

Harry Potter and the Accountant's Gravel The Boy Who Scammed

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Harry Potter and the Accountant's Gravel

CHAPTER ONE

The Boy Who Scammed

Vernon and Petunia Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, would have been proud to say that they were good people if they were the kind of people who spoke of themselves in such a way, which they were not, thank you very much. The neighbors all knew that the Dursleys were the last people you would expect to be involved in anything conventional or mundane, because they held themselves to higher standards.

Vernon Dursley was the executive director of an international charity called Touchstone, which did good works and helped people. He was a tall, thin man with long auburn hair that he tied in the back into a ponytail, calloused hands from pitching in whenever anyone needed any help and he held the absolute certainty that he was everyone's friend.

Petunia Dursley was shapely and blonde and had the kind of face that caused other people to stop and stare with awe. For several years prior to meeting the love of her life, Petunia had worked in high fashion as a model. Though she loved what she did and appreciated the platform her fame had offered her for her good works, she had given it all up without a second thought when she became pregnant.

So, two became three when the happy Dursleys welcomed their small son who they named Dudley to this world. Sixteen months later and the two loving parents were confident in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys knew they were leading charmed lives, and that they had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret sorrow, and their greatest fear was it would never be resolved. They did not think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Petunia's sister, but they had not met for several years; in fact, Lily Potter pretended she did not have a sister, because Petunia and Vernon were as unPotterish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys wept when they thought about how the Potters thought of them. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another reason that kept the Potters away; they did not want their son mixing with a child like Dudley.

When Mr. and Petunia woke up on the bright sunny Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the crystal clear blue sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Vernon hummed as he picked out his favorite cardigan for work, and Petunia sang a happy song as she lifted a giggling Dudley into his high chair.

None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Vernon picked up his hand made satchel, kissed Petunia in that passionate way that always left her breathless, and lifted his only son for a hug, that the smiling boy enthusiastically returned.

"Little tyke," chortled Vernon as he left the house, making his way to the bus stop where he began the first part of the chain of public transportation that took him to work each day in the most environmentally responsible way possible.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar... a cat that appeared to be reading the map on the bus stop enclosure. For a second, Vernon didn't realize what he had seen... then he turned to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, staring at the bus stop enclosure, but surely, it wasn't actually reading the map was it? Vernon Dursley laughed at himself. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Vernon blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Vernon boarded the bus and it drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat through the bus window. It now appeared to be reading the street sign that said Privet Drive... no, it was just looking at the sign; cats could not read maps or signs. Vernon laughed at himself again and put the cat out of his mind. As the bus drove toward town, he thought of nothing except a large shipment of order of relief supplies he was hoping would be delivered to the survivors of that horrible earthquake today.

However, on the edge of town, the earthquake survivors were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he could not help noticing that there seemed to be many strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks. Vernon felt a tingle of excitement at the sight of people who dressed to suit themselves. You could always count on young people to try new and exciting things! He supposed this was some new fashion.

Vernon hummed to himself and as the bus stopped at a traffic light his eyes fell on a huddle of free thinkers standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Vernon was excited to see that a couple of them were not young at all; why, that man had to be older than Vernon was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! Vernon silently cheered the man on. It was always inspiring to see a man going his own way in life, conventions be damned. Then it occurred to Vernon that this was probably some sort of stunt... this many people were obviously associated somehow... Possibly somehow connected to a movie or something. Vernon shook his head sadly ... yes, that would be it. Once again, the Hollywood elites were pretending to care about things to sell tickets to another of their movies. The traffic moved on and a few minutes later, Vernon arrived at the Touchstone offices, his mind back on the plight of earthquake survivors.

Vernon always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he had not, he might have found it harder to concentrate on the perils of the world that morning. He did not see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Vernon, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He wrote letters of recommendation for five different people. He made several important telephone calls and arranged to feed thousands. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he would stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy treats for his office staff from the organic bakery.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the bakery.

He eyed them excitedly as he passed. He did not know why, but they aroused his curiosity. This bunch was whispering excitedly, too, and he could not see any indication as to what movie they were advertizing. It was on his way back to his office past them, clutching a large bag of whole-wheat bagels for the office that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard ..."

