

Deluded Musings FanficAuthors.net

Attack of the Lightning Man! Clell's Snippetts

AN: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. But you knew that.

AN2: This is a collection of shorts that grew out of a round robin on the 3 and 4 part Harmony Yahoo newsgroup. Basically it was posited that following the fall of Voldemort, Harry was bored and decided for no adequately explained reason to become a costumed Super Hero, known as Lightning man. This round robin went on for a few weeks and was a lot of fun. I believe the totality of the entries are posted here:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/thegreathall_hp/files/Fics%20from%20Seelvor%27s%20group/

Anyway, the following shorts are what I offered to the round robin.

Cast for the Round Robin: (At least the ones I remember)

Lightning Man: Harry Potter

The Librarian: Hermione Granger

Stacks the Girl Wonder: Susan Bones (The wonder is how she can stand up with Double Gs)

Viper: Daphne Greengrass

Not-Ron the Weasel Boy: Ron Weasley

The Ferret: Draco Malfoy

Ermine: Astoria Malfoy

Mink: Narcissa Malfoy

Captain Fire Crotch: Ginny Weasley

Attack of the Lightning Man

A hero needs a theme song, so here's a little ditty I stole from Meet the Mummy's classic "Attack of the Wiener man" which when I think about it, would fit unmodified....

He's coming for ya
He's gonna get ya
Attack of the Lightning-Man
He's coming for ya
He's gonna get ya
Attack of the Lightning-Man

Verse 1:

Late at night, when the pub's are closing
The criminals take their toll and
The ladies need their favorite defender
(A tasty treat of Sausage Splendor)
Big man behind the mask
The Aurors all need him, 'cause he's on task
The smell of fear and a big right cross
(Mild mannered Harry's got the perfect cover)

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Verse 2:

He fighting crime out in the street
All the honeys want to sample the meat
He can't help but relish the fact
(The Foot Long Keeps them coming back)
When the Ferret's feeling safe and cool
That's when the Lightning-Man pummels the fool
Mm-m-Mm-M-M-M-M-M
(Mink and Ermine can't scream when their mouths are full)

He's coming for ya
He's gonna get ya
Attack of the Lightning-Man
He's coming for ya
He's gonna get ya
Attack of the Lightning-Man

Every hero needs an origin, here's Lightning Man's

Created: Lightning-Man.

The explosion in front of Gringotts immediately had everyone running, at least those not rendered immune to such things by the Voldemort wars. Hermione Granger's wand was suddenly in her hand as she and her companions, Susan Bones, Ron and Ginny Weasley, rushed toward the sudden detonation to see if they could render assistance. (or in Ron's case to see if there was anything edible)

They found an amazing sight upon arriving at the bank. Seven wizards, all wearing the black cloaks and white masks of the departed and largely unlamented Dark Lord Voldemort, stood in a semi-circle around a single man who stood between them and the shattered entrance to the Wizards Bank.

Hermione raised her wand to start hexing the unrepentant Death Eaters when she took in just who it was holding them off... And what he was wearing?

"What the hell?" she asked the air around her. The wizard facing off against the Death Eaters was none other than Harry Potter. Her friend was dressed in a form fitting unitard in Gryffindor red with gold trim and cape. Emblazoned across his chest was a pentagram with the letters 'LM' centered across it. His head was bare, except for his glasses and a slim domino mask he wore under them.

"Surrender Evil doers!" Harry's amplified voice echoed throughout the alley. "For you face Lightning-Man, I am your bane, defy me at your risk!"

"Oh, my!" a female voice exclaimed to Hermione's left, "Who knew what he had under those robes..." This drew the female member of the Golden Trio's attention away from the rather form fitting portion of the costume Harry was wearing (especially form fitting just below the waist) to the speaker. Daphne Greengrass was staring at Harry's new costume, with her eyes paying just a little too much attention to the portion of said costume just a bit below the beltline in Hermione's opinion.

In the time since the fall of Voldemort and leaving Hogwarts, Daphne had made a name for herself as an heiress and Party girl about town.

Any further exposition on the Greengrass girl was driven from Hermione's mind when the Death Eaters all attempted to raise their wands and attack the badly disguised Harry. The man in the outrageous costume just laughed when the hexes started flying, then raised his hands. The Death Eaters fell to the ground in agony from the lightning bolts that flew from Harry's outstretched hands.

"I knew we shouldn't have taken him to that movie." Susan hissed in Hermione's ear.

"We never could have predicted he would do this after seeing Return of the Jedi Sue." Hermione whispered back. "Have you seen how Daphne is looking at Harry?"

