

Improbable History

A Dog and his Boy

Six a half year old Harry Potter struggled with carrying the small plastic pail filled with white stones from the pile on the lawn to the flower bed where he would carefully place the stones around Aunt Petunia's roses, before returning to the pile for his next load.

It was important that he do his very best, because Uncle Vernon had said that if he did a good job he would be allowed to eat at the table like a person tonight instead of in his cupboard like a freak. The work had started at seven this morning, and he had managed to work his way through more than half the pile of decorative stone. Aunt Petunia had forgotten to give him lunch again in her hurry to get to her bridge game, but Harry knew enough not to complain.

This is just the way life was.

Still it was hard to avoid the distraction of the conversation being held on the pavement in front of #4.

"I'm not saying I'm not grateful for the opportunities you've given me over the years, but honestly, I'm 43 years old, it's time for me to find my own way in the world before it's too late," the bespectacled redhead was saying.

"I can respect that," the shorter one said, his hair all white, he wore a snazzy red bow-tie and glasses himself.

"The day you adopted me was the happiest day of my life, but I'm not a boy any longer."

"I understand, I do," the white haired stranger said with a sigh. "I just wonder what I will do with myself now."

The redhead bent over to hug his friend. "You could always find another orphan and make as much of a difference in his life as you made in mine."

"You will write won't you?" the smaller of the two asked while wiping away a tear.

"Every day. It's just time for me to go."

"Time," the older of the pair laughed. "Funny."

"I know," the redhead laughed. "But please, this once, can we not end our adventure with one of your puns?"

The redhead walked away while the other watched.

"Now where am I going to find an orphan in this day and age?" he asked the universe rhetorically.

"I'm an orphan," Harry said raising his hand like teacher had taught him at school.

"Are you now?" the stranger said with a raised eyebrow as he took in the small boy wearing clothing several sizes too large. "Where do you live?"

"Here," Harry said gesturing toward #4. "I live with my Aunt and Uncle and Cousin. They don't like me much."

"They don't do they?" The stranger worked his jaw for a moment as he took in the incongruity of the immaculate house and the poorly dressed boy working in the yard. Perhaps Sherman had been right; perhaps he did need to start anew. "Would you like to live with me? We would have so many adventures together if you became my boy."

The offer took Harry aback, but then he considered the only advice on such a situation that Uncle Vernon had ever offered him. "**Boy,**" the fat man had said. "***If a stranger ever comes along and offers to take you away, go with him.***"

Harry nodded. "Yes sir, I would like to be your boy."

"Excellent. What is your name my young friend?"

"I'm Harry sir, Harry Potter."

"Well then Harry, let us be off." The white haired stranger straightened his bow tie. "Adventures await!" An odd smile crossed the stranger's lips. "Tell me Harry, what do you know about history?"

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Several years later:

As far as Hermione Granger was concerned, Hogwarts was not turning out to be terribly different from her primary school. Several people had been quite rude to her, and she was fairly certain that she was being insulted with that odd nick name, 'Mud Blood'.

Honestly!

Then she met that nice shy Neville boy, they had shared a compartment for most of an hour before Neville had noticed that his pet toad was missing. Seeing the distress her new friend was experiencing over the loss of his pet, Hermione immediately volunteered to assist Neville in his

search for Trevor the toad.

Now she had searched half the train and was outside the very last compartment of the last carriage, she slid open the door. "Excuse me?"

The young man in the compartment looked over. "Yes?"

There was something familiar about the young man. His green eyes were bright through his glasses. Sitting next to him was a small white dog, a beagle mix perhaps?

"You shouldn't allow your pet to sit on the bench," she said authoritatively.

The boy looked to the dog and shrugged, before moving to sit on the floor. "Better?"

"No, not you, your dog. Why did you bring it anyway? Dogs aren't on the approved list of pets."

The dog turned its head to face her, and she was shocked to see that the dog was wearing a pair of spectacles. "Young lady, you clearly said that pets should sit on the floor. Since Harry is MY pet, he has followed your suggestion. Do you have any business with us beyond instructing complete strangers on proper behavior?"

"I'm looking for a missing toad," Hermione said in a chastised tone, almost as surprised by the fact that the dog was wearing a bow tie, as she was that the animal could speak. This was quite possibly the oddest thing she had seen since she learned magic was real. "Have you seen one?"

"Nope," the boy on the floor said shaking his head. "A couple of cats and a few owls, but no toads. I heard rumors about a tarantula. Have you seen a toad Mr. Peabody?"

"I have not seen any toads or any other member of order Anura," the dog, this 'Mr. Peabody' said in measured tones.

"Thank you," the girl said, closing the door to the compartment. She needed to find her new friend Neville and find out if animals that could speak were common in the magical world.

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Fourth Year Hufflepuff Cedric Diggory tried his best to hide his surprise when The-Boy-Who-Lived ended up sitting across from him at the Hufflepuff table as the Headmaster droned on with his announcements.

A Potter in Hufflepuff? That had never happened before. Perhaps that was a good sign.

Quirrell was teaching defense now? That was a surprise; the milquetoast man had been a bit of a snooze in Muggle Studies the previous year. It would be interesting to see how he did with a more challenging course.

And a new history teacher? Diggory craned his neck trying to get a look at him, only observing a

tuft of white hair above the chair next to Hagrid. Merlin, he was short, even shorter than Flitwick, as hard as that was to believe.

It would be interesting, Cedric decided, to have a teacher who would actually answer questions in class... However, it would cut down on the naps.

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"Welcome Class," the dog sitting on a stool behind the instructor's lectern said in a well-modulated voice.

George Weasley glanced at his brother his confusion clear on his face. 'A dog?' he mouthed.

Fred shrugged and shook his head. Adult wizards tended to be fairly insane, this one seemed to be taking it to extremes.

"It is my understanding," the dog continued, "that your previous teacher in History was a specter, an apparition, a manifestation, in common terms, a ghost. I spent most of an hour going over his class notes last evening and I have to say, I've never encountered such a slapdash approach to the study of history."

The dog paused to polish his glasses on a handkerchief drawn from... somewhere. "Traditional educational standards hold that I should introduce myself and my qualification to the class. I am Hector Peabody, graduate waggna cum lade with dual doctorates in History and Economics from Harvard University. I speak eight languages, including cat, and have worked in Foreign Service of the United States for several years. I was quite successful as a stockbroker, and I have dabbled in the sciences."

"The sciences?" Warrington asked, "You're a Muggle?"

"If you are asking if I am a wizard, Mr. Warrington," the dog said, referencing the seating chart in front of him, "the answer is, I am not."

"But... but..." Warrington goggled. "You're a talking dog."

"You are in Slytherin house are you not, Mr. Warrington?" the dog asked, "You will go far with your House's legendary cunning coupled with your firm grasp of the obvious."

Warrington flushed with embarrassment and a titter of laughter rippled through the classroom.

"Your attention on me, class," the dog snapped. "I was not insulting Mr. Warrington, nor was I making a joke. The annals of history are riddled with cunning individuals who had no understanding of what would be blindingly obvious to any thinking person. As long as Mr. Warrington maintains his grip on reality, he should go far."

"As I mentioned earlier, I hold higher degrees in History and Economics, and I've been known to dabble in the sciences, which is why I am here. The phantasm that previously held this position

wasted much of his and your time with rambling monologues on the series of wars somewhat comically referred to as 'Goblin Rebellions'."

"This is both a disservice to you as students, and a disservice to your educations. According to the course syllabus, the topic we are supposed to be covering this term is a consideration of the dissolution of the partnership that created this institution."

"Do you mean the breakup of the founders, Professor?" Lee Jordan asked.

