

Harry Potter and the Clockwork Leap

Chapter One

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Harry Potter and the Clockwork Leap

"After hearing Hermione Granger theorizing that one could time travel within his own lifetime, Harry Potter stepped into the Department of Mysteries' Time Turner Acceleration Chamber and vanished. He woke to find himself trapped in the past, facing mirror images that were not his own and driven by an unknown force to change history for the better. His only guide on this journey is Luna, an observer from his own time, who appears in the form of an Astral Projection that only Harry can see and hear. And so Harry Potter finds himself leaping from life to life, striving to put right what once went wrong, and hoping each time that his next leap will be the one that allows him to kill Voldemort."

CHAPTER ONE

Harry woke slowly. What had just happened? One moment he had been in the Department of Mysteries, and now he was lying on his back in a bed. Brutal experience with the Dursley's had taught him to continue to appear to be asleep until such time as he was sure he wanted to let the world know he was awake.

Evaluate the situation. He was lying in a comfortable bed. That meant he was not at the Dursleys. Good. A few subtle movements told him he was not restrained, magically or otherwise. Good. Listening carefully told him... nothing. He carefully opened his eyes. Sunlight streaming in the windows lit the room brightly, but beyond that Harry couldn't see anything. Had his eyes gotten worse?

Groping to his right he found a bed side table, and by touch identified a pair of glasses. This was wrong. The glasses were completely the wrong shape. What was going on? He took the glasses and carefully put them on, figuring that they couldn't make his vision any worse. The room sprang into precise focus. He looked around; the room looked like Percy's room in the Burrow, but somehow... different. Harry sat up in the bed and looked around again. He caught sight of the person sitting up in the bed in the mirror on the door of the wardrobe. That wasn't his face. He raised his hand and wiggled his fingers; the mirror image did the same.

For all the world he looked like a much younger Percy Weasley. What the hell had happened?

There was a knock at the door, then with only the briefest of pauses, long before Harry could invite the knocker in, the door opened and a very young Molly Weasley looked in. "Good morning Percy dear. Happy Birthday. Come on down to breakfast, Bill and Charlie are here to wish you a happy day."

"I'll be right down."

The Weasley Matriarch nodded and closed the door behind her.

Harry looked back at the image in the mirror. "Oh Boy."

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Harry carefully made his way down stairs to the Weasley kitchen. Sitting around the table was the entire Weasley clan. Ginny looked to be six or seven, Ron was so young, maybe nine, the twins seemed... odd they looked like shorter stockier versions of the Ron he remembered from first year, but somehow... groomed. Charlie was his normal brawny self, though younger, maybe 16 and Bill he was so young, his hair not yet long enough for his trademark pony tail, and no sign of his signature fang earring.

Harry stood for a moment afraid to move, what the hell is going on? Should he tell them who he was? Oh that made sense "I know I look like Percy, but I'm really Harry Potter, who you evidently haven't met yet."

Ginny looked up from her breakfast, and smiled widely. Harry could see that she had lost her two upper front teeth. "PERTHY!" she yelled.

Greetings from the rest of the Weasley clan came out. Play along Harry told himself. Play along until you figure out what has happened. Did Percy already have the stick up his butt at this age? "Good Morning Family." Harry stopped at the chair Percy had always used. "Mother, Father."

"Sit down son." Arthur boomed out looking younger and happier than Harry could ever remember him. "It's your day after all, a Weasley only turns twelve once you know."

"Thank you Father." Twelve. Percy's birthday was sometime in late August, which meant that this was just before Percy's second year at Hogwarts, which made the twins ten or so and Ron eight. That meant that in Surrey there was a just turned 8 year old Harry Potter. Poor bugger. A collection of gifts began to appear before Harry. From Arthur and Molly Percy received a Journal and a very fancy quill. "Thank you Father, Mother, this is an extravagant gift." Harry said hopping he sounded like Percy at twelve.

"Not extravagant at all Percy" Molly said. "A young man needs things like that."

Bill and Charlie went in together to by their eldest younger brother a Gryffindor Tie made of the finest Acromantula silk. "Charles, William, thank you."

"I don't care if it is your birthday squirt," Charlie growled. "Call me 'Charles' again and I'll thump you."

The family laughed when Bill slapped the back of Charlie's head. If anyone else had done that it would be all out war. Charlie had learned the hard way that Bill would always be the 'big' brother. "Thump him tomorrow, this is Percy's day."

A collection of drawings and interesting stones were the gifts from Ron and Ginny. Harry ruffled Ron's hair and pulled Ginny onto his lap for a hug. "Thank you Ronald, and you too Ginevra. These are truly treasures beyond measure." No one said anything; evidently he was channeling his inner Percy quite effectively. That left only the twins. That thought gave Harry pause. Gifts from the twins were dangerous, especially so for Percy, always the Twin's favorite target. One of the pair shyly slid a tissue wrapped something in front of him. Percy would open it without question, so Harry did so, cringing internally. Inside the tissue was a galleon. They had given him a galleon?

"Thank you Fredrick, George. A most thoughtful gift."

"We thought it would be useful to you"

"Since you insist on buying your own school supplies this year"

"A Weasley pays his way you always say."

"Indeed. Again thank you." He kept waiting for the punch line. It never came.

"Percy," Bill said. "I'm going to Gringotts after lunch for an interview for an apprenticeship, if you would like to come along to do your shopping..."

"A capital idea Bill. It would be good for Percy to have a little independence," Arthur said.

"Yes, William, thank you. I believe I would like to accompany you."

Ginny jumped off his lap. "Luna ith coming over to play. I hath to get ready." She ran up the stairs.

"Straighten up your room dear!" Molly called after her.

"We'll take your presents to your Room Percy."

"So you can get out to take your walk."

"And maybe tonight you can tell us more about Hogwarts."

Harry watched in amazement as the twins headed upstairs in quiet dignity.

"Will you play chess with me tonight Percy?"

"Of course I will Ronald."

"Betcha I'll win this time."

"I wouldn't be surprised Ronald."

"Go on Percy, Charlie and I have got your chores this morning. Go take your walk. Enjoy yourself, but be back by one, I won't be able to wait for you."

"Thank you William."

Harry rose from the table and made for the door deeply confused. So much was happening here that he did not understand. Why was he wearing Percy's face? How did he get nine years into the past? What the hell was going on?

Outside the fresh air didn't do anything to answer his questions, but it certainly felt good. His feet seemed to know where he was going, so he left them to it so that he could think. He was so deep in thought he almost missed you young blonde girl skipping down the path.

Seven year old Luna Lovegood skipped right up in front of him and came to a dead stop. "Good morning Harry Potter." She said. "I certainly hope your day improves." She then resumed her skipping path to the Burrow, while Harry stared after her with his mouth hanging open. How did she know...?

"Harry James Potter. If you don't stop ogling my younger self, I will be forced to hex you into a small greasy puddle. If you want to ogle someone, I'm standing right here."

Harry spun to face the voice and found himself staring into the silver-gray eyes of a 16 year old Luna Lovegood.

"Luna? What the hell is going on?"

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Harry moved to hug the Ravenclaw and his arms passed right through her. His eyes went wide.

"Oh, I'm not there Harry, I'm here." She giggled. "What you're seeing is my Astral Projection. You're displaced in time you know."