"Daphne? Have you seen the Widow Malfoy and Daphne's sister?" Sue asked pointing at the two blondes standing across the street.

Hermione's eyes narrowed when she saw Narcissa Malfoy absently stroking her breasts through the Décolletage of her designer robes. She still remembered when the evil woman spent hours interrogating Harry during the war in that horrible private chamber on the Malfoy estate. The only reason she wasn't in Azkaban now was that Harry refused to press charges afterward. Indeed he seemed to get a mysterious smile whenever he was asked about the event.

At long last a single Auror ran up to the scene.

"Ah, Auror!" Harry's amplified voice boomed out. "Just in time." Harry put an arm around the shoulders of the peacekeeper. "You know Auror, they say that confession is good for the soul..." The man in red and gold gestured toward the seven fallen Death Eaters. "After you dose them with Veritaserum, I'd listen to these men."

Turning on the spot Harry vanished in a soft crack of apparition.

The gathered crowd was silent for several seconds before Ron Weasley's voice broke the quiet.

"Who was that Masked Man?"

"Ron," Hermione said patiently, "that was Harry."

"Harry? Don't be silly Hermione." Ginny Weasley said, "He was wearing a mask. Harry doesn't wear a mask."

"Yeah Herms," Ron agreed, "I don't know where you come up with this stuff."

- **I don't know why I do this to the Weasleys, I really don't.**

The Weasley Chronicles:

All was ready. Arthur Weasley said to himself as he regarded the ultimate fusion of magical and Muggle crime fighting technology. It had taken the appearance of the mysterious hero Lightning-Man to give Arthur's imagination the push it needed to conceive of this marvel of modern magic and technology, but now he was ready.

He sealed the suit of armor that he had so painstakingly modified. Servo motors hummed as he began the startup sequences. Rune clusters glowed as they generated the power needed to push other clusters into form impenetrable shields. With a thought the twenty wands of his Gatling gauntlet began to spin around the Armor's bracer assembly, giving him the casting power of a score of mages.

He was ready, evil doers everywhere would shudder at the mere mention of the name Armour Mage! He took a step, and another, and another. And then pitched forward onto his face as the suit of armor lost all power.

As he lay there trapped within his creation because he was unable to override the electrical locks, Arthur reflected that he probably should have used a longer electrical lead. The six feet of wire that connected him to his plug didn't really seem to be enough.

WWW

Bill sighed.

Fleur was gone, and likely as not, never coming back.

It had been going so well too. Then one innocent suggestion of a threesome with her hot hot hottie Veela Mum, and Fleur stormed out in a huff, with streams of French invectives ringing in his ears.

How was Bill supposed to know that she would react like that? What if she had only been waiting for him to ask? If he hadn't asked he never would have known, and might have missed out on a good thing.

Oh, well. Bill picked up the Daily Profit, and examined the photo on the front page. 'Lightning-Man' eh? Looked like a bit of a poof to the eldest of the Weasley Brothers, though the face was familiar... but no. Bill didn't know anyone who wore a mask.

Bill stood and pulled on his trademark Dragon Skin jacket, making sure that his pony tail wasn't caught in the collar. Look out ladies: Captain Cool is on the prowl.

WWW

Charlie Weasley wiped at the mirror to clear away the fog on its surface so that he might shave. The news from home was, well, weird, but at least it was goofy weird and not deadly dangerous weird.

He lathered his face and began the first cut with the razor, while reflecting on the news of the costumed idiot dedicated to 'fighting crime, and the other costumed idiots his being there seemed to spawn. Weirdo adrenalin junkies who lacked the stones to take on a really dangerous job like his.

Charlie was just glad that his family was well and truly out of it for this bit of silliness. After everything that happened with that Dark Lord dink and the family's association with Harry Potter it had been close for a while. And then when Harry and Ginny had dated for a month or so...

Charlie just thanked Merlin that all of that was over. He inspected his face in the mirror. Nice. With practiced ease Charlie splashed on a healthy dose of the Muggle cologne his father had given him at Christmas the previous year, dimly wondering just was 'Hai Karate' might mean.

Whatever, his girl liked it. There was something about the scent that drove her wild.

Charlie pulled on his leather singlet, admiring how the garment exposed his muscular arms. Leather Trousers and boot completed his outfit, and he set out to find his love.

He set out across the Dragon preserve in search of Kiska. He was two thirds of the way to the breeding pens before he spotted her where she was lounging with a drink as she watched a trio of yearling drakes playing aerial tag against the sapphire blue Romanian sky.

Carefully he approached her in silence. This was a game they started when the pair had met three years before. The first to spot the other always attempted to sneak up on the other. Charlie quickly covered her eyes with his hands, only to have her press back against him. Evidently he hadn't

been as stealthy as he had hoped.

