good answer." Mother nature said.

The old woman placed her grizzled claw on Sasporillas shoulder. The glade spun away and before she knew it they were far above the Earth looking down at the coast line of America.

"Same sort of situation." Mother nature cackled. "People, billions of people, like ants. Digging, burning, polluting, poisoning the earth. The Earth is the tree of life. The center of us all. The place from which all life and magic flows. They know what they do goes against nature. They do it anyway. We need to kill most of them."

"No." Sasporilla pleaded. "You can't."

"Oh I most certainly can." The old woman mused. "Indeed I have. But this task isn't mine. It's yours. Destroy most of the colony of man and return balance to the Earth."

"No!" Sasporilla screamed. "They aren't ants they're people."

"What's the difference?" Mother nature asked. "The games the same. Who cares who's playing?"

"No." Sasporilla insisted.

"You have so many choices." The old woman said. "Storms, volcanoes, earthquakes, tsunamis. What about something less grandiose? A plague! That's what I used in my test hundreds of years ago. Not giving you a hint though."

"No I won't kill billions of people!" Sasporilla screamed.

"Why girl?" The old woman yelled grabbing Sasporilla by the shoulders. "Tell me why?"

"Because I believe in them." Sasporilla said. "I believe that they will come to their senses before it's to late."

"What if it's all ready to late?" Mother nature asked.

"Then killing them would make no difference." Sasporilla said. "My god don't you have any compassion, any pity?"

"No." The old woman sighed. "Mother nature can not afford them, but it's obvious to me that you do. The Balance must be maintained but alas it won't be by you."

"So she is not the one." Miss Daisy asked walking up behind them. Once again they stood in the beautiful garden clearing.

"No Daisy." Mother nature smiled. "I'm afraid she is not. Though she has some the best power and control over the first four elements, she is just too strong with the fifth element."

"The fifth element?" Sasporilla said.

"Love." Miss Daisy smiled. "My darling Sasporilla it was the one element you didn't need to study was love. Compassion, friendship, loyalty. You are the most loving person I have ever met. I was hoping it would be the quality inside of you that would make you fail this test."

"You wanted me to fail?" Sasporilla couldn't believe her ears. "Why?"

"Because girl." Mother nature began. "To be mother nature is the loneliest and harshest way to live. There is beauty beyond anything you've seen but there is also so much pain, destruction, disease and strife and all of it is your doing. To be compassionate would make this gift a prison sentence and would only lead you to madness."

"I am so happy you failed sweetie." Miss Daisy stretched up to kiss her grand niece on the cheek.

"I have 4 more people to test and only a few hours more of the summer solstice to do it in so I'll return you to school." Mother nature said waving her hand.

"Seriously though dude." Lyra asked. "You ok?"

Sasporilla looked around at all of the happy students enjoying their lunch and smiled. "Never better."



## Chapter 19

The final task of the tri-wizard cup found Sasporilla and Lyra in the stands with the other students waving Hufflepuff pennants and cheering on their house champion. Even though in her heart Lyra hoped Cedric Digory finished last. She'd never forgiven him for the stolen kiss and probably never would. The twins Fred and George Weasley were traveling through the excited crowd taking bets as usual. Professor Flitwick lead the Hogwarts school band as the girls of Beaux Battons acted as cheerleaders to boost the moral of their champion.

The champions took the field along with an escort. Victor Krum had Head Master Kararoff. Fleur Delacour had Madame Maxime. Lyra made elephant sounds as the giant headmistress entered the field. The old man with Cedric Digory was, according to Susan Bones, his father Amos. Harry Potter was alone.

"The tri-wizard cup has been placed in a secret location within the maze." Professor Dumbledore announced. "The first person to touch the cup will become the new Tri-Wizard Champion!"

Sasporilla could see that the vast hedgerow maze stood 20 feet high and ran for miles in all directions.

"If at any time a contestant finds themselves in trouble they can shoot a red flare from their wand and help will be sent to their rescue."

"Can't believe you didn't have to pull rescue duty again." Lyra said poking her friend.

"I know." Sassy laughed. "Last event will be the first I get to see."

As the cannon sounded the contestants entered the maze through gaps in the hedgerow that closed behind them. It was only a few moments of waiting before the first red flare went up. The rescue team quickly retrieved Fleur Delacour from the maze and returned her safely to her Headmistress in the stands.

It seemed like hours before a flash of blue light saw the return of both Harry Potter and Cedric Digory. Each had collapsed on either side of the Tri-wizard cup.

"The cup was port-key." Lyra said. "How clever."

The band started playing as the crowd cheered it but it became very apparent very quickly that something had gone horribly wrong. Cedric Digory was dead and Harry Potter yelled. "Voldemort is back!"

## Chapter 20

The last meal was more of a memorial to Cedric Digory. It was there Headmaster Dumbledore announced that Lord Voldemort had indeed returned and confirmed that he was indeed the one who had taken the life of Cedric Digory. The feast was spectacular but no one really felt much like eating.

The next morning saw the grand exit of the girls of Beauxbatons and the boys of Durmstrang schools. There was a flurry of activity in the courtyard as boys and girls from all schools exchanged addresses. Friendships had been made this year. Some very public others not so much.

A girl from Beauxbatons quietly walked past Sasporilla and Lyra who sat above the fray on a 2nd floor window sill. The girl dropped a piece of paper from her book.

Sasporilla got up and grabbed the paper from the floor. "Excuse me. You dropped this."

The girl walked on as if she didn't hear her.

"Ya that'll be for me." Lyra said plucking the paper from her friend's small fingers. She opened it and read it and chuckled a bit.

"What did it say?" Sasporilla asked.

"I do believe that fits under the category of none of yer business nosy Rosie." Lyra laughed slipping the paper into her robe.

"Wait." Sasporilla caught on. "You and her?"

Lyra blushed. "Ya. She is why they kicked me out of Beauxbatons in the first place. Her dad is someone important in the French Ministry of Magic."

"I'm happy for you." Sassy said giving her friend a big hug. "I never even knew! Is it serious? Do you see a future together?"

"Nosie Rosie! Nosie Rosie! Nosie Rosie!" Lyra sang as she skipped down the hall.

It was on the Hogwarts Express back to London that Sasporilla discovered Lyra's plans for the future.

"Now that my O.W.L's are done I'm not going back to school." Lyra said. "And I'm not going back to America either."

"What are you going to do?" Sasporilla asked concerned about the choices of her impulsive friend.

"I'm starting training in a week's time in London." Lyra said seriously. "I'm gonna be an Auror like your dad."

Sasporilla sat back shocked. She could only sit there and blink her disbelief at the anarchistic scofflaw. "Are you serious?"

"I've never been more serious about anything in my life." Lyra said. "With Voldemort back the Ministry is going to need all the help they can get catching him. After Cedric, I want to be part of catching him. You know?"

Sasporilla hugged her friend tightly. These moments felt like the last ones she would have with Lyra.

"Hey kiddo come on!" Lyra laughed. "We'll keep in touch. As long as owls have feathers right?"

"Right." Sassy smiled.

Mum and Uncle Nick were waiting on the 9 and 3/4 platform when the train rolled in. Sasporilla grabbed Lyra's hand and ran with her over to her mum and uncle Nick. Sassy hugged her mum hard. She'd missed her so and she had been so scared over the events of the past week.

"Mum, Uncle Nick." Sasporilla smiled. "This is my friend Lyra."

"Nice to meet you Lyra." Mrs. Bucket smiled giving the girl a hug and a peck on the cheek. "Sassy says you're a lesbian. Well, we know that that doesn't matter to us and you're always welcome in the bucket house!"

"Thank you Mrs. Bucket." Lyra laughed giving Sassy an elbow.

"Uncle Nick. Lyra's passed her OWLs and is joining the Aurors." Sassy said.

"Well then." Nick said. "I'm D.I. Owlmore. I'll be one of your superiors. Any issues holler for me ya?"

"I don't want anyone to treat me any different." Lyra insisted.

"Ya but with you being an... American and all."

They all burst into laughter.

# THE END

# THE APPRENTICESHIP OF SASPORILLA BUCKET

By Darren Kelly

An owl sat on sill outside the living room window gently tapping its beak on the glass. Sasporilla walked over and opened the window.

"Hello." Sassy said to Owl who was clearly older and tired from a long flight. The bird held out its talon and handed the young witch a letter. "A letter for me? Thank you. Oh my, but where are my manners, you seem tired. Would you care to come in and rest and have some water before your journey back?"

The owl was appreciative and stepped inside. Sasporilla poured him a small bowl of water which he drank straight down. He clung to the sill in the open window, shut his eyes and drifted off to sleep in the summer morning breeze.

Sasporilla quietly opened the letter.

"Dear Miss Bucket;

Due to the praises of my former apprentice Ms. Moira Dingle and her rave insistent recommendations & your intersts in wand making, I have decided to offer you a junior summer apprenticeship for the remainder of the summer. The job pays little and will likely only cover the costs of flew powder and meals. The hours will be long but the work will be hopefully as enjoyable for you as it has been for me for the last century. If you accept come to the shop, with this letter signed with permission of your mother, at 8:00 am tomorrow morning.

Garrick Olivander

Sasporilla exploded with delight screaming "YES!" Tragically waking and scaring the owl who made a mess on the window sill and flew off cursing.

"Sorry." Sasporilla apologized to the owl as she shut the window. Footsteps raced up the stairs and her mom threw open the apartment door?

"What is going on?" Wysteria asked

Sasporilla ran over and handed her mom the letter.

"Please mum", Sasporilla said hugging her. "Please give me your permission to do this. I want it so much."

The next morning Sasporilla and Wysteria used the fireplace in the bar and took the flue system to Diagon Alley. Sasporilla dressed in her favorite floral top and black pants to try and make an impression. At exactly 8 am the front door of the wand shop nudged open and inside peering out was Mr.Olivander.

"Ah Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander said opening the door wider. "As you are on time and have not just brought the letter signed by your mother but have brought the whole mother with you, I take it then you have accepted my offer of summer apprenticeship?"

"Yes." Sasporilla said excitedly.

"Mr.Olivander." Wysteria smiled. "I am indeed Sasporillas mother, Wysteria Bucket, and I just wanted to drop her off on my way to work and thank you personally for this opportunity you've graciously given my Sassy."

"Well you are very welcome Madame." Mr.Olivander smiled. "But I hope you aren't afraid of a lot of hard work girl?"

"No sir." Sasporilla said stiffening. "I worked my way through last year at Hogwarts in the kitchens and the laundry. I'm used to work."

"Very good then in you come." Mr.Olivander said.

Wysteria hugged her daughter and kissed her on top of the head. "You have a great day I'll pick you up at...?"

"7pm." Mr.Olivander said shutting the door.

The inside was just as she'd remembered. Shelves and shelves of wands in all shapes and sizes. She could smell the woods and oils. Hear the humming of.... what was that humming?

"Now Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander said holding out a smock and a broom. "If you'd be so kind as to put on this smock, you can begin sweeping the shop floor as we open at 10."



Sasporilla put on the smock and began sweeping enthusiastically. No apprentice had ever done that! All of them questioned when they'd get to make a wand, did they get commissions on sales, when was lunch? None just accepted the menial tasks at hand. This young witch intrigued Mr.Olivander. He stepped into the back. Poured himself a cup of tea and levitated it back with him to the front counter with a small box of cleaning supplies. As he began to polish the counter top he decided to see just how much the young witch knew of wands and wand making.

"So Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander smiled. "Moirra says you are the best and most eager student she has ever had in her wand class. Tell me what you've learned."

Sasporilla shared her ample knowledge of hard woods, soft woods and green woods that come from some woody bushes and flowers. She explained the often confusing conflicts of softer hard wood flexibility and harder softwood rigidity. She explained the qualities of woods and how they interacted within nature and within wands. Next came metals and crystals then she finished up with what she knew of wand cores and their powers.

Mr.Olivander sat with his mouth a gape for so long his false teeth nearly fell out. Never had he seen a person with such knowledge that was so young.

"Well." Mr.Olivander said. "I can see why Moira spoke so highly of you. You do have an interest in wand craft don't you!"

"Yes sir I do." Sasporilla smiled enthusiastically. "I want to learn everything there is to know about wands and maybe even discover something new that no ones done before."

"Wonderful." Mr.Olivander chuckled. "Time to open the shop."

Sasporilla ran across to the door, twisted the latch and flipped the closed sign to open. Sassy ran back behind the counter and started straightening the wands on shelves. She saw to it that each box was properly aligned with the ones above, below and beside it. Where she found dust, she cleaned. Where things were out of order she put them back in order. Mr.Olivander was most impressed.

The shop bell rang as the door opened. A man of very small stature with a goatee , wearing a leather jacket walked in.

"Good morning Mr.Olivander." the man smiled.

"Good morning Mr.Bucket." Mr.Olivander said. "How may I help you today?"

The man looked at Sasporilla and half smiled then back at Mr.Olivander. Sasporilla knew who he was. This was her fathers dwarf twin brother Homunculus.

"I just wondered if you had time to do a quick cleaning and maintenance on my wand?"

"For you sir I will make the time." Mr.Olivander smiled pulling a wooden tray lined with purple velvet out from under the counter. He placed the wand, Walnut 7 & 3/4 inches with a dragon heart string core, on the tray and shuffled it into the back leaving the customer to peruse the items in the shop and speak with his estranged niece.

"Do you know who I am girl?" The man asked looking at an automatic wand polisher.

"Yes." Sasporilla said repolishing the counter.

"Good." Homunculus Bucket said turning on his heal and looking up at her. "I know you are aware of your grandparents attempt on your life as an infant. Non of your uncles and aunts were complicit in this crime."

"Good to know." Sasporilla smiled politely. "Is there anything I can show you while your waiting."

"Know then" , Homunculus growled at the girls impudence , "that my being here today is coincidental. I did not know you would be here. I don't care that you are."

"Thank you sir." Sasporilla said rather disingenuously. "We value all our customers very highly at Olivanders."

"Well said Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander said carrying the wand back out on the tray. "Oh my, Bucket! Are you related?"

"Yes." Homunculus smiled. "She is my niece but alas we are estranged. Family differences that involve neither of us but, alas."

A light sent wafted almost imperceptibly from the wand. Sasporilla closed her eyes and took a deep comforting sniff.

"What do you smell Miss Bucket?" Mr.Olivander asked.

"Tung oil, walnut filler and gripping wax." Sasporilla said opening her eyes.

"100% correct!" Mr.Olivander smiled.

Sasporilla looked at the wand for a second.

"Do you notice something else miss Bucket?" Mr.Olivander asked.

"The wand seems to be purring!" Sasporilla giggled. "Like its happy."

"What you're seeing and hearing is the resonance in the wood caused by the retuning and tightening of the dragon heart string core! It will improve the performance of the wand by 88%, guaranteed."

"Fascinating." Sasporilla said.

"Do you remember the price of our summer maintenance special Miss Bucket?" Mr.Olivander asked.

Sasporilla thought hard for a moment. "No sir."

Homunculus looked amused.

"That's because I neglected to tell you my dear." Mr.Olivander laughed. "Here, you wrap the wand in silk bag and I'll handle the cash. That will be 4 galions 4knuts."

"Always worth the money." Homunculus Bucket smiled handing over the coins.

"Thank you sir." Sasporilla said handing him the bag. "Please come again."

Mr.Olivander commented and praised Sasporilla for her good manners and shop etiquette.

The rest of the day was spent sweeping, polishing and retrieving Mr.Olivander from the back when someone needed to purchase a wand.

Most days were filled with more of the same. Sasporilla had never enjoyed anything as much as she enjoyed working with wands. Mr.Olivander had never seen the shop so clean and organized.

Sasporilla looked forward to the days when children came in to buy their first wands. She'd fetch whichever type of wand Mr.Olivander asked her to get. Saving his old knees and back from climbing up and down those ladders. Sasporilla would stand back as children virtually blew the store apart until the perfect wand chose its new witch or wizard. The best part was afterwards she got to straighten the shop up again! She especially liked matching loose wands with their empty boxes. Mr.Olivander would always have to inspect her work but she'd been accurate 49 of 50 times.

The week before the start of school turned Diagon Alley into a hustling bustling mad house. Every parent with children of school age was there trying to complete the list of everything they'd need for back to classes.

Even though they had some money now, Sasporilla refused new robes and new books. Second hand would suit her just fine thank you very much and she would buy her supplies with the money she'd saved from the job at Olivanders. Sasporilla had already found all of the books she required, including note books and fresh quill. She didn't really need new robes as she hadn't grown at all in the last year. Sassy had picked up almost everything on her list despite the fact that she only had a half hour to shop each day on her lunch break which was actually more like two in the afternoon.

The last thing Sasporilla wanted was an outfit. Something uniquely her own. She had never bought any clothes on her own. Her mum had always picked out clothes and put together her outfits. As of today Sasporilla was 12 years old and almost an adult. It was high time she started picking out her own clothes. The problem was, there didn't seem to be anything that she wanted to wear. No shop in Diagon Alley had anything that reflected her personal sense of style.

Mr.Olivander was waiting for Sasporilla when she came back from lunch. He was standing at the counter with a small leather case in front of him and a big smile on his face.

"Ah you've returned Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander said. "I found something in the back and thought as this is your last day in the shop, for this summer, and as it is something I no longer require and need the space for new stock, I thought I would pass it on to you."

Sasporilla walked over as she put on her smock. "What is it sir?"

The old wand maker opened the case and unfolded 6 telescopic shelves and exposed a series of drawers and vials. It looked almost like the case held much more inside than it looked like it had outside.

"This was my first wand makers case." Mr.Olivander said. "I carried it with me everywhere. Collected woods and metals and magical cores. I was never without it. I rarely leave the shop now as I have enough stock to last my ancestors for three generations. However if I do run out of an item I have a series of contractors that will always hunt down items for me... at a price."

Sasporilla picked through the various woods, carving tools and vials labeled with names of different magical cores. Most of the bottles were empty but some still contained small amounts. Unicorn hair, golden snitch pin feather, even one golden dragon heart string.

"Do you think it would be something you might find a use for." Garrick Olivander asked.

"Oh my yes!" Sasporilla said excitedly. "I absolutely love it!"

"Glorious." Mr.Olivander said very pleased. "Now, I was young once myself. I understand that dreams can change and interests shift. Based on your performance this summer I hope you stick with your studies in wand making. I will tell you that you've impressed me with your knowledge and work ethic. I will at this time offer you another apprenticeship here next summer. Understand that it will involve more work in the back than this summer."

"Oh my yes!" Sasporilla said excitedly. "As long as my mother says its ok of course."

"Naturally." Mr.Olivander said. "I've taken the liberty of writing down the names of some very good books on wand lore and wand craft that are available in the Hogwarts Library."

The bell to the front door rang as another customer entered.

"Good afternoon." Mr.Olivander smiled. "How may WE help you today."



# SEVEN LETTERS IN SUMMER

By Darren Kelly

From: HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Ms. Bucket, We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted for the second year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on 1 September.

Minerva McGonagall.

Deputy Headmistress

## UNIFORM

students will require:

1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)
2. 1 general black wizarding hat
3. One pair of protective gloves (dragonhide or similar)
4. One winter cloak (black, with silver fastenings)

Please note that all pupil's clothes should carry name tags.

## BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 2) by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic (Grade 2)by Bathilda Bagshot

Continuing Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

Magical Drafts and Potions (Grade 2) by Arsenius Jigger

Note: Defence against the Dark Arts text books will be supplied by the MoM at Hogwarts this year.

## Other Equipment

1 wand

1 Cauldron (Stanard size 2)

1 set of glass or crystal phials

1 stone mortar and pestal

1 set of brass scales

1 telescope

2nd Years are also allowed their own broomsticks to be flown on school grounds only!

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Ms.Dingle

I hope this letter finds you well. I just wanted to thank you for the recommendation to Mr.Olivander. It is the biggest opportunity of my life and I promise I will not disappoint you.

Sasporilla Bucket

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sasporilla;

The aurer academy is the hardest thing I've ever done. Every time I think I can't go on I remember the empty face of Cedric Digory and his fathers broken heart. Some how I dig deeper and find that strength I need. I'm staying not far from the ministry training facility in one of my parents condos. I'm housing 6 other aurer candidates here because the ministry's facilities are stretched past capacity.

I saw your uncle Nick yesterday. He told me to get my finger out of my nose and try harder... and to send you his love. So I'll send you his love and mine.

See ya bud;

Lyra Lee-Ashwolf

P.S. Fight the power!

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Lyra;

Summer apprenticing for Mr.Olivander was amazing. I learned so much about running a shop! He was so impressed with me that he offered me an apprenticeship next summer working in the back which means more hands on wands.

I've been looking for clothes, you know something to make my own style. I just don't know what that is. At least I haven't found it yet. I want something to wear in the common room that says more than Sasporilla Bucket, just another Hufflepuff.

I'm not really looking forward to the school year without you as a room mate.

Big Hugs;

Sasporilla

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sasporilla;

Your post took some time to find me as I have been in the Romanian mountains studying dragons and collecting wand cores. Mr.Olivander has been most impressed with you and he looks forward to working with you until you become a great wand maker. You've made me very proud.

Moira Dingle

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sasporilla

The whole apprenticeship for Olivander thing sounds amazing. Glad you're enjoying it. The tour hasn't been the best. The lads are acting strange. Distant. We're on the last leg of our tour and I can't wait to get home. I'm looking

forward to you and your mum coming to spend Christmas break with me. I hope I can convince you to accept your guitar...back.

Shoot, time for sound check.

I will write again soon;

Your Friend Myron Wagtail

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Myron;

Yes I am so psyched to see you over the Christmas break. Mum is so happy we're talking again. I'm cool now with accepting the guitar. I know it wasn't your fault what was said, and what I did hurt you just as bad. So for that I'm so sorry.

Another year at Hogwarts but at least this time I'm a regular student and not on scholarship. The children of deceased aurors, who died in the line of duty, have their tuitions paid for automatically. So no more kitchens or laundry. Though I will miss working with the house elves.

I look forward to hearing your new songs too.

Hugs;

Sasporilla



# *Sins of the Father*

By Darren Kelly

Marlon Wormwood was a tall thin man with oily stringy black hair and arms covered in tattoos. The only son of convicted death eater / child murderer Collin Wormwood, and worse still a SQUIB, Marlon had a hard time growing up in the magic community. Being the butt of jokes, the subject of whispers and the recipient of all hatred and prejudice against his family name.

He'd barely squeaked by in school putting in only enough effort to achieve the lowest passing grade. He left home and his abusive mother at age 16. He lived on the streets until Myron Wagtail saw him outside an arena in London. He'd been sleeping in a cardboard box and surviving on scraps of food from the arena dumpsters. Myron gave him his chance to better himself by giving him a job. He became a roadie for the Weird Sisters. He moved equipment, set up mics and ran errands for the band. No one cared about who his father was and he was judged only by how well he worked. Still very much the loner, he fit in just fine.

This day he found himself standing in the middle of an empty muggle highway with a wand pointed to his arm and looking up at the glowing green dark mark high above in the clouds. It had worked! All those years ago his father had marked his eager son with skull and snake. The child was as eager to serve the dark lord as his father, but too young to be of any real use. Though he made a good bait for the children the dark lord ordered killed. As well as an eager and competent partner in crime.

The Weird Sisters Myron Wagtail wrote a song about his father and his 'evil' deeds. As if "HE" could understand what it meant to serve Lord Voldemort with unwavering loyalty or the pleasure in taking a useless unworthy life. A rush of wind and smoke and a flash of light pulled his gaze back to the road.