"Luna, what's going on?"

"Oh, Hermione worried that this might happen to you with the time displacement. She said that the act of moving through time like that might gorgonzola your memories."

"Gorgonzola?"

The blonde frowned. "It was some kind of cheese... brie? Muenster? Cheddar?" In her hand was an oddly decorated hand mirror. It made some odd sounds and she smacked it a few times seemingly to make it quiet. "Ah, Swiss Cheese" she said looking up from the mirror. "Hermione says that it might Swiss cheese your memory. I think she's referring to the holes, not the smell."

Harry stood back and looked at the girl. "Luna, why are you dressed like an admiral in the American Navy?"

She shrugged. "It seemed appropriate." From a pocket in the Summer Dress jacket she produced a cigar, and held it between her teeth. "Does this give you any ideas Harry?" she waggled her eyebrows at him.

Almost immediately the hand mirror began squawking. Luna looked at it inquisitively, and then looked up. "Hermione Granger, you've got a dirty mind." She directed her attention back to Harry. "She thought I was alluding to fellatio."

"You weren't?"

"Of course I was Harry. I think it's good that Hermione's mind is sufficiently dirty to understand what I was alluding to, she is sometimes a little slow."

Harry felt the beginnings of a headache behind his eyes. "Can Hermione see and hear us? I don't understand when your mirror talks to you."

"Oh, Hermione has charmed the Room of Requirements to be able to observe you. I'm the only one of us capable of doing an astral projection to be able to speak with you. No one here can see or hear me, but you. And Me."

"Ok, slowly, how did I get here, and why am I here."

"We broke into the Department of Mysteries looking for a rumored weapon to use against Voldemort. What we found was a massive time turner chamber. After going through the records on the chamber Hermione theorized that someone could time travel within their own lifetime, and during those travels use the knowledge we have of the past to make changes that would neuter Voldemort. Upon hearing that, you stepped into the Chamber and vanished." She shook her head sadly. "That was very foolish Harry. Hermione freaked totally out, Neville wanted to follow you, Susan was worried about Neville and actively trying to talk him out of it, and Ron became a complete nozzle."

Harry perked up. That was a strange term. "Nozzle?"

Luna shrugged again. "It seems appropriate. Anyway, Hermione stole all the documentation on the chamber and we returned to Hogwarts, where she started working on a charm in the Room of Requirements that allows us to see you. Your personality and Monterey Jacked memory are interposed into the bodies of people who are here. People that are at vital cusps of history. You wear their faces. As best Hermione has been able to determine you are here to make sure those cusps of history happen correctly. You will jump from life to life putting right what once went wrong, helping people, making love to any Luna Lovegood you encounter and hoping that each jump you take is the one that prevents Voldemort from returning."

Harry nodded, then had the feeling he had missed something. The mirror started squawking. Luna looked up "Oh hush Hermione. When you can astral project THEN you can decide who makes passes at whom."

"Wait. What was that last part?"

"When Hermione can astral project?" Asked the blonde.

"No before that."

"You'll be jumping from life to life putting right what went wrong?"

"After that."

"Preventing Voldemort from returning?"

"Never mind. You said I leap into people at a cusp of history. What possible cusp could twelve year old Percy Weasley be at?"

The mirror squawked some more. Luna looked amused. "The Nozzle says we should continue on your walk."

"Why?"

"It seems that all this summer you, that is to say, Percy has been having what he believes to be a secret morning rendezvous with Penny Clearwater. Of course with the Weasleys, everyone knew this supposed secret. You need to make sure you meet with her, which ensures the marriage."

"Percy gets married?"

"Got married, last year."

“Luna, are you telling me that I’m here to make sure Percy makes his date?”

“No silly. You have to turn the twins into jokers.”

“What?”

“Not now Harry, there’s Penny. Remember to call her ‘Miss Clearwater’, I’ll be around, but don’t try to talk to me, you’ll look like a loon... Percy wouldn’t like that.”

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The ‘date’ with Penny Clearwater was formal, odd, and extremely awkward, which was evidently precisely the way the Percy/Penny relationship was and the way they both liked it. At the end of the ‘date’ the pair shook hands (!) and went their separate ways. Harry began his walk back to the Burrow, and he was joined by Luna’s specter again.

“What did you mean that I have to turn the twins into jokers?”

“According to Ron, up until this week the Twins were, well, mini-Percys. They adored their favorite older brother and emulated him in everything he did. That changed when, the week after his twelfth birthday Percy gave them a joke book from Zonkos and pranked them until they retaliated. That joke book became their inspiration for life.”

“How could that possibly be a cusp of history?” Harry was confused. “That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Imagine for a moment Harry, three Percy’s in the Gryffindor dorms.”

“Oh.”

“Exactly.”

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The trip to Diagon Alley with Bill went off without a hitch. Harry had gotten Percy’s shopping done and found time to get to Zonkos for the joke book. That had turned out to be the hardest part of the trip. Zonko’s carried a multitude of joke books. Harry had to pull each one off the shelf until (on the forty third try) Ron recognized the ‘proper’ book and relayed that information via mirror to Luna. Harry also picked up some sweets from Honeydukes for Ron and Ginny so that the ‘gift’ to the twins would not seem too odd.

Bill treated Harry to an ice cream to celebrate his getting the apprenticeship he had applied for at Gringotts, and then they returned to the Burrow via Floo.

The Joke Book was accepted graciously, and the sweets went down a treat. The ground work was laid. Now for the pranks.

Unfortunately, Harry’s non-magical repertory of pranks was limited. That night the twins found their beds short sheeted. They were somewhat confused when Percy appeared at their door laughing. The next morning Fred found that the toilet had been sealed with plastic wrap. He discovered this when the back splash drenched the front of his pajamas. At the same time George attempted to leave their room and found that the door knob had been coated with a thick film of petroleum jelly. The twin’s anger at the actions of their favorite older brother grew by the hour.

The straw that broke the threstral’s back was the second night of ‘Percy’s Prank War’ the twins woke up with their hands in warm water, and another warm puddle elsewhere.

The next morning when Harry was returning from his rendezvous with Penny Clearwater, he heard conversation coming from his room’s slightly open door. He pushed the door open and a large bucket of molasses emptied on to him, followed seconds later by a box of feathers. Harry wiped the muck from his glasses to find his four younger siblings rolling on the floor shrieking with laughter. He opened his mouth to speak and suddenly wasn’t there anymore.

Luna’s astral projection was standing next to him, laughing herself. She noticed a spectral aura flare around Harry as he was replaced by a sputtering Percy.

She looked to the heavens. “Hermione it worked, Harry’s gone. Get your temporal scrying spell going. We need to find him.”

The mirror squawked. “Forget it Granger. He’s mine.”

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Harry suddenly found himself sitting at a dressing table. What the hell? He looked into the mirror and found Bill Weasley looking back at him. Oh hell, now what? He looked around the room. This wasn’t the Burrow, nor was it Bill’s flat in London. Ok, isolate the time frame. Bill had his pony tail, and his earring. Also the facial scars from his encounter with Greyback. After 6th year then

“Bill?”

Harry turned to face the speaker and found a very naked Fleur Delacour.

“I was going to wear the frilly things that your sister Ginny and her friend Hermione gave me at our ‘hen party’ but I’ve waited so long for this night I’ve

decided to come to you in my skin.”