"Indeed Mr. Jordan. For the record, while 'Professor' is the preferred term of address here at Hogwarts, a more accurate form of address for me would be 'Doctor', but I have never been one for unnecessary formality. When addressing me, you may use the same honorific that I will be offering each of you. I am Mr. Peabody."

"Now, I have long been a student of history, and I have found in my studies that the best way to study history is to observe it firsthand."

"I'm sure it is, Prof... Sorry," George Weasley said from his place next to his brother, "Mr. Peabody, but the founders broke apart a thousand years ago."

"Nine hundred, seventy eight years ago, Mr. Weasley," the dog said. "At precisely 8:26 am February 16th, 1013 A. D."

"How could you possibly know so precisely?" the blond girl in Slytherin robes asked.

"As I said, I dabble in the sciences, Miss Rosier. I have developed a method for traveling through time and I researched what I needed for my classes with the assistance of my pet boy, Harry."

"A time-turner is only good for a few hours," Lee pointed out, wondering what the dog meant by 'pet boy'.

A smile quirked at the dog's lips. "Which is why I don't use them," from the lectern, he raised a device that actuated with an audible click. "Students, May I present my personal modifications to your History classroom; The WAYBAC Machine."

In each corner of the room, odd structures lit up with blue light and seemed to throb with power.

"Next stop," the dog said, February 16th, 1013 A. D., 8 am."

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Severus Snape entered his common room to find a commotion, with his third years at the center of it.

"It's true," Jocelyn Rosier insisted, "we saw it."

"Dragon crap," a seventh year said dismissively.

"We all saw it," Christopher Warrington agreed, "and you'll see it too when you have your History of Magic class. He is a talking dog, a talking dog who can travel through time. Everything we have been taught is a lie. Everything we've built our lives around is a lie."

"Well, maybe not a lie, exactly," Rosier said shaking her head. "More of a misunderstanding."

"Time travelling talking dog?" Flint laughed. "Put down the potion Warrington, you've had enough."

"Scoff all you want Flint," Warrington snapped, "the fact remains, Salazar Slytherin didn't give a damn about Blood Purity."

"Keep talking Warrington," Flint threatened. "See what happens."

Still unobserved, Snape blinked. What the hell were these children talking about?

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The Gryffindor common room was in a similar uproar.

"All right, all right," Percy Weasley called out. "Let's calm down."

"Percy," Fred called out, his voice desperately earnest. "You've got to believe us, everything we know is wrong."

"I know I've always thought you were wrong," Oliver Wood laughed from his place on one of the sofas. The fifth year returned his attention to his Quidditch magazine. It was so hard to unwind from a hard day of not playing Quidditch. The third years kicking up a fuss were not making it any easier.

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Breakfast in the Great Hall the following day was an odd affair. For some reason, the Elves had chosen to provide a larger than usual amount of certain types of sausage, which was being outright rejected by two thirds of the students, while the Slytherins all filled their plates almost to the exclusion of the other breakfast favorites.

"What did you do, dog?" Snape asked, breaking the silence at the staff table, while eyeing the sausage before him suspiciously. "They've all been this way since your classes yesterday."

"My name is Peabody, Severus," the diminutive professor responded idly, while sipping from a cup of tea. "Hector if you choose to be familiar. I simply showed the third years the truth about their history, truth unvarnished by most of a millennia's worth of misinformation. Today, the first years will learn about the founding of this school, and after lunch, those 6th years in History NEWT preparation will learn the truth behind the end of the Voldemort war," the small dog ignored the reaction of the staff to the Dark Lord's name. "I have the obligation to teach the truth, just as you do."

"What you're teaching isn't the truth," Snape scoffed. "You're spreading seditious lies!"

"Seditious, Severus?" the dog asked incredulously, a single eyebrow raised as if he could not believe the accusation. "Are you sure you understand the words you are using? How, precisely, could anything from my class be construed as inciting or causing people to rebel against the authority of a state or monarch?"