"Who dares to summon me?" Lord Voldemort hissed as he stepped from the mist of apparition. 2 death eaters on either side of him.

"I call my Lord." Marlon Wormwood said taking a knee before him. "I am Marlon Wormwood, Son of Collin, and your faithful servant. I meant no disrespect my lord but as I've heard the whispers of your return I had to step from the shadows and make myself known to you."

"Ah." Voldemort said stepping forward. "Collin Wormwoods son. I had been informed that you were a Squib? So how is it possible you wield a wand and have the magical abilities needed to summon me,"

Voldemorts icy claw tipped the young mans head up sharply.

"I lead everyone, even my family, to believe I was squib after my father was taken." Marlon sneered.

"Why would you make yourself an outcast?" Voldemort hissed.

"So I might continue the training my father started in secret. I kept my fathers books and learned everything I will need to better serve you my Lord."

"Such loyalty." Voldemort smiled. "Yet I still do not understand why?"

"For vengeance on those who put my father and your followers in Azkaban Prison." Marlon said. "For hate sake I beg you to let me help you destroy them. Destroy them all!"

Lord Voldemort laughed haughtily as he took the young mans hand. Marlon kissed the dark lords ring.

"Rise Marlon Wormwood." Voldemort smiled. "Stand at my side and prove to me your worth with a test of loyalty."

A bus appeared around a distant bend in the road. Marlon recognized it instantly. It was the Weird Sisters tour bus.

\*\*\*\*\*

The members of the band were all lumps under the blankets in their beds as Myron Wagtail came out of the loo scratching his sleepy head. With a yawn he walked to the front of the bus.

William the bands manager stood beside the driver. Myron heard them say "What is that in the road ahead?"

"Destroy it." Lord Voldemort hissed. "Kill your friends a gesture to me."

"They are no friends of mine." Marlon said as he pointed his wand at the bus and started singing Grimmly Fiendish. "BOMBARDA MAXIMA!!!"

A large blast of force flew from Marlons wand and struck the bus. William and the driver took the full force of the blast as glass and steel rained through them. Myron flew backwards down the bus past the beds where pillows and baggage took the place of his sleeping band mates.

The bus flipped end over end and burst into flames as it crashed through a sign at the side of the road. A single figure thrown burned and bloodied to the pavement.

Marlon walked to the body that clawed at the pavement to get away. It was the band Manager William. Marlon rolled the man over and looked deep into his terrified eyes.

"Wormwood", William Gasped. "WHY?"

"I just wanted you to know who betrayed you." Marlon Smiled. "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

In a blast of green light the life of the Weird Sisters band manager William Gjurnalgoth was gone.

Lord Voldemort clapped as Marlon walked back towards him. He motioned to the death eaters to remove their masks. Behind them were the members of the Weird Sisters.

"Good my boy." Voldemort chuckled. "Very good. You have proven yourself worthy Marlon Wormwood. Take your place beside me and let us discuss your future."

Marlon took his rightful place beside his Master. "I will do as you bid me my Lord."

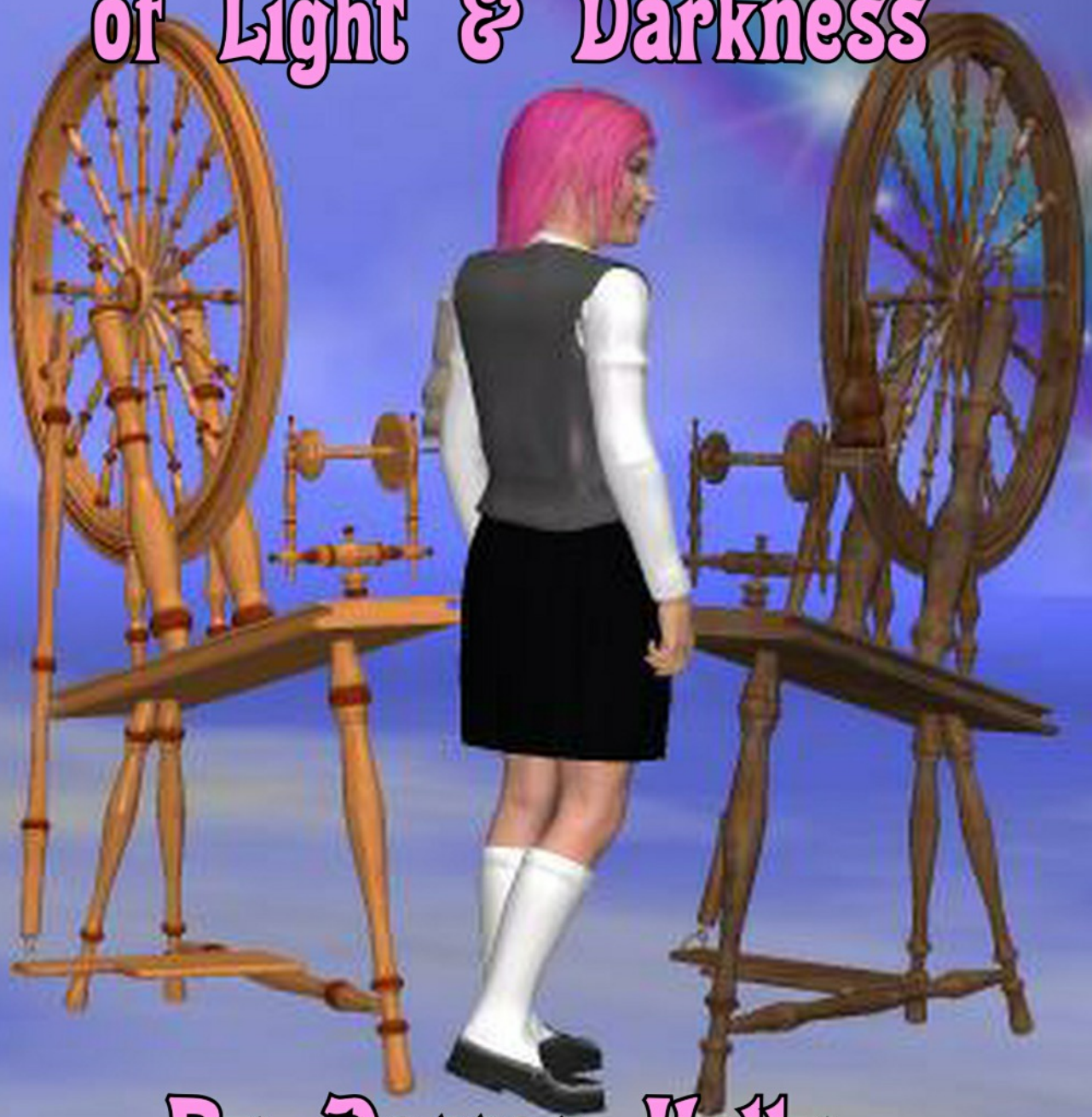


**Sasporilla Bucket**

**The Girl With Pink Hair**

# **Weavers**

**of Light & Darkness**



**By Darren Kelly**

**⌘ Harry Potter Universe Fan fiction**



# Weavers of Light & Darkness

A Harry Potter UNIVERSE/ Sasporilla Bucket Fan Fiction  
by Darren Kelly

---

## Chapter 1

The last day of August was always the busiest. It was amazing how many things you couldn't find when you wanted them in a one room apartment. Sasporilla had to wonder how much harder it would be to find anything once her mum found them house.

By mid afternoon everything had been packed away in her trunk. To be honest, unlike most other students, Sasporilla didn't bring that many extra clothes or personal things with her as she simply didn't have all that much. There was more than plenty of space for the small leather case Mr.Olivander had given her. She spent so much time looking over and taking a mental note of everything in the case and everything else she'd like to gather.

"Sassy?" Wysteria Bucket called from outside.

Sasporilla slid open the living room window and looked out.

"Hello mum!" Sasporilla waved cheerily surprised to see her home so early from work. A witch in a long green robe and hat stood next to her carrying a clip board.

"Grab your jacket and come down." Mrs.Bucket smiled. "I need your opinion on something."

Sasporilla grabbed her jacket and Gooseberry and headed down stairs. She ran up to her mum and gave her a hug.

"Got all my packing done." Sasporilla smiled.

"Good girl." Wysteria said giving her daughter a kiss on the cheek. "This is Mrs.Porquis. She has been kind enough to show me some houses that are for sale."

"376", Mrs.Porquis smiled rather passive aggressively. She held her hand for a pleasant business handshake with Sasporilla. "Pleasure."

Sasporilla shook the womans hand but knew that the niceties were often disingenuous.

"We need to take the flue back." Mrs.Porquis said. "I can't apparate us all."

In a burst of green flame, the Buckets appeared inside the stone hearth in the large empty space that was the parlour of #4 Castle Lane, Essex. Sasporillas eyes widened. This room was four times the size of their apartment above the pub.

"Oh mother." Sasporilla said. "It's so big!"

"This is just the parlour my girl." Wysteria smiled. "Go look at the rest."

Sasporilla ran out of the room one way as Gooseberry went the other chattering excitedly.

"I think we have a winner." Mrs.Porquis said.

A thin hall ran in front of the parlour and lead from the front door to the kitchen. A small room sat across from the parlour and a set of steps ran up to the second level. The kitchen was huge with 3 counters and an island. Another set of stairs ran to the second level from the kitchen and another room through a door underneath them. A small utility room had a door with stairs going down into the cellar.

Sasporilla ran up the kitchen stairs and saw a wonderful large room with a window seat and a washroom with a shared door to another larger room on the other side at the top of the other stairs.

Sasporilla came back down stairs and opened the front door. The house seemed like a simple small yellow cottage with a black roof on the outside but was much larger inside. There was a walkway to the road, a tiny front flower garden and a drive way! There was a walkway around to the back gate and a high fence that went around the small garden.

Sasporilla found her way back inside. Her mother and Mrs.Porquis were sitting at a table going over some papers. Gooseberry was swinging from a curtain rod.

"Well?" Wysteria asked her daughter. "Do you think this is it?"

"Oh mum I absolutely love it!" Sasporilla said spinning around with her hands up. "Can we afford it?"

"Yes my darling daughter we can!" Wysteria said patting the empty chair beside her. Sasporilla sat at her mothers side. "You see this house is in a muggle neighborhood."

"Cool." Sasporilla said.

"There is another wizarding family down the street." Mrs.Porquis said. "The 'Curtis' Family. They have a few children. Mostly girls but I believe one is a boy your age, and they all attend Hogwarts I believe."

"Curtis." Sasporilla mused. "I know of some sisters in Ravenclaw with the last name Curtiss. I wonder if it's them."

"Most likely." Mrs.Porquis smiled politely. "Well ladies what is your discussion? Is this the one? Or shall we keep looking?"

Sasporilla and her mother loomed at each other and started nodding excitedly. "Yes." They both said at once as Mrs.Bucket signed the papers. The house was now theirs.



## Chapter 2

Kingscross station was buzzing with activity. It was hard to get a trolley to put your bags on but Sasporillas mum found one somewhere. The barrier to platform 9 3/4 was very busy with students running in. Sasporilla was amazed at how the muggles didn't seem to notice at all. Magic was wonderful.

Sasporillas kissed her mum farewell as her things were put aboard. Sassy waved as she climbed the steps of the Hogwarts Express. She carried Gooseberry in his home into an empty car. She knew eventually when all of the compartments were full, some students would be forced to sit with her. The trolley lady really didn't like it when children sat in the corridors.

Less than a minute passed before the compartment door slid open and two very loud older raven haired girls piled in.

"All I'm saying is if Dumbledore is such a great wizard how did an escaped prisoner from Azkaban pose as a teacher all year right under his nose?" The older of the 2 girls asked as she sat in a seat across the way.

"That's just a rumor." The younger girl said stowing her bag in the overhead. "Besides even if it is true he would have been an agent of you know who."

"Here we go!" The older one said looking at Sasporilla. "Where do you sit on this whole Dumbledore / potter vs Voldimorte thing?"

"Sorry?" Sasporilla asked a bit confused.

The older girl pulled the Daily Prophet out of her bag and tossed it to the young pink haired witch. "Don't follow the news hunh?"

Sasporilla saw the pictures of Albus Dumbledore which shifted to Harry Potter under the headline 'Dumbledore Daft or Dangerous' which shifted to ' & the boy who lied.'

"I was there when Cedric returned dead." Sasporilla said. "If it wasn't Voldemorte then who killed him?"

"Thank you!" The younger girl said plopping into the seat beside her. "I'm Kandy Curtiss. The nasty ones my big sister Kay."

"Oy!" Kay said kicking her sister in the shin.

The door to the compartment slid open again and two younger children, a girl and a boy, stepped in.

"We've been looking for you everywhere!" The youngest girl said.

"Well you should have kept up slow pokes." Kay laughed.

"These are the twins." Kandy Curtiss said. "Karry and Korry."

"Hi." Sasporilla smiled. "I'm Sasporilla Bucket."

"Wait." The older girl said. "You're the one works in the kitchens and laundry who saw to the Weird Sisters during the Yule Ball!" Kay said.

"Yes." Sasporilla said embarrassed.

"Wow tough break kid." Kandy cringed.

"No." Sassy said. "Working in the kitchens and laundry wasn't that bad."

"No." Kay said taking the Daily prophet and opening it to around page 6 and handing it back to Sasporilla.

A picture of the Minister of Magic sat below the headline 'Fudge says all is well.' Kay pointed at a small article below.

"Weird Sisters Bus Crash leaves one dead one missing."

Sasporilla read the article. The manager William was dead and Myron Wagtail, the friend she'd written to just the other day, was missing.

"Wait." Karry Kurtiss the youngest girl said. "Isn't the lady who bought #4 also named Bucket?"

"Yes I do believe your right." Kandy nodded.

Sasporilla didn't hear them. She just sat there in shock. Her skin turning pale.

The jolt of the as the Hogwarts Express began to move brought Sasporilla around. She the others in the compartment were waving out the window. She turned and saw who must have been their mum and dad stand beside her mother all waving at them. Sasporilla waved goodbye to her mum. In many ways she was happy there was no grand send off this year.

As the train pulled out of Kings Cross Kay snatched her paper back from Sasporillas hands.

"Thank you." Kay said grabbing her hand bag. "I'm off to find Leslie to split a fag."

"You're suppose to stay with us!" Karry protested. "Mum and dad said so!"

"Ya right." Kandy said. "Like we want to ride with you lot. We've got friends you know?"

As the 2 older girls stepped out of the car they could be heard hooting and hollering all the way through the corridor.

"Bloody animals." Karry said.

"Watch your bloody language." Korry smiled.

Sasporilla barely heard them. Myron was missing, but missing didn't mean dead! She would write a letter to uncle Nick the moment they arrived at school.

"So?" Karry asked.

"Sorry?" Sasporilla said shaking the cobwebs from her mind.

"Are you related to the lady who bought #4 Castle Lane?" Korry said slowly incase the girl wasn't all there.

"Yes." Sasporilla answered. "She's my mum. I guess we're going to be neighbours."

"Are you ok?" Karry asked. "You seem distracted."

"It's just the article about the weird sisters bus crash." Sasporilla said. "William died and Myron's missing. I'm just very worried."

"I'm really not that into music." Karry said.

"No." Korry said pulling some pentagonal cards from his bag. "She's only into books."

"At least books contain useful knowledge." Karry snorted in derision. "Unlike your collection of cards."

"Collection?" Sasporilla asked trying to stay at least half in the conversation.

"Yes I collect Wizard cards from chocolate frog boxes." Korry said proudly.

"He'll spend his whole allowance on them!" Karry laughed.

"I need a Dumbledore!" Korry growled defensively. "I won't have the complete set without it."

"I've never had a chocolate frog." Sasporilla said.

"Really?" Karry said.

"Are you full muggle born or something?" Korry asked.

"No." Stiffened. "We were just always so poor that we couldn't waste money on such frivolities."

"But you got money now." Korry said. "Cause you bought the house and all. Did you win the pools or rob Gringots?" Karry giggled.

"My father died." Sasporilla said silencing the twins. "He left us some insurance money, that paid for house. My mum works very hard at Flourish and Blots and because she's a squibb they treat her like dirt. Any money I have I earned working as an apprentice for Mr.Olivander over the summer. At least this year my tuition is paid for by the Aurers tuition fund. "

"Sorry." Korry said.

"Ya." Karry added. "Our apologies. We didn't mean anything by it."

"No problem." Sasporilla smiled.

"Anything from the trolley dears?" The trolley witch asked.

Korry leapt to his feet digging in his pocket for coins. " Three chocolate frogs."

He handed the old witch the coins as she handed him the boxes.

Sasporilla stood next. "How much is a chocolate frog miss?"

"1 sickle dear." The trolley witch smiled.

Sasporilla dug through her money in her pocket and found 1 sickle amongst the knuts. She handed it to the trolley witch who handed her a chocolate frog box and walked off down the corridor to the next compartment.

Korry had already ripped open his boxes, eaten the chocolate frogs and sat disappointedly looking at the cards. "Salizar Slytherin, Rowena Raven Claw and blood Helga Hufglepuff. I have a dozen of her."

Sasporilla had seen others with these before. Chocolate bewitched to move like a frog for a few seconds after opening. She pulled the golden foil tab and opened the side of the box. The chocolate frog moved inside. In some ways it was quite exciting. She opened the lid as it jumped and grabbed it gently in the air. It wriggled in her cupped hand for a moment then went still. Just a piece of chocolate which she popped in her mouth. The chocolate melted slowly in her mouth. It was creamy and heavenly. Everything she ever thought it would be.

The card was on the bottom. When she turned it over Sassy saw she'd gotten Albus Dumbledore. Karry started to laugh while Korry mopped.

"Would you like it?" Sasporilla asked holding out the card to him. "For your collection."

Korry and Karry were stunned.

"You're suppose to trade or at least offer to sell it." The twins said in unison.

"But you need it." Sasporilla said confused. "I don't want it. I just wanted the chocolate."

"And you'd freely give it away?" Korry asked. "Freely? Free?"

"Yes." Sasporilla laughed placing it in the young mans hand. "Here. It's yours."

"Wow I don't know if you're the dumbest person", Korry said, "or the kindest and most generous."

"I honestly believe its the later." Karry said looking most impressed with Sasporilla.

"Well it rounds out my being beautiful and perfect." Sasporilla said with her nose in the air.

All three started to laugh and carry on the rest of the trip back to school. Though ever present in Sassy's mind was the worry about Myron.



## Chapter 3

2nd year students and older went straight to their common rooms and given their room assignments. Sasporilla was in the same room this year as she was last year but there were three other girls in the room with her.

Enchandra Benz who transferred from Bauxbatons. She was a dark haired girl from Spain who was full muggle born. Janey Grotinag, a bestial girl that many said was part troll. She was very nice despite her limited vocabulary and body odor. Karry Curtiss was the last one to arrive lugging her heavy bag with her. She dumped its contents out onto to bed and to Sasporilla's surprise it was full of old books on spells, hexes, charms and curses.

The students changed into their robes and shuffled down by houses into the great hall for the welcome and sorting ceremony. Karry sat next to Sasporilla and they chatted until the sorting ceremony began. Sasporilla noticed Hagrid wasn't present at the head table this year. In fact he was no where to be found.

The sorting ceremony brought with it a slew of new first year Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws and Gryphindors. Sassy noticed Kody Curtiss sitting at the Gryphindor table and she waved to him. To her amusement he waved back with his new Dumbledore card. His two older sisters were sitting at the Ravenclaw table right behind her. The Slytherins were your standard group of posh snob types from old wizarding families that thought themselves above everyone else.

One first year stood out from the rest. When he was called up Zacariah Zarcazzian sat nervously under the sorting hat. He could be seen to be pleading with the sorting shaking his head and when it announced he was "Slytherine" the young man burst into tears and ran out of the great hall.

"Poor soul." Karry whispered to Sasporilla. "I was the same way last year when I didn't get into Ravenclaw."

Headmaster Dumbledore announced Professor Grubbly Plank once again covered magical creatures. A small woman dressed in Pink with exceptionally nice manners was introduced as professor Umbridge. She gave a rousing speech about proper learning. Sasporilla quite agreed with some of the things she said and looked forward to her Defense against the dark arts class.

After a wonderfully filling dinner they all adjourned by houses back to their common rooms. First years followed their prefects to their assigned dorms. You could see the slight touch of homesickness in their eyes behind the excitement and the fear.

Sasporilla popped upstairs to get Gooseberry and then went back down to see if anyone stopped to talk to her. This was a new year and she was positive it would be better than the last. Gooseberry went about his own business saying hello around the common room and stealing small pieces of fruit.

Karry Curtiss plopped down in the overstuffed chair across from Sasporilla and began babbling excitedly. "Ok I heard from Susan Bones, that she heard from Padma Patil that Hermione Granger said that having Umbridge here means the Ministry of Magic is interfering in Hogwarts."

"How so?" Sasporilla asked concerned.

"Well she is one of the bunch that tried to, according to Harry Potter, along with Minister Fudge expel Harry from Hogwarts because of use of magic outside of school." Karry said amazed. "No one gets more than a slap on the wrist for that... ever!"

"I didn't know about that." Sasporilla said. "So why would the ministry interfere with our school."

"Well", Karry Curtiss took a deep breath for this one, "according to Ginny Weasley who heard from her brother George that he heard that Fudge is in denial about you know who being back and he needed to put a spy in for the ministry so he could watch Dumbledore. That's so paranoid!"

"And what if they don't like something the Headmaster does?" Sasporilla asked.

"I don't know." Karry Curtiss said. "I guess we'll have to wait and see."

After a long first day back the children returned to their rooms for their first night sleep away from home. Sasporilla waited until all the other girls in her dorm went to sleep. She sat up in bed and penned a letter to uncle Nick by moonlight.

Dear Uncle Nick;

I read in the Daily Prophet about the Weird Sisters bus crash. It's a tragedy about their manager Williams death. I am very concerned for Myron. If he's missing then he could be badly hurt or without his memory. I need to know everything is being done that can be done for him.

Hope all is well with you;

Sasporilla



## Chapter 5

Defense against the dark arts was Sasporilla's second class of the day after Herbology. Karry Curtiss and Sassy had partnered up in Herbology so they decide to also sit together in Defense class. They jabbered and giggled with embarrassing stories of their mums.

"Good morning class." Deloris Umbridge said as she came in from the back room. The class went silent. "I am your new Defence against the dark arts teacher Professor Umbridge."

Sasporilla smiled at the new teacher who was oh so well mannered and seemed to love pink as much as she did.

A pile of books floated through the class depositing one on each desk.

"These new text books", Deloris Umbridge continued, "have been approved by the Minister of Magic himself for your education. This year we will read and go through all of this book from front to back. If you do the work and study hard I assure you will learn Defense against the dark arts in a safe and controlled environment. If you choose to disrupt the class or not do the work then I guarantee there will be consequences!"

"Professor?" Milina Croup, a rather small girl from Gryphindor asked. "Will we not be practicing any real spells." Professor Umbridge hung her head thinking not this again. "My dear you simply won't need them. The books will teach you all you need to know. Now let me be clear. I know you are being told that a certain dark wizard has returned. I assure you this is simply not true. So don't be fooled by the fear mongers. Everything is just fine."

Some how Sasporilla didn't find her words of comfort reassuring. Someone in the back of the room blew a very loud raspberry.

"That is very rude." Sasporilla Bucket said turning in her seat to face the back.

"What is your name girl?" Professor Umbridge asked.