"...yes, their son, Harry..."

Vernon stopped dead. Concern flooded his mind. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it. Surely not...

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, gave his executive secretary the baked goods to distribute and asked that he not be disturbed for the next quarter hour. Vernon picked up his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his chin, thinking... no, he was being silly. Potter was not an unusual name in the slightest. He was sure there were many people called Potter who had a son called Harry.

Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry. He had never even seen the boy. It might have been Harvey. Or Harold. There was no point in worrying Petunia; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He did not blame her — if he had had a sister who wanted nothing to do with him... but all the same, those people in cloaks...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on arranging for the delivery of relief supplies that afternoon and when he left the building at seven o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"Oh, so sorry," Vernon effused, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Vernon realized that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He did not seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-What has happened at last! Even Muggles like you should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged Vernon around the middle and walked off.

Vernon stood rooted to the spot. He felt the warmth that came from having been hugged by a complete stranger. He also thought he had been called a Muggle, a term that seemed faintly familiar. Slightly bemused by the happenings of the day, Vernon hurried to his bus and set off for home, wondering if he was imagining things, which on reflection cause him to smile. It was good that he still had to wonder if his imagination was running away with him, so many of the suits in this world had lost the knack and Vernon suspected that they did not really approve of imagination.

Walking up the street to his lovely home and family, the first thing Vernon saw was the tabby cat he had spotted that very morning. It was now sitting on his garden wall. Vernon was sure it was the same cat; it had the same markings around its eyes.

"Hello Puss." said Vernon kindly. "Keeping an eye on things are we?"

The cat did not move. It just gave him a stern look. Vernon smiled. That was what he loved about cats, they did what they did for their own reasons and, as a group, they didn't give a damn about what anyone thought about it. Thinking about his loving family, Vernon let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention that he had heard anything about someone named Harry Potter, he did not want to upset his lovely wife.

Petunia Dursley had had a wonderful day. She told him over dinner all about the proceeds garnered at the church Jumble Sale, of the dedication of the new Dialysis ward at the hospital, and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Please?"). Following Petunia's wonderful meal, Vernon washed the dishes at the sink, and then read Dudley his favorite bedtime story (Hamster Huey and the Goopy Kabloolie) complete with the funny voices that always made the tyke giggle uncontrollably. After Dudley had settled into his normal blissful sleep, Vernon went into the living room in time to cuddle on the sofa with his loving wife and catch the last report on the evening news:

"And finally, bird-watchers everywhere have reported that the nation's owls have been behaving very unusually today. Although owls normally hunt at night and are hardly ever seen in daylight, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since sunrise. Experts are

unable to explain why the owls have suddenly changed their sleeping pattern.” The newscaster allowed himself a grin. “Most mysterious. And now, over to Jim McGuffin with the weather. Going to be any more showers of owls tonight, Jim?”

“Owls,” Petunia sighed in that way that told Vernon that she was once again mourning the loss of her relationship with her sister.

“Well, Ted,” said the weatherman from his place before the map on the telly, “I don’t know about that, but it’s not only the owls that have been acting oddly today. Viewers as far apart as Kent, Yorkshire, and Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I promised yesterday, they’ve had a downpour of shooting stars! Perhaps people have been celebrating Bonfire Night early — it’s not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight.”

Vernon sat frozen in place on the sofa. Shooting stars all over Britain? Owls flying by daylight? Mysterious people in cloaks all over the place? And a whisper, a whisper about the Potters...

This was no good. Vernon knew he would have to say something to Petunia about his suspicions. He cleared his throat nervously. “Er... Petunia, luv... you haven’t heard from your sister lately, have you?”

As he had expected, Petunia looked sad and more than a little wistful. After all, it was her dream that someday her younger sister would come back to her life.

“No,” she sighed. “Why?”

“Odd things in the news,” Vernon mumbled. “Owls... shooting stars... and there were a quite a few people wearing cloaks in town today...”

“Ah.” Petunia said understandingly.

“Well, I just thought... maybe... it was something to do with... you know... her crowd.” Vernon continued.