"Semantics aside," Filius interjected, "all of the students from your classes yesterday came away with some very strange, and very wrong ideas about how the Founders broke apart. Whatever you told them has fomented unrest."

"This," the dog sighed, "is why I prefer the company of children. They still maintain the sense of wonder necessary to learn things without their preconceptions interfering. I told my classes nothing about the Founders of Hogwarts, I showed them what actually happened between four dynamic personalities."

"What do you mean, 'showed them'?" Pomona asked.

"Precisely what it sounds like," Peabody sniffed. "As the Headmaster knows, I am a time traveler. I made modifications to the History classroom to allow me to take my classes to the events we are studying. Direct observation is always the best method for understanding human motivation."

"Time traveler?" Minerva repeated.

"Quite," Peabody confirmed.

All of the staff turned their attention to the Headmaster, who hesitated before nodding.

"Could you show me what you showed your class?" Aurora Sinistra asked.

"Certainly," the dog said. "My first period is free; anyone who is interested may come to my classroom for a little review."

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The Headmaster, all four heads of house, and a goodly number of the rest of the staff gathered in the History classroom.

"There are several modes available to those of us without magic for traveling through time," Peabody began in lecture mode. "Establishing which was 'first' is tricky considering we are discussing devices that allow travelling through time, so I tend to rely on alphabetical order. There is the Cosmic Treadmill, which allows individuals with access to the energy of another dimension, a so-called 'Speed Force', to travel through time via brute force and speed. It works fairly well, but its functionality is limited by the rarity of people with the ability to use it."

"Then there is the somewhat better known DeLorean Time machine. Developed by a brilliant, but somewhat schizophrenic scientist, it was prone to creating causality loops, almost deleting it's

users on more than one occasion. Its limitations were again, requiring a raw speed of 88 miles per hour to actuate it. The madness of the inventor is clearly demonstrated here by the fact that the vehicle he chose for 'style' tended to be hard pressed to reach the aforementioned speed. Then there was the power source... let's just say, plutonium is not a toy. The Omni is an effective device, but obtaining one involves membership in an oddly controlling organization with an institutionally limited imagination."

The dog paused to clean his glasses before continuing. "The Tardis is... Well the less said about that device the better. Just thinking about it tends to draw the attention of its user. In the 1960's, the government of the United States developed a device they called a 'Time Tunnel'. However, their control interface was never as accurate as one would like, and their first time travelers ended up bouncing between eras within a thousand year period, hardly what I would call an effective device. It was ultimately abandoned as a failed project." A look of contemplation crossed the canine's features, "I should probably retrieve those poor men someday."

Mr. Peabody picked up an odd device from his lectern and it caused an audible click. In each of the four corners of the room arrays of blue lights flared into existence. "And then we have my device. The WAYBAC machine. It is portable, it is eminently controllable, it will transfer the inhabitants of its induction matrix to any place on the planet at any time within a two million year range with arrival guaranteed to be within three one thousandths of a second. It includes an automatic translation matrix that will take any spoken language and make it understandable by any other sentient; the WAYBAC machine is even capable of placing the travelers into a time target slightly out of phase with the inhabitants of that time. I call this the observation mode, and it is what I am using to teach my classes. It wouldn't do to inject a class full of active children into a pivotal historical event."

"This..." Snape sputtered. "This is... all of this is impossible!"

"Agreed," the dog agreed with a nod. "I quite enjoy starting the day by doing something impossible. It clears the rest of the day for real challenges."

Again, the device in the dogs paw clicked, and they were suddenly somewhere else.

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The assembled staff of Hogwarts and one white dog appeared in the Great Hall, though one noticeably different than the one where they had earlier broken their fast.

The four house tables were smaller, and there were fewer students, and the robes those students wore were quite different.

The staff table was smaller as well, with no central massive throne for the headmaster, indeed, there were but seven chairs at that table, with all the seats but one filled with chatting staff.