Harry swallowed. His mouth was suddenly very dry. “You have very nice skin.” It was then her allure hit him fully in the face. Bill was an unspeakably lucky bastard. Right then, so was Harry.

“Thank you my Husband.” Husband? After the wedding then. After July 1997. The tiny part of Harry’s mind that was still working whispered.

“You are so beautiful Fleur.”

“As are you my husband.” She had pulled Harry to his feet and was working at the buttons of his shirt. “You have now seen me unclothed, I wish to see my husband in only his skin.” She pushed the now unbuttoned shirt off his shoulders and rose on her toes to kiss him. Harry was beyond startled when her tongue found access to his mouth. He wrapped his arms around her, and she ground her breasts into his chest, her hands busy with his belt. His trousers fell to his ankles and he stepped out of them.

Fleur broke the kiss. “Indulge me in a wedding night fantasy my Husband?”

WEDDING NIGHT? “Of course.”

She slid down his body, kissing his body as she went. Harry shuddered when he felt himself enveloped in a warm wet suction.

“Oh boy.”

HPCL HPCL HPCL

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Chapter Two

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CHAPTER TWO

Harry launched himself across the room, his borrowed invisibility cloak falling from his borrowed shoulders in midair.

The sight of Mundungus Fletcher suddenly appearing before her shocked Selene Lovegood into immobility, her silver grey eyes growing large in her amazement. Harry's body block knocked the woman away from the unstable slug of magic that the Spell Crafter had been working just as it discharged.

The wild magic burst from its rune generated containment field and blasted Harry across the room. Harry impacted on the wall next to the fireplace and slid slowly to the floor, feeling his life slipping away. His only thought was wondering if this was how his adventure was to end.

Selene Lovegood climbed to her feet and sparing only the slightest of glances to confirm that her hysterical nine year old daughter was alright, she rushed to examine this stranger who had saved her life. The news delivered by her wand's medical diagnostic charm was not good, not in the slightest. She hurriedly cast a partial stasis charm on the man, and then rushed to the hearth to floo for help.

Nine year old Luna Lovegood knelt next to this strange man who she somehow knew was not who he appeared to be. With a trembling hand she reached out to touch the unshaven face of the man almost, but not quite frozen in time.

"Thank you Harry Potter." She said simply

The astral projection of seventeen year old Luna Lovegood knelt on the man's other side as a now familiar spectral aura flared around Harry before he was replaced by an unconscious Mundungus Fletcher. "Yes," She said, though no one except her younger self could hear her. "Thank you Harry Potter."

Selene turned from the hearth to see her daughter kneeling next to the man who probably saved her life. On the other side of the man knelt... a spectral older version of her daughter?

"Luna?" she gasped.

"Yes Mummy?" the two girls separated by almost ten years chorused.

That was when the spectral mirror in the hand of the ghostly girl started screeching.

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~ discontinuity ~

Harry was surprised to find his face in cold water. He experienced a split second of panic until he realized that the water he was face down in was cupped in his own hands.

What had he been doing?

Oh, yes. Leaping. Jumping between lives did something to his memory. Harry continued to wash his face, using the cool water and the mindless act to calm himself. It was somehow relaxing to suddenly become aware while doing something so... normal. Not suddenly appearing in a newlywed's body just as his wife was coming to him for the first time, not suddenly waking in a pitched battle, not coming to standing over a dead man. Just washing his face. After dozens of leaps into dozens of lives, combined with that was happening to his memory, somehow something so ordinary actually gave him hope.

That was when he spotted the Dark Mark on his left forearm.

All thoughts of normality vanished as Harry panicked and tried to scrub Voldemort's mark from his body, to no avail. Staring down into the basin with the tap still running, his arm all but scrubbed raw, Harry risked a glance up into the mirror.

A young Peter Pettigrew stared back.

Harry gaped at the image in the mirror. "Oh Boy."

“Well, this one should be interesting.”

Harry spun to face a smiling Daphne Greengrass.

That made no sense, the Peter Pettigrew in the mirror was barely in his twenties, but Daphne was... well Daphne. The Slytherin looked just like he remembered her, just over eighteen. Her mother maybe? No that was ridiculous, while Harry 'looked like' his father, the young woman WAS Daphne Greengrass, or at very least her identical twin.

“Uh, hello.”

“Hello? Is that anyway to greet your girl friend Potter?”

She knew who he was. Wait. Girl Friend?

“Uh, what?”

The oddly decorated hand mirror in Daphne's left hand chimed, and the raven haired beauty raised it to her face. “It sounds like his memory is more mangled than usual.” A voice Harry recognized as belonging to Tracy Davis issued from the mirror. “And I'm his girl friend, slut.”

Harry waved his hand through Daphne's form.

“Copping a feel off an astral projection is a bit pointless Love, though I appreciate the effort.” Daphne said with a come hither look.

“Daphne, if you're quite done with your feeble attempt to distract my Harry? Harry, Millie says that the highest probability is that you are supposed to prevent your parent's deaths.” Tracey said over the mirror.

“Wait. Where's Luna? And why can I understand Tracey over the mirror? Where's Hermione?”

A look of concern crossed Daphne's face. “You've always been able to hear Tracey.”

“Since your first leap four months ago when you stupidly jumped into the Acceleration chamber.” Tracey agreed. “And if by 'Luna' you mean Luna Lovegood, she's probably in the Hufflepuff dorms just now in 'real' time, why?”

“Luna's the only one who could astral project.” Harry said, sitting down on the toilet. “Why would she be in the Hufflepuff dorms? She's a 'Claw.’”

“Luna Lovegood a Ravenclaw? How do you figure that Harry?” Daphne said, her expression shifting from concern to worry. “I've been your contact since you made your first jump.” She lifted the mirror to her face again. “I think his memory is worse than ever Tracey, you've got to get him out of this stupid situation.”

“Wait, I've got a theory,” Tracey said. “Harry, what do you remember about your last leap?”

Harry concentrated for a moment. “I think it had something to do with keeping Luna's mother from being killed.”

“It's possible you changed reality by doing so. When Selene Lovegood took over the Arithmancy Professorship our first year...” there was a pause while the unseen Slytherin witch thought. “What house are you in?”

“Gryffindor.”

“Yeah right,” Daphne snorted. “Harry Potter in Gryffindor.”

“I'm not?”

“Harry, love, we met the night we were sorted into Slytherin.”

“Sorted into Slytherin?”

“Look, as interesting as this all is, the clock is ticking.” Tracey said from the mirror. “Harry it's October fifteenth, 1980, today is the day that your mother cast the Fidelius with Pettigrew as the Secret Keeper. You are in the upstairs bath of your parent's home in Godric's Hollow Wales. Since you're here, and you're Pettigrew, you must be here to prevent it, either by not becoming the Secret Keeper or doing something to ensure that Pettigrew never reports back to Riddle.”

“What if I kill him? Kill me I guess.”

“Then the Fidelius would fall. It would survive a while after the Secret Keeper died, but it would fall.”

“Then what do I do?”

“Sirius was supposed to be the Secret Keeper, you know that Harry,” Daphne pointed out. “Perhaps he actually should be.”

“That is the best suggestion I've heard Harry,” Tracey added. “Millie is telling me that getting them to use Sirius is the most likely key to get you to jump again.”

"Maybe home this time Harry!"

Harry wasn't sure what shocked him more to hear Millicent Bulstrode's voice, or to hear the breathy wistful tone she used. How the hell had he managed to get Slytherin groupies?

"Ok, so I head down stairs and somehow convince my parents and Sirius that they shouldn't use me for the secret keeper."

"Yes," Daphne said with a smirk. "And you better hurry; they're going to think you fell in."

"Right," Harry crossed to the door, and then stopped. "What happened to Hermione Granger?"

Daphne looked puzzled. "Who?"

"Oh, I think I remember her," Tracey said via the mirror. "She was that Muggle born girl who was killed by that Troll first year."

"Ron Weasley and I didn't save her?"

"Weasley?" Tracey snorted. "Weasley was the reason she got caught by the monster. You were busy arguing with Dumbledore when the ass tried to send us into the path of the Troll. No, we didn't know she was out of the Great Hall until her body was found."

Harry leaned his head against the door. Did he want to live in a reality where Hermione was dead and Luna was a stranger?

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Harry looked around in wonder, he was actually in the same room as his parents, he had a chance to make right what had once gone wrong, he could save his parents.

"Something wrong Peter?" James asked wondering why Peter was looking at him like that.

"No, nothing at all," Harry stuttered, hoping that he at least sounded like Pettigrew. "It's just a wonderful day."

"It is," Lily said, taking Harry's hand. "Peter, we have a huge favor to ask of you."

"What?" Harry asked, dreading the answer.

"We were just talking about how you should become the secret keeper instead of Sirius," James explained.

"Peter, we all know that I'm the obvious choice," Sirius said. "Everyone knows how close James and I are. So I lead them on a wild chase across the country side, mean while no one is looking for you. It's perfect."

"Oh . . . right, I can see that, that's really a great plan, but I don't think that's such a good idea." Harry said.

Lily blinked. Since when did Peter disagree? "Why not?"

"Well..." Harry said, rolling up his shirt sleeve, exposing the Dark Mark.

"You're a Death Eater?" Sirius shrieked.

"It showed up after I woke up from a night of heavy drinking about two weeks ago," Harry said, trying to come up with a convincing story on the spot, "at first I thought James and Sirius put it on me like that time they had the words 'insert here' and an arrow pointing down tattooed onto my lower back." Sirius had told him that story over Christmas fifth year, who knew it would come in handy?

"Sirius, did you do that? Are you pranking Peter?"

"Lily!" Sirius said in an offended tone. "Would I do that? That thing on his back was funny, but this..."

"I for one hadn't completely ruled that possibility that it was a Padfoot special," Harry said quickly thinking it sounded in character for Peter Pettigrew, "but after I got called to a meeting yesterday I stopped thinking that it was a fake."

"How could you kill innocent people?" Lily demanded.

"Not sure I could," Harry admitted, "and as far as I know I haven't."

"Why didn't you tell us about this?" James asked.

"I just did." Harry noted.

"Oh . . . right."

"I would suggest that you actually do make Sirius the Secret Keeper, but Sirius should mention it to someone like Mundungus that it was just a ruse and that I am the actual Keeper," Harry said quickly. "That would have the baddies chasing me, and even if they do find me, I can't tell them anything, but they wouldn't believe me."

"A double blind," Lily breathed. "That's ingenious."

"No, a triple blind." Harry said as he spotted Daphne entering the room. "As soon as the spell is cast and Sirius and I leave, get the hell out of the country, or don't either way don't tell us."

"Harry! Daphne shrieked. "No! You can't change that much, who knows what effect that will have?"

"Take the Longbottoms with you. Head for Australia or Canada, or somewhere else where you can blend in and don't surface until the Dark Lord is defeated."

"Harry, you can't do this." The Raven haired beauty said, trying to distract him from his efforts. "Think of everyone we know, this could change EVERYTHING!" The woman was crying. How odd. Harry thought who knew that an astral projection could cry. "Harry, please! Everything changed for you after your last leap; I don't want to lose you!"

"Thank you Peter." Lilly drew him into the only hug from his mother that he could remember.

"Sirius, I'm going to have to start running, but you need to tell Dumbledore, Voldemort is using Horcruxes."

"No!" Lily gasped.

"What are Horcruxes?" James and Sirius asked simultaneously.

"It doesn't matter; just tell Dumbledore he's made them. I don't know how, but they've all got to be found and destroyed."

"How do you know these things Peter?"

"Lily, you wouldn't believe me if I told you. Take Harry; force Frank and Alice to come along with Neville. Run, hide, until you hear that the bastard's dead. Please? Just do it."

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It was four days before the Dark Mark began to burn, the snake writhing on his forearm moving in and out of the skull. Harry took to moving daily, using Muggle methods of transportation, and staying in Muggle Hotels. Both Sirius and his father had been generous with the funds to finance this chase, so Harry made sure to take care of himself.

The first Death Eater didn't find him for three weeks. The man immediately attempted to stun Harry which told Harry that Voldemort wanted Peter alive. That meant that the bait had been taken. Harry killed the man, leaving his body in the Foyer of the Daily Prophet, fully kitted out in his Death Eater regalia.

A week later, the second through tenth Death Eaters to find him seemed quite surprised when the ambush they planned turned out to be an ambush Peter had planned. That bit of surprise paled in comparison to the revelation that came to them when the assault team found that rather than the meek hanger on they had expected they discovered that Pettigrew was an unstoppable machine during the fight that ensued.

Of the nine, only one made it back to Voldemort, and his survival was measured in minutes because, quite frankly, the Dark Lord did not really handle disappointment terribly well.

The day after that battle was the last he had any contact with Daphne and Tracey, the brilliant pair of Slytherins couldn't get the alignment right, he could see Daphne, but not hear her, and he could hear Tracey but she couldn't hear him. Trace had told him that too much had changed in the time line and they were losing him. Daphne was crying throughout the odd conversation between a time displaced Harry and the pair. The last thing Tracey said before all contact was lost was that they understood why he was doing what he was and that they both loved him.

Today was the December 9th. Harry had lead Voldemort and his minions on a snipe hunt for more than seven weeks, but it ended today. Harry had chosen the place for his last stand with great care, a secluded farm house in the highlands of Scotland. The tiny building had a fairly substantial root cellar that Harry had filled with more than a ton of ammonium nitrate fertilizer, now soaking in liquid nitromethane. Surprisingly, the blasting caps had been the hardest thing to come by, Harry had resorted to breaking into a quarry and lifting a few boxes from inside a locked room. Fabricating his 'dead man's switch' had driven Harry crazy until it occurred to him that he could use practically anything because the Pureblood Wizards wouldn't recognize any of it.

Voldemort himself was outside, probing for defenses. On several levels this amused Harry to no end. The link between the Dark Lord and The Boy Who Lived remained, despite the fact that said link had yet to be formed, and now it appeared might never be. Harry grinned as he settled into the chair in the center of the farm house's small great room, leaning over to remove the cotter pin from the spring loaded switch that would detonate his makeshift bomb should he get out of the chair.

"Hello Harry Potter."

The unexpected voice almost caused Harry to stand up, it was then he saw the speaker, an ethereal blond woman who appeared to be a ghost who had passed on in her mid 30s. Harry found himself wondering if she knew who he was because his state was so close to being a ghost himself. It was then he took in the line of her jaw, the way her hair hung, and her eyes... "Luna?"