Kiska turned to face Charlie, and took in his scent. The cologne had her nipping at his arm as her excitement grew. The pair gazed deeply into each other's eyes and no words were necessary.

For only a second Charlie's thoughts drifted back to the idiot who dressed up in his underwear to fight crime in Diagon Alley.

Idiot, he thought. If that fool wanted excitement, he should try to live a day in Charlie Weasley's shoes.

Charlie Weasley, the man famous worldwide undid his belt and allowed his trousers to pool at his boots.

No matter where you went in the world you would find Dragon Keepers congregating, glasses would be raised to Charlie Weasley, the only man to ever stump break a dragon.

Kiska looked back at him over her shoulder with those soft brown eyes and lifted her tail.

WWW

So, Percy Weasley thought as he read through the newspaper. It finally happened.

There was finally a second superhero fighting for what was right, for what was good and for what was British in Magical Britain.

For so long Percy had been alone in his fight. For so long he had feared that it would always be just him. Now that there was another, perhaps this help would allow Percy the time it would take to regain the love of Penny... She had never understood that Percy was driven to live this double life. She had always been jealous of Percy's mistress, the woman called Justice.

But Percy was honest enough with himself to know that there was more than enough wrong with the world to occupy even two such as himself twenty four hours a day. Still, it was good to know one wasn't quite so alone in the fight.

His attention once again returned to the parchment work on his desk, his 20 minute lunch hour over for another day. Wait? What's this? Someone was attempting to roll back the progress that Percy had made in pursuit of uniform cauldron bottoms over the last five years?

This Lightning-man character could keep his showy battle against crime in the streets; this was a job for Magical Britain's first Super Hero. This was a job for Captain Conformity!

WWW

"Poor Harry."

"Right you are George. The poor boy needs to learn something about subtlety." Fred agreed.

"Imagine that he actually thought that that silly costume would fool us." George said shaking his head in amusement.

"As if we couldn't see through his disguise."

"Not after Hermione pointed out that Lightning-Man was Harry five or six times." George agreed.

"Or that time we spotted him changing behind our shop and took pictures." Fred laughed.

"And when we found the Lightning-Man costume in Harry's laundry." George giggled.

"And there were 'Property of Harry Potter' tags sown into each piece of the outfit." Fred summarized.

When we considered all those subtle hints, it was pretty obvious that Harry and Lightning-Man are more than 'just good friends'" George said making air quotes with his fingers.

"We'll keep his secret." Fred swore.

"Right! Harry's a big boy and his sex life is his own business."

Fred smacked George on the back of his head. "Not that secret you wally!"

George rubbed the back of his head while staring suspiciously at his traitorous brother. "Right, the other thing." The prettier of the two identical twins suddenly had a revelation. "We must join Harry in his fight!"

"What?" the smarter twin asked, wondering if he would be looking back on this moment as the moment the plan suddenly started to go seriously wrong.

"We," George said, starting to monologue shamelessly "must join Harry in his fight for Truth, Justice, and the Magical British Way!"

"You want us to ignore things and hope they go away?" Fred asked confused.

"No you fool!" George said delivering a dope slap of his own. "We must become Super Heroes!"

It was a normal quiet day in the Alley, since the fall of Voldemort and his Death Eaters, and the rise of the Hero known as Lightning-Man, peace, serenity and most important profitable commerce had returned to Diagon Alley with a vengeance.

Of course where ever there are people with money to spend, there are those who would separate the haves from their money, by force if necessary.

Dennis Thibold had been a minor Death Eater. Very minor. In fact he had been one of forty seven accountants in the Dark Lord's employ, charged with keeping the Dark Books for the Dark organization.

Thibold had been the second chair accountant on the Dark Payroll, ensuring that the Dark Paycheques were issued on time, with the Dark withholdings withheld. (Not even a dark organization went against the Inland Revenue. Voldemort might have been evil, but he wasn't stupid)

Voldemort hadn't even bothered to mark his accountants, so the guys in the pool would take turns drawing the accounting Dark Mark on each other's arms using a Muggle felt tip pen that smelled pretty bad at first, but much better later.

Once the Dark Lord fell to that Prat Potter, all the guys in the Accounting squad waited patiently for the Aurors to show up and take them away.

After three months of waiting, the forty seven dark accountants all looked at each other and shrugged while muttering about people having no understanding of how important it was to balance the books. They rose as one and presented themselves to the local Auror's station for arrest.

Only to be told that they probably ought to go home, as they weren't wanted for any crimes, and frankly they weren't interesