

Technomagical Ideas Goodbye My Love

August 1, 1997

Amos Vale Cemetery

Bristol , UK .

Raining . Harry thought as he made his way from the limosine down the path to... Padma. **How cliché** .

"Are you all right Harry?" Parvati asked from under her umbrella.

"Not really, no," his voice was emotionless. Almost dead. "Thank you."

She nodded understanding completely, and gestured toward a path leading into the cemetery. He followed the woman on the path that wound its way between the rows of plots. Finally they arrived. The plot was obvious, fresh sod; the stone still pristine, fresh flowers, and the stone. Wizards had one advantage over the Muggles in death she reflected. Their place can be marked almost instantly.

Padma Patil

4 January 1980- 24 July 1997

Daughter, Sister, Friend

"It was a beautiful day." Parvati asked, her dark eyes offering the image of her twin. "The service was a mixture of Father's traditions from India and Mother's from England. She's wearing the jewelry you got her. I fought with Father over that, he wanted to send it back to you. I told him that Padma would never take it off." She hesitated as if just realizing what her words might be doing to him. "Would you like me to stay Harry?"

"There's no need for you to stay Parvati. I think I need to be alone for a few moments." He took the young woman's hand. "Please, get yourself out of this rain. I'll be alright. Thank you for showing me the way."

"Harry..." the girl hesitated again. **Why was this so hard?** "Padma and I shared everything. I know it didn't show at school, but we told each other everything. Padma told me about what the two of you had." Her eyes swam with unshed tears. "She was so happy, so proud of you, so in love with you. Did she tell you about the dolls?"

Harry nodded.

"I made sure she had it with her. Padma has her Harry doll with her now, and forever." The exotic Gryffindor rose onto her tiptoes to kiss Harry on the cheek, "Get the ones who did this Harry. Hurt them they way they hurt my sister." She turned and walked away leaving Harry to his grief.

After the girl was gone Harry stood in silence staring down at the stone, the rain dripping from his hair into his eyes hiding the tears. He hadn't thought he had anymore tears. Harry dropped to his knees, ignoring the wet squelch from the soil. With a trembling hand, he reached out and lightly traced the lettering on her stone.

"Hey Padma," the black haired man murmured. "I'm sorry it took so long for me to get here. Dad took me white water rafting in the Canadian Rockies. A last chance for just the two of us, he said. A last chance before I didn't have time for him anymore. I was joking around and just goofing off when they... when they were hurting you." His tears were flowing now, visible despite the rain. "We were in the middle of nowhere. We purposely didn't take any method of communications with us, and we never told anyone where we were going. You were gone for ten days before Franklin found us..." His breath caught in his throat. "I'm so sorry Padma, I'm so sorry. I should have... should have..."

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"We should go to him." Hermione Granger moved to open the door. An impossibly strong hand stopped her.

"Leave him alone Hermione." Franklin Richards said his eyes fixed on his kneeling best friend. "He's hurting now. When he's ready he'll come back on his own."

"I'll have to be leaving soon. Mum and Dad have forbidden me from having anything to do with Harry or the rest of you." Parvati said quietly.

"They're trying to protect you." Susan suggested.

"I know that Sue. It just makes me so angry. I don't want safe, I want revenge. They've taken Padma, they've taken Lavender, and they've taken

Lisa and Justin and Ernie, and Colin and Dennis. No one has done anything. The ministry put out a pamphlet telling people how to protect themselves. It boils down to keep your head down until the Aurors arrive. We've all seen what Harry can do, between his magic, his armor and the way his mind works... I asked him to..."

"We know." Hannah said.

Neville fixed Franklin with a stare. "You know Harry best Franklin. What is he going to do?"

The blond man's mouth set into a firm line. He couldn't help but know their thoughts. They were frightened for themselves, worried for Harry and mourning their lost friends. They needed to be encouraged. "He's hurting now. In an hour he's going to be angry." The only son of Reed Richards leaned back in his seat, again turning his attention to his mourning friend.

"Someone should tell Lord Flight from Death that Dumbledore isn't in charge anymore, and Hell is coming."

Technomagical Ideas The Talk

Stuart Granger looked up from the book he was reading and smiled widely.

"Franklin, thank you for coming," the man said. "Take a seat."

Sixteen year old Franklin Richards nervously entered the room. The week he had spent in England hanging out with Harry while he visited his Godfather had been a whole lot of fun, mostly because the trip provided the opportunity of visiting the young woman he really wanted to become his first serious girlfriend. A short dose of near normality in what was his usually decidedly unusual life.

The illusion of normality had lasted most of the week until it had been shattered the previous day. Harry, Susan, Hermione and he had been out shopping and having a good time when they were attacked by a dozen men in dark robes and white masks. The girls had done their magical things, while Harry unleashed his latest Techsuit variation on the villains. Franklin had never seen Harry's new Technomagics deployed before, and he would have enjoyed the show had he not been forced to defend himself against three of the maniacs.

The weird colored lights from the bad guys' wands had been frightening, and Franklin had been a bit rushed by their attacks. As much as it shamed him, Franklin admitted to losing control. It wasn't until the magical police... *Aurors* showed up and were taking the men away that Franklin had time to hope that the three he fought would once again learn to manage some level of muscle control... hopefully enough to be able to feed themselves. He didn't think he had done them any permanent damage, but you never knew when you hurried a psi. Of course he didn't feel all that bad about it; he'd seen in their minds what they had planned for Harry and the girls.

Then at breakfast this morning Hermione had mentioned that her father had asked that the two of them meet this afternoon for a discussion.

Harry's smile hadn't helped in the slightest. Some best friend he was, sending Franklin to his doom by way of parental cross-examination, and smiling about it. Harry had said that since he had survived his own interrogation from Susan's aunt, who was evidently some kind of scary magical cop, then Franklin should have no problems with Mr. Granger, who after all was just a dentist.

Franklin sat in the offered chair and tried reviewing in his mind all the advice his family had ever offered that might be applicable to this situation. Uncle Johnny had said many times, to never, ever meet the parents.

Well, screwed that up already. Of course given that Uncle Johnny had rarely had a girl friend last longer than two dates might suggest that he wasn't the best source for advice. Mom always said to be polite and to behave like she was watching him. Given that she could easily actually be watching him and her invisibility hiding that fact had caused him to suspect that she usually was watching him.

"Hermione tells me that you and she have been having fun during your visit," Stuart said "So I thought we ought to have a talk."

Uncle Ben's advice to 'Smash everything and try to be somewhere else when it goes Boom!' didn't really seem to apply to this situation. "Yes sir, we have been. If it hadn't been for those magical loons yesterday..."

"Yes, I've gotten a report on that from Amelia Bones," the Dentist's eyes narrowed. "She was most effusive with her praise for your actions yesterday. She said your actions probably saved quite a few lives."

Franklin shrugged. "It was nothing special sir. Harry was more effective than I was. I think it's a family thing, we can't go a month without some crazy's trying something like that."

"I can imagine," Stuart nodded, "though I suspect they were more interested in Harry and the girls that in you. Those people don't think much of us 'Muggles', not even those with interesting abilities such as your own."

"Still, I'm told you placed yourself between one of the curses cast and my daughter. Hermione tells me that it was that horrible pain curse, the *crueltio* or some something like that. It's supposed to be the magical manifestation of the worst pain the human body can sustain. And you took it for almost a minute before Harry managed to drop the caster... All to protect my daughter."

Damn it. No one was supposed to have seen that except Harry, and he promised not to tell anyone... But Franklin couldn't have allowed that horrible thing to hit Hermione...

"Yes, Hermione saw what you did... and she appreciates it quite a bit. So do I, but I still have to ask; what are your intentions toward my daughter?"

Franklin swallowed audibly. "I... Hermione is really..."

The elder Granger seemed to be enjoying the boy's lack of coherent response. "I was young once myself Franklin, and I still remember what it's like to be a young man with a pretty girl on his arm."

Franklin looked up hopefully, meeting the eye of the older man.

"That's when I remember that the pretty girl on your arm is my daughter," Stuart said, swiftly crushing the Richards boy's hope in that time tested way known to fathers' worldwide. "A young girl I would kill to protect."

Franklin dropped his eyes again, silently chastising himself for how he was reacting. In his life he had been threatened by experts, his parent's enemies, real honest to God villains, people who killed for the fun of it. How threatening could this dentist really be anyway?

"You know, this week having all you young people around has got me remembering my own youth...when Mrs. Granger and I were first dating. For some reason I got to thinking about my first lab partner at the Dental college... Sometimes I'm amazed at what a small world this really is."

"I'm not sure what you mean sir..." Franklin said quietly.

"What I mean is I was amazed when I realized that your family, and indeed even you yourself have had personal dealings with my old lab partner. Victor Von doom."

"What?" Franklin sputtered.

"Oh yeah, Vic ended up with doctorates in Chemistry and Physics, but his first true love was dentistry."

This was insane. The man who his family considered more of a threat than even Galactus had wanted to be a dentist? "Are you serious?"

"Completely serious. Victor... We called him 'Stinky' because of his love for Cabbage soup... you can take the boy out of the Gypsy Caravan, but you can't take the Gypsy Caravan out of the boy. Victor wanted to be a dentist more than anything else in the world."

"Then..." Franklin searched for the words, "what happened?"

"He washed out in third year," Granger said with a shrug of his shoulders. "He couldn't handle the pressure."