Petunia sipped her wine quietly. Vernon wondered whether he dared tell her he had heard the name “Potter.” He decided he would not risk upsetting her more. Instead, he said, as casually as he could, “Their son — he’d be about Dudley’s age now, wouldn’t he?”

“Yes, about a month younger.” said Petunia wistfully.

“What’s his name again? Howard, isn’t it?”

“Harry.” Petunia murmured. “A nice unpretentious name wouldn’t you say?”

“Oh, yes,” said Vernon, his heart sinking. “Yes, I quite agree.”

Vernon did not say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to bed. While Petunia was in the bathroom, Vernon crept to the bedroom window and peered down into the front garden. The cat was still there. It was staring down Privet Drive as though it were waiting for something.

Vernon laughed at himself for imagining things. After all, how could this have anything to do with the Potters?

The Dursleys got into bed, Petunia falling asleep quickly but Vernon lay awake, turning it all over in his mind. His last, comforting thought before he fell asleep was that if the Potters were involved, then perhaps, just perhaps, Lily and Petunia could rebuild their relationship. Again, Vernon laughed at himself. He knew very well what James and Lily Potter thought of him... He hoped that Petunia would not get hurt again by whatever might be going on... Vernon yawned and turned over... it could not affect them...

How very wrong he was.

Vernon Dursley might have been drifting into sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far corner of Privet Drive. It did not as much as quiver when a car door slammed on the next street, or when two owls swooped overhead. In fact, it was nearly midnight before the cat moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching, appeared so suddenly and silently you would have thought he had just fallen out of the sky. The cat’s tail twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. He was tall, thin, and very, very drunk. An old man, judging by the silver of his hair and beard, which were both long enough to tuck into his belt. He was wearing long electric blue robes, a purple cloak that swept the ground, and high-heeled, buckled boots. His blue eyes were dull, bloodshot, and mostly closed behind half-moon spectacles and his nose was red, very long, and crooked, as though it had been broken at least twice. This man’s name was Albus Dumbledore.

Dumbledore did not seem to realize much of anything. Not that he had just arrived in a street where everything from his name to his boots were quite remarkable, not that he was slightly older than dirt, not that he had just trod in the residue from someone’s uncurbed dog. He was busy rummaging in his pockets, apparently looking for something. However, he did seem to realize he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to anger him. He glared and muttered, “Damned cat! Staring at me like that. Why I oughta...”

Dumbledore found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a reddish rectangular prism. He hefted it, held it up in the air, and

lung it through the nearest street lamp. As soon as the street lamp's bulb went out with a crash, the reddish item returned the old man's hand. Again he hurled the device... and the next lamp imploded into darkness and a shower of glass. Twelve times he threw the half brick, until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him. If anyone looked out of their window now, even a curious Vernon Dursley, they would not be able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the half brick back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He did not look at it, but after a moment, he spoke to the feline.

"Can't I go anywhere without you staring at me disapprovingly, Professor McGonagall?"

He turned to leer at the cat, but it had gone. Instead, he was wagging his eyebrows at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes. She, too, was wearing a cloak, a tartan one. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun. She looked distinctly ruffled.

"How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, when is it ever not you?"

"It's not as if I have been with you all day while you worked your way through your normal case of scotch." said Professor McGonagall.

"All day? I assure you Madam; I waited until after 2pm before I began my libations. I am surprised you have not been tying one on. I must have passed a dozen feasts and parties on my way here."

Professor McGonagall sniffed angrily.

"Oh yes, everyone's celebrating, all right," she said impatiently. "You'd think they'd be a bit more careful, but no... even the Muggles have noticed something's going on. It was on their news." She jerked her head back at the Dursleys' dark living-room window. "I heard it. Flocks of owls... shooting stars... Well, they are not completely stupid. They were bound to notice something. Shooting stars down in Kent — I will bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense."

"You can't blame them," Dumbledore slurred drunkenly. "It's just the sort of thing you celebrate."

"I know that," said Professor McGonagall irritably. "But that's no reason to lose our heads.