"Sasporilla Bucket mam." Sasporilla said looking up into the questioning eyes of Deloris Umbridge.

"Well Miss Bucket." Professor Umbridge smiled. "I see you like Order and good manners as much as I do. 5 points to Hufflepuff."

"Thank you Professor." Sasporilla said sheepishly.

"Not at all dear." Professor Umbridge smiled. "I imagine we'll see great things from you this year."

After class Karry was all a light making fun of Sasporilla. "Yes mam. No mam. Teachers pet."

"Stop." Sasporilla laughed gently elbowing her friend in the side. "She was polite to me so I was polite back."

"I don't trust her." Korry said appearing behind them. "She's 'too' polite and her smile seems fake."

"I get the same feeling." Karry agreed.

"We'd best be careful around her." Korry said.

Dinner was a raucous event with all tables alive with chatter of the days events. The subject of Deloris Umbridge and the new Ministry curriculum seemed less than satisfactory for most students and seemed to prove Hermione Granger point. The Ministry was indeed interfering at Hogwarts.

"May I have your attention please." Professor Dumbledore called as he stood at the head table with Professor Sprout and Professor Snape at his sides. "Segregation of the houses at meal times has been a one thousand year tradition at Hogwarts. It has come to my attention that not all students agree with this. So as of tomorrow morning as breakfasts and lunches are staggered, students from any house may sit, if invited by a member of another house, at the other houses table with the student by whom they were invited."

Some students cheered, excited at the premise of having breakfast and lunch with friends from other houses. Some only gave a half hearted clap unsure of the greater ramifications of this change. Malfoy looked at Sasporilla with disgust in his eyes. Billy Bombaduck made a very rude gesture at her from across the hall. Zac smiled and mouthed 'Thank you'.

"Please note", professor Dumbledore added, "that dinner will still be segregated by houses and that if this privilege causes to much unacceptable disruption, it will be reversed. However 25 points to Hufflepuff for the wonderful Idea."

Amid a flurry of comments like 'figures it was a Hufflepuffs idea' came the loud meow of a cat in distress. Crookshanks, the orange haired pet cat of Hermione Granger jumped up on the Hufflepuff table hissing, spitting and bucking in an attempt to shake the small orange monkey from its back.

"Crookshanks!" Hermione yelled.

"Gooseberry!" Sasporilla yelled trying to catch hold of her monkey as it roared the cat along the table, one hand in the air yelling what sounded like the monkey equivalent of "yee ha!" Sasporilla lunged but missed Gooseberry as she ducked under her grasp and grabbed a piece of Banana. Janey Grotinag laughed so hard her dinner fell out of her mouth.

"Gooseberry!" Sasporilla said in a very cross voice. "Get off that poor cat and come here!"

People plugged their ears at the screeching that came from Sasporillas mouth. Gooseberry jumped off Crookshanks and ran back to Sasporilla. Crookshanks leapt into Hermione Grangers arms.

"Sassy what was that noise you made?" Karry asked pulling her hands from her ears.

"I just told him to get off." Sasporilla said looking at everyone as they uncovered their ears.

"It sounded like a monkey screeching." Karry said.

Hermione Granger stormed up to the Hufflepuff table. "Keep that beast of yours in cage if it can't behave it self." Gooseberry whispered something in Sasporillas ear. Sassy stood and looked at the older witch. "I do appologize but Gooseberry says your cat started it by biting her tail."

"I'm sure that's not true." Hermione Granger scoffed.

"I can talk to any animal." Sasporilla said then began meowing at Crookshanks who hissed back at her. "As your cat won't admit she bit my monkey but the wound on her tail clearly indicates she did, might I suggest you keep your vicious animal in a cage? And might I say your cat is very rude."

Sasporilla put Gooseberry up on her shoulder turned her back to Hermione Granger and sat back down to dinner. A subtle tiny laugh from Professor Umbridge sitting at the head table. Hermione walked away in a huff.



## Chapter 6

Thursdays schedule saw Defense against the dark arts as Sasporillas last class of the day. She sat quietly at her desk reading the second chapter of the new Ministry approved text. It was so dry and boring she almost fell asleep. The child like nature of it was almost insulting ad it read like a story book for a toddler. Beaddle the Bard had more pizzazz! At last she finished the chapter and closed her book quietly. Sasporilla sat reflecting on some of the spells she'd learned in dueling club last year and wondered when it would start up again.

A small "Ahem" caught Sassys attention at the front of the room. Professor Umbridge looked at her and smiled. "Miss Bucket, would you remain after class please."

Professor Umbridges office was neat as a pin and very organized. Her feminine touches off pinks and lace really brought a sence of welcome. The large collection of cat plates on the wall spoke volumes to a fellow animal lover like Sasporilla.

"Now." Professor Umbridge said closing thr door and sitting at her desk. "I just wanted to have a little, get to know you chat."

"I thought perhaps I'd done something wrong Miss." Sasporilla sighed with relief.

"Not all dear." Professor Umbridge said. "Quite the opposite! I applaud the way you stood up to that arrogant Gryphindor girl. She needs to learn her place."

A house elf knocked quietly and came in with a small tray of tea and cookies. "Hi Gribbly." Sasporilla smiled.

"Hello miss Sasporilla." Gribbly said putting the tray on the desk.

"That will be all." Professor Umbridge dismissed the house elf with casual disdain.

"You shouldn't talk to them dear. They are beneath us. Would you care to join me."

"No thank you." Sasporilla said rather curtly but politely.

"I must admit dear that I do know your grand parents, on your mothers side." Professor Sprout said pouring a cup for herself. "I apprenticed under your grandfather in the Ministry. He was a very great man."

"He tried to have me murdered as an infant." Sasporilla said.

"An awful rumour dear I assure you." Deloris Umbridge smiled.

"May I be excused Professor." Sasporilla said. "I have a lot of home work to attend to."

"So diligent.", Professor Umbridge Smiled. "You may be excused dear BUT before you go I need a loyal decent person as your self to keep an ear open for unacceptable behavior in the school. Should something come to your attention that is simply unacceptable, especially if it involves the Headmaster, I would ask that you report it to me, and only me straight away. It is a primary concern of Minister Fudge that order be maintained. Can I coun't on you Miss Bucket?"

"I strive to always be the bigger person." Sasporilla smiled. "Rest assured that anything inappropriate that I witness will be reported."

"Good girl." Professor Sprout smiled. "Off you go then."

Sasporilla stormed into the Hufflepuff common room, through her books on the floor and flopped down into one of the overstuffed chairs beside Karry.

"How was tea?" Karry grinned, "teachers pet."

"She is an abhorrent woman." Sasporilla said as Gooseberry climbed up onto her for an afternoon petting. "She is so polite but so awful. She treats house elves like..."

"Most witches do?" Karry said.

"Yes but," Sasporilla searched for the words. "She sees herself as so much better than them."

"I suspect she sees her self as so much better than most people." Karry said.

"Who." Janey asked as she walked by.

"Umbridge." Sasporilla said.

"Oh." Janey frowned and shook her head as she walked away. "Bad witch."

"I'm not sure she's all there." Karry said looking worried.

"Why doesn't she have classes with us?" Sasporilla asked.

"I heard that she needs a special class." Karry said. "Maybe she doesn't even really go here. Maybe she just wandered down from the mountain and walked in. She is part troll after all."

"Stop it." Sasporilla smirked trying not to laugh. "That's awful! She seems sweet. It's not fair to make fun."

"Sorry." Karry giggled. "So what happened with the pink lady, Sassy?"

"She had tea brought to her by Gribbly." Sasporilla explained. "Then I said Hi to him and she said 'Don't talk to them dear, they're beneath us.'"

"I hate to say it." Karry cringed. "But that's how 90% of the wizarding world feels about house elves."

"I know that but it's still not right and I don't like it." Sasporilla said folding her arms looking very cross. Gooseberry ran up onto her shoulder to lay her head against Sassy's.

"Was that all?" Kerry asked.

"No!" Sasporilla said. "She also said she wanted me to spy on students and on Dumbledore and report only to her so she can report it to the Minister of Magic."

Karry sat with her mouth hanging open. "Why didn't you lead with that!"

"I'm just telling you what happened in the order they happened in."

"No!" Karry yelled. "Start with the big news first! Girl you have to learn how to have a conversation."

"You mean how to gossip." Sasporilla said shaking her head.

"Same difference." Karry laughed. "Look this is really big. I think maybe you should tell someone."

"Ya." Sasporilla nodded. "I should go back to Umbridge and tell her I find her attitude unacceptable and she should report herself."

"No you should say something to the head master." Karry said seriously. "Or at least professor Sprout."

Professor Sprout often kept the door to her tiny crowded residence open this time of day. She liked the Hufflepuffs to feel like she was always available for them. Which of course she was. Sasporilla and Karry knocked on the open door.

"Professor Sprout are you free?" Sassy called inside.

"Yes." Professor Sprout said popping her head up from behind a large fern. "Just chatting with Binki here. Won't be a tick."

Professor Sprout made her way to the front. Taking off her smock and putting a hat onto the mound of graying curls on her head.

"Yes ladies please come in." Professor Sprout smiled. "What can I help you with?"

It was just before dinner when Professor Sprout dragged Karry and Sasporilla, swinging and yelling at each other, down the hall past Professor Umbridge.

"What is this ruckus about." Professor Umbridge asked. "Just a little healthy rivalry over the affections of a certain boy."

"He's mine!" Karry yelled.

"Get stuffed I saw him first!" Sasporilla yelled back trying to grab Karry and restarting the melee.

"Girls really!" Professor Umbridge said as professor Sprout pulled them off each other and dragged them by the scruff of their robes on down the hall. "Right! Maybe words with the head master will calm you too down!"

"Would you like me to accompany you Professor Sprout?" Deloris Umbridge smiled.

"No need." Professor Sprout hollered back quickening her pace. "Got it all under control thanks."

Professor Dumbledore was very much looking forward to roast chicken dinner this evening. If Drooble was to be believed the gravy was the best that had ever been made in the history of Hogwarts. He had made his way down the steps from his office, musing on the delights of a good roasted potato when he caught site of Professor Sprout trying desperately to usher along the two young women trying to pull each others hair out. With a regretful sigh he turned and ascended the stairs back up to his office with a taste for roast chicken that was sure to go unsatisfied and growling tummy.

Once inside the head masters office Karry and Sasporilla stopped fighting, hugged and laughed.

"If your done with that clump of hair in your hand." Karry laughed. "I'd like it back."

Sasporilla held the clump of hair up to the side of Karrys head.

Professor Sprout held out her wand. "Denuo capillum." The hair reattached on to Karrys head.

"I must admit that I'm happy to see you two have made up." Professor Dumbledore said. "However I must admit I am both Amused and confused."

"Head master." Professor Sprout said motioning to the girls to sit down. "Miss Bucket has something to tell you."





## Chapter 7

Sasporilla slept late after all of yesterdays excitement. By the time she got downstairs for breakfast a ruckus had started in the great hall. Professor Umbridge was standing with a group of Prefects, Head Boys and Head girls from all houses, at the end of the tables.

"What's going on?" Sasporilla asked Karry.

"They've just announced that anyone wanting to sit with people of other houses can sit at the end sections of the tables beyond those signs."

Sasporilla looked over and saw the signs read "OUTSIDERS." Some agreed, Some complained, some just looked down and minded their own business. Sasporilla Bucket would do neither

"That bloody does it!" Sasporilla said standing up and walking over to Zac at the Slytherin table.

"Want to have breakfast with me?" Sasporilla smiled.

"I don't want to cause trouble." Zac looked away ashamed.

"Ya ASS-porilla", Billy Bombaduck sneered. "Leave my Slytherin brothers alone. No one wants you here."

Sasporilla stood there stunned for a moment. Then a voice from behind yelled. "Oy Sassy!" Kay Curtiss yelled.

"Come sit with us!"

Kay was sitting at the end of the Ravenclaw table with Karry, and Korry. Kandy remained with her Ravenclaw friends making quiet comments and giggling. Sasporilla went over and sat beside Karry. "Thank you for the invitation." Sasporilla said.

"My pleasure." Kay Curtiss smiled and laughed. "Bloody trouble maker."

A full breakfast spread appeared on the table before them. Hot and fresh as the moment it was cooked. The small group laughed and talked as they tucked in.

"Ahem." Professor Umbridge cleared her throat as she moved to the end of the Ravenclaw table. "Miss Bucket what do you think you're doing?"

"Having breakfast with my friends." Sasporilla said wide eyed and innocently.

"But last night you and this girl were ready to tear each other apart over a boy?" Professor Umbridge smiled.

"Oh that." Sasporilla said. "That was just a misunderstanding."

"Yes we're fine now." Karry smiled taking a bite of toast.

"Mind if I slide in." George Weasley asked with a wink and a grin at Kay.

"Ya sure." Kay smiled and curled her bangs nervously as she bit her lower lip.

"So then." Deloris Umbridge said to Sasporilla ignoring the other students. "You're fine with this. Becoming an outsider from your own house?"

"It was my Idea miss." Sasporilla said standing. "To let good people get together and share a meal outside of the confines of the house system. My idea won my house 25 points and I'm proud of it. However if intolerance from others means we are labeled with the stigma of being an outsider then fine. From this day forward I will be an OUTSIDER!"

"Me to." Karry smiled.

"Count me in." Kay Curtiss laughed

"Sure why not." George Weasley winked at old Umbridge.

"And me." Korry toasted with his pumpkin juice.

"And me." Zac said sitting down.

"And me!" Janey Grotinag said shoving Deloris Umbridge out of the way and sitting down hard on the bench on the other side of Sasporilla.

"Very well then." Professor Umbridge said pulling out her perfume and spritzing Janey with it.

Janey sniffed the air. "Pretty."

Everyone laughed as Professor Umbridge walked away disgusted by the students and very disappointed in the granddaughter of her mentor.

It was with great surprise that the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students discovered a note on the green house door. Dear Students;

Do to an outbreak of flesh eating slugs the green house is temporarily closed. Please report to the library for a study period. I would like you to read up on flesh eating slugs, how to dispose of them safely and why releasing a swarm of them into a class room is neither funny nor safe.

Professor Sprout

PS. Miss Bucket please report to me in the Hufflepuff common room.

"Well aren't you special." Karry laughed.

"Oh stop." Sassy giggled.

Sasporilla returned to the Hufflepuff common room. She'd never seen it quite so empty and quiet. Professor Sprout walked in followed by a small elf. Though similar in stature it was very apparent that she was no house elf. She wore an ornate blue robe with silver moons and suns imbroidered in. She had a thin strip of long white hair that she wore braded.

"Just in time Miss Bucket." Professor Sprout smiled. "Sasporilla I'd like to introduce you to Crinklesunpin."

"Please to meet you madam." Sasporilla smiled.

"Nice to meet you to child." The elf said. "Your headmaster Professor Dumbledore arranged our meeting at behest of your grandaunt."

"Oh how nice." Sasporilla smiled a little bewildered.

"Crinklesunpin is a magic weaver." Professor Sprout said.

"Yes." The old elf smiled. "Both Daisy and Drooble have said that you have the fingers for weaving. I have come to see it for myself."

"As have I." Another elf with black and gold spun robes, long wild black hair and a goatee stepped in from thin air.

"What are you doing here?" Crinklesunpin asked.

"Why dear sister I've come to see the girl weave." The elfs smile was like a mad dogs barred teeth. "If she has talent I'd train her in the ways of weaving."

"Who is this?" Professor Sprout asked of Crinklesunpin.

"This my brother." The old elf sighed shaking her head. "The notorious Crumplegoldjinn."

"Master of the dark weave." The elf bowed. "At your service."

"Pleased to meet you." Sasporilla said

politely. "I Didn't know there were different types of weaving."

"Oh yes." Crumplegoldjinn smiled evilly giving Sasporilla the shivers. "There is dark weaving and light weaving. Any old elf, like my sister, can weave the light! But it takes a true master with strength of will and strength of character to master the dark weave."

Sasporilla didn't realised that as the elf spoke she had backed away until she bumped against professor Sprout.

"You're right to fear my brother child." Crinklesunpin said. "He's twice as mean ad he is evil and not at all trust worthy."

"Shut your mouth sister or I'll weave it shut permanently." Crumplegoldjinn spat with vitriol.

"And might I remind you that you are in a place where you have no power to issue any command." Crinklesunpin laughed.

"Yes." Crumplegoldjinn snarled. "Aren't you lucky sister."

The two elves turned and looked at Sasporilla who was standing just a little behind Professor Sprout.

"Your scaring my student." Professor Sprout said crossly. "So if you want to see the example you've come to see then I suggest you allow her to get on with it, and then be on your way."

Professor Sprout turned around and placed her hands gently on Sasporillas shoulders. Crinklesunpin stuck her tongue out st the professor behind her back while Crumplegoldjinn used both hands to flip her off.

"Don't worry miss Bucket", Professor Sprout tried to reassure the young witch, "you are perfectly safe here. Just show them the example of your weaving."

Sasporilla nodded and stepped forward. She began to pluck at the air. Professor Sprout, as most witches and wizards, could not see the fabric of magic. Sasporilla worked between them, joining the silvery threads to form a very crude pin wheel shape. As she dropped her hands the silvery object appeared, hovering in the air. The eyes of both elves went wide. No human, witch or other wise, could weave. Even if they did have elf blood somewhere in their family line.

"Remarkable!" Professor Sprout smiled.

As the old witch touched the object she found she could not move it. It was solid in the air. As solid as a piece of steel suspended in a concrete wall.

"It still exists within the fabric of magic." Crumplegoldjinn sneered. "Even a powerful witch of your advanced girth wouldn't be able to budge it."

"Excuse me." Professor Sprout said outraged.

"That is very rude." Sasporilla said. "I'm done with this. Please leave. BOTH OF YOU!"

The elves bowed and with a snap of the fingers disappeared into the æther.

"Now that they know you have the talent", Professor Sprout said, "they WILL be back."

"What do they want from me?" Sasporilla asked.

"To teach you their art." Professor Sprout smiled. "Learn what you can from them but whatever you do, sign no contract they give you, make no verbal agreement with them and never ever trust either of them."

Somewhere beyond the school boundaries Crinklesunpin & Crumplegoldjinn reappeared.

"She has the gift brother." Crinklesunpin smiled.

"Yes." Crumplegoldjinn grinned. "The Stilskin bloodline has reappeared strong in her. Soon she will be ours to do with as we will."



## Chapter 8

Sasporilla rose with the sunrise on Saturday morning. She stretched and yawned and scratched her itchy head. A large red, white and blue American flag painted trunk sat upon her personal trunk at the end of her bed. Sasporilla sat up and crawled over to a conspicuous piece of paper hanging from it.

It was a note.

Hey Sassy;

Had Drooble and the boys bring this up to ya. I gathered some old crap from the floors of some of parents condos.... I mean I found some of my old clothes that may be unwashed and been sitting in a pile on my bedroom floor since I was your size and out grew them. Give em a wash and they'll be good as new. Just what you need to put together a couple of outfits that are uniquely yours. What you don't want toss out or give it to a house elf from me.

Lyra

Sasporilla wasn't sure what to expect when she opened the trunk. Soup stained shirts, dirty knickers and dead flies if she knew Lyra. She closed her eyes and opened the trunk. Another note sat atop clean freshly laundered and folded clothes.

Dear Miss Sasporilla;

We simply could not deliver these in the state they were in. They have all been freshly laundered, dried, pressed and folded.

Drooble

The trunk was filled with tops, pants, T-shirts of various muggle bands, and political protests. Sasporilla dug and dug into the trunk which seemed so deep that she couldn't continue without losing her balance and falling in.

"What are you doing Sassy?" Karry Curtiss ask surprising her.

"You scared the life out of me." Sasporilla said.

"Sorry", Karry laughed, "where did all this come from?"

"My friend Lyra sent it on to me." Sasporilla smiled. "It's some of her old used things."

"Some?" Karry said. "It's a treasure trove."

"What's all this?" Enchandra Benz asked startling both girls who then started to laugh.

Within the hour the 3 girls had managed to pull all the clothes out of the trunk which went down as far as the Hufflepuff common room. Luckily they'd been taught to levitate objects in first year. The clothes were spread out by type over all 3 beds, the space in between and on top of trunks.

It was agreed that Sasporilla, as the clothes were a gift to her would take whatever she wanted first. Then Karry would have a go and Enchandra would pick from the leftovers.

"Before I pick." Sasporilla asked. "Does anyone see anything they absolutely must have or they'll be broken hearted?"

Both Karry Curtiss and Enchandra Benz nodded smiling excitedly.

"Then have it now." Sassy said holding out her hand. "From me to you for helping organize all this."

The two girls giggled and jumped to their feet grabbing the thing they loved the most. Karry took a green dress that came from some posh muggle designer. Though it was cute it wasn't something Sasporilla would have taken for herself. Enchandra grabbed a pair of Lyras old running shoes that still looked brand new. Enchandra found muggles fascinating and had always wanted to try a pair of these shoes. They were the most comfortable shoes she'd ever owned though maybe a half a size to big.

Both girls seemed very happy with what they'd chosen.

"What happen?" Janey asked sitting up in bed sleepy eyed and confused.

"I'm sorry if we woke you Janey." Sasporilla said. "My friend sent me some clothes and I'm sharing. Would you like something?"

Janey climbed out of bed and lumbered over. She looked across the piles of clothes and sighed. "Nothing fit Janey."

"If you see something you like," Karry said, "I think I know a spell to make it big enough!"

Janey looked surprised and happy at the prospect. She looked over the piles and pulled out a T-shirt with a female fantasy warrior standing on the chest of a troll, holding him by the nose ring. Janey picked it up and started to laugh.

"Janey daddy." She chuckled. Holding the shirt up to her huge torso it was clearly a small next to three extra large body. "To small?"

Karry smiled and took her wand from her night stand. She touched the wand to the shirt and spoke the incantation "engorgio perminetia!"

The shirt grew in Janey's hands until it became just a size to big. Janey roared with delight and slipped it on over her night shirt. She ran over and picked up Sasporilla hugging her with one arm and picking up Karry with the other and bring her in for a hug as well.

"Thank you." Janey roared. "So happy. No one give Janey things before. No one cares Janey."

Sasporilla chose about 6 pairs of denim pants, one black pair having flared cuffs. Something Karry called bell bottoms. She chose about two dozen T-shirts, one a sleeveless union jack. She chose some jackets and runners. She also picked two pairs of mankie old boots that Drooble and the boys had managed to polish and thank goodness get out the smell of Lyras feet. They looked like they may have been used when Lyra bought them. One pair in red and one in black. A label on the side said Doc something.

The other girls took their fill of pretty and standard things while Janey was happy with what she'd been given. The girls got washed up and dressed in their uniforms and headed down to breakfast with the rest of the outsiders. Luna Lovegood wandered in to breakfast just after Sasporilla and the girls. She walked past them on her way to the Gryphindor table.

"Good morning." Luna smiled. She was a lovely & genuinely nice young lady with a child like nature but everyone is in agreement that she was not quite all there.

Karry grabbed Sasporilla's sleeve and tugged it gaining her attention. She pointed out that Luna was walking around the castle barefoot.

"Luna?" Sasporilla asked. "Do you need shoes?"

"No." Luna replied quite innocently. "Mine have gone missing. I suspect Nargles took them."

After breakfast Sasporilla, Karry and Janey brought the rest of the clothes down to the front hall. Any girl that liked something in their size was free to take it. Some turned their noses up at the fact that they were muggle clothes, even the fancy designer ones.