"Dr. Doom couldn't handle the pressure?"

"The screams got to him. He got upset when the patients would struggle against their heavy leather straps... and of course the blood. He was too soft hearted to be a British dentist. He left Dentistry for the 'soft' sciences where his weaknesses wouldn't hold him back."

"Weaknesses?" Franklin asked faintly.

"Sorry Franklin," Stuart said standing up from his desk and extending his hand. "I tend to ramble at times, telling my old boring stories about school. All I really wanted to do was express my deep hope that you would never, ever do anything that might hurt, embarrass or even slightly inconvenience my lovely daughter..."

"Yes sir?"

"And I'm sure it's a given that if you were ever to make her cry, I would have to hurt you," the dentist said with a smile.

"Yes sir."

"And I don't mean psychologically either." Stuart checked his watch. "Where does the time go? Will you and Harry be staying for dinner?"

Franklin shook the man's hand and made for the door as fast as he could without appearing to actually be running away. When he opened the door, he found Hermione to be standing there smiling at him and he recalled his father's advice on women.

"Find a girl like your mother, someone who is smart, brave, dangerous and very very scary. If you would walk through fire for her, she's the one."

Well, Franklin thought, they don't call Dad the smartest guy in the world for nothing.

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Technomagical Ideas The Race

"With Liberty and Justice for All." Nine year old Harry Potter intoned in unison with the rest of his friends, the index and middle fingers of his right hand touching the bill of his cap in the Cub Scout salute. A first year Webelo Scout he took all the trappings of the meetings very seriously.

As the Cub master called "Two!" Harry dropped his salute and instantly began searching the crowd for the little first grade Tiger Cub who was his responsibility during the meetings. The Pack had learned the hard way that many parents of kids of that age group seemed to think that the BS of BSA stood for 'Baby Sitting' and took to assigning the older boys to ride herd on the youngsters until they developed a bit of restraint and a sense of responsibility. As soon as the Cub master released the pack from formation, Harry nudged Franklin and the two of them made their way to their charges, a pair of twins in Orange Tee shirts.

"Hey guys," Franklin said as they slid into seats on either side of the boys, "Excited about the race?"

The two boys seemed to become very interested in their shoes.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

Harry's charge Steven refused to meet his eyes. "Our cars aren't very good."

"What do you mean?" Franklin asked bumping shoulders with James, the Tiger Cub he was assigned to mentor.

"We've seen the cars all you guys made," James said "Ours look like trash."

"We don't have a dad," Steven said, still hanging his head. "Mom tried, but she didn't know anything about cutting wood..."

"Don't worry about that," Harry said with a laugh.

"You'll probably win a prize for that all by itself." Franklin agreed. "They started a category our Tiger year that is intended for cars that were obviously made by the scouts."

"Yeah," Harry continued. "Some of the Dads in the Pack get a bit competitive. I know, my dad took over my car. I wish that I could have done my own."

"Really?" James asked.

"Yeah, really. If 'my' car wins, no one really believes it mine. I envy you guys. You know that your car is yours."

"Hey, grab your cars while the leaders are getting organized," Franklin said excitedly reaching for his small plastic tool box. "Harry and I can show you guys some tricks."

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After an hour and a half of racing, Section A of Den 8 was called to bring their cars to the starting line.

"Ok Harry," Tony said. "Take the car very carefully to the starting line. No sudden moves, ok?"

Harry looked at the precision device that was masquerading as a pinewood derby car with a jaundiced eye. "Why do I need to be so careful?"

"I made a few... adjustments last night."

"Dad!"

"I heard about a few of the things Reed was trying."

"I'm going to get kicked out of Scouts aren't I?"

"Harry," the billionaire said with a smile. "Everything on that car is legal. Legal length, legal materials, legal weight."

"Right," Harry muttered as he turned away from his father to head to the starting gate. The turn caused the bright red car to almost jump from his hands. He peered at the car closely. What had his Dad done to this silly thing?

Harry carefully placed the car on lane four of the six lane track, rocking it forward and back to ensure that it was on the track and that all four of the plastic wheels were in good contact. Stepping away from the starting gate Harry ran toward the midway point on the track, the better to watch 'his' car and those of his friends. On the far side Franklin was standing between his uncles, waiting his turn which would be in the next race. Frank offered Harry a sympathetic shrug which Harry returned. Having hypercompetitive parents was never easy.

There was a short countdown by the pack and the Cub master dropped the lever that would release the cars down the slope onto the 48 foot track.

That's when it happened. The red car in lane four moved. Leaving the other cars in its dust, it accelerated down the slope, moving too fast for the eye to track, before Harry could register that it was getting close to where he stood, an ungodly BOOM filled the air and the shock wave knocked every spectator backwards followed by the sound of shattering glass. Harry lay on his back staring at the roof of the gymnasium wondering why it had to be his car that did this... Why couldn't Franklin have gone first? Slowly his hearing returned, allowing him to hear the wail of car alarms through the broken windows.