The spectral woman laughed. "No, thank you though. It is surprisingly satisfying to be mistaken for my seventeen year old daughter."

"Forgive my bluntness, but I'm expecting company. Why are you here?"

"I wanted to thank you for saving my life Harry Potter." The woman said in a sing-song way that reinforced her resemblance to Luna. "I share Luna's

ability to see what isn't readily apparent to most people. After your essence jumped out of the unfortunate Mr. Fletcher, I had the opportunity to speak with my Luna as she was at seventeen in your original timeline. It took most of two hours for the universe to settle into its new patterns, and Luna managed to remain and speak with me for the full time. It is you I have to thank for saving my daughter from her own eccentricities in your original timeline; your friendship meant everything to her."

"Luna's a friend." Harry said simply. "I miss her."

"Your intervention that prevented my death set up a series of circumstances that prevented her from becoming the young woman you knew. She has friends this time around; on occasion she has even been in love with various young men around the school. It isn't the burning passion she felt for you, but she may still find that with someone. I did."

Harry blinked. Luna had felt that way about him? "Good. Luna always deserved better than she got."

"It is odd the effect my surviving had on you personally."

"Really?" Harry asked. "How so?"

"I abandoned spell creation following the incident, and applied for the Arithmancy professorship here when Septima Vector mentioned that she would like to retire, but was holding off until a suitable replacement could be found. As the junior member of the staff, I was tasked to retrieve you from your relatives, and taking you to purchase your school supplies. During that day I told you tales of my time in Slytherin house, which you told me later, caused you to ask the Sorting Hat to send you to my old house. The Luna from your original time line told me that you had been a Gryffindor, I never expected you to go anywhere else."

"I'd wondered how that happened."

"I must go Harry Potter. Your Luna told me how to contact you, but never explained how draining it was."

"Wait!" Harry said. "Do I win? Does what I'm about to do make any difference?"

The ghostly woman smiled. "That would be telling Harry Potter. No man can know his destiny, not even a time traveling Savior of the Magical World." Before he could reply, the woman faded from his sight.

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

The door to the farmhouse disintegrated to dust falling silently to the floor. There was a short pause then Voldemort strode in followed by his entire inner circle. Harry recalled Voldemort's features from 'meeting' the man in the Chamber of Secrets, but the once handsome man had sacrificed his looks in ritual after ritual until he appeared to be little more than a parody of his former appearance.

"Pettigrew. Did you think you could escape my punishments?"

Harry smiled and leaned back in his chair. "No, not really Tom, but it was fun while it lasted. You should be thanking me, I pruned what? Fifteen, twenty bits of deadwood from your organization. How many did you kill for not managing to capture me?"

"You will address me as your Lord or your Master."

From his seat Harry snorted.

"You think this is funny Peter? Do you think I'm amused?"

"Tom, please. You're one powerful bastard, true. Both the 'powerful' and the 'bastard' part, but you're not a lord, or my master. You're just a half blood with delusions of entitlement."

"WHAT?" Voldemort screamed.

"Boo Hoo!" Harry said in a childish whine while pantomiming knuckling away a tear, "I'm Tommy Riddle; I had a hard life when I was a little kid and everyone should fear me because I'm such a powerful little bitch."

"YOU DARE?" Voldemort's wand was pointed directly between Harry's eyes.

"Aren't you paying attention?" Harry said hoping the idiot would blast him out of the chair. Sure he could do it by standing up, but what if dying that way hurt? "I'm saying it to your face Tommy; I really can't dare anymore than that unless I tattoo it on Bellatrix's bum. But then EVERYONE would see it."

"I'm going to strip your mind clean Pettigrew, then I'm going to kill you slowly. It will take you weeks to die. And you'll be begging me to finish you off."

"Yeah, sure. You know Tom, about Bellatrix, you can do better, really you can. I mean, if you've got to have one of the Black sisters, at least Narcissa is a tasty piece, you know, but Bella? Come on man."

"What are you talking about?"

Harry shrugged, wondering if Riddle was going to get this joke. "Women like Bella are like a sampler from Honeydukes, you know? They all look pretty good, but then you bite into one and it's all green and oozy inside, you know?"

“Legilimens!” Voldemort barked as he dove into Harry’s mind. What he found there shocked him to the point that he couldn’t maintain the spell.

“Potter?” He whispered. “But how?”

“How else Tom?” Harry said standing up to hear a satisfying ‘click’ as the spring loaded switch engaged after being relieved of his weight. “Magic.”

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

~ discontinuity ~

Harry became aware of the sound of a door slamming and locking behind him.

Something was wrong; his thoughts were coming so very slowly, he was so angry, angry and... hungry. But it was those wooden stalls that annoyed him. A whole row of wooden stalls. Their symmetry, their shiny parts infuriated him.

Harry looked into his large callused hand and found a huge wooden club in it. Good. That would show those stalls who the big one was. He swung the club effortlessly, and the stalls stopped being stalls and became splinters. Good!

A shrill scream pierced the air and there cowering on the floor in the wreckage of the stalls was a small bushy haired... girl?

Something wasn’t right. Something was... wrong. This was familiar, but the screaming hurt his ears, then something was on his back, and a sharp... something was stuck up his nose.

I know this. Harry thought. I know this, but I can’t remember...

He turned to find a miniature Ron Weasley waving his tiny wand at Harry.

Harry dropped his club as it all came together for him. From deep in his chest, a sound rumbled.

“Oh boy.”

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

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Harry Potter and the Clockwork Leap

Chapter Three

"After hearing *Someone* theorizing that one could time travel within his own lifetime, Harry Potter stepped into the Department of Mysteries' Time Turner Acceleration Chamber and vanished. He woke to find himself trapped in the past, facing mirror images that were not his own and driven by an unknown force to change history for the better. His only guide on this journey is *Someone Else*, an observer from his own time, who appears in the form of an Astral Projection that only Harry can see and hear. And so Harry Potter finds himself leaping from life to life, striving to put right what once went wrong, and hoping each time that his next leap will be the one that allows him to kill Voldemort."

CHAPTER THREE

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"Oh boy."

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

"I believe that is quite enough of that Mr. Potter."

Harry wheeled to face the speaker and was so shocked to find Professor McGonagall staring at him in a most disapproving manner that he forgot to duck and bumped his head on the ceiling.

"Per...fee...ser?" Harry managed to grind out. There was something wrong with his voice. There was something wrong with everything. Why was it so hard to think? Why wouldn't little Hermi stop screaming? Why was little Ron pointing his wand at Harry? And what was it that was on his back jabbing something sharp into his nose?

The mirror in the Assistant Headmistresses' hand began squawking.

"Yes, yes, Gilderoy, I'll tell him." The woman returned her attention to Harry. "Mr. Potter, Professor Lockhart believes that you are here to ensure that Miss Granger and Mr. Weasley survive the Troll's rampage this time around.

That made sense... sort of. But where was Luna? Or Daphne? The small part of Harry's mind that was still capable of rational thought was trying in vain to think of a reasonable way for Minerva McGonagall to have taken the position of the one person who could astral project to him during one of his leaps, and Gilderoy Lockhart was running the research/evaluation end of the operation? What the hell had he changed?