Kay Curtiss came strolling in some time close to lunch. "What's up Hufflepuffs? Having a boot sale?"

"My friend Lyra sent me far more clothes than I could ever use." Sasporilla said. "So I'm giving away what I don't want."

"Nice." Kay smiled. "But while you guys were here you missed the big row between Umbridge and McGonagall." "What!?" Karry yelled. "They fought? What did they say? Was there yelling? Did she change old toad face into a real toad?"

"No it was a total one up show down. Umbridge was like don't question my Authority and McGonagall was all not your authority just your medieval methods and Umbridge was all to question me is to put in question the authority of the ministry of magic and the minister himself and McGonagall all like oh man and then Umbridge got all high and mighty and said she was going to report all this to the minister and there would be big changes coming."

"I can see where you get it from." Sasporilla said to Karry who giggled and gave her friend an elbow.

Dinner saw a late mail delivery. An owl swooped down and dropped an envelope, attached to a rolled up news paper, and bounced it off Sasporillas head. Kerry, Enchandra and Janey laughed. Sassy picked her delivery off the floor and opened the envelope.

Dear Sasporilla;

Uncle Nick here. Just wanted you to here this from me before you do anyone else. Everyone did everything we could to find Myron. The bus interior expansion spell folded in upon itself and collapsed when the bus crashed. All evidence does not point to fowl play especially from dark wizardry. As of today the ministry and the aurors department have ordered the case closed. As much as I do love you, you know that I always follow orders. So I am sorry.

Been a bit more rainy then usual here in London. Is it possible for it to rain all the time?

Love Uncle Nick

The letter left Sasporilla in a state of shocked. Dumfounded and confused she unrolled yesterdays Daily Prophet. There was a huge picture of Myron Wagtail smiling. The headline read "Myron Wagtail presumed DEAD" Something just didn't seem right. It took a moment for her to see it. Yesterdays Daily Prophet. I wanted you to here it from me first. I always follow orders. He NEVER follows orders. Then No evidence of meant there WAS evidence of dark wizard activity! If he'd found Myron, dead or alive, he'd have said so. No, he hadn't found him but he knew something and wasn't giving up looking. He was positive Myron was still alive because, NO, it can't rain all the time.



## Chapter 9

Sunday mornings Sasporilla Bucket liked to wake up early and go for walk by the Black Lake. A slow walk in the cool fall air helped to shake off a weeks worth of cobwebs. Especially after the turbulent week she'd had.

Sassy liked to stand by the waters edge and watch the Francis the giant squid swim lazily across in the morning sun. It was here that she could practice the natural arts she'd been taught by the house elves the year before without the prying eyes of most other students.

As she spun earth, air and water around her she let her flame out to eat freely in a stone fire pit Drooble and the house elves had constructed for her.

That was when she first saw him peeking out from the dark forest. A young male centaur with long dark hair and wearing a leather quiver on his back looked distantly at the school.

Sasporilla allowed the elements to flow back into their natural places and brought her flame back into her palm. She walked slowly up to the centaur as not to scare him off. She knew the books said they could be fierce and dangerous but Sasporilla got neither of those impressions from him. He seemed distant and sad. What he spoke seemed like gibberish at first.

"Darkness rises in conjunction with Leo this morn. Of Mice and men we seek the mother of dragons before Cancer falls in retrograde."

"What?" Sasporilla asked. "I don't understand."

"Listen not to me with human ears but with the ears of a beast." The centaur said as he repeated his rambling.

Some where, behind the english, Sassy heard it. Though it sounded very much like our language, all mysterious and mystical, it was not. In the back was another language. An animal language she could hear. It took some time to filter out the human muck but eventually she heard him clearly and understood him.

"There are strange men in the forest trying to push out my heard. We need to find Hagrid and ask him why?"

"I'm sure Hagrid doesn't know but I'll run and get him if you wait right here."

"Agreed foal." The Centaur said. "I am Talton the younger."

"I am Sasporilla Bucket, the outsider." Sassy smiled. "I'll go as fast as I can."

Hagrid wasn't in his hut but she found him just inside the school entrance headed for breakfast.

"Hagrid!" Sassy called out turning some heads.

"Good mornin' miss Sasporilla!" Hagrid smiled. "Care to join me fer some breakfast?"

She waved for him to bend down and she whispered in his ear.

"Oh dear." Hagrid said. "There should'n be no men in the forest! Ah cods wallup! Care to accompany me to talk with'm?"

"Of course." Sasporilla smiled.

Hagrid moved as fast as his big frame allowed. When they arrived at the edge of the dark forest two men had ropes around Taltons neck and were trying to hold him as he struggled.

"Let him go!" Sasporilla said snapping her fingers. The ropes magically fell empty as Talton appeared beside her confused.

"Who are you an' wha'r ye doin' on Hogwarts land?" Hagrid demanded.

"The dark forest is now under the control of the Ministry of magics Natural affairs and magical beasts department." One of the men smiled.

"We been ordered to round up all centaurs and place them in a safe reserve further north for their safety and protection." The other man said.

"Protection from what?" Sasporilla asked. "The only threat to them I see is you lot!"

"Now look here little girl." The one man sneered pulling his wand out slowly. "If you don't shut it and let the adults talk I'll have to..."

Vines rapped around both mens hands and feet. The trees beat them with their brances. Small stones pelted them from all directions. Wands fell to the forest floor as Sasporilla walked forward and picked them up.

"Or you'll what?" Sasporilla asked. With a bit of effort she snapped each one causing the maple and elm wands to spark and fizzle.

"They're repairable but you'll harm no one with them today."

"Blimey Sasporilla", Hagrid said amazed, "did you do all tha'?"

"Yes sir." Sassy smiled and winked. "I don't like bullies."

"Rightly so miss Bucket." Professor Dumbledore said wandering up. "If you would be so kind to let these gentlemen down I believe that I can sort out this matter for the time being."

Sasporilla had the dark forest drop the men who landed hard on the forest floor.

"Oops." Sasporilla smiled.

"Now then gentlemen." Professor Dumbledore smiled pulling out a very old map that unrolled in the air and showed the Hogwarts grounds and how far they stretched into the dark forest. It even showed the centaur colony and the men in the forest hunting them. "As you can clearly see the centaur colony is well within the confines of our schools borders as agreed upon in the land grant 1000 years ago."

"Doesn't matter the ministry wants..." one man began.

"What the ministry wants and what the ministry has the right to control are far different things." Professor Dumbledore said. "As headmaster of this school I order you off all school property and order you to cease and desist harassment of the centaurs."

"I have my orders." The man smiled. It was evident these men enjoyed their work hurting beasts and separating them from their herds.

"Oh I know you do but you see." Professor Dumbledore said laying his wand on the map. "I give the orders here." Men began flying out of the dark forest and collecting in front of the Headmaster.

"You may return to your heard and tell them that as long as Albus Dumbledore is in charge of Hogwarts that they will be safe on our grounds. I can't guarantee your safety past that."

Talton thanked the Headmaster with a bow, turned to Hagrid and smiled then walked over to young pink haired witch.

"You have helped me and my heard." Talton said bowing. "Your name will be remembered in our stories a a friend of the centaur Sasporilla Bucket. Thank you to you all."

Sassy hugged his thick chest. "You're very welcome Talton."

The centaur ran off into the dark forest to reunite with his heard.

Sasporilla smiled and turned back around to see Dumbledore and the group of men were gone.

"Where did everyone go?" Sasporilla asked.

"Professor Dumbledore said som'fin abou' takin'm all to breakfast at Minuster Fudges house."

Sasporilla and Hagrid laughed as Hagrid gave the young witch a piggy back ride, back to the castle.

"I did'n know ya could do tha' with yer fingers?" Hagrid said. "Never seen a witch do tha' b'fer."

"Do what?" Sasporilla asked.

"Ya know." Hagrid said. "Snapin' yer fingers like an elf an' brinin' the centaur to ya like tha'."

"I did?" Sasporilla was amazed. She looked at her hand for a second and snapped her fingers. Nothing happened.

"Didn't realize. I guess I just reacted."

"Yer'n amazin' one Sasporilla Bucket." Hagrid said.

It wasn't long after Dumbledores return that the Ministry of Magic posted it's first decree on the walls of Hogwarts.

### Proclamation 23

Deloris Jane Umbridge has been appointed to the post of Educational High Inquisitor at Hogwarts.



## Chapter 10

Zacariah Zarcazzian came from an abusive Slytherin home where his good natured honesty was shunned. More often than not he was the target of hurtful language or physical abuse. To escape to Hogwarts was a dream come true until he landed in Slytherin house where his good natured honesty was shunned & more often than not he was the target of hurtful language or physical abuse. Taunts and jibes in the common room. Hateful notes passed to him in class. The butt of every joke told. Even in his bed at night groups of boys lead by Billy Bombaduck would beat him within an inch of his life. Every day through the hurt and the pain he carried on.

He looked forward to the mornings. Breakfast and lunch were a respite from the tyranny of the Slytherins that surrounded him. A place where he could sit with others who didn't make fun of him or hurt him in anyway. Even if to do so made him more of a social pariah by being an OUTSIDER.

"Good morning Zac old boy." Karry said as Zac sat down. "Just you and me so far."

"Not any more squirt." Kay said sliding in beside her little sister.

"Good morning." Zac said wincing a bit.

"What's wrong?" Karry asked.

"I fell." Zac lied. "Hit my side on the bed post."

"You should go see madam Pomfrey." Karry said. "She'll fix you up right as rain."

"Go see who?" Sasporilla asked as she sat down beside Zac, Korry sliding in on the other side of him.

"Madame Pomfrey." Karry said.

"Why?" Sasporilla asked.

"Morning mate." Korry said.

"Morning." Zac smiled and winced again.

"Because he's fallen and hurt his side." Karry said.

"How?" Janey asked sitting down straining the bench.

"Tripped over the mat going tl the washroom." Zac said.

"Ouch." Korry said.

"What?" Saporilla asked.

"What?" Korry asked back.

Everyone looked at each other finally realizing they were all lost in the circle of conversation. Laughter erupted from the OUTSIDERS. Zac felt a lot better.

Ministry of Magic Proclamations started to appear every day. No music to be played. No unauthorized gathering of students. But the one that upset Zac the most was the proclamation stating all student groups were disbanded. This included the Outsiders.

"Where you gonna eat now Zarcasian?" Billy Bombaduck laughed as he shoved Zac at Chelsea Dilton.

"Ya Zacarina." Chelsea Dilton laughed as she shoved him to Sean Kilmister who shoved Zac to the ground.

Zac curled up on the ground as each of the Slytherins had a kick at him.

"Good luck eating Zork." Billy Bombaduck sneered. "Because we won't let you sit at our table. Outsider."

Zac was still in the Slytherin common room when Professor Snape found him. He was curled up in a tight ball behind the couch.

"Where have you been boy?" Snape asked. "You've missed three classes."

Zac just wept.

"For goodness sake boy." Snape said as he grabbed Zac by the arm. Zac Zarcasian screamed and passed out.

It was late that night when Billy Bombaduck, Sean Kilmister, Ian Grabbler, Joey Cuningham and Herbert Weise all snuck into Zac's dorm. No one moved, as usual not wanting to get involved or afraid of getting hurt themselves.

"We've come for you again OUTSIDER." Billy Bombaduck hissed. "This is your last night as a Slytherin Zaca-reeah."

"Won't be enough left of you after tonight to feed a gold fish." Herbert Weise said.

"What shall we do to him?" Ian Grabbler laughed.

"I say we cut OUTSIDER in his chest and leave him tied up outside to freeze." Kilmister growled.

"I say we take him up to the owlry and shove him off." Cuningham tittered excitedly.

"I say we pull him into the Dark forest." Billy Bombaduck sneered as he grabbed the blankets at the foot of the bed. " and Avada kevra him, once and for all."

With a tug the blankets flew off the bed to reveal Professor Snape who glared at them contemptuous disdain and disappointment.

"Lumos," Snape said as light poured from his wand illuminating the heads of the other three houses and the Headmaster.

Zacariah fisher slept comfortably for the first night in a month, on a cot in Professor Snapes office.

Eight Slytherins, five boys and three girls were expelled the next day. Billy Bombaduck was chief amongst them. Everyone said how he planned and executed the beatings. How he'd forced them into going along with him or be ostracized. Draco Malfoy was quite frankly shocked to hear such behavior went on. If he had knowledge of it he'd have reported it straight away!

The OUTSIDERS stood by their friend Zac as the disgraced students were escorted by their parents off school grounds.

Billy Bombaduck turned and looked at them with hatred burning deep in his eyes. "I know it was you who said something to Snape. I will get you and your friends one day Sas-gorilla Butt-sweat."

Only this time no one around him laughed. His father gave him a strong swat across the back of the head and dragged him by his long blonde hair away from Hogwarts.

"From this day on." Professor Snape addressed the Slytherins. "Any Slytherin abusing another unjustly will answer to me."

With a flick of his wand the doors opened and all Slytherins filed back inside quietly.

"You're safe from them now Zac." Sasporilla said. "You'll never have to worry about Billy the bully again."





## Chapter 11

Sasporilla Bucket tried hard to ignore them all day. Where ever she went, breakfast, classes even to the washroom the voices of the weavers followed. Bothering her with questions like "don't you want to know the great secrets of the weave?" and trying to convince her to learn from them. Finally she'd had enough.

After dinner she took a walk with Karry around the outside of the castle. There she told Karry what had been going on and explained she needed her to stay close.

"Sasporilla." The voices whispered. "Does this mean you agree to see us?"

"I agree to nothing." Sasporilla said to the empty space around her making Karry question her friends sanity for a second. "If you want to talk to me then come and do so of your own free will."

Crinklesunpin & Crumplegoldjinn appeared before her. Karry had seen many elves in her life but had never seen any like these two. Something about them disturbed the young witch causing her to take a step back.

"We are so happy you accepted our invitation to see us." Crumplegoldjinn smiled.

"I accepted nothing of the sort." Sasporilla insisted folding her arms. "Now tell me what you want?"

"We only wish to teach you!" Crinklesunpin smiled. "To learn the ways of the weave so that when we pass, another may teach to the next weavers."

"You're elves." Sasporilla laughed. "Even at your ages now you will out live me by centuries."

"Would you at least agree to take one lesson from each of us?" Crumplegoldjinn asked. "So that you might see more clearly what weaving is?"

"I don't so the harm in just one lesson." Sasporilla said making the elves smile. "Of course you'd have to offer them to me freely without agreement or signature."

The two elves frowned. "You are a cagey one Sasporilla Bucket." Crinklesunpin sighed. "Has someone schooled you in our ways.?"

"Yes." Sasporilla said. "A friend and mentor warned me of your tricks. So know then that I will never agree to or sign anything."

"Fair enough." Crinklesunpin frowned.

"We agree to teach you each one lesson." Crumplegoldjinn said. "In the ways of our personal art of the weave."

"BUT", Crinklesunpin added, "after both lessons are finished you will have one cycle of the moon to decide which magical discipline you'll choose. Agreed?"

"No." Sasporilla said.

Crinklesunpin & Crumplegoldjinn began to laugh and vanished.

"What are they?" Karry asked.

"Weaver elves." Sasporilla sighed. "They can weave the fabric of magic. So can I. So they want me for something. Just haven't got them to admit for what yet."

"Are they dangerous?" Karry asked.

"I get the impression they are." Sasporilla said.

"Then why agree to take lessons." Karry asked.

"I didn't." Sasporilla laughed, Karry joining in.

"Lets head back." Karry said taking her friends hand as they ran back to school.

The court yard was alive with activity. Professor Trelawney, the Professor of, divination stood by her bags and trunks. Deloris Umbridge standing in front of her grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Please." Professor Trelawney begged. "This is my home. Please don't send me away."

The headmaster Professor Dumbledore, walked into the court yard past Professor Umbridge and ushered the very upset Professor Trelawney back inside with some quiet words of comfort.

Professor Umbridge protested based on HER rights under Proclamation 23.

"You may have the right to dismiss my teachers." Dumbledore said firmly. "But you do not have the authority to banish them from the grounds. That power still remains with the headmaster."

"For now." Professor Umbridge smiled. "For now."

"Wow." Sasporilla said.

"She's a total bitch." Karry said.

"Karry!" Sasporilla gasped.

"Had to be said." Karry smiled.



## Chapter 12

The reports in the Daily Prophet were terrifying. Every few days someone in the wizarding world had disappeared. No one wanted to admit Voldemort had returned. It seem like they spent most of their time trying to create hysteria over Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter stating Voldemort had returned.

Sasporilla Bucket sat in the library in a study circle with Karry, Korry, & Zac.

"What did you get for number 4, Sassy?" Karry asked.

Sasporilla looked back a page in her home work book. "Number 4? Werewolf."

"Good!" Karry said. "That's what I though but I just wasn't 100% sure."

"You had no clue." Korry said.

"Not a one." Karry giggled.

"Does any one know what a BEZORE is?" Zac asked. "I keep looking in the potions book bu I can't find it any where.

"It's a stone in a goats stomach." Karry said. "Snape likes to ask that question because it's at the end of the book. Makes you read the whole thing to find it, right Sassy?"

But Sasporilla Bucket had vanished leaving behind her books and bag. Even Gooseberry sat there with her little mouth hanging open.

"It's a stone in a goats... " Sasporilla said raising her head to look at Zac, however she was no longer with her friends in the library. She was sitting at a table in a small circular stone room piled high with gold and straw by a light wooden spinning wheel, staring into the smiling face of Crinklesunpin. "... stomach."

"And Good morning to you too miss Bucket." Crinklesunpin said rubbing her hands together with excitement.

"I thought today would be the perfect day for your weaving lesson."

"To be honest it isn't." Sasporilla said politely. "But since I'm here you may as well show me what you have to show me."

"Splendid." Crinklesunpin said moving her old hands near Sasporillas face. "It takes the gentlest of touches to weave the light."

As she slowly moved her finger over one silvery strand of light Sasporilla noticed it pulled free of an identical dark strand.

"So that is what a dark magic looks like in the fabric." Sasporilla said fascinated. "I usually can only see the light strands."

"That is because I suspect you have a talent for light magic weaving dear." The old elf grinned. "Now you try." Sasporilla tugged and tugged but only managed to join strands together. Failing miserably at separating the threads.

"You weave like a goblin." Crinklesunpin snapped.

"I beg your pardon?" Sasporilla asked getting her back up a bit.

"Goblins weave as well as forge you see." Crinklesunpin spat. "They craft an item from both light and dark and sell it to the highest bidder knowing that it remains theirs as they are the weaver."

"I always wondered about that." Sasporilla mused. "So then what do your kind of elves do?"

"We are the weavers of magic itself!" Crinklesunpin said proudly. "We too spin items but more specifically from one type of magic. Though there was a time thousands of years ago when all the elven weavers that have ever been, and ever will be, got together and wove the fabric of magic from earth and water, fire and air, until it covered the world from the beginning to the end of time. Let's see a bloody goblin do that!"

"That's very impressive." Sasporilla said.

"Indeed." Crinklesunpin agreed. "Now run your finger along one of the silver threads with more care. Try to feel it at your finger tip. The light strand will feel warm, while the dark strand will feel colder."

Sasporilla tried and tried again. Then she sensed a difference in the strand of magic. When she ran her finger along the silken silvery thread on its side closer to her she felt joy. When she ran her finger to the opposite side she felt sorrow. She placed her finger on the nearest side and pulled it gently away from the black thread.

"Wonderful!" Crinklesunpin cheered in delight. "I think we can agree that you are now Weaver of the light."

"No." Sasporilla said. "I'm just a clever girl with one lesson. Nothing more, nothing less."

"Yes." Crinklesunpin said. "Clever girl indeed."

"I do have a question or two?" Sasporilla asked.

"What?" The old elf sighed.

"When you pull light magic away and it only leaves the dark magic isn't that a bad thing?"

"The same thing happens the other way round when the dark weavers work their craft." Crinklesunpin looked shocked that this girl would even care.

"And the goblins when they weave?" Sasporilla said. "Does the magic just fill back in like it does for me?"

"Yes of course." Crinklesunpin snapped again loosening her patience with these vexingly simple silly questions.

"Like dipping a bowl in the ocean. When you pull the bowl out it is filled with water and the place where it was fills in!"

"Ah!" Sasporilla said with an air of understanding. "But if enough people dip their bowls in the ocean enough time they will eventually empty the ocean!"

"I suppose that is true." Crinklesunpin said folding her arms. "But as rains fall from the sky's as the water from the missing bowls dissolves and rises into the clouds to return as rain, so are the ones after us who refill the magic by spinning it a new."

"So that is what the spinning wheel is for?" Sasporilla asked.

"Yes." Crinklesunpin smiled gently.

"And you would train me to do just that?" Sasporilla asked. "Sit and reweave the fabric of light magic until I died."

"Well it's been good enough for the others who agreed!" Crinklesunpin yelled and stopped herself putting her hands over her big mouth. "Clever girl."

"You may return me now." Sasporilla said.

"And just why should I do that?" Crinklesunpin grinned. "I have you here now. You don't know where you are. If I were to weave a silver chain I could wrap it on your arm and imprison you. You would be my slave to command for the rest of your life and there would be nothing you could do about it!"

The fast old elf clamped a silver manacle on Sasporilla's wrist.

"Now all is lost." Crinklesunpin mocked. "You must agree you're in an impossible situation to escape."

"No I do not agree." Sasporilla said.

The room began to spin and fly away as Sasporilla landed back in the library seconds after she disappeared.

"Sassy!" Karry said hugging her friend. "Where did you go?"

"We didn't know what happened to you." Korry said looking worried.

"Are you ok?" Zac asked genuinely concerned.

"Yes." Sasporilla reassured them. "An elf just tried to make me her slave and I tricked her into letting me go. At least I learned a bit about how they do what they do, how and why. I fear they may have enslaved others with the talent to weave. Some how I'll find out where they are and free them!"

---



## Chapter 13

With the first snows of winter also came the first spark of hope. News was spreading quietly in certain circles about a meeting in Hogsmead for anyone who wanted to learn real Defense against the Dark arts.

The OUTSIDERS gathered in the one spot they could all be at the same time. The library.

"All I know is." Sasporilla Bucket whispered. "Is that the meeting is in Hogsmead tomorrow at the Hogs Head."

"We're second years!" Kerry said. "We aren't allowed to go on the Hogsmead trip. How are we suppose to get there?"

"I'm a first year!" Zac said. "I can't exactly sneak out with the crowd."

"Kay said she might know someone who can help us sneak out of Hogwarts and into Hogsmead." Korry whispered.

"Janey no go." Janey Grotinag said sadly. "Janey not sneak."

"What time is the meeting?" Karry asked.

"Not sure." Korry said. "Kay said to meet her downstairs by the main steps at three. Just after class."

"Then it's agreed." Sasporilla said. "We meet up again tomorrow at three."

It was about ten after three. Sassy, Karry, Korry and Zac all sat waiting on the front steps.

"Maybe it's off?" Zac said.

"No." Korry laughed. "My sisters are just always late."

"Women." Zac said getting a double cuff on the head from Sasporilla and Karry.

Kay came walking past nonchalantly hanging on the arm of George Weasley. She paid no attention to the children sitting on the steps.

"If they were smart." George smiled and winked. "They'd follow our example. Boy girl, boy girl."

The children all looked at each other. Sasporilla was the first to get it. She took Korry by the hand and pulled him to her. She swung her hand playfully in his and said "Follow."