Harry climbed to his feet and discovered that not every spectator had fallen, for there across the room stood Franklin's uncle Ben, laughing like the race was the funniest thing he had ever seen, while his uncle Johnny was helping one of the prettier moms up with that big smile of his. Franklin looked like he wanted to hide.

"I may have overdone it a bit." Tony admitted from the floor where he sat surveying the damage.

"A bit? Dad, you made my car explode!"

"What?" the elder Stark asked climbing to his feet. "Explode? Nonsense. It didn't explode; it broke the sound barrier, which is pretty cool all by itself if you think about it. Come on, let's find it, I want to get a download off the sensor package."

A sensor package? Harry didn't even want to think about how his demented father had managed to integrate a '*sensor package*' into the wooden car. Looking toward the end of the track he saw that the foam rubber pads used to stop the cars had been shredded. Thinking that that couldn't possibly be a good sign, Harry ran to the far end of the track doing his best to avoid the various scouts and other spectators who were only then starting to pick themselves up.

Looking about told him a lot about what had happened. None of the other five cars had made it to the end of the track, having been thrown from the track by the shockwave that had knocked everyone down. He sifted through the shredded foam rubber and couldn't find his car.

"Harry?" Stephen, Harry's Tiger cub charge for the meeting was pointing at the wall beyond the padding. "I think that's your car."

Harry looked to where the younger boy was pointing. It was his car, buried three inches deep into the concrete wall. Harry reached down to pull it out. The front wheels were sheared off and the entire front half of the car was... pulped for lack of a better word.

"Now, that's just brilliant," Harry heard Franklin's dad Reed say behind him. "I never would have thought about isolating the car from planetary motion. How did you get it to stay on the track?"

"It was harder than you might think," Tony answered, reaching around Harry to take the shattered wooden car from his hands. Stark laid the remains of the car on top of what appeared to be a calculator. "HA! Top speed was achieved over the last meter of the track. Three hundred seventy two point three five nine meters per second! Beat that!"

"Tony," Richards said, patting his friend on the shoulder, "your problem is, you've always thought small."

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Following a brief discussion in which Tony was chastised by the other fathers for his dangerous, though admittedly very fast and extremely cool car, it was decided that both Harry and Franklin were disqualified and that the race would be run over after allowing the five cars some time for repairs.

After several moments of silence it was suggested that Reed run his car during the repair time, mostly because most of the men present badly wanted to see what the famous 'Mr. Fantastic' had come up with.

Harry and Franklin sat on the far side of the gym wondering if they would ever be able to show their faces at a pack meeting again when the lever was dropped to release the Richards car down the track.

It was Franklin that saw it first. "Oh, no."

Harry looked up in time to see the car accelerating down the track while the air in front of it seemed to... ripple, then almost before he could think about what he saw, the track suddenly ... bowed up in front of the moving car, seeming to stretch and bend. Harry felt a sudden pull toward the car and the sudden sound of rushing air echoed throughout the gym.

Smaller kids were being dragged toward the rapidly vanishing track when suddenly everything seemed to stop with a loud pop.

"Well," Reed Richards said shaking his head and pocketing the remote control that had killed the generator for the pinhole singularity, his voice almost echoing in the suddenly silent gym. "That wasn't very good was it?"

"I think," Tony replied, "that we owe these good folks a new track."

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A second meeting of the Pack elders quickly resulted in a life time ban from Pinewood Derby racing for the Richards and Stark families. While

several of the fathers came forward to pronounce their cars as 'seriously cool' it was agreed that they were just too dangerous to be allowed around 'normal kids'

From the passenger seat of Tony's Porsche, Harry waved to Franklin as he slid into the backseat of the modified van with the Fantastic Four logo on it. Johnny and Ben were already in the van laughing their heads off, as they had been doing for most of half an hour.

"The Repair crews will be here in an hour," Tony told the business manager for the Gym as he hung up his phone, "and the ten year lease will be in your hands by tomorrow afternoon"

"If you forward the spec for your dream track to me, I should have it ready for you by next weekend." Reed told the Cub master. "Dream. Dream big. What ever you want..."

"We'll get it for you." Tony concluded.

The two men left shaking their heads. Richards and Stark turned to each other.

"That could have gone better." Reed noted.

"Yeah," Tony agreed. He glanced at Harry and then at Franklin. "We should apologize to the boys."

"You're right," Reed nodded. "I'm afraid that we didn't come off very well today."

"Yeah." Tony shook his head. "Still, one good thing came out of today."

"What's that?" Mr. Fantastic asked.

Tony grinned. "My car kicked your butt."

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