Harry stumbled to one knee, jarring what ever was on his back so that it fell off. The sharp distraction in his nose fell away as well. That was when he looked up and saw that his club was hovering over his head.

"Oh, very good Mr. Potter. Now, just allow him to drop it on you." McGonagall's astral aspect said.

Harry waited for the club to drop.

And waited.

And waited.

"Drop the club you stupid boy!" McGonagall snapped at the unhearing Ron Weasley.

Harry felt his trollish rage starting to rise again, and wasn't sure how much longer he could hold it at bay. He reached over to where Ron stood stalk still in open mouthed amazement that his spell was working and lightly (for a Troll) gave the red head a push.

Ron Weasley flew across the room hitting his head on the door frame, and the club fell, hitting Harry the troll square on the top of his head.

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

~ discontinuity ~

Harry blinked. Angelina Johnson and Katie Bell were staring into his eyes with an expression of deep concern on their faces.

"Are you alright Fred?" she asked.

What was going on? "Angelina?"

"George Oswald Weasley, you aren't going to win any points from me by calling me Angelina." Katie said sarcastically.

"Katie?" Harry asked, deeply confused.

"Katie's with George, Freddie. Are you alright?" Angelina asked.

Harry shook his head, before pushing his palms to his forehead as if to ward off a headache. He was experiencing the worst case of vertigo he had ever known.

"George, you're scaring me." Katie whispered in his ear.

"Fred? Fred, are you alright? Should I get Madam Pomfrey?" Angelina asked.

Harry just sat where he was shaking his head. Why were Angelina and Katie talking over each other like that? Why were they calling him George and Fred?

"OK Susie, I've found Him. This is a bad one." Another voice Harry dimly recognized said. He looked up to see Hannah Abbott with a finger to her lips signaling him to stay quiet. "Harry, I know you're confused. Tell her you need to go to the loo, ok? I'll explain everything."

Harry could see that neither Katie nor Angelina could see or hear Hannah. Was he going mad?

"I need to go to the loo." He said simply, struggling to rise from his seat.

"I'll help you." Angelina answered as she took hold of his left arm.

Harry fell on his face in front of Katie, while Angelina held him upright.

He fell down. But he hadn't. But he was on the floor... but he wasn't.

The vertigo got worse. What the hell was going on? Katie helped Harry back to his feet and guided him to the nearest boy's loo, Angelina kept her grip on Harry's arm as they approached the facilities. There Harry saw Angelina almost carrying Fred Weasley. And Harry saw Katie Bell holding George Weasley upright.

"Oh boy." The Weasley twins said together in perfect unison.

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Harry held onto George while Harry held onto Fred as the pair made their way into the loo.

"This is bad." They said in unison.

"You're telling me," Hannah Abbott chuckled. "You've certainly gotten yourself into a good one this time Harry."

"Hannah?" the pair said in unison, "what's happening to me?"

"It appears that you've leaped into both the twins simultaneously," Hannah smirked. The blonde consulted the sheet of parchment in her hand. "Justin and Ernie both think that this means you need to be in two places at once to fix whatever the problem is..." her eyes widened as she read some more of the writing on the parchment before looking up. "Susan, you're nasty!" She redirected her attention to the twins. "Susan says she has all sorts of ideas that would be a whole lot of fun with two of you."

"So much has changed." The Twins said in unison.

"What do you mean?" Hannah asked.

"I... God, this is distracting." The pair said, before they both closed their eyes in concentration and the Fred twin said. "I don't think you've ever been with me before."

A look of concern crossed Hannah's face. "What do you mean Harry?"

"I... I think I remember Daphne Greengrass being the one astral projecting to me." There was no way in hell Harry was going to admit to the insane McGonagall/Lockhart team he sort of remembered. That had to have been a messed up dream.

"Daphne Greengrass? The Gryffindor? Merlin Harry, this leap has mangled your memory worse than ever. I've been with you since you first entered the chamber six months ago."

"Six months?" Harry asked, using George this time. "Has it been that long?"

"You've been in thirty four different people's lives Harry; it's not surprising that you're confused."

The parchment in her hand chimed. Hannah examined the note that had appeared, and then looked up. "I'll ask him Ernie, but this sounds stupid." Returning her attention to Harry she continued. "Harry, Ernie wants to know some basic information so that we can evaluate your memories. What house do you remember being sorted into?"

Gryffindor." Fred's body answered.

Hannah's eyes grew wide. "Ok, next question. Who is your best friend?"

"Hermione Granger. Ron Weasley a close second."

"Oh Merlin's balls." The blonde breathed. "Ok. Last question, and it's really personal, but Ernie says he needs an answer. Who did you lose your virginity to?"

The twins' mouths opened and closed without making any sounds for a few seconds.

"Ernie needs to know Harry." Hannah said while blushing to her roots.

"I'm a virgin." The Fred body said, his eyes firmly focused on the floor.

Hannah blinked, and then returned her attention to the parchment. "Alright Harry. The consensus in the common room has boiled down to two possibilities. Either the Leaping Effect had addled you to the point where you no longer have a firm connection to reality, or Justin's more likely theory that you have made changes to history in your leaps, changes that you are exempt from by your being outside the time stream, while we've all experienced the new pattern."

"The Daphne I knew was a Slytherin." Harry said using George's body. It was becoming easier to have the two act independently.

"Really? I'm having trouble picturing a giggling huggy kissy girl like Daphne Greengrass in Slytherin. Weird. Did she still hang out with Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown?"

Daphne? A huggy kissy girl who hung out with Parvati and Lavender? What the hell had he changed? Harry shook Fred's head. "Does anyone have any suggestions as to what it is I'm supposed to be doing?"

"The consensus is that you need to expose Barty Crouch Jr.," Hannah explained. "That will hopefully save Cedric."

"Harry nodded from within George. "We could confound him, and then nick his polyjuice. What else?"

"We're not sure, but we think you need to neutralize Rita Skitter before her ambition and greed can make what we need to do any harder than it absolutely has to be. She's here, she's a..."

"Beetle animagus." Harry interrupted. "I remember Rita all too well."

"Because of her articles, almost no one believed us until it was almost too late." Hannah looked down at the parchment in her hand, her eyes tracking whatever was being written. "Sue says that you can hurry up and come back to us, so that she can remind you about who you gave your virginity to." The blonde offered Harry an evil smile.

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Fred and George stumbled out of the loo, still a bit wobbly, but in noticeably better shape than when they entered.

"Are you two alright?" Angelina asked, concern etched across both her and Katie's face.

"Yeah, we're better." Harry/George said.

"I need to change my shirt," Harry/Fred agreed.

"I'll come with you." Angelina said taking his arm.

"No, stay. You're having fun, no sense in wasting it on waiting for me to clean up after myself. I'll just be a tic."

"Are you sure you're alright George?" Katie asked.

"I was feeling a bit odd for a moment, but I'm better now," Harry/George answered.

"Oh sweet Merlin!" The spectral Hannah Abbott proclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me that dress made my bum look huge?"

Both the twins turned to watch a younger version of Harry Potter dancing with a younger Hannah Abbott. Harry/Fred turned away and exited the Great Hall with the spectral Hannah Abbott in his wake, shaking his head and muttering about crazy women. Harry/George turned to Katie and suggested that a bit of fresh air might help how he was feeling.