People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumors." She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he did not, so she went on. "A fine thing it would be if, on the very day James and Lily won the Lottery, the Muggles found out about us all. Do you suppose they're really has gone, Albus?"

"It certainly seems so," said Dumbledore. "They have much to be thankful for. Would you care for Sex on the beach?"

"What?"

"Sex on the Beach." The old drunk said pulling a large flask out of his robes. "It's a kind of Muggle mixed drink I'm rather fond of." The old drunk said, carefully not mentioning his kickbacks from the Rotfang Conspiracy.

"No, thank you," said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she did not think this was the moment for the man to get even more soused... "As I say, even if You-Know-What has been won..."

"My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like you can call the game by its name? All this 'You-Know-What' nonsense... for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call it by its proper name: Gallons of Galleons." Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was adding scotch to his Sex on the Beach, seemed not to notice. "It all gets so confusing if we keep saying 'You-Know-What.' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying the game's name."

"I know you haven't," said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. "But you're different. Everyone knows you're the only one who has ever won You-Know- oh, all right, the game."

"You flatter me," said Dumbledore slurred. "The Game's current jackpot had come to amounts of cash that I will never have."

"Only because you drink so much of it away."

"It's lucky it's dark," The old drunk said after a rumbling belch. "I haven't blushed so much since Madam Malkin measured my inseam and got a little grabby."

Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, "The owls are nothing next to the rumors that are flying around. You know what they are saying? About why they left him behind? About what they did with him?"

It seemed that Professor McGonagall had finally reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day, for as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever "everyone" was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was taking another hit on his flask and did not answer.

"What they're saying," She pressed on, "is that last night after the Potters were told that they had won the game, they immediately set out on a world tour and that when they found out that they couldn't 'check' young Harry, and they left him at the airport. The rumor say that Lily and James Potter abandoned little Harry."

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped.

"Lily and James... I cannot believe it... I did not want to believe it... Oh, Albus..."

Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "I know... I know..." he said heavily.

Professor McGonagall's voice trembled as she went on. "That's not all. They are saying the Potters backed over little Tommy Riddle after he had delivered the cash in non-sequential unmarked small denomination bills. No one knows why, or how, but they're saying that when he couldn't stand up, Riddle's body somehow broke... and that's why he's gone."

Dumbledore nodded glumly.

"It's... its true?" faltered Professor McGonagall. "After all he's done... all the people made deliveries to... he couldn't get out of the way of their old banger of a car? It's just astounding... of all the things to stop him... but what in the name of heaven will Tommy survive?"

"We can only guess," said Dumbledore. "We may never know... I, for one don't care."

Professor McGonagall pulled out a tartan flannel and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore hacked up a great glob of mucus as he reached for his golden watch, only to remember too late that he had pawned it. Too bad. It was a very good watch. It had twelve hands that all pointed to five o' clock, and played the theme songs of several prominent distilleries. The old drunk shook his head sadly, and then looked up. "Hagrid's late. I suppose that's due to my instructions to him to keep young Harry occupied for twenty four hours before bringing him here."

"What?" Professor McGonagall asked. "Why the hell did you do that?"

Dumbledore shrugged. "It seemed like a good idea at the time. Anyway, I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now."

"What the hell are you talking about? Harry is related to half the magical families in Britain." The Scots Witch pointed out.

"True enough, however James owes most of those families money and the ones that don't hold Potter debts have met the boy and know what a miserable little shit he is."

McGonagall jumped up and down while pointing at number four. "Dumbledore — you can't. I've been watching those people all day. They are a bunch of fucking hippies. You could not find two people who are less like us. In addition, they have this son... I saw him playing in the living room, and then getting up without being asked to help his mother fold the laundry. At less than a year and a half! You cannot have Harry Potter come and live here! He'd eat them alive."

"It's the best place for him," said Dumbledore firmly. "His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter."

"A letter?" repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting down on the wall. "Really, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He'll be a burden... a drain on their resources... a pain in the ass!"

"Exactly." said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. "It has to be done via a letter." The old man shook his head. "Otherwise they might say no. Think how much better it will be, with him growing up far away from us until we can't avoid it any longer."