Karry took Zacs hand and followed the others to a small secret door. The door lead into a tunnel. All of their coats were waiting for them.

"Ok." George Weasley said. "This tunnel leads into the basement at Honey Dukes in Hogsmead."

"Be quiet while we do this." Kay said very seriously. "We don't want you getting caught."

The tunnel was long and dark. If it weren't for the light from Kay and Georges wands they'd have been in strict blackness. It was a twenty minute walk before they came to the hatch in the HoneyDukes candy store basement. George popped it open an inch and had a look around.

"Coast is clear." George said pushing the hatch open. Everyone climbed out and up the stairs quietly into the shop. Mr.HoneyDuke was asleep at the counter. George pointed to the candy and flipped Korry a Gallion.

'Get some candy for all of you.' Kay motioned.

Kay and George stepped outside and played kissy-face in the cool Hogsmead air while watching for curious eyes. The ringing bell woke Mr.Honeyduke from his slumber. He didn't know what day it was or what time but he knew he had customers.

"Welcome to Honeydukes children!" Mr.Honeyduke said. "What can I get for you today."

A small bag of candies each, a lolly and chocolate frog each except for Zac who preferred Ice Mice. It all came to exactly one Gallion. Korry found having a highly attractive older sister was very advantageous. New boyfriends wanted to impress her with their generosity to her younger siblings.

They all left the candy shop together. Kay and George lead the way to the Hogs Head. Hogsmead oldest tavern. As they piled in they got odd looks from an old man with a long beard that sat to the side in a shadowy corner. Harry, Hermione, Ron and Fred were setting up in the back.

"It's about time." Ron said. "Grab some chairs and help set up."

"Been busy." George smiled.

"Ya I can see that." Fred smiled wiping off Kay's lipstick from his twin brothers lips.

The Outsiders helped to set up, then took seats in the back as everyone else piled in.

The meeting was perhaps the most important of Sasporillas young life. While the Ministry stuck its head in the sand like an ostrich, Harry Potter was offering to teach everyone Defense spells. In a world that was growing more and more dangerous it would important to learn important defenses like an advanced type of magic spell known as the patronus charm. Sasporilla was eager to learn though others needed more convincing. Some believed Minister Fudge and that all was well, but most knew a darkness was here and if they hoped to dispel it they would have to fight back. As much as his friends talked him up and sung the praises of his abilities, Harry Potter came off as a simple and humble young man. Attributing half his success in fighting dark forces a sheer dumb luck and help from others.

Most signed up for the group that decided to call itself Dumbledores Army. The main rule of the group was to keep it absolutely secret. However if someone trustworthy showed interest in learning then they were welcome to join.

The first meeting of the DA was hard to find. It was down a hall on an upper floor through a door that was not normally there.

Sasporilla and the outsiders finally found the door.

"This seems strangely familiar to me." Sasporilla said. "Like I've been here before but I just can't remember."

"You probably past it one day." Karry said.

"Ya I guess." Sassy smiled.

Inside was a long room with a target dummy at the far end. Everyone was waiting on them as they were the last to arrive.

"Now that we're all here." Harry smiled. "Let's get started. The new text books don't teach us anything. We are living in a world where dark wizards are a real threat. We have to know how to defend ourselves. I thought we'd begin with the most basic defense spell. Expeliarmus to disarm your opponent. Now watch me."

Harry Potter was not only very good at most of the defense spells but he was actually very good at teaching them! Expeliarmus to disarm a foe. Flipendo to throw your opponent end over end. Stupify to render one stunned for a few moments.

Lesson after lesson saw more defensive spells and more members trickle in.

Janey Grotinag loved the idea of the club but didn't feel she'd fit in. Sasporilla convinced her to come just once to try it.

"Harry." Sasporilla smiled. "this is my friend Janey. She's keen to learn but afraid she won't fit in."

"Everyone's welcome here Janey." Harry smiled. "Have you ever had to defend yourself before?"

"Yes." Janey grunted shyly.

"Can you show me how on that practice dummy over there?" Harry said pointing his wand towards it.

Janey let out a howl and jumped on the practice dummy planting her knees into its chest, toppling it to the ground. Janey sunk her teeth into the dummy's wooden face and took a big bite and ripping a large hunk of wood out. She spat the wood out hitting the dummy defiantly.

"Papa." Janey said.

"Marvelous." Harry said wide eyed and bit afraid. "But I meant defended against magic."

"Ohhhh." Janey understood. "Sorry. No."

Teaching Janey defense magic was a bit harder than the others because English was not her first language. She spoke troll tongue. With this in mind Karry found books on translating spells to troll tongue in the library. There was a long list to work from and Janey was eager to learn.

Expelliarmus - Gon'a. Stupify - cO'ba. Even spells like Petrificus Totalus, to fully bind the body, were within Janey's reach now.

"Gobb'rak'KO!" Laid Neville Longbottom out stiff as a board. Neville was happy to help but he had to wonder why it was always him.

New proclamations ordered all students to submit to questioning with Professor Umbridge. No one spoke of the club to her but she knew something was going on. The old witch formed the Inquisitorial squad. A group following her orders and reporting only to her. They had what seemed like unlimited power to spy and discipline with impunity.

The DA continued meeting in secret. Right up until Christmas break. They learned defense and attack spells to give back as good as they got.

Incarcerous and Bombard the Blasting spells sent the target dummy spinning around the floor. Levicorpus raised an opponent off the ground and suspended them in air. Locomotor Mortis would lock your legs up tight and prevent you from moving. Reducto the Reductor spell was especially deadly in the hands of Ginny Weasley who blew the target dummy to bits.

Healing and repair spells like Episkey, Liberacorporis, Rennervate & Reparo were also great to learn.

It was at the final meeting before Christmas break that Harry thanked everyone for coming and told everyone how proud he was of them because they all tried so hard and did so well.



## Chapter 14

The Hogwarts Express was alive with activity as everyone was excited to go home for the holiday. Sassy brought some of the clothes from Lyra with her. They'd look good around the house while she unpacked her things and set up her room. That is if her mum had not already done so for her. Kandy Curtiss argued over the importance of the Inquisitorial squad. Kandy was thinking of joining as a Slytherin boy she liked had joined.

"Use your head girl." Kay yelled at her sister. "They're just a bunch of fanatical bullies getting their jollies telling others what to do!"

"They are an important part of keeping order at Hogwarts." Kandy Curtiss growled. "If it wasn't for them animals like you lot would be running wild in the halls."

Korry raised one buttock and let out a loud fart to big for an old man ten times his size.

"Take that back to your inquisitor boy friend." Korry laughed.

"Little pig." Kandy said holding her nose and walking out of the compartment to find more menial companionship.

"Well I am an animal after all!" Korry yelled after her. "She's becoming such a TW...."

Korry noticed all the girls looking at him rather crossly holding their noses. Korry started to laugh and pulled out a small box from his pocket.

"It's a Weasley wheeze Toot box." Korry laughed opening it made the same loud fart sound. "There's no smell. Just sound. I just wanted her to shut it and leave."

The girls all laughed. Sasporilla sunk into the Daily Prophet. It had a big picture on the front of the Weird Sisters with thier new singer and their new look.

The Weird Sisters move past Tragedy

By Rita Skeeter

It is no surprise that a band as young, popular and full of energy as the Weird Sisters, refused to die with their late lead singer Myron Wagtail. I recently had the opportunity to meet up with the fab five in a classically Gothic Mansion in West Heath.

When asked where they'd found their new lead singer, the tall thin young man named Marlon Wormwood, it turned out that they didn't have very far to look at all.

"Marlon was a rodie of ours for years." Kirley Duke - Lead guitarist told us. "He knew the whole show and he can sing."

"Ya he's a much more talented song writer than Myron was." Gideon Crumb added. "His songs take us in the direction what we always wanted to go in!"

I had to admit that visually they did look different in heavy make up and dark feel. When I asked if this was their intention to become a darker, heavier band with a less poppy edge I was surprised to here that yes they were.

"Myron Wagtail was a kind generous man." Marlon Wormwood told this reporter. "He genuinely liked people and took in strays and charity cases as often as muggle children bring home stray puppies. He had a bright view of this world and in my opinion not a very realistic one. His views were reflected in the bands songs. Now all of our views are reflected equally."

I had to ask Marlon Wormwood the burning question that was on everyone's mind.

"Marlon your father was notorious convicted child murder and death eater Collin Wormwood. Any concerns about these rumors of you know who's return?"

It was with a broad smile he answered me. "No. Do you have any Rita Skeeter?"

The new album "The Dark Mark" will be released boxing day eve. Management assures the public they will not be disappointed at the new sound which, tho different from that of the Wagtail Years, is still very much the Weird Sisters.

Sasporilla wasn't as interested in the band without her Myron. She didn't know how they could just move on. This whole new dark look gave her the shivers. They looked like the types she'd envisioned in league with Voldimort during the dark times. Maybe they were.

More articles of disappearances and violence on muggles were being reported every day. It seemed like no place was safe from the dark things going on in London.

A small article at the back of the Prophet talked about the Ministries plan to create a Centaur reserve in the dark forest. One hundred acres would be allotted once the bill was passed in the ministry of magic to reclaim it from its one thousand year old claim held by the adjacent Hogwarts. Minister Fudge was quoted as saying "Just because Hogwarts sits next to the dark forest does not give them the right to it! After all we live next to France and don't just claim it for our own. It's time for ancient land rights to be reviewed in the ministry and for injustices in old pollicies to be rectified!"

As the train pulled into Kings Cross station Sasporilla caught site of her mum standing next to the Curtiss'. They all smiled and waved as the train rolled in. That was the first time Sasporilla Bucket noticed a tall thin man dressed in a shabby long coat and oversized pants with wild long hair that looked as though it had never seen a comb and a beard to match. She wondered just who this "Shabby man" was.



## Chapter 15

Sasporilla piled into the Curtiss family mini van along with everyone else. Mr. & Mrs.Curtiss sat in front. Wysteria sat behind beside Sassy with the oldest girl Kay on the other side. Kandy was stuck between the twins in the back. "Isn't this brilliant?" Wysteria asked Sasporilla. "So much room! You could almost live in it!"

"Yes." Sasporilla agreed.

"You know while you've been away at school." Wysteria smiled. "I've been studying to get my muggle drivers licence."

"Really mum?" Sasporilla said excitedly. "Yep! Mr. & Mrs.Curtiss have been giving me lessons since I got my learners permit. If I get my full licence I plan to buy a minus van just like this one."

"Mini-van", Kolleen Curtiss Giggled. "The Muggles call it a mini-van Wyssie."

"Right." Wysteria stood corrected. "Mini-van."

Ride home was slow and long due to holiday traffic but once they'd arrived Sasporilla felt a desperate sence of reliefe. Though she'd only seen the home once it clearly felt like home to her.

As they climbed out into the drive way Sasporilla grabbed her bags and took in the site of their small yellow house with a few chubby Christmas lights strung along the eves. It was so beautiful.

"So we'll see you at Seven then?" Kolleen asked.

"Wouldn't miss it!" Wysteria smiled and waved as the Curtiss' drove off down the road to their house.

"What's at seven?" Sasporilla asked her mum.

"Christmas party at the Curtiss'." Wysteria smiled. "Whole street will be in attendance."

The front door opened to reveal miss Daisy and a waggley bummed black and white puppy.

"Hello my dearest Sasporilla." Daisy said reaching up to kiss her grand niece. "I have missed you so."

"Who is this?" Sasporilla smiled as the puppy woofed at her.

"Daisy." Wysteria said picking up the puppy. "He was suppose to be a present for the morning!"

"Have you ever tried to keep a puppy in a box?" Daisy said. "It isn't easy I tell you. Even for a magical being such as myself."

Gooseberry peeked out of his house at the puppy. The puppy woofed at the small monkey and she peeked her head back down.

The family piled in. The puppy scampered off to find her ball. Sassy carried her things through the kitchen and up the back stairs into her room. Her mother had set up a bed for her and a night table with a lamp. She had her own dresser and wardrobe and a nice rug that really tied the room together.

She hung her newest things in the wardrobe with her old clothes. It still left 90% of space in the wardrobe. The dresser had some new socks and underwear along with old. It was a wonderful room. A couple of large boxes marked "Sassys things" sat on the freshly made bed.

Sasporilla levitated the two boxes onto the floor and flopped down onto the bed. She jiggled excitedly as the concept of being on her own bed in her own room for the first time!

The puppy jumped, with some effort, on to Sasporillas bed. He shimmied up to her and flopped down by her head, rolling over on his back exposing his furry little tummy and kissing her face.

"What's your name?" Sassy said.

"I don't have one." The puppy whimpered. "My mom said my person would give me one. Are you my person?"

"I guess I am." Sassy said. "What name have you heard that you like."

"I heard a name on the box the lady watches." The puppy sat up straight and woofed. "Buster."

"Buster it is then." Sasporilla said rubbing his furry little head.

"Yay" the puppy circled and danced excitedly. "I'm buster!"

Gooseberry jumped up on the bed. She walked over to the puppy cautiously.

"Gooseberry this is Buster he's a puppy." Sasporilla said. "Buster this is Gooseberry, she's a monkey."

The two touched noses and stared at each other. Then Gooseberry held out his hand and the puppy gave paw. They became fast friends. Sasporilla was very glad, and very relieved.

At sevenish the Buckets headed over to the Curtiss house. Christmas music played loudly and people were coming and going. Sasporilla helped her mother carry over four bags of Christmas gifts. Apparently mum had become fast friends with the Curtiss' since she'd been away. Sassy was glad for her mum who had never really had friends except for her, dad and Miss Daisy.

There was no sense knocking on the door because no one would hear it. So they walked in.

The Curtiss family dog, a brown and white Staffordshire terrier named Porridge, met them in the foyer.

"Hello Porridge." Mrs.Bucket smiled.

The dog wagged its tail and lead them into the party.

Mrs.Curtiss met them first. "Wysteria! Sasporilla! Welcome! Here give me those bags and I'll put them under the tree. Wylie follow me, Sasporilla the twins are over there by the tv."

Sasporilla worked her way through the crowd until she came across the twins sitting on a couch by the tv in a small alcove off of the living room. Sasporilla flopped down across the laps of her friends.

"Hi ya." Sasporilla smiled.

"You scared the life out of me!" Karry laughed giving her friend a good thump.

"I thought it was the dog at first." Korry laughed. "Not that far off. Smell the same."

Sasporilla pinched Korry's arm as she sat up between the two of them.

"Do your parents always throw such big parties?" Sasporilla asked.

"Big?" Korry laughed. "This is a get together. Real parties are huge."

"Wow." Sasporilla said. "I can't imagine."

"I hate parties." Karry said. "I'd like to have just one quiet Christmas eve."

"I could cast a deafness spell on you." Korry said reaching for his wand. "If I could put a mute spell on Kandy it'd be the perfect Christmas!"

"Put your wand away." Sasporilla said. "No magic outside of school."

"Let's go for a walk." Karry said. "At least it's quiet outside."

Karry and Sassy took Porridge for an evening walk. The Castle Road was alive with partyers singing carols as they walked away from the party with two or three drinks in them. A few blocks up the night got a bit quieter.

"So what's around here?" Sasporilla asked.

"There's an all hours shop up there." Karry pointed. "The shops are mostly over that way and there's a theatre over down there. There's a couple of places to eat on the corners. Good fish and chips by the all hours shop."

"I'll have to get you guys to show me around some time." Sassy smiled.

"Ya we'll take our bikes." Karry smiled.

"I don't have a bike." Sasporilla said.

"Have you ever ridden one?" Karry asked.

"No." Sasporilla said ashamed.

"That's ok." Karry said. "We'll walk around then."

Up the road a tall thin man, shabbily dressed stepped from the bushes into the road. He stood there staring at the girls from a far but not unnoticed.

Sasporilla grabbed Karry by the arm. Porridge sensed alarm and started barking.

"Look." Sassy pointed up the road. "The shabby man. I saw him at Kings Cross."

"Probably just a homeless man." Karry said. "Let's go back."

The girls walked back to the Curtiss house. The party still raged as the a light snow began to fall gently. As they went back inside Sasporilla looked but saw no sign of the shabby man.



Wysteria was standing just inside with an arm full of presents to go home with them. "There you are girl." Wysteria smiled. "Are you about ready to go?"

"Yes mum." Sasporilla said. "Still have some things to put up in my room. See ya later Karry."

"Yep." Karry smiled. "I'll come call tomorrow. Maybe we can have that look'round?"

Korry was standing over by the stairs a bit nervous.

Sasporilla smiled and waved to him and left with her mum. Not noticing he had purposely stood beneath the mistletoe, hoping she'd walk up to him. Korry sighed and hung his head.

Sassy and her mum walked back down the road to their house. Sasporilla liked the sound of that. "Their house!" Miss Daisy met them with fresh cocoa and cookies. Gooseberry was teaching buster tricks. They all sat around mums new TV in the living room watching some old muggle movie about ghosts and Christmas. It was comfy night in, snuggling on the couch with mum until Sasporilla fell off to sleep. No one noticed the dark figure of the shabby man in outside the window looking in.



## Chapter 16

Sasporilla woke to the smell of eggs and sausage. With a quick yawn she stretched and sat up in bed. She realized the puppy and Gooseberry were snuggled together at the foot of the bed. She quietly climbed out from under the covers and shuffled across the bedroom floor to the bathroom.

By the time she got cleaned up, dressed and downstairs her mother was almost finished her breakfast.

"Good morning sleepy head." Wysteria smiled. "Happy Christmas darling."

"Happy Christmas mum." Sassy yawned. "Happy Christmas Miss Daisy."

"Happy Christmas dear." The old elf said as she placed she served up some breakfast for the young witch.

Sasporillas mom talked about her plans for the day. After the gifts she would need help from her daughter in the kitchen as they were hosting Christmas dinner for not just themselves but for the Curtiss family as well.

"Mum." Sasporilla asked already getting full. "When did you start to... develop."

"Oh!" Wysteria said hoping to avoid this conversation for at least a year or so. "Well, I was about fourteen I believe."

"Yes in deed!" Miss Daisy said. "All my flowers blossom around fourteen. You'll likely be the same dear."

"Why?" Wysteria asked.

"Well some of the girls at school, in my year, are already.... you know."

"Yes dear I know." Wysteria put her hand on her daughters hand. "And it will happen for you too. Just be patient. Shall we open our presents?"

Sassy gave her mother a nice bottle of expensive muggle perfume she found in Lyras chest. It had never been used and it smelled nice. She gave Miss Daisy a tiny hat she'd found in a shop window in Hogsmead the day they snuck out for the first meeting of the DA.

Sassy got a nice jumper, scarf and mittens that her mum had knitted for her. Miss Daisy gave her a nice pair of black leather boots. They were very light and seemed to give her a ton of energy.

"Don't they look stylish." Wysteria Bucket smiled.

"Yes." Miss Daisy smiled. "Those will help my girl keep up with the herd."

The Curtiss' had given them a nice family photo of themselves, a muggle radio that also got wizarding channels, a gadget called a coffee maker as mum had discovered she quite enjoyed coffees with Kolleen, and a cordless telephone. A muggle device for talking to people far away. Wysteria wondered how it all worked but thought they were wonderful.

Gooseberry got a small basket of fruit, Buster got a brand new ball, But when the paper stopped tearing and all was quiet there was one last present wrapped in pretty red foil paper tucked into the branches of the Christmas tree.

"To Sasporilla Bucket." Wysteria said handing it to her daughter.

"What is it?" Sassy asked.

"No idea." Wysteria shook her head.

"Who's it from?" Sassy questioned.

"It doesn't say!" Wysteria laughed. "It came by owl for you."

Sasporilla unwrapped the shiny paper. What she found inside made her gasp. It was the new Weird Sisters album, the Dark Mark. Like its name it was all black cover with the skull and snake symbol of Voldemort on the cover. A simple note read "To our Sassy - from the lads in the Weird Sisters." Each one of them had signed it even the new singer Marlon Wormwood who made the two 'O's in wood look like eyes with evil mad eye brows.

"What did you get dear?" Wysteria asked.

"New Weird Sisters album." Sasporilla said. "They sent it."

Wysteria looked at the cover and shuddered. She turned the disc over to see the picture of the band. "Are these even the same boys?"

"Ghastly." Miss Daisy said.

"I'll keep an open mind." Sasporilla said placing it under the tree. "But without Myron I can't promise I'll like it."

"Ok we have a bit of time before we need to get started cooking." Wysteria said. "Would you like some help decorating your room?"

"I'd like that." Sasporilla smiled.

Most of Sassy decorations consisted of old books of fairy tales, a book of animals of the world, a very out of date atlas and the last half of a book on wand making. All of them from the junk pile at Flourish and Blots.

She had a picture of Mum and dad and herself when she was about five years old. She still remembered the day it was taken in the doorway of the pub in Avonshire.

The rest were posters and such from the box of swag the Myron had sent her. She put up an autographed poster of the Weird Sisters live on stage at Hogwarts. She put up two posters of Myron. She found a picture taken with the band, teachers and herself in the court yard of Hogwarts before the show and hung it on the wall.

"What about the posters of the other boys?" Wysteria asked.

"No." Sasporilla said. "They really aren't that nice. Not like Myron. I'll hold off hanging them up until another day. If I feel like it. I'll just stow them under the bed for now."

"Oh!" Wysteria said stepping through the washroom into her bedroom and back again. "I almost forgot to put this in here!"

Wysteria handed her daughter a picture from happy days on the farm. It was a twilight photo of Sassy, Myron, Wysteria, Daisy and Gooseberry hanging from the eaves on the front porch of the farm house. Myron gave Sassy and her mum a hug. Sasporilla was holding the guitar.

"I love it." Sasporilla said hugging her mum.

The rest of the day was spent slaving in the kitchen. Sasporilla and Daisy sang elven work songs as they happily made a huge meal for ten, including Uncle Nick, and maybe eleven if Kay brought a date. The well built young lady always had the attentions of the boys. It was her ample charms that made Sasporilla question when she would blossom? Or would she remain looking like this for the rest of her life. Being part house elf, who knew for sure. The Curtiss family came over about five o'clock. They brought with them a bottle of wine and a nice lemon pie. Mrs.Curtiss' specialty. It was still a while before dinner so Sasporilla and the Curtiss kids adjourned to her room to listen to the new Weird Sisters album.

Kay was amazed looking around the room at the autographed Weird Sisters posters and the pictures of Sassy with Myron and her mum.

"Wow." Kay said. "You really do know them?"

"I told you so." Karry smiled triumphantly.

"I personally like the guitarist Kirley Duke." Kandy Curtiss said. "He has that dreamy dark quality. You don't have a poster of him!"

"There are two or three under the bed." Sasporilla said. "Take one if you want it. He signed it."

Kandy looked under the bed as Sasporilla put the new album on her pitiful portable picnic player. Kandy pulled out the box of swag. There were tons of posters and single pictures as well as other pictures of the band. Kandy chose one of the guitarist and smiled.

The music filled the room. The first song was the last known song by Myron Wagtail. Every night I fall was a song of disturbing visions and personal pain. Myron knew something was wrong and he was doing the only thing he knew how. He sang about it. Sasporilla found it so sad that she wasn't there for him as he went through it.

The new songs, though supposedly written by Myron, certainly didn't sound like him. The music was dark, the lyrics violent and cruel. The vocals were disturbingly creepy. This was not Sasporillas 'Do the Hypogryph' Weird Sisters. This was something else. A shadow of what she knew. The monsters that lived in shadow crawling out to get you in the night. This music scared her. It screamed of dark wizardry and of Voldimorts return.

Songs like Dumbledore and Hogwarts were vitriolic parodies of the things she loved. The rest were a dark look into hell itself, but one song screamed at her. Just like the Live at Hogwarts Album one song was slated as 'A Song for Sasporilla.' The song was called my monkey and it was a nasty expansion of the dong she'd written with Myron. To hear it you'd almost think the Weird Sisters were threatening to kill her monkey Gooseberry. Perhaps the whole album was a warning that they'd joined ranks with the Dark Lord and were coming to destroy everything she loved and had started with Myron. That sounded so paranoid in her head that she laughed out loud.

"Children." Wysteria yelled up the stairs. "Dinner."

The kids all walked silently, stunned and scarred by the music they'd just heard, down stairs as the player went silent. Sasporilla decided she'd just let it stop when it was done. As she took the first step fown she heard Myrons voice as he sang "It can't rain all the time." It was message for her, she just knew it. Some how, some where, Myron Wagtail was alive!

Dinner was amazing. Everyone sat around the dinning room table eating, laughing and telling stories until they were all stuffed with Christmas goose and pie.

As the night wound down, and the Curtiss family prepared to leave, there came the customary long good bye at the door. Kay and Kandy were already half way home by the time her parents had thanked the Buckets for a wonderful dinner.

"See ya tomorrow?" Karry asked.

"You bet." Sassy smiled giving her friend a hug.

"Me to?" Korry asked?

"If you like." Sasporilla said. "By the way..."

Sasporilla leaned forward and kissed Korry on the cheek. "You're under the mistletoe."

"Ya." Korry gulped hard. "You are too I guess."

Korry leaned in and pecked Sasporilla nervously but gently on the lips.

"Oooooooo." Was the general consensus of the adults. Nothing like embarassing your children on their first kiss.

"I do believe we have a budding romance." Mr.Curtiss smiled.

"I'll have to keep my eye on you young man." Wysteria smiled.

Sasporilla and Korry stood facing each other stunned.

"Ok Casanova." Mrs.Curtiss said moving her son by his shoulders out the door. "Time to head home."

"So gross." Karry said shaking her head. "I'm so embarrassed."

Wysteria closed the door and headed to the kitchen to clean up. Sasporilla stood there feeling things she'd never felt before.



## Chapter 17

Sasporilla and Karry were thick as thieves over the Christmas break. Sassy saw little of the others. Kay and Kandy had their own circle of friends but Korry seemed to avoiding her. Sasporilla honestly believed he was so disgusted by her kiss that he'd never talk to her again.

Soon the week was done. Karry had shown Sasporilla all around the Castle road area. There was little to do now but walk the dogs, listen to music and go back to Hogwarts.

The train was fairly silent except for some first years showing off their new toys from Christmas.

Sasporilla sat with Karry and Korry in the first compartment on the train.

"So did you make any new years resolutions?" Sasporilla asked.

"I'm going to try and get 'A's' in potions this time out." Karry said.

"I want to finally learn how to properly ride a broom." Sasporilla laughed. "I really suck at it."

"I can help with that, if you like." Korry said. "I'm pretty good on a broom. Was thinking of going out for Quidditch next year."

"I'd like that." Sasporilla smiled and Korry smiled back. Karry just rolled her eyes.

The train hit a small bump on the track. It shimmied and shook. The lights blinked off and when they came on Sasporilla sat in a chair before the Dark Weaver Crumplegoldjinn.

"Welcome Miss Bucket to you're second and final lesson." Crumplegoldjinn smiled.

"I don't want to today." Sasporilla said. "I don't feel like it."

"I'm afraid you have no choice." Crumplegoldjinn sneered. "As you made no agreement, and left details of your lessons up to us. Then I say today is the day."

"Fine." Sasporilla said.

"I'm not my sister." Crumplegoldjinn said. "I won't try to trick you into agreeing on anything or signing anything. If you didn't fall for it with that crafty old girl then you won't fall for it from me I'd guess."

"Flattery will get you nowhere." Sasporilla said. "Let's get this over with."

"Fine." Crumplegoldjinn smiled. "I need to see if you can weave the dark strands now that you can separate them."

Sasporilla tried to see the fabric of magic in the room but couldn't find it. There was no magic in the room at all.

"What's going on?" Sasporilla demanded. "Where is the magic?"

"The fabric of magic has been woven out of this room." Crumplegoldjinn laughed. "Just like we did when Azkaban prison was built and the dungeon cells of Hogwarts."

"I didn't know weavers could do that." Sasporilla said.

"Oh yes." Crumplegoldjinn laughed. "Just as we can weave magic into the world we can also weave walls that keep it out. Follow me."

They walked through the door of the small room into a gigantic space. Hundreds of people were tied by black threads to spinning wheels and looms. They were malnourished and dressed in the grubbiest most basic rags.

"This is monstrous!" Sasporilla said. "Free these people."

"No." Crumplegoldjinn sighed. "You see this is very necessary. It takes this many basic weavers to add to the weave every day with you wizards casting spells left and right."

"Without them the magic would run out?" Sasporilla asked.

"No!" Crumplegoldjinn laughed. "My sister and I would have to do it, like other weaver elves. That's no life for a smart elf! So we, industrialized the process."

"This is abhorrent." Sasporilla insisted.

"And we want to add you to the process." Crumplegoldjinn said matter of factly.

"Where do you keep this many slaves in secret?" Sasporilla asked.

Crumplegoldjinn opened a door to the outside. Though the fabric of magic was the thickest Sasporilla had ever seen outside the door, none of it spilled in to fill the hole inside.

"We are in Scotland above the infamous muggle tourist attraction 'Lochness'." Crumplegoldjinn smiled. "However inside the door is on a magical plain that exists beside yours and in yours at the same time."

"So an unreachable spot unless you know how to find it." Sassy sighed.

"Yes!" The Wiley old elf grinned. "So you can forget about helping them."

Sasporilla gently pulled at the fabric of magic and separated the light from the dark. With the other hand she pulled the freed dark strand back around joining it to the light strand at an opposing angle.

"There." Sasporilla said. "That's why you really brought me here right? To see if I could do it?"

"Yes." Crumplegoldjinn said looking over the simple but perfect weave.

"Well?" Sasporilla asked.

"I guess were done?" Crumplegoldjinn said leading her back inside. As they walked into the back room Sasporilla noticed a thin bit of magical light on her skin.

"You see it don't you?" Crumplegoldjinn sighed.

"What is it?" Sasporilla asked concerned this was some sort of trap.

"You see." Crumplegoldjinn said. "I am a weaver elf, born of the fabric of magic. I am a master of weaving the fabric of magic but unlike other elves I do not generate magic from my own essence. Like a meager house elf or you."

"So this is my magic?" Sasporilla said.

"Yes." Crumplegoldjinn sneered.

"So if I pull I wand right now." Sasporilla said. "I could cast a spell?"

"Try it." Crumplegoldjinn said standing back.

"Lumos!" Sasporilla commanded but there was no light. She casually put her wand away.

"See." Crumplegoldjinn laughed. "No magic. You may generate it but you can't use it here because there is no weave to power your witches wand."

"I see." Sasporilla said.

"Now that both your lessons are finished I will return you to whence you came." Crumplegoldjinn said. "And in one cycle of the moon we will come to you for your answer."

The lights went out and when they came on she was still sitting in the train compartment on the Hogwarts express. Her friends didn't seem to notice that she'd disappeared at all. Sasporilla wondered just how long she'd been gone. The trolley witch appeared in the door way. "Anything from the trolley dears?"

---



## Chapter 18

Sasporilla and Karry brought there things back up to their room. Tomorrow would see the first day of classes again and the beginning of more Tyranny from Deloris "Toad Face" Umbridge.

Mr.Filch hammered another decree up on the wall of the main hall.. Proclamation #26 Teachers are not allowed to give information beyond lessons.

"God forbid they actually teach us something we need that may not be in the curriculum!" Karry said.

"If they did maybe people would rise up against Toad Face and toss her out." Sasporilla laughed.

"I don't know why the headmaster allows her to do this." Korry mused.

"He has no choice." Sasporilla sighed. "Minister Fudge out ranks him I guess."

"Then maybe it's time for the minister of magic to be ousted." Korry said.

"Careful." Karry spoke softly. "Don't let the inquisitorial squad hear you."

Meetings of the DA started up within days. More students showed up than before the Christmas break. With the rise in attacks in London and, the mass breakout of Death Eater prisoners reported in the Daily Prophet, more people were ready to believe Voldemort had returned.

Mr.Filch suspected some kind of strange activity was going on as he saw students in the halls where few ever went. Though diligent with his investigation the DA bested him at every turn. Even the room of requirement assisted them by changing the point of exit to by pass Filches check points.

Sasporilla went for a nice Sunday afternoon walk with Karry and Korry out by the edge of the dark forest.

"So did you get your Defense against the dark arts assignment done?" Karry asked.

"Yes." Sasporilla grinned. "When faced with a dark spell, tuck your head in the sand and blame Sirius Black."

"Works for the Ministry." Korry laughed.

Hagrid came bursting out of his hut carrying a large old blunderbuss and headed into the dark forest. Fang, Hagrids faithful cowardly mastiff stepped outside and laid on the front stoop.

"Fang!" Sasporilla yelled. "What's wrong?"

"Men from the ministry back in the forest." Fang woofed. "Hunting the centaurs."

"The Centaurs are in danger." Sasporilla said. "Go tell the headmaster. I'll go see if I can help."

"What can you do?" Korry asked.

Sasporilla melted into the earth. Karry and Korry stood there stunned for moment, then ran back to the school calling for Professor Dumbledore.

Trees and bushes flew past until Sasporilla caught up with Hagrid who still ran full boar into the forest. Sassy pushed past opening her thoughts and feelings to the forest until she found the men and the herd of centaurs they pursued.

Sasporilla popped up from the earth in the middle of a centaur stampede. Talton halted before her and reared up in surprise.

"Sasporilla." The young Centaur said. "You must not be here. The men are back."

"Run and tell your herd to circle around this spot." Sasporilla insisted.

"Why?" Talton asked.

"Trust me." Sasporilla said urgently. "Hurry!"

The men from the ministry were mostly squibb thugs lead by a couple of relentless trackers and followed by a squad of wizards. They followed the path of least resistant through the dark forest. Their formation narrowing as the forest thickened around them. It happened so gradually the didn't realize until it was to late that they were surrounded by impassable foliage on all sides. Only a young girl stood in their way in a small archway in the trees.

"Move girl." The bake bean toothed thug spat. "You'll get hurt if you don't get out of the way."

Sasporilla stepped back and the archway closed. The trees and bushes moved closer inward surrounding the men in a tight pen.

"I'm not the one who will be hurt." Sasporilla said appearing above the trees standing atop the trees. "You're the ones who don't belong. These lands have been the home of these centaurs long before Hogwarts. Long before wizards and witches. They belong here. You don't. Leave now or suffer the consequences."

Sassy was not surprised to see the wizards apperate away. The thugs were all that was left now.

"Sasporilla?" Hagrid yelled. "Wha'r ya doin' up there?"

"The centaurs have friends in this forest, you don't." Sasporilla insisted. "Get out and don't come back."

The dark forest thinned around the men from the ministry. The thugs realized they were surrounded by centaurs who had their bows drawn.

In a burst of flame Albus Dumbledore appeared before the ministry thugs. Hagrid stepped in his blunderbuss raised. Sasporilla floated down gently to the ground.

"I've explained nicely once." Professor Dumbledore said quite cross. "These lands are under Hogwarts control and not under the purview of the Ministry of Magic."

The lead thug handed Dumbledore a scroll. "As of today the Ministry revokes all land rights held by Hogwarts in interest of National security."

Professor Dumbledore read the decree. It was official.

"What is Cornelious thinking?" The headmaster said. "It's official. The ministry has taken control of the Hogwarts grounds."

"Headmaster." Sasporilla pleaded. "We can't let them round up the centaurs. They're meant to run free."

"I don't know how much help I can be in this situation." Albus Dumbledore said.

The centaurs drew their bows taught. Sasporilla realized all of these men were dead if they didn't leave. That would start an all out war the centaurs could not win in the long run. In her heart it was all she wanted for the men to just disappear. Sasporilla snapped her fingers and the close to four dozen men vanished, reappearing in the Minister of magic's office, packed in very tightly.

"Nice work Miss Bucket." Professor Dumbledore smiled.

"I can't believe my eyes." Hagrid smiled.

A small group of centaurs lead by Ferez walked over to the young witch.

"Sasporilla Bucket." Ferez said. "Talton has told us of your bravery and today we see it with our own eyes. We the tribe of the Northern moon thank you."

"You're welcome." Sasporilla smiled.

"Know that because of your selflessness in service of our Tribe." Ferez smiled. "That you are now to accepted in the herd as an equal of any one of us."

"Thank you." Sasporilla smiled. "I'll try to be worthy of our tribe."

"You must run with us!" Talton smiled.

Sasporilla looked to her Headmaster for permission.

"I see no harm in it." Professor Dumbledore said. "As long as you can keep up?"

Sasporilla was wearing the boots Miss Daisy had given her for Christmas and as she'd said, they did help her keep up with the herd.



## Chapter 19

By the time the first flower blossomed Sasporilla Bucket had seen no sign of the Weavers. So much for one cycle of the moon she thought.

Sasporilla was the last to arrive at the DA meeting that had already begun. The others were standing around listening as Harry Potter taught the most advanced spell he would ever show them. The Patronus Charm.

"I know it sounds easy." Harry said. "But it really is harder than it sounds."

Everyone broke off into groups and tried the spell. Few got much more than a small bit of light dimmer than a lumos spell.

"Sasporilla." Harry said. "Not interested in trying?"

"Very interested." Sassy smiled. "But I came late and missed the lesson."

"No problem." Harry said drawing his wand. "Start by picturing the happiest memory you can remember."

Sasporilla thought about the night she danced on stage with Myron. "Ok got it."

"You really have to focus on that memory and really feel that happiness." Harry said. "Then point your wand and say EXPECTO PATRONUM."

Sasporilla shut her eyes. She smiled at the thought of that night. The night she danced with her favorite singer. Her hero. Her friend. She opened her eyes and pointed her wand. "Expecto patronum!"

At best she managed to spew a few sparks that formed a partial shield.

"Keep trying." Harry said noticing Hermione had conjured a full patronus in the form of a silvery otter. "Well done Hermione."

Sasporilla could see the patronus on a level no one else in the room could. The happiness shimmered all over the castrer and flowed into the wand and shaped the very fabric of magic into the shape of an animal.

"Remember", Harry yelled above the din, "even a shield can effective at holding off dementors but it only lasts as long as you concentrate."

Karry and Korry were over by the practice dummy taking turns. Karry had achieved a small shield. Korry had cast a full patronus of a bull dog that jumped and romped in the air shaking its head side to side.

"Amazing." Sasporilla said. "Good job Korry."

"Thank you." Korry bowed and laughed.

"Let's see yours." Karry said.

"Expecto Patronum!" Sasporilla said.

A steady blast of silvery mist shot from the end of Sasporillas wand. Sasporilla tried to focus on that night of the concert and the dance but the spell began to fizzle.

"Best I can do." Sasporilla said.

Boom! The room shook bring all activity to a halt.

Boom! Dust fell from the ceiling as the room of requirement shook.

Boom! A crack and small whole formed in the wall at the end of the room. Harry went and looked out. It was the inquisitorial squad lead by Deloris Umbridge who pointed her wand at the wall with an evil smile.

"Duck!" Harry yelled as the wall exploded.

Deloris Umbridge lead the charge into the room catching Dumbledores Army in the act! "Get them!"

Draco Malfoy held Cho Chen prisoner as the inquisitorial squad, including its newest member Kandy Curtiss, each grabbed a member of the DA.

Harry was pulled into a meeting with The minister of Magic who was accompanied by his assistant and a handful of aurers, Professor Umbridge and Headmaster Dumbledore in his office. Many rumors of what happened behind closed doors would circulate around Hogwarts for days but one truth was evidently clear.

Proclamation 119 named Deloris Umbridge as the new Ministry controlled Headmaster of Hogwarts.

Mr.Filch immediately went to work pulling down all of the paintings in the halls of Hogwarts making room for the up coming flood of Proclamations and decrees



## Chapter 20

Headmaster Umbridges first task was to bring back the eight Slytherin students expelled by Dumbledore for what she called "horse play." All eight received a heroes welcome, with cheers from other Slytherin students and music from the Hogwarts school band. With no surprise to anyone they all joined the inquisitorial squad. Their particular skill sets would come in very handy in Umbridges new world order.

All members of the DA were to meet in the detention hall. Professor Umbridge over saw the writing of lines from a gold chair at the front of the room. Umbridge sipped tea, as she watched the detainees use the cursed quills, that etched the words they wrote into the flesh on the back of their hands.

Billy Bombaduck and other eager members of the inquisitorial squad stood at the back snickering.

Sasporilla Bucket after three lines had had enough. Harry had encouraged everyone to stay strong and stay silent but Sassy could not. Zac was in tears. Karrys lips were raw from chewing on them trying to hide the pain. Sasporilla Bucket would not sit by and watch her friends suffer.

"Enough!" Sasporilla said standing and snapping the quill.

"Sit down." Deloris Umbridge hissed.

Billy Bombaduck lumbered forward and tried to grab Sasporilla but found her wand pointed under his fat chin.

"Back off Bombaduck." Sasporilla growled.

Billy Bombaduck backed up hands raised but Sasporilla sensed it was by Professor Umbridges order.

"Look here now girl." Deloris Umbridge said still sitting in her gold chair.

"No you look Deloris." Sasporilla said. "This is torture and its wrong."

"Show some respect." Deloris Umbridge snarled.

"To you?" Sasporilla laughed. "Show respect to a petty dictator who sits upon a golden throne trying to scare children into bending to your twisted will? We will not!"

"Impudent child." Professor Umbridge yelled angrily as she stood and pulled her wand.

"Expeliarmus!" Sasporilla cast knocking the wand from the headmasters hand.

"Don't be afraid", Sasporilla encouraged the others, "Stand up and fight this fascist oppression!"

A beaters bat to the back of her head dropped Sasporilla Bucket to the floor unconscious.

"That felt good." Billy Bombaduck said spitting on Sassy's unconscious body.

Wands were being drawn and a fight was clearly imminent when Professor Umbridge cast "Omnis Impediendum!"

Everyone in the room froze where they were. With a simple tap of the wand she freed her inquisitorial squad.

"Take this trouble maker to Mr.Filch." Professor Umbridge smiled. "Tell him to put her in the dungeons like they did in the old days."

"Understood." Billy Bombaduck said picking Sasporilla up and carrying her small frame on his shoulder.

"And Mr.Bombaduck." professor Umbridge said. "If she should accidentally bump into something on the way, I'll fully understand."

After the inquisitorial squad had cleared the room the despot of Hogwarts returned to her golden throne and pointed her wand at the students that still sat frozen.

"Obliviate Sasporilla Bucket." None of them would remember the girl with pink hair.

Janey Grotinag had to miss the last DA meeting because she simply forgot. Sometimes she did that, just forgot to do things. Her brain just didn't work the same as everyone else's. Once she placed a note on her forehead to remember something, but she forgot it was there.

Because she'd been absent that day she didn't get caught as a member of the DA and no one turned her in. She was in the room when Karry came in still crying and holding her raw bloody hand.

"What happen?" Janey asked.

"Umbridge is a horrible woman." Karry said laying down.

Gooseberry hopped up on the bed and inspected Karrys hand.

"A monkey." Karry said. "Where did you come from."

"Sasporilla." Janey said.

"Sasporilla?" Karry asked confused. "Is that your name?"

Janey didn't understand.



Sasporilla Bucket woke as the last screw set into her thumb. Filch giggled as he hung the young witch by the thumbs from the dungeon walls. Just like the old days.

Sasporilla let out a scream of pain as her weight strained against the metal of thumb manacles. The screws tore into her young flesh. Blood trickled from the thumb cuffs and down her outstretched arms.

Even some members of the inquisitorial squad couldn't stomach it. Kandy Curtiss threw up then burst into tears and ran off.

"Oh this is fun." Mr. Filch smiled. "Just like the old days."



## Chapter 21

It took a few days for Janey to realize that no one in the DA remembered Sasporilla Bucket. Any mention of her name seemed to pass by them unnoticed.

Karry didn't remember her best friend. Korry didn't remember his first kiss. Kay, Harry, George, Fred, Ginny, Ron, Hermione. None of them remembered their friend. Gooseberry stayed close to Janey, the only other person who remembered Sasporilla.

Janey asked around. Others remembered her but wouldn't talk about what had happened.

Janey was in the washroom when she was approached by the Ghost known as moaning Myrtle.

"Hello." Myrtle said surprising Janey. No matter how often Janey saw the ghosts of Hogwarts they always left her wide eyed and frightened. "Oh don't be scared. I don't bite."

"Ghosts bad." Janey said backing away.

"No." Myrtle insisted. "I'm just a girl like you."

"Not like Janey." The large girl waved her hands. "You dead."

"Yes but we have something in common." Myrtle teased. "Everyone lost Sasporilla Bucket and I know what happened."

"What happen?" Janey yelled.

"Oh!" Myrtle smiled. "Not scared now?"

"Tell Janey!" The large girl roared.

Myrtle flew up by the ceiling. The small framed ghost knew that the half troll girl couldn't harm her, but Myrtle found her as frightening as Janey found Myrtle.

"Your friend is in the dungeons and in a very bad way." Myrtle cooed playfully.

"How I get her?" Janey asked.

"You can't by yourself." Myrtle smiled.

"Only Janey remembers." Janey frowned.

"The pink lady used a memory spell on them." Myrtle said. "You'll have to reverse it."

Janey knew just what she needed to do. She jumped up and down excitedly.

"Thank you." Janey smiled. " Myrtle friend."

Janey found Karry in the library doing her home work. Janey picked Karry up out of her chair and held the small girl by the shoulders.

"Need help." Janey said. "Troll word book!"

"Put me down Janey." Karry said taking the large girl by the hand and leading her to the English to Troll spell translation book.

"There." Karry said handing her the book.

Janey looked at the book and handed it back to Karry.

"Memory gone." Janey searched for the word. "Undo."

"You want to learn how to undo a memory charm?" Karry asked putting the book down on the table and flipping through it until she found a spell to reverse a memory charm. "Ok'gro'mok'a" Karry said shutting the book and turning to see Janey pointing her wand at her.

"Ok'gro'mok'a" Janey cast her spell at Karry. Who sat there stunned for a second as the memories of her best friend rushed back into her head.

"Sasporilla!" Karry gasped.

"Aha!" Janey roared with delight as she galloped around the stacks of books knocking over piles of books.

"Janey!" Karry called. "We need to find Korry and Kay!"

They found Kay and George behind the main stair case. Momento restored their memories though they weren't happy for the interruption. George found Korry in the Gryphindor common room and brought him down to face his sisters wand. Zac was no where to be found.

Kandy Curtiss had quit the inquisitorial Squad but she was still the Outsiders first target. Kay lured her sister downstairs with the promise of pleasant conversation and a nice spring evening walk before dinner.

She was met around the side of the castle by the Outsiders who were understandably angry.

"Where," Karry asked, "Is Sasporilla Bucket?"

Kandy started to cry. She'd felt so guilty a these weeks, as she had been part of Umbridges sinister plot.

"She's in the dungeons." Kandy wept. "She's been there since that day. How did you remember?"