The pretty chaser took his offered arm and led him out into the entrance hall. The front doors stood open, and the fluttering fairy lights in the rose garden winked and twinkled as they went down the front steps, where they found themselves surrounded by bushes; winding, ornamental paths; and large stone statues. They could hear splashing water, which sounded like a fountain. Here and there, people were sitting on carved benches. Together the pair set off along one of the winding paths through the rosebushes, looking for the fountain. It wasn't long before they reached a circle of large stone reindeer, past which they could see the sparkling jets of a tall fountain. The shadowy outlines of two massive people were visible on an engorged stone bench, watching the water in the moonlight. And then Harry heard Hagrid speak.

"Momen' I saw yeh, I knew," he was saying, in an oddly husky voice.

Harry/George and Katie froze. This didn't sound like the kind of conversation that they really ought to walk in on, somehow... Harry/George looked around, back up the path, and saw Fleur Delacour and Ron Weasley standing half-concealed in a rosebush nearby. Fleur and Ron? What the holy hell had he changed? Katie noticed George staring and followed his line of sight to see what he was staring at. She blushingly elbowed him in the ribs.

"Don't you dare! George Weasley, if you so much as think about pranking your little brother when he's with that French girl, I'll make you wish you had never heard your first joke.

Harry was confused by Katie's comment for a second before he remembered who she saw when she looked at him. Yeah, George would make sure Ron wished he had never been born if he had caught Ron in this situation, and Fleur and Ron did look to be very busy to Harry. What could he possibly have changed to bring this sequence of events about?

"What did you know, 'Agrid?'" asked Madame Maxime, a purr in her low voice.

Harry definitely didn't want to listen to this; he knew this was when Hagrid had been overheard by...

Skeeter. Skeeter was here somewhere. Drawing George's wand Harry conjured a glass jar.

"George!" Katie whispered. "I didn't know you could do that..."

Harry/George ignored her, his eyes searching for something small and moving... There. There she was, a beetle crawling along the back of one of the stone reindeer.

He deftly scooped the animagus into the jar and capped it.

"Why did you do that?" Katie asked, confused by her date's odd behavior.

I just needed a bit of air and a distraction." Harry/George explained. He gave the young woman his best smile. "Shall we get back to the party?"

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL7**

Harry/Fred made his way through the halls on his way to Moody's office. He was pleased to find that the further he got from his other self, the easier it became to deal with the slight vertigo that still remained. Though he found it odd that he had no idea what his other self was doing. How was that even possible if they were sharing a mind?

"Turn left." Hannah said while consulting her parchment. She looked about as she walked beside Harry/Fred. "So this is where the teacher's quarters are. No wonder we never found them."

"Why would we have been looking for the teacher's quarters?"

"Why to prank them of course. Snape was always a right bastard. Back in third year we came up with a great plan to fill his quarters with flan." The astral projection of the pretty blond giggled. "Too bad we never found this place." She stopped in front of a door. "Ernie says this is the door to our faux-Moody's office, just a sec." She stuck her head through the door. "Ok, no one inside, see if you can open the door."

Harry/Fred considered that for a moment. There was no way in hell that he would ever be able to unlock a door secured by Mad Eye Moody... and Barty Junior would be nearly as paranoid as the old man... But would a Death Eater like Crouch think about... Harry/Fred searched his pockets until he found what he was looking for.

Fred Weasley was always the more cautious of the twins, where George was the primary source of manic destruction, Fred was the source of patient planning (which invariably led to manic destruction). While George tended to fly by the seat of his pants, Fred was always prepared. This is how Harry knew that Fred would have a set of mechanical lock picks in his pockets.

Harry/Fred set to work, hoping that he remembered enough of the lock picking lessons the twins had gifted him with the summer after third year.

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Harry/George reentered the Great Hall with Katie Bell on his arm. As the pair made their way to their table, they were once again passed by a much younger Harry Potter dancing this time with Susan Bones.

Harry/George was shocked when he noticed that the younger version of himself had no scar on his forehead. That shocked him enough to stop dead in his tracks and stare.

"George!" Katie hissed. "I swear to Merlin, if you don't quit staring at that little 'Puff's chest, I'm going to hex you into a greasy ginger puddle."

"What?" George/Harry responded. "Chest? No, no, no... I thought I saw something odd about Potter."

"Sure you did. Since when do you care about the 'Puffs and their cheating ways?" The young woman said shaking her head. "At some level you have to admire their gall for figuring out how to get Diggory into the tournament, but when they got Potter in as well..."

Harry/George blinked at that. The Gryffindor's considered all of Hufflepuff house cheats? That not even Cedric deserved his place in the tournament? That wasn't something he expected. Still, the younger version of himself seemed... happy.

As they reached their table, Viktor Krum danced by with Pansy Parkinson in his arms, the girl beaming with happiness. That didn't seem right.

Harry/George couldn't remember if Krum had danced with Hermione other than Hermione the first time he was at the Ball.

"I wonder where Hermione is," he asked absently.

"Where do you think she is?" Katie asked acidly nodding toward a twirling Cedric Diggory with a ravishing brunette in his arms. "We're going to have a long talk with that girl about House loyalty."

Harry/George had been looking for the periwinkle robes Hermione had worn the first time, this time however she was wearing robes of an emerald green. Also unlike the first time the expression on her face was different. Hermione was quite clearly in love with the man she was dancing with.

Ron with Fleur, Hermione with Cedric, Viktor with *Pansy*? What the hell changes had he made to this the timeline that allowed this to happen?

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Harry/George excused himself from the table to get Katie a drink, all the while shaking his head as the odd relationships this timeline had. Hopefully whatever it was he needed to do would allow those relationships to continue.

There was something wrong with the universe when something that he might or might not have done while in the troll's body could lead to this very different reality.

Harry/George's path to the ever-full punch bowl took him behind the faux-Moody. What should he do about the polyjuice? Simply vanishing the flask would alert the Death Eater that something was going on.

A dose lasted an hour. Harry/George wondered how long it had been since Crouch's last dose... With a flick of his wand, Harry/George performed a Switching charm, and then covertly poured the glass of Moody flavored polyjuice into a convenient potted plant. He hoped that Crouch enjoyed the punch.

Ok, Rita neutralized, check.

Crouch deprived of his polyjuice. Check.

Where was Fred?

Harry pondered that and suddenly realized that he had no idea what his other self was doing. Shouldn't he know? Had his connection been severed by distance?

Was Fred ok?

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Albus Dumbledore carefully watched George Weasley return to his date at the table the pair had staked out for themselves.

The Headmaster nodded in agreement with whatever point Percy Weasley had just made, not really paying attention to the young man or his extended rant about cauldron bottoms and how only the standardization of those bottoms was vital to staving off a global collapse of Wizarding culture. Something was going on with the Weasley twins.

The pair had been on the Dance floor with their respective dates when both appeared to have a flare of magic. A blinding flare that no one else seemed to have noticed. Then the pair of them began behaving oddly, one falling to the floor, and the other nearly so before their dates guided the twins to the nearest toilet.

After almost twenty minutes in the toilet, the pair had emerged, still looking a bit worse for wear, and then split up, with George Weasley returning unsteadily to his date, while Fred Weasley had stumbled from the Great Hall, claiming that he needed to change his shirt. Dumbledore almost went back to ignoring the twin mischief makers when he noticed... *something* accompanying Fred from the room. *Something* that almost appeared to be a ghost.