"There is a chance I'll be ready to retire before he comes to Hogwarts..." McGonagall mused. "Yes... yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?" She eyed his cloak suspiciously as though she thought the old pervert might be hiding Harry underneath it.

"Hagrid's bringing him."

"You think it... wise... to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?"

"I would trust Hagrid with my life," said Dumbledore.

"Only because he makes your booze runs for you without charging a premium. I'm not saying his heart isn't in the right place," said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, "but you can't pretend he's not dangerous. He does tend to... what was that?"

A sharp clattering had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they both looked up and down the street for some sign of the source; the clattering swelled to annoying levels as they both looked up at the sky... and a small pink bicycle with a white wicker basket hanging between the handlebars fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

If the bicycle was small and effeminate, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost a third as tall as a normal man and at least one fifth as wide. He looked simply too small to be allowed out on his own, and so refined... One look at him told you that he enjoyed fine wines, Italian shoes, and preferred the company of men. In the basket of the bicycle was a bundle of blankets.

"Hagrid," said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. "At last. And where did you get that bicycle?"

"I liberated it, my dear Professor Dumbledore, sir," said the tiny man, climbing gingerly off the bicycle as he spoke. "Young Angelina Johnson will discover she 'loaned' it to me in the morning." The small man said with a smirk. "I've brought him, sir."

"No problems, were there?"

"No, sir, I picked him up at the Lost Luggage claim at Heathrow as you asked. Then the little bastard pissed all over my Bruno Maglis. That almost cause him to 'accidentally' fall out of the basket as we were passing over Bristol..."

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

"Is that where...?" whispered Professor McGonagall.

"Yes," said Dumbledore. "He'll have that scar forever."

"Couldn't you do something about it, Dumbledore?"

"Even if I could, I wouldn't. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect image of all the answers for the 1853 NEWT exams. Well... give him here, Hagrid. I'm starting to sober up, so we'd better get this over with."

Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned toward the Dursleys' happy home.

"Could I... could I smack him around a little, sir?" asked Hagrid, his small hands balling into fists as he advanced on the small bundle.

"Of course not!" hissed Professor McGonagall, "You can't just beat a child out in public like this. You'll just have to come back later and find him when he's alone. Besides, you'd wake the Muggles!"

"Sorry," Hagrid said shaking his head, "It's just James owed me fifty Galleons, and now I'll likely never see it."

"Yes, yes, it's all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we'll be found," Professor McGonagall whispered, slapping Hagrid on the back as Dumbledore stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry's blankets, and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid's shoulders shaking in near rage, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously calculating how much she would need to save in order to successfully retire prior to 1991, and the red glow that usually shone from Dumbledore's nose seemed to have dimmed.

"Well," said Dumbledore finally, "that's that. We have no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations."

"You're buying." McGonagall said.

"Yes," said Hagrid through clenched teeth, "I best get this bike away to the pawn shop if I want to hock it before it's discovered to be missing. Good night, Professor McGonagall, Professor Dumbledore."

Wiping his stained shoes on Harry's blanket, Hagrid swung himself onto the bicycle's banana seat, and leaning back against the sissy bar, kicked the pedals into motion, starting the spokes slapping against the Dumbledore Chocolate Frog card and with a clatter he rose into the air and off into the night.

"I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall," said Dumbledore, nodding to her. Professor McGonagall glared at him suspiciously in reply.

"Remember, you're buying."

Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the half brick and giggle manically. In the distance, he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

"Good luck, Dursleys," he murmured. "You're going to need it." He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak, he was gone.

A/N the last: This is a stupid idea that came to me during a long drive home due to highway construction. At one point it was going to be one of those 'the cast show up to tell the Author what she got wrong' stories with Draco being the perennial victim and all around nice guy, abused by the callously evil Harry, the hyper-aggressive in your face Hermione, and the studious, fastidious Ron... A friendship bonded when Hermione drags Harry to save Ron from the Troll that Harry let into the castle. (Ron was in the toilet crying because Hermione bitch slapped him when he corrected her pronunciation of 'Wingardium') I'm not sure if I'll ever come back to this one, but if I do, I'll introduce the staff and show Harry's life with the Dursleys...