"Janey figured it out." Karry smirked.

"Help Myrtle and Karry." Janey barked.

"Janey?" Kandy said surprised.

"Ok'gro'mok'a!" Janey roared.

"We're going to rescue her." Kay said putting her pointy finger in her middle sisters chest. "And you're going to help.



## Chapter 22

Sasporillas days ran together in a fog pain and hopelessness. Her only visitor was her chief tormentor, Billy Bombaduck.

He'd bring her food and leave it out of her reach. He'd hit er until she passed out and then spray her with water until she woke up. Then if his hands weren't to sore he'd hit her again.

"You know", Billy smiled as he looked into her bruised swollen eyes. "I'd avada kedavra you, but magic won't work in here."

Sasporilla started laughing and spit blood in Billys face. Her disdain was met with a hard back hand slap but she just wouldn't stop laughing at him.

Billy Bombaduck kicked the cell door open and cursed as he wiped Sasporillas bloody spit from his face. Four members of the inquisitorial squad guarded the cell door.

"No visitors." Billy Bombaduck said walking pat them.

"Like there ever is." Ian Grabbler sneered.

"No one even remember she exists." Kilmister laughed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Zac Zarcazzian sat in the Slytherin common room. No one talked to him and he liked it that way. He didn't need any friends, he just wanted to be left alone and not be hit anymore.

"Mr.Zarcazzian." Professor Snape said. "I need you to run something down to the dungeons for me."

Zac closed his book slowly. He knew Billy Bombaduck and his gang of thugs liked to hang out there. He stood up and Professor Snape handed him something wrapped in an old scroll. A leather tie held a card that read "To Miss Bucket."

"Who's that?" Zac asked.

\*\*\*\*\*

The door to the cell swung open. Sasporilla didn't open her eyes believing it to be Billy Bombaduck returning to continue his sadistic fun.

"The cycle of the moon has past." Crinklesunpin said.

"So it is time for you to choose your discipline!" Crumplegoldjinn said.

"Once you make this choice you will be free of this place." Crinklesunpin said.

"And this pain." Crumplegoldjinn laughed.

"I made my choice the moment I returned from my final lesson." Sasporilla groaned. "Weaving seems like a wonderful magical art but I not what I choose."

"You must choose one or the other." Crinklesunpin spat.

"Those are the terms you agreed to!" Crumplegoldjinn yelled.

"I agreed to nothing." Sasporilla said. "I said I'd choose my magical path. Call it an art or discipline, whatever you want and my choice is to stick with my natural magic mixed with the witch craft I learn at Hogwarts. What you don't understand is we have both light and dark in us. It is our choices & how we choose to act that defines us."

The two weaver elves stood before her stunned. They looked at each other their mouths hanging open. They went over all conversations and realized the girl was right.

"You think you're very smart don't you?" Crinklesunpin asked.

"Yes." Sasporilla giggled and spat. "I do. Then what do you expect from a child of the Stilskin blood line?"

"She knows." Crumplegoldjinn gasped.

"Miss Daisy told me over Christmas when I mentioned you had approached me." Sasporilla laughed defiantly.

"She's not happy with you."

"I imagine she isn't." Crinklesunpin smirked.

"Who cares what she thinks." Crumplegoldjinn sneered. "She's just a house elf."

"A most powerful house elf." Crinklesunpin smiled putting her hand on her loud mouth brother in hopes of silencing him.

"Miss Daisy says you have to offer me a second chance at making a decision." Sasporilla said. "Don't call me. I'll call you."

\*\*\*\*\*

Zac walked slowly down towards the dungeons. He was not excited to see the gang of thugs that awaited him. The same ones who used to beat him. They hadn't touched him since their return out of fear of Professor Snape. Suddenly a hand grabbed Zac by the arm and pulled him into a small dark alchove. Another hand went over his mouth as he tried to scream. He saw a wand pointed at his forehead.

"Momento!" Karrys voice carried an echo in his head as memories of Sasporill Bucket returned to his mind.

Zac looked around at his friends. He looked at the scroll he carried and the name on it. He felt concerned and ashamed.

"I remember." Zac whispered.

"Good." Kay smiled. "Got your wand big guy?"

Zac came around the corner carrying the scroll whistling loudly.

"Hey guys." Zac smiled waving the scroll. "I was sent to deliver this."

"What is it?" Kilmister asked.

"Didn't ask." Zac smiled. "A professor says do something you do it right?"

"Well." Ian smiled. "Looks like our cry baby is growing up a bit."

"No I'm still the same simple boy." Zac said as the others stepped in behind him wands drawn. "I just have great friends."

Sasporilla could hear the wooshes of spells as she lights flashing under the bottom of the cell door. The bangs and the thumps coming from outside said there was a grand battle taking place. Sassy started to laugh as the Outsiders burst through the door and into the cell.

"Oh my god Sassy." Karry gasped at the site of her friends bruised and swollen face.

"We have to free her." Korry said touching his wand to the thumb cuffs. "Alohamora!"

Nothing happened.

Gooseberry jumped onto Sassy's tender shoulder making her wince in pain. The small monkey started pulling at the chains.

"The cells are a magic dead zone." Sasporilla said.

"Janey get." Janey said as she lifted Sasporilla with one arm as she ripped the chains from the wall with the other.

"We need to take her to the Infirmary." Kay said.

"No." Sasporilla insisted. "Umbridge will just put me back in here. Get me to the dark forest."

They took Sasporilla to the edge of the dark forest. A quick cast of Alohamora dropped the thumb manacles from Sassy's aching broken thumbs. The outsiders used what healing spells they'd learned in the DA. They helped with some of the bruising, swelling and pain but were really only equal to a band aid and aspirin.

"I almost forgot!" Zac said holding out the scroll to Sasporilla.

Sassy took the scroll addressed to her and untied the leather strips.

"What is it?" Karry asked.

"It's the Hogwarts land claim deed." Sasporilla said as she unrolled it, something slid out into her other hand. It was her wand!

"I want to thank you guys." Sasporilla said hugging them gently as she suspected some of her ribs were cracked or broken. "You risked it all to free me."

"What will you do now?" Zac asked.

"I'll go stay with the Centaur tribe for while so I won't be far. We need to help put all this right. We need to get that dictator out of here and when the time is right I'll let you know."



## Chapter 23

Sasporilla limped her way down the path into the dark forest. Creature stalked her from the shadows. Hungry for the blood they smelled on this weak and injured easy prey.

Something crawled out into the path before. It was small but hid itself in the shadows. It was joined by two very large creatures.

Sasporilla raised her wand shakily. "Lumos"

Light shone from the tip of her wand illuminating Weerlo the hermit elf who ran to her followed by two centaurs, Ferenz and Talton. Sasporilla Bucket dropped to the ground unconscious.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Filch shuffled out into the spring dawn air to find out who was ringing the bell at the front gates. Three people stood on the other side of the gates which automatically locked every night at ten pm.

"What do you want?" Mr. Filch asked.

"I want to see my daughter." Wysteria Bucket cried. "Right this minute."

"Mrs. Bucket." DI Nick Owlmore said. "Hasn't heard from her daughter in a month. Several owls have gone unanswered."

"Children!" Filch shrugged and sneered. "What can you do?"

"Cut the crap Filch." Lyra Lee-Ashwolf snarled. "We're aurors with a report of a missing girl and a warrant. So open up."

"I'll need to get the headmistresses." Filch said turning and shuffling quickly back into the castle. "Oh dear."

\*\*\*\*\*

Sasporilla awoke on a bed of soft grass and leaves. A small female centaur with light strawberry blonde hair applied some kind of paste to her bruises. She was in some sort of structure made from logs, mud and thatched grasses. She could hear the sound of hooves racing around outside. She knew then she had made it to the Centaur tribe and to safety.

"Lay back foal." The Centaur said. "I am Forza daughter Ferenz and Forcia. I will tend to your wounds. You must much rest to heal from your torment."

Sasporilla accepted a bowl of berry juice from Forza and drank down its bitter sweetness. Then drifted off into a deep, deep slumber.

\*\*\*\*\*

Professor Umbridge approached the gate with Mr.Filch closely in tow. "What is this concerning?"

"I want to see my daughter." Wysteria Bucket demanded. "And who might that be?"

"Sasporilla Bucket." Wysteria cried.

"Ah." Umbridge smiled with an air of superiority. "She is being detained in the dungeons for dissension, disloyalty to the ministry and threatening a headmistress with violence."

"At's my girl." Lyra smirked.

Nick Owlmore held up a piece of paper baring the Ministry of magics official seal. "As an Aurer with full permissions of Ministry to search these grounds and question people in this matter I order you to open these gates, NOW!"

"Open them for our guests please Mr.Filch." Professor Umbridge directed.

Mr.Filch turned the key and opened the gates. Nick and Lyra escorted Wysteria into the castle and down to the dungeons. When they arrived the inquisitorial squad lay unconscious and the cell door wide open.

"Search the grounds." Umbridge screamed the shrillness waking some of the unconscious children. Nick, Wysteria and Lyra stepped into the cell.

"Was this where you were 'Detaining' my god daughter?" Nick asked looking at the broken chains hanging from the wall.

"Nice way to treat a kid." Lyra said pointing out small puddles of dried blood.

"Where is my daughter?" Wysteria demanded hysterically.

"Well I would have thought it obvious!" Deloris Umbridge smirked. "Your daughter managed some how to break her chains, knock members of my precious inquisitorial squad unconscious and made her escape in the night!"

"As cool as that sounds," Lyra laughed, "Sasporilla isn't that formidable a witch with no wand inside a magic dead zone cell."

"Correct." Professor Umbridge said slamming the cell door locking the three of them in.

"As I can not guarantee your safety from our prisoner who now runs wild I will keep you in here where no magic can harm you. At least until this is all sorted out." Professor Umbridge smiled helping her boys to there feet. "Find her, or you will take her place."

It was hours before the cell door opened. When it did, Nick was prepared to go through whoever was on the other side. Cornelious Fudge stepped into the cell followed by a contrite looking Deloris Umbridge.

"My dear madam." Cornelious Fudge said holding out his hands to Wysteria. "You must be mortified."

"Mortified?" Wysteria said. "I'm righteously indignant!"

"I would be too if my daughter had caused all this trouble." Minister Fudge smiled reassuringly.

"There is NO way my daughter has done anything this HARPY has told you." Wysteria screamed.

"Minister." Nick Owlmore said. "I have a writ to search these premises. Headmistress Umbridge has purposely impeded my investigation."

"Let me see that." Fudge said holding out his hand.

Taking the paper he read it nodding and tisking then tearing it up.

"As Minister of Magic I revoke this writ as we know that this girl has turned bad and we suspect she may have had assistance in breaking out of this cell by none other than Sirius Black!"

"How can you breathe with your head jammed so far up your a..." Lyra started but found herself cut off with threats from the minister of magic.

"Watch your tone Ms.Ashwolf," The Minister of Magic hissed, "as Minister of Magic I can revoke your work permit and you'll find yourself going back to America on the first Muggle contrivance you can take."

"Minister Fudge." Nick Owlmore said stepping his large frame into the smaller mans personal space. "I want to go on record with a formal protest."

"Deuly noted." Minister Fudge smiled. "Now I will see to getting Mrs. Bucket home safe. You two are on suspension for insubordination until further notice.



## Chapter 24

Sasporilla Bucket had been asleep for almost ten days. When she awoke she found most of her swelling had gone down. The broken bones were sore but mended and she'd been washed and cleaned up. Though her hair was a tangled rats nest.

She sat up in the fresh bed of leaves and looked around the room. Her bag sat just at the end of the bed along with a pile of the filthy, bloody rags she'd been found in. Inside were several changes of clothes and almost every clean pair of knickers she owned.

She dressed in the black denim bell bottoms and jacket Lyra had given her, with the sleeveless union jack shirt. She hung her wand inside her jacket in a brest pocket with a small hole cut out for just that purpose.

"Miss Sasporilla!" Weerlo said getting up from the small stump he'd been sitting on. "Yer up 'n around. I'll be off to let that worry wart Drooble know."

With a snap of his fingers he was gone. Sasporilla limped as she wandered amongst the centaurs, many of them trailed by small foals. They looked at the young witch and bowed. She bowed back as not to would be wholly disrespectful.

The warriors lead by Ferenz met in a clearing near the center of the camp.

"Times are dire." Ferenz said. "Man kind is being directed by something dark. Something that would take from us everything that we have."

"I say we fight." Magorian the best of the herds warriors said. "We will plant our arrows in every mankind's hide until we are left alone!"

This brought cheers from the warriors.

"There are more men than there you have arrows." Sasporilla said limping into the clearing. "And they will not stop attacking until they get what they want."

"You have no voice on this council Outsider." Magnus growled.

"She is a member of our Tribe." Talton said. "Thus she has as much voice as you Magnus."

"How would you have us not loose our home Sasporilla Bucket." Ferenz asked. "Without violence even my gifted sight sees no solution."

"Men know talk." Sasporilla said. "We fight off all their attacks with arrows and my command of the elements. Then when the time is right we take something valuable from them and we negotiate with the Minister himself."

"Negotiations!" Delphine spat. "What good is talk?"

"What good is getting everybody killed?" Sasporilla asked. "If you're dead at least you'll be buried under the ground you wanted to fight to keep."

"What good does talking do?" Delphine asked. "Men promise you they don't take your land. They sign papers that they value above all. Then take it back when they choose."

"Resistance works!" Sasporilla said. "We stop them every time they try to gather and send them packing. We can do it!"

"Are than any more proposals?" Ferenz asked. No one moved. "Then we should vote upon a course of action."

A young foal came charging into camp.

"My father!" The foal cried. "Men in the forest have my father!"

"Where?" Sasporilla asked.

"At the edge of the forest by the Black Lake." The foal wept.

Sasporilla limped quickly to Ferenz. "Give me this one chance to prove myself correct."

"One chance." Ferenz smiled.

"We follow the human girl this one time." Ferenz commanded.

The herd burst through the dark forest prepared for whatever they faced. Sasporilla ran as best she could fighting the pain that racked her body. Sasporilla stopped and held her arms out asking the others to stop when she first heard the men.

She peered through the forest and saw the men were in a small clearing surrounded by trees at the edge of the Black lake.

Sasporilla quietly ordered the centaurs to surround the men in the tree lines on either side of them. There were seven men that Sasporilla could see. They were trying to load a very heavy crate, containing a very uncooperative Centaur named Thatchet, onto a small barge that sat in Black lake shallows.

Sasporilla stepped out of the forest followed by Ferenz and Talton. Sasporilla drew her wand and walked unconcerned toward the crate.

"Hey!" One of the men said running up to the young pink haired witch. "Just what do you think yer doin'?"

Sasporilla stopped and looked at the man bewildered. He looked down at her wand and back into Sassys smiling face.

"Oh please don't worry I have no intention of using my magic against you, I'm going to use it to free my herd mate from your crate."

"Oh." The man smiled as some of the others laughed. "Well thank you fer yer mercy miss, but just what makes you think we're gonna let you free him."

Sasporilla let out a deafening roar, making all seven of the men and some of the centaurs through their hands over their ears.

"Well I figure you'll be too busy to worry about me." Sasporilla said innocently.

"And just what will keep us so busy?" The man asked amused.

"Well the twenty or so Centaurs that are surrounding you will fire on my command or on their own if I'm hurt."

Sasporilla smiled. The men looked around to see centaurs coming out from between the trees, their bows drawn.

"But you really don't need to worry about them."

Two of the men disappeared into the water with a loud splash.

"You see," Sasporilla smiled as she stepped past the man towards the crate, "you need to worry about..."

Two more men disappeared with a quick scream and a splash.

"Francis." Sasporilla called.

Giant tentacles uncurled from waters as the giant squid came to the young witches aid. The giant squid grabbed all seven men in his tight grasp. The roar he let out into the cool dusk air was deafening. A battle cry to let any other men in the dark forest that the beasts were prepared to fight for their home.

Sasporilla ran to the crate and cast "Alohamora" opening the lock and freeing the Centaur.

"Thank you pink haired one," Thatchet said "but my foal..."

"Is safe back at camp." Sasporilla said. "Go to him. He needs his father."

Thatchet ran off into the Dark forest. Francis held the men tightly in his tentacles playfully dunk them one at a time for about thirty seconds.

Sasporilla stood in the shallows and flowed out becoming as water. A giant Sasporilla 100 feet tall made of rushing waters of the black lake, stood before the men.

Her voice boomed across the lake. "Go in peace and tell your superiors that the Tribe of the Northern Moon will fight them every time they trespass on our home! If it is a war you bring then a war you will have!"

The giant water girl turned and swatted the barge and crate leaving nothing but splinters. With a gentle one sided smile she turned her head and asked Francis to leave the within running distance of Hogsmead, near the spot where the werewolves prowl.

The water splashed back into the lake as the giant squid pulled the men under the surface for a quick trip across the lake. Sasporilla walked up the shore out of the water. The centaurs ran to her side.

"The time that violence will be necessary may yet come." Sasporilla said. "Until then, we can vex them with threats of violence and using the elements against them."

The results spoke for themselves. Even the most hardened fanatical of the centaur warriors were impressed by the girl. The vote was unanimous. They would resist the actions of men as long as possible with as little violence as they could under the war council of Sasporilla Bucket.



## Chapter 25

The Ministry of Magic was vexed at every turn by a rag tag herd of centaurs lead by a twelve year old witch named Sasporilla Bucket.

Men who came in ever greater numbers reported being attacked by centaurs lead by a young wild pink haired witch dressed in black denim and a union jack shirt.

Wizards attempting to raise barriers meant to pen the centaurs in, were attacked by giant spiders and forced to aparate.

Even some of the ministries best were thwarted by a dark forest that seemed alive and put a beating on them unlike any they'd known.

Minister Fudge had grown to hate the girl that ran with the centaurs. A wizarding world Che Guevara that countered his every move in the dark forest.

Meeting after meeting was held but no strategy the Ministry could imagine would work against the crafty young witch.

Nick & Lyra brought the news to Sasporillas mother that her daughter was alive and fighting the ministries injustices fiercely.

All centaurs had heard the stories of the evil witch in pink who ruled the school castle. They were warned not to underestimate her as she was a viper in crocodile clothing.

Thatchets foal Rockthet ran into camp looking feverishly for Sasporilla Bucket.

"Sasporilla!" Rockthet called. "Sasporilla!?!"

Sassy stepped out of the small hut she had been staying in.

"What's wrong Rockthet?" Sasporilla asked concerned. "The pink lady is walking towards the dark forest by the school path with two students."

"Excelent." Sasporilla said. "Gather the tribe."

Sasporilla called all eyes to her.

"I address my people of the tribe of the Northern Moon." Sasporilla said. "I once told you if we were patient that the men would make a mistake and we would take something from them that we could use to negotiate with. Today that mistake has been made and our chance walks into our forest."

"The pink witch of the school, Deloris Umbridge walks into our forest by the Hogwarts path with two students. Those children are not to be harmed. However I want that witch brought to me alive. She is to be our prisoner."

The centaurs charged into the forest and searched the forest by the Hogwarts path for any signs of them.

They found her telling the students just how much she hated children. A loosed arrow was easily deflected and met with deadly magic attempting to strangle one of the herd. It was only by the chance interference of a small giant that they were able to free the wand from the old witch and drag her back to camp.

The centaurs held her banged and bruised body by the arms. Sasporilla Bucket, followed by Ferenz and Bane, stood before her.

"Hello Professor Umbridge." Saspoilla smiled. "Well you are in a bit of a pickle aren't you dear?"

"Miss Bucket." Old toad face smiled struggling to straighten herself. "We've been so worried for you back at the castle. Your mothers been looking everywhere worried sick and well... I am just so happy to see you're ok."

"Shut it Deloris." Sasporilla Bucket growled. "Enough of your vitriolic saccharin full of bile and lies."

"Send the owl to the ministry." Ferenz said. "And prepare the prisoner."

"Just like the old days." Sasporilla smiled.

Minister of Magic Cornelious Fudge was woken in the wee hours by the assistants with most alarming news. The centaurs had taken Deloris Umbridge prisoner and were willing to negotiate for her release. The impudence of this girl who thought she could do such things. This would take a full scale assault of all of the ministries resources. Arurers, soldiers, anyone with a wand and all squibb thugs they could rustle up. If necessary he'd call in muggle forces to assist!

As they arrived at the ministry the found the grand foyer in shambles. Broken glass littered the floor and in the center stood Albus Dumbledore and... Lord Voldemort.

"He has returned." Cornelious Fudge said amazed.

Voldemort disappeared in a flurry of ground glass.



"Tell me you didn't see him this time Cornelious?" Dumbledore snapped.

"I saw him." Minister Fudge said. "I saw him. I can't believe it."

"What are you doing here at this hour?" Dumbledore asked.

"Umbridge been taken hostage." Cornelious Fudge muttered. "By the centaurs and the Bucket girl."

"Are you willing to stop all of this nonsense with the centaurs and pull that appalling woman out of Hogwarts now?"

"Yes." Cornelious Fudge conceded as Dumbledore rushed him up to his office to draw up the new paper work before it was too late.

An owl arrived at Hogwarts not long after umbridge had left the castle. It landed on the windowsill of the girls dorm in Hufflepuff house. Karry was awoken and alerted to it first. The message was clear. It was time.

As breakfast was served it became quite apparent that Professor Umbridge was missing from the head table. As she was always on time and never missed the most important meal of the day it meant that the Inquisitorial Squad had no back up.

"Memento Omnis Sasporilla Bucket" restored all the memories of their missing friend to the members of the DA that had, up to this time, still had their memories of her erased.

"It's time." Karry Curtiss yelled out jumping up on the head table. "Umbridge is the Prisoner of Sasporilla Bucket in the dark forest and it's time we took back the school from the fascist bullies of the Inquisitorial squad!"

Billy Bombaduck and his thugs followed Draco Malfoy and the others coming face to face with the Outsiders leading the members of Dumbeldores Army.

"Let's rock." Korry Curtiss yelled and the fight was on.

The grandest duel of attack and defense spells ever to grace the halls of Hogwarts was on. The inquisitorial squad were backed up by Slyterins who hated the Outsiders and the members of the DA. The numbers were reasonably equal as spells flew across the great hall striking and breaking as they went. Most students ran from the melee as teachers attempted to get inside.

Janey flipped Drako Malfoy into the air and caught him in her arms. Korry dropped many Inquisitors with Petrificus Totalus. Karry spun like a dancer flipping Slytherins like a martial artist \ ballerina. George Weasley and Kay Curtiss stood back to back trying to deflect spells that would hit the others.

Zac stood face to face with Billy Bombaduck. The small boy stood hard and still waiting for the larger boy to make his move. Billy Bombaduck looked at him with a burning hate. Everything that happened to him that had gone wrong was the fault of that low class Sasporilla Bucket and this thing was one of her friends.

"I'll teach you what it means to stand against a Bombaduck!" Billy screamed preparing his wand. "Avad...."

"Stupify!" Zac Zarcassian yelled. "Billy flipped over stunned as Zac walked over to him and cast the paralyses spell on him. Zac picked up Billy Bombaducks wand and put it under his foot. He stepped on it and pulled with his left hand snapping the thugs wand in half.

"That's what it means to mess with an Outsider." Zac smiled placing his wand hard under Billy Bombaducks chin. The Outsiders stood victorious amongst the fallen members of the Inquisitorial squad.

"We've freed the school." Karry laughed.