The door slammed open and a rotund man rushed into the room.

"Am I too late?"

"No Salazar, you're right on time," the regal woman in blue robes said in a clearly amused tone. "I mentioned to the elves that you would appreciate it if they had an ample portion of your favorite breakfast dish."

"Thanks Helga, you're the best," the man said as he took his seat and filled his plate.

"Obviously," Peabody said, "we are in observation mode; we can neither be seen nor heard."

"That is Salazar Slytherin?" Snape asked.

"Obviously," Peabody nodded.

"But he's so... fat." Flitwick noted.

"This is the year 1013 A. D.," Peabody noted. "Even among magical folk, the standards of modern nutrition were yet to be discovered... And Salazar's preferred description is 'large boned'."

"Ah, lovely," Slytherin said with gusto as he ate. "Just like Mum made. We should have this every day."

"Sal," the hooded man to his left, dressed in orange sighed, "we've discussed this before. No one likes it but you, none of the students will touch it."

"Godric is right Salazar," the woman in white robes said quietly. "We've tried to get the elves to fry up enough for you, but they don't seem to understand and make enough for everyone. The waste was horrendous."

"Oh come on Row," Salazar whined. "So we banish the left overs, or feed it to the pigs."

"You know how stretched the budget is Salazar," Helga sighed. "We can't afford the waste. You could always transfigure the standard fare into your favorites."

"We all have our favorite foods Sal," Godric said gently, "and the elves prepare our favorites once a month. It's only fair."

"I see," Salazar said, clearly angry. "I do so much here, and I ask so little. After all that, if I ask for such a simple thing, you all just say no, and dole it out once a month as if I were a child."

"We've discussed this Salazar," Helga sighed.

"Yes, YOU'VE discussed this, and ignored me," Slytherin snarled while rising from the table. "I love Blood Pudding, and won't be associated with any group that doesn't respect my athrowitah!"

"Sal," Godric called.

"Screw you guys!" Slytherin screamed. "I'm going home!"

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"That is what I showed the third years," Peabody said once he had returned the Hogwarts staff to the History classroom. "The last time Salazar Slytherin was in Hogwarts."

"The split wasn't over Blood Purity, but over Blood Pudding?" Dumbledore asked, clearly flummoxed by what he had observed.

"Indeed," the dog said with a nod. "Obviously, this was a trivial reason for such an august group to break up. With repeated retelling of the tale, a reason that made slightly more sense filtered into the story."

"But.. but..." Snape babbled, is possible even more disturbed by what he had learned than the Headmaster had been, "I hate black pudding."

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"Hi Mr. Peabody," Harry waved as he entered the classroom.

"Good afternoon to you, Harry," Peabody said with a gentle smile. "And a good afternoon to you class, take your seats, and welcome to the History of Magic."

Peabody surveyed the classroom and was rewarded with the now familiar looks of amazement. Only his formidable will kept him from shaking his head in sadness. It was as if these people had never met a double doctorate before.

"Attention class," Peabody said, "We will be travelling through time as part of this class to witness the establishment of this very organization. We shall, as part of today's class, witness the laying of the corner stone of the foundation of this castle. Before we begin, does anyone have any questions?"

Having listened to the upper forms and their tales of this class, and witnessing first hand that the instructor was in fact a talking dog, the first years were silent.

"Our transition to the founding of the school will be in Observation Mode, you will be able to see and hear the founders in their work, but they will not be able to see or hear you."

From the Ravenclaw side of the room, a young girl's hand shot into the air.

"Yes, Miss Patil?"

"Excuse me, sir," she said. Peabody could see that she was suddenly nervous about speaking with a professor of his stature. "But how are we to do this? Nothing I've ever read about would allow time travel back that far."

"I am afraid that you have been led astray by the insular nature of Magical Publishing," Peabody explained. "I have been informed many times in the last week by many students and a member of staff that a 'time turner' is the only viable method of temporal transfer, a belief which is incorrect."