The ancient Wizard's brow furrowed. What was 'almost' a ghost? While he had pondered that question George Weasley had conducted his date out of the Great Hall, into the gardens.

Was something going on that would merit his direct interference? Dumbledore allowed himself to connect with the castle's protections. Something was amiss... That same something that had been... wrong since the beginning of the school year. What ever it was the Weasley twins were up to, it wasn't sufficient to alert the Ancient Protections that every Headmaster had depended upon since the time of the Founders... Interesting.

Dumbledore spent the next twenty minutes nodding wisely in agreement with what ever it was Percy Weasley was blathering on about until George Weasley and his date... Katie someone... She was on the Gryffindor Quidditch team, returned to the Great Hall.

Young Mr. Weasley excused himself to his date and headed for the beverage table, which was being guarded by the ever vigilant Alastor Moody. Dumbledore smiled to himself. If George attempted one of his traditional pranks of spiking the punch with some potion or other Alastor would certainly make the young man wish he had never been born.

But the boy had simply taken a glass of punch and retreated to the far wall behind the table... what was he up to?

Dumbledore's faith in human nature was rewarded when George discretely drew his wand, and pointed it at his glass of punch. The Headmaster's eyes widened when he saw the boy cast a switching spell between himself and Alastor Moody.

Then the old man's bearded chin dropped in shock when the retired Master Auror, quite possibly the most paranoid man alive, completely missed that the contents of his personal flask had been swapped with the punch in the prankster's hand.

That wasn't possible.

Dumbledore rose to his feet as he watched the Weasley boy pour a thick grey liquid from his punch glass into a potted plant. Sudden realization of what was going on bloomed full on in the Headmaster's mind. Abandoning the still droning Percy Weasley, Dumbledore made his way toward the man wearing Alastor Moody's face.

HPCL * HPCL *** HPCL**

Barty Crouch Jr. fished his flask of polyjuice from the pocket of his robes. He had lost track of the time, another minute or two and he might have attracted some unfortunate attention. With a quick practiced motion he threw back a slug of the horrible stuff, trying not to think too much about what essence of blood traitor might be doing to his body.

His tongue was assaulted by a sweet fruit flavor.

His one human eye widened in horror. Someone had taken his polyjuice. How had he missed that? He only had moments before his body would start reverting to normal. With a grunt he heaved himself into motion.

Every day he spent in this form caused his respect for Moody to climb ever higher. The Old Auror might be a blood traitor, but he had fought and defeated younger, healthier, and perhaps most importantly whole wizards and won for more than two decades before he had been forcible retired. It took everything Crouch had to just move about the castle most days.

"Professor Moody?"

Crouch froze at the sound of the voice. The damned eye was focusing too much on what his natural eye was looking at and not the world around him. No one should have been able to get close enough to speak without Crouch knowing about it. Had he missed a maintenance charm?

Looking up Crouch found one of the damned Weasleys looking at him with a huge Grin.

"What is it boy? I've business to take care of."

"What's wrong Professor? You don't seem well... Not feeling like yourself?" Again with that damnable grin. Crouch then realized what the boy had asked. Did he know? This was one of the pranking bookends... Had the boy switched his polyjuiced for some of the punch at the party and recognized what it was?

Crouch decided to try and bull his way through it. "I am feeling a bit under the weather... Don't look at me like that boy! Wait until you're my age and see how spry you feel in the winter time. I'm heading to my quarters for a bit of a lay down."

"Is there a problem Alastor?"

Crouch turned to find Dumbledore behind him. The damned eye was definitely not working. He had to get out of here. "I'm just not feeling well Albus," he said trying to avoid the old man's eyes. "I think I'll be heading to my quarters for..."

Crouch was shocked when his arms snapped to his sides and his legs snapped together causing him to lose his balance pitching forward to fall face first onto the floor. The pain of his nose breaking brought tears to his eyes, which blurred the image of a bedraggled one legged one eyed Alastor Moody standing in the door way to the Great Hall, leaning heavily on the other Weasley twin, clutching the boy's wand in his right hand.

"Step away from him Albus," the ragged man said. "That's Barty Crouch Jr. back from the grave."

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Dumbledore knelt next to the polyjuiced man running several identification and diagnostic charms as he did so.

This was embarrassing. To have someone come to the school and impersonate a close friend like this.

"Alastor, when did this happen?"

"Crouch and another man ambushed me at my house before the school year started. A more important question is why these two kids who I've never met sussed out that he wasn't me when you did not," the old Auror noted.

Dumbledore's eyes flashed from one of the twins to the other. Something was different about them, their body language had changed, and there was that... 'Almost a ghost' standing next to Fred and Alastor.

A crowd gathered around the body of the polyjuiced man when his features began to contort. Only Moody's petrification spell kept the man from convulsing as the magical eye was ejected from his body and the horrible crushing that occurred when Moody's wooden leg remained stubbornly in place when Crouch's real leg attempted to regrow.

As the crowd gasped Dumbledore looked up at the twins again just in time to be almost blinded by the spectral flares that bloomed from each of the Weasley twins. After the flare of magic died away, the Headmaster was amazed to see that each of the twins wore an identical expression of shock and surprise.

The 'Almost a ghost' remained however and Dumbledore concentrated on that entity to the exclusion of all others. His formidable abilities in magic allowed him to catch some oddly modulated echoing words from the being, words that would puzzle him for the rest of his life.

"He's gone. Find him. Find him now."

And the 'Almost a ghost' was gone as well.

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~ discontinuity ~

Harry stiffened. What had happened?

He found himself holding a woman who clung to him like he was the only thing between her and certain death. Her body quaked with sobs, and as hard as it was for Harry to believe, she tightened her grip on his body.

Suddenly realizing that his own face was wet with tears he felt oddly comforted when he pulled the woman even tighter to his own body. Harry opened his eyes and was immediately rewarded with a face full of red hair.

Red Hair? Was he home? Ginny? Sue? Oh god please, not Aunt Petunia?

"Mum? Mum? Mum? Mum?" a young child's plaintive voice called out in the room.

The woman in Harry's arms broke their clinch and stepped away from him, carefully wiping her eyes before turning to her son, a boy of two, perhaps three years. She knelt down next to the boy and pulled him into a hug. "Oh, Harry, it will be alright. I promise."

Harry's eyes widened when he looked down in response to the use of his name and saw the young boy in the woman's arms. The boy wore his face... his face, but no scar.

Memories of time travel filled his mind. A red headed woman and a little boy with his face. He must be in his own future, meeting his son and his mother... His wife? He still hadn't seen her face, but she was too tall for Ginny, and too... slim for Susan and...

He had a son!

The little boy looked up at him and raised his arms. "Padfoo! Up!"

The woman looked up at him, her eyes red from her tears, but still a vivid emerald green.

Harry felt faint. Mum?

A sad smile crossed Lily's lips. "Well, what are you waiting for Sirius? Your Godson wants held."

Harry lifted the boy... himself? And looked into his eyes.

"Padfoo!" the boy said wrapping his small arms around Harry's neck.

Harry's eyes found a mirror on the wall across the room and in the reflection saw a young and healthy Sirius Black staring back at him.

"Oh boy."

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