"Quick children." Professor McGonnagal smiled. "Let's put them in the dungeons while we sort all the rest out." When Albus Dumbledore arrived at the centaur camp followed by Minister Fudge and a handful of Aurers including Alister Moody and Kingsley Shacklebolt. Alister Moody was quite amused at the site of little Sasporilla Bucket sitting on a log by a fire in front Delorus Umbridge. The old witch had been tied hand and foot to two trees that crossed like an X. A third tree bent down and held a slack rope tied around Umbridges stubby neck.

"The Tribe of the Northern moon has summoned you Minister Fudge to settle the differences in land claims once and for all." Sasporilla Bucket said. "We want you as minister to sign a magically binding one million year land grant, of the lands of the dark forest, to be held by the centaurs and other beasts of the forest."

"And if he doesn't agree." Professor Dumbledore asked as Cornillious was still in shock at the site of Voldemort.

"Then I'll tell the centaurs to cut the restraint ropes and pieces of Umbridge will rain down on the dark forest."

"Sasporilla." Dumbledore said walking forward. "How can you be so vicious?"

"Vicious!" Sasporilla yelled standing. "This woman hung me by the thumbs for six weeks and every day I was starved and beaten. AND WHY? Because I dared to stand up to her forcing all of us into a detention where we had to use quills that cut into our skin & she did it all with impunity under Minister of Magic Cornellious Fudge. What I offer is a mercy compared."

"Cornelious." Albus Dumbledore said backing off. "Did you hear all of that?"

"Yes Albus." Fudge said hanging his head. "I've listened to the wrong people and made horrible decisions. What have I done?"

"What matters Cornellious is that you're willing to undo the damage you've done." Albus Dumbledore said. "Are you willing to bind the Ministry as it's representative to this Million year deal?"

"Yes." Fudge said. "Whatever it takes."

Fudge and Ferenze entered a glowing circle of magic. Each took an end of a scroll agreeing these lands were now held equally by the beasts of the dark forest for the period of one million years.

"Now miss Bucket." Albus Dumbledore said. "If you would be so kind to free Ms.Umbridge from her bonds."

Sasporilla turned and before anyone could respond she ordered the ropes cut. Everyone gasped as the trees stayed perfectly still held in place by the will of the giggling little girl with pink hair.

"You should have seen your face." She said to Umbridge as the centaurs freed her from her bonds. Moody and Kingsley took the stunned old witch in arms as they looked down realizing old toad face had soiled herself.

"Now that was funny." Mad Eye chuckled as they dragged Deloris Umbridge away.



## Chapter 26

The Daily Prophet exploded with news. They acknowledged Voldemort had indeed returned. Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter were vindicated. Deloris Umbridge was fired from Hogwarts and her abusive treatment of students was under investigation. The inquisitorial squad was disbanded and the eight students whose expulsions were reversed by Deloris Umbridge were once again expelled without credit of the year. Billy Bombaduck was sent to Saint Mungos for psychological assessment. Minister fudge was to resign immediately but best of all Professor Dumbledore had returned as Headmaster of Hogwarts.

At the end of year celebrations Slytherin, who had been awarded the most points during Umbridges regime, took the house cup. All charges against Sasporilla Bucket and the OUTSIDERS were dropped and Sassy was able to finish her year with full credit.

However there was one more thing Sasporilla Bucket needed to do. She went back down to the cell she'd spent so many weeks in. Just standing in there brought back horrific memories. Unfortunately it was a necessary evil as she had to summon them.

The Weaver elves were quick to respond. They walked into the Hogwarts dungeon cell as bold as brass.

"You wish to change your mind?" Crumplegoldjinn asked.

Sasporilla went over to the cell door and closed herself in with them. "No."

"Then why waiste our time?" Crinklesunpin yelled.

"Because I needed to bring you here." Sasporilla smiled. "Where you're trapped and can't leave for as long as I say."

The Weaver elves popped open the door but the doorway was blocked by a stone wall.

"You might as well get comfortable." Sasporilla laughed. "Until the elves finish freeing your slaves."

"What?" Crinklesunpin asked.

"What have you done girl?" Crumplegoldjinn yelled.

"I've asked friends to go to your secret plane of existence, which by the way wasn't so secret once I spoke to Miss Daisy, and she helped organize all the elves into a rescue party. As we speak all that tethers your slaves to their spinning wheels and looms are being cut and they are being returned to our world."

"But that means..." the weaver elves said, their lower lips quivering.

"That you'll be responsible for weaving the fabric of magic yourselves." Sasporilla laughed. "Like you were always intended to."

Two hours later Drooble removed the wall from the doorway. The Weaver elves ran from the cell and disappeared. Their cries from the empty planes as they went to work at their own wheels echoed in the dungeons making Sasporilla smile.

The Hogwarts express saw the tribe of the moon run with them as far as they could. Sasporilla waved to her herd from the open window of the train. Talton, Ferenz and Rockteth waved back as the circled round and back into the forest.

Wysteria jumped onto the train as it pulled into Kings Cross Station. She looked in to every compartment calling her daughters name. Sasporilla, Gooseberry on her shoulder, came running down the passageway and into her mothers loving arms.

"My brave girl." Wysteria cried. "I'm sorry I couldn't be there to help you."

"I'm fine mum really." Sasporilla smiled. "Because I'm home now with you."

Amongst the families welcoming home their children from a turbulent year at Hogwarts, no one saw the Shabby man smile

# THE END



## *The 9 Lives of Sasporilla Bucket*

Sasporilla was exactly on time. Eight AM on the dot when Mr.Olivander opened the shop. She was dressed for work as usual and carried the small leather wand makers case Mr.Olivander had given her last summer.

"I am so happy to see you Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander smiled. "Come in, come in."

Wysteria stood on the step waving good bye to her daughter as the door shut.

"I'm so happy to be back." Sasporilla said. "It was a very hard year but I'm ready to work very hard."

"Wondrous." Garrick Olivander smiled. "I heard of your ordeal at the hands of Deloris Umbridge. Appalling!"

"Well all of that is behind me." Sasporilla said proudly. "I endured and came out the other side a better, stronger person."

"Indeed." Mr.Olivander said very impressed by the young witch. "Now follow me."

They walked into the back of the store behind the shelves full of wands. Mr.Olivander had several work benches and worker elves helping with menial but not unimportant tasks.

"As promised." Mr.Olivander said. "This summer you will be apprenticing here in the back. Though I may ask you to watch the front from time to time, you'll work primarily back here at the cleaning and basic maintenance station."

"I'm so excited." Sasporilla said. "Thank you so much for this opportunity."

"You are most enthusiastic," Mr.Olivander smiled, "and most welcome my dear. Now, before you get started on the nine wands that need maintenance, I must ask if you are interested in joining me when one of my contractors comes in with what he promises to be a cornucopia of wand supplies?"

"I would be honored sir." Sasporilla smiled doing a half curtsy like a girl just asked to dance.

"Wonderful."

Each wand posed its own challenge. Each wood was different and required different oils and or polishes. Tightening and tuning of a dragon heart string was tricky but Mr.Olivander showed her how using a device known as an Ominifus Amplivator.

The Hypogryph feather core in the Ash wand was beyond repair. Mr.Olivander told Sasporilla to just set that one aside. The owner would have to agree to further work to be done or buy a new wand.

The morning went fast as Sasporilla Bucket worked hard at making every wand as perfect as she could. Each one was closely measured and weighed by Mr.Olivander. Every one had been perfectly cleaned, polished and repaired.

"As always Miss Bucket." Mr.Olivander smiled. "Your work is out standing."

The bell of the shop door rang as a small fat man, carrying a large very old and worn case, entered.

"Mr.Olivander?" The man shouted out.

"Yes, yes." Mr.Olivander shouted back. "Please come with me Miss Bucket. This is one of my suppliers."

The man placed his case up on the counter. It popped open into eight distinct areas. It was filled to capacity with woods, metals, crystals and metals. Cores of all kinds of magical beasts resided in individually labeled bottles.

"What do you need?" The little fat man asked with a cheery face.

"I'm running a bit low on Ethical unicorn hair and Grindylow teeth." Mr.Olivander said.

"Garrik!" The man said. "You know how hard it is to get Grindylow teeth Ethically. Now the Unicorn hair, I can give you a good price on that!"

"Ethical?" Sasporilla Bucket asked.

"Yes." Mt.Olivander began. "You see, when a creature offers you what you need from it freely... that makes it an ethical item. If you kill the creature and take what you need then that is not."

"You mean some wands are made from cores that are the result of murder?" Sasporilla asked.

"Yes of course." The fat man said. "Not every witch or wizard can use a wand made from an ethical core kid."

"So do dark wizards use Unethical cores?" Sassy asked.

"No the means of which the core was procured, though it effects its vibration in relation to the witch or wizard, it may not reflect their philosophic view. For example, both he who must not be named's bone wand and Harry Potters Holly wand both have Phoenix feather cores collected ethically. I think we can all agree that an ethically collected core would not clearly reflect the philosophy of you know who."

"No." Sasporilla said drawing her wand. "What about my wand?"

"Wow!" The little fat man said. "Is that a conflicator?"

"Yes." Mr.Olivander said. "One of the oldest."

"Wow man that is cool." The salesman smiled.

"To answer your question Miss Bucket your wand has multiple woods, multiple metals and two cores that are in constant conflict. Half of them are ethically procured while their opposing counterparts were taken unethically."

"I don't feel good about that." Sasporilla said.

"Perhaps in the future your next wand, should you choose one, will be fully ethical or wholly unethical. It doesn't reflect on you as a person. Only your own actions and choices can do that."

As customers flooded into the shop Sasporilla dealt with them as Mr.Olivander wheeled and dealt with his contractor.

Soon it was afternoon and Sasporilla had to be reminded to go to lunch. Other people hated what they did and Sasporilla felt fortunate that wand making was a passion she may yet get to pursue full time after school. The chance to open her own shop was dream she'd had for a number of years.

"Buckets Wands" Sassy mused as she walked along through Diagon Alley window shopping. Maybe even "Imaginarium Wands from her middle name or even the "Imaginarium!"

It was nearly 2:30. Sasporilla would have to run back to the shop if she was to make it on time.

"Sasporilla" something hissed her name from the depths of Knockturn alley. She stood frozen peering into the shadowy lane way.

Sasporilla never saw who came up behind her and shoved her head into the murky black water of an old rain barrel. She didn't know who was laughing or why they bobbed her head in and out of the water forcing the dirty water to get into her ears and eyes. Causing her to swallow some of it and some to get up her nose. With sudden ferocity the water spun and rushed blowing the barrel apart and knocking Sassy to the ground.

Her attacker fled into the shadows of Knockturn alley waving his hands tauntingly at her but she never really got a look at his face. All she knew was that the tall thin man seemed oddly familiar.

Sassy walked back to Olivanders soaking wet. She entered the shop and stayed near the door asking Mr.Olivander for a towel.

"What happened miss Bucket?" Mr.Olivander asked.

"Someones Idea of a joke I guess." She said trying to dry herself off. "Some skinny guy shoved my head into an old rain barrel. Thought he was going to drown me."

"More attacks on innocent decent people Mr.Olivander said shaking his head with disgust and disbelief. "Well, never you mind, I made up a fresh pot of tea and biscuits in the back."

The tea was a bit refreshing but the biscuits didn't sit well at all. By the time Wysteria came to pick her up Sasporilla was running a low grade fever and looked very pale.

Less than an hour of going home Sasporilla Buckets fever had risen to forty Celsius. She was talking to Myron Wagtail as if they were back on the porch of his farm. When Wysteria tried to help her to her bed Sasporilla could barely stand. It was when Sassy fell to the floor with a seizure that Wysteria rushed her daughter to Saint Mungos. Test after test revealed nothing until a strange homeless man dropped off a sample of the water she had been dunked in. The diagnosis became very clear very quickly.

Dr.Hermunster sat Wysteria down to tell her the bad news. "A parasite we've identified as Naegleria fowleri, which causes a very rare brain infection called parasitic meningitis, is what your daughter has. It was found in a sample of the rain barrel water that you daughter was dunked in when she was attacked. The microscopic organism probably entered through the nose and traveled to the brain where it's now trying to destroy her brain tissue."

"Is there anything you can do Doctor?" Wysteria wept.

"We're trying everything we can think of." Dr.Hermunster said. "I must warn you though nine out of ten people who contract this parasite die within ten days. Fifty percent of survivors are left with irreparable brain damage. There is little hope I'm afraid."

Nick Owlmore and Lyra Lee-Ashwolf joined Wysteria in the halls of St.Mungos crying at the thought that after all she'd been through, they may finally lose Sasporilla Bucket.

Within a day Sasporilla slid into a coma. She walked through the thick gray fog of her mind occasionally faced with images as voices echoed all around her. In moments of clarity she heard her mothers voice speaking to her. Reading her the news from the Daily Prophet or from books like Beedle the Bard.

Sassy heard her mother and Uncle Nick discussing a dark wizard attack on London. Many were killed as London Bridge fell. Mr.Olivander had gone missing. Voldemort was seen in Diagon Alley. The fog thickened and all went black.

It was sometime in the night that Sasporilla came very close to death. Miss Diasy sat by her grand nieces bed holding her hand.

"My darling Sasporilla." Miss Daisy said. "You're growing into a beautiful young woman but life is throwing every trial in your way. I know that tonight is to see the end of a life. Death has come for you but it won't be you the grim reaper takes."

Miss Daisy crawled into bed next to Sasporilla and snuggled up to her.

"Don't feel sad." Daisy smiled. "I'm old and very tired. I am giving you the last few years of my life spark freely. You need it much more than I. Frankly I wouldn't want to live my last fifty or sixty years without you."

A silvery light passed from Daisy to Sasporilla. The hospital staff discovered the elfs body, snuggled in next to Sasporilla Bucket, on their first morning rounds. The staff quietly respectfully removed her. Sasporilla once again wandered through the grey fog of her mind.

Wysteria read her daughter a story about the treacherous death of Albus Dumbledore by Rita Skeeter.

It talked of how Snape had killed the Headmaster with the unforgivable curse "Avada Kedavra." This was of course contested by Ministry witnesses who denied this series of events.

"Can I have some water." Sasporilla asked.

"Of course pumpkin." Wysteria said reaching for the water then freezing. "You're awake!"

"And very thirsty." Sasporilla croaked. Her mother poured her some water and helped her daughter hold the glass. Sasporilla felt weak, her muscles slightly atrophied.

"How many days?" Sasporilla asked.

"Sweet heart." Wysteria said biting her lower lip nervously. "You've been in a coma for almost a year."

Tests quickly proved Sasporilla Bucket not only survived the parasitic meningitis but she lost no brain function or memory. In many ways it was a miracle.

Four weeks of muscle rebuilding potions and intense physical therapy saw the young witch discharged from Saint Mungos days before the next year at Hogwarts

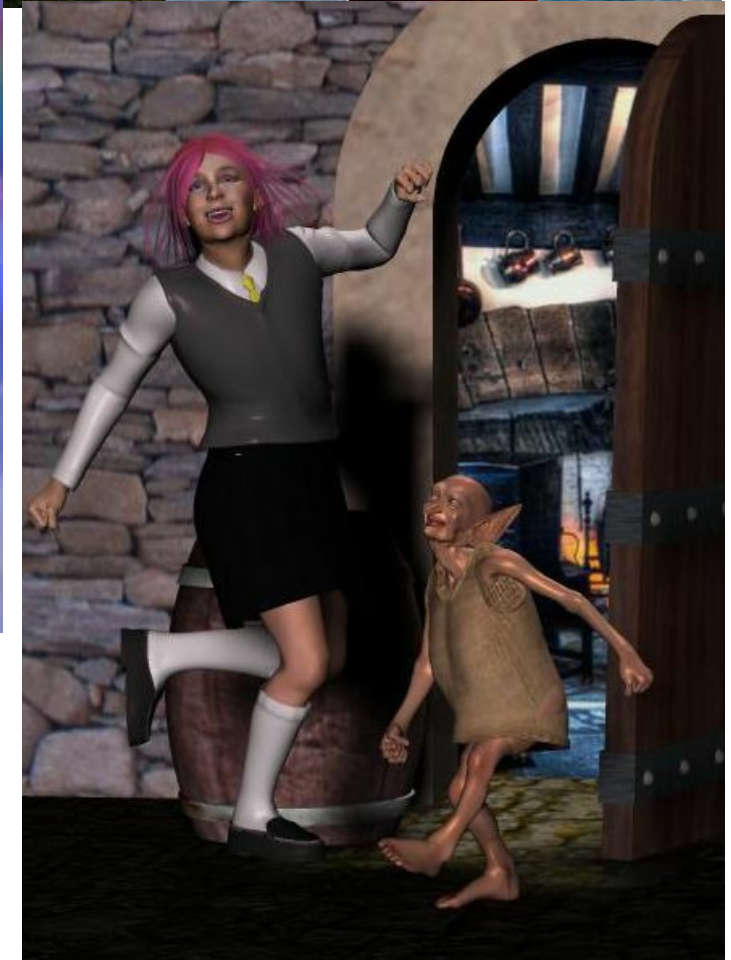
# THE END

# Art Gallery

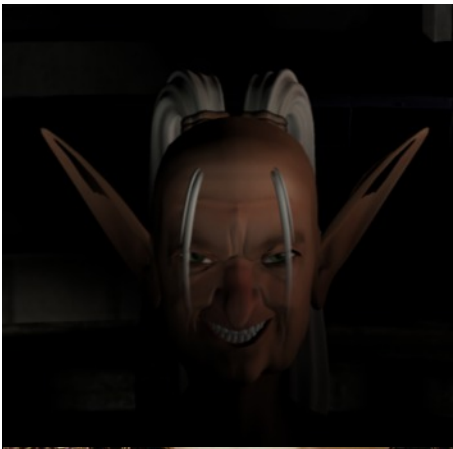
What would a story be without a gallery of the art created to accompany it and pay tribute too it! The following art plates are from the original artwork, posted on the Sasporilla Bucket Website. All are the original works of art by the author Darren Kelly.













WIZARD WORLD'S  
**The DAILY PROPHET**  
THE WIZARD WORLD'S BESTSELLING BROADSHEET OF CHOICE

**A LIST OF KNOWN DEATH RATES WILL BE DELIVERED TO ALL WIZARDING HOMES** (continued on M.O.M. page 7)

<b>Evening Weather</b>	<b>Zodiac Aspects</b>	<b>Rita Skeeter's</b>
South - clear & cool	10, show like last yr	Detour: 1000
North - clear & cool	12, hot news in '99	Diary of a Mad Witch: 1000
West - clear	14, hot news in '99	Diary of a Mad Witch: 1000
East - clear & cool	16, hot news in '99	Diary of a Mad Witch: 1000

**YOUNG WITCH UNAFRAID OF EVIL**

**Funeral For Famed Aurer Invaded by Dementors**

The streets around Westminster Abbey were alive with arrivals of only the most important people from the best of families Wednesday morning. Last as we all gathered for the funeral of famed aurer Riddonkulous Bucket, he sustained more than 11 years ago in a battle with the who must not be named. The funeral was held in none other than Westminster Abbey and in attendance were his Mother and Father Woodrow & Oblivious Bucket, The Dent family as well as (More on Page 3)

*By Rita Skeeter*

Sasporilla Bucket Stands Strong against Dementor at her fathers funeral! Daughter of Famed aurer Riddonkulous Bucket, who succumbed to hi injuries from fighting off Dementors in the service of he who must not be named many years ago, was as surprised As anyone else when the dark creature appeared at her fathers funeral. However as the Others ran the brave first year Hogwarts scholarship student stoud face to face with the Beast & did not run. (More on Page 2)

story continues **2**    OBITUARIES **6**    what's next for the **9**    NEWS **11**



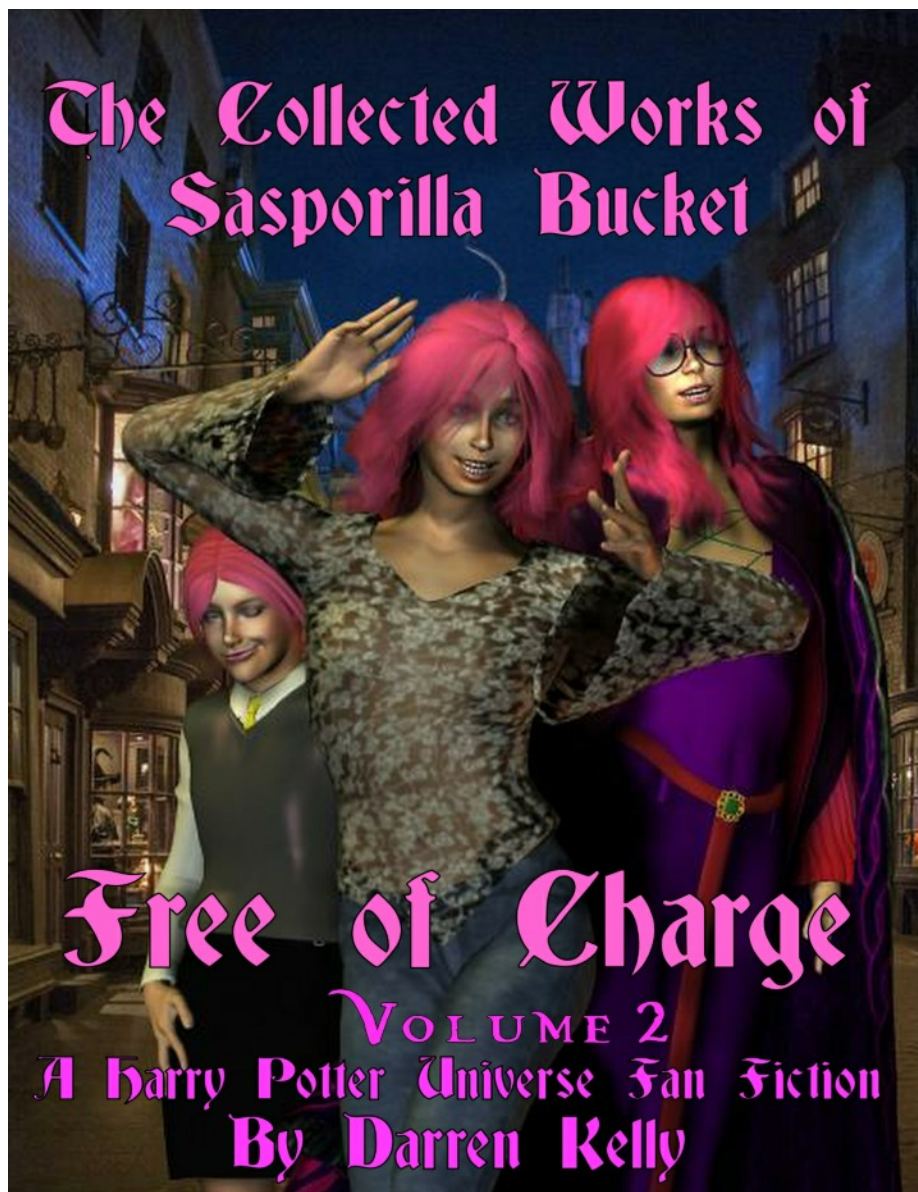
# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Darren Kelly married 50+ year old who is very much still in love with his wife of more years than she'd care to remember! He has many hobbies and enjoys writing and working on art in CGI or sketching. He is a dog lover and loves the books of J.K. Rowling and films of Harry Potter.

Darren Kelly is a very private person though he will always take time to talk with friendly people.

## Please Look For



## COMING SOON