Peabody activated his WAYBAC, and the class was suddenly somewhere else.

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"This is the place," the rotund wizard said as he gestured around the valley, showing his companions the expanse.

"This is wonderful, Salazar," the mousey woman in white said, taking in the view. "This is the perfect place to build our school."

"I agree," the hooded warrior wizard said gesturing toward the tree line. "That would be the perfect place to start building the cabins."

"Cabins?" regal witch in blue asked. "I was thinking more of a sort of yurt."

"A yurt?" Salazar asked incredulously. "No! We need frame houses, on chicken legs, so the whole school can migrate as need be."

"It's obvious we need to build an underground lair," Rowena said, "something easily defended to protect our library."

The argument that followed would have been legendary if anyone had seen it.

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"Oh, dear," Peabody said.

"They're arguing about what to build?" Susan Bones asked.

"And none of them want to build a castle?" Justin Finch-Fletchly noted.

"Are we going in, Mr. Peabody?" Harry chirped.

"Sadly, class," Peabody sighed, "on occasion, history requires the occasional nudge to take its proper path. Harry and I will be dealing with it; we are trained professionals, after all. Remain in your seats and take notes, there will of course, be a test."

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Peabody and Harry phased into reality perhaps 10 meters away from the arguing quartet, and quickly discovered they were not alone.

"Where did you fellers come from?"

The Time Travellers turned to find a misshapen man carrying a pile of stones on his back.

"Hello," the dog said. "I am Mr. Peabody, and this is my boy, Harry. We heard the discussion going on and came to see what was happening."

"Hey there, I'm Volell, I works for Mizz Hufflepuff, she's the purty one over there," the man said. "I'm carryin' the foundation rock fer her plant houses."

"I don't suppose you could arrange an introduction with your Mistress?" Peabody asked.

"Wut?" Volell responded in confusion.

"We'd like to meet your boss," Harry chimed in.

"Oh, sure, Miss Hufflepuff likes meeting new folks, she does," He paused for a moment in contemplation. "Don't rightly know how she feels about meetin' dogs, but I kin ask."

Peabody and Harry shared a glance before following the strange fellow to the four founders of Hogwarts.

"Hey, Fellers," Volell called out as he approached the ongoing argument. "These new fellers want to talk to you."

The Founders stopped what they were doing and looked toward the newcomers suspiciously, wands suddenly appearing in each of their hands.

"Thank you Volell," Helga said. "You can get started on the foundation for the Green House."

"Yes'm," Volell responded, nodding his head vigorously, before heading off to the location she indicted, singing a happy song, "Do, do, doo, do, do, do dodo do!"

"Who are you, Strangers?" Rowena demanded, once the simpleton was out of the way.

"Greetings," Mr. Peabody said. "We are but travellers who heard of the school for magic users planned for this area. Might I be addressing the famous Rowena Ravenclaw?"

"You are... dog. These are my companions, Helga Hufflepuff, Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor."

"And I am Peabody, and this is my boy, Harry," the Time Traveler said. "as I said, we heard that you were establishing a school on this location, and wanted to see the event for ourselves."

"That was our plan, yes," Godric agreed. "But not what we're on the site of the school, we find that we all have very different ideas."

"None of them see the perfection of frame houses with chicken legs," Salazar complained.

"That would be patently ridiculous," Helga sniffed. "Obviously, a yurt would be the perfect structure for a school."

"A yurt?" Rowena scoffed. "How could a yurt possibly protect the library? No, we need a massive underground lair."

"It seems to me," Peabody said, attempting to prevent the argument from restarting, "that all of your suggestions, as good as they are, lack a certain... permanence."

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Have you ever thought about building a castle?"

"A castle?" Rowena asked. "That *would* protect the underground lair."

"And it would be a perfect place to put the yurt," Helga agreed.

"A castle would be nice," Salazar agreed. "But I'm still building my house on chicken legs. It will go over there on that hill."

Harry nodded happily, wondering if Hagrid knew that his cabin had legs.

Peabody was pleased as well. This left but a single task before Harry was safe.

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"Greetings," the dog said as Quirrell entered his classroom room, "Peabody here."

"Wha... wha... what ca... ca... can I do f... f... f... you?" Quirrell ground out.

"Please, Quirinus," the dog said quietly. "We are all adults here, you can drop the affectation."

"Wha.. wha.. what?"

"Anyone with the slightest training in Speech Pathology would spot your affectation in a nonce," Peabody explained, "and since I hold board certification in the subject in four US states, I picked up on it as soon as you uttered your second syllable in my presence."

Quirrell drew his wand, but the dog continued on.

"I am actually here to speak with your passenger," he said, pausing to clean his glasses on a handkerchief he produced from... somewhere. "The Dark Lord Voldemort, I believe?"

"How did..." Quirrell blurted before stopping himself.

"Let me speak to him," a high, thin voice said.

"But Master," Quirrell protested.

"Now, Quirrell," the voice said again.

The Defense Against the Dark Arts instructor whimpered, and then turned his back on Peabody. The dog sat stoically as the man began to unwrap his turban, revealing a chalk white face on the back of his head, a face with blood red eyes and snake like slits where his nose should be.

"Voldemort, I presume?" Peabody asked in a somewhat bored manner.

"What do you want, Dog?" Voldemort asked. "Are you here to surrender the boy in hopes that I will spare you?"

"I expected better," Peabody said with a shake of his head. "My research led me to believe that you were intelligent. Yet, you still waste my time with threats."

"Threats?" the Dark Lord thundered, the effect spoiled by his highly pitched voice.

"I am a Time Traveller, sir," Peabody said in a condescending manner that he usually saved for unusually dense people. "I am aware of the exact cause of my ultimate demise, as well as the exact second it will occur. I also know the same information for my boy, Harry. Both of these unavoidable events are well into our subjective futures and neither involve you in anyway."

Voldemort digested that information for several seconds, before Peabody continued. "In my time here, I find I have become somewhat... attached to my students, the curse of being a teacher I suppose. You remaining will put them in danger, therefore I am offering you the chance to do the right thing."

"The right thing?" Voldemort asked.

"Leave," the dog said simply. "The historical records never mention you again after today, after this meeting in fact. My research did not involve actually observing this meeting, because of the obvious embarrassment that can cause."

"Embarrassment?" Voldemort asked, clearly confused.

"Indeed," Peabody acknowledged. "Early in my career, I accidentally looped into a period of time I had already visited, and I discovered that my earlier self had actually allowed his tie to become undone," the dog shivered. "It was weeks before I could sleep peacefully."

"This is ridiculous!" Voldemort sneered; again, the effect spoiled by his high-pitched voice. "I fear no... dog!" He raised Quirrell's wand in a backhanded manner and disappeared when a small device in the dog's left forepaw clicked.

"Wow, Mr. Peabody," Harry said, emerging from the shadows of the room. "He was a real creep."

"Indeed Harry," Peabody sighed. "I gave him every chance, and he just wasn't brave enough to take it."

"What did you do to him?" Harry asked.

"Do you recall Helga Hufflepuff's servant, Volell from when we met the founders to convince them to build a castle?"

"The guy all the others walked all over?" Harry asked. "Sure, I remember him."

Voldemort appeared approximately 10 years prior to that, unfortunately for him, the portable WAYBAC somehow depleted his magic, and the loss of his magic had an effect on his mind, until he and Quirrell merged into one person, becoming Volell, and he was ultimately adopted by Helga Hufflepuff as a servant."

"You sent him back to the Founders?" Harry asked.

"It seemed fitting," Peabody nodded, "after all, as everyone knows, Founders Keepers."

"Oh, Mr. Peabody!" Harry protested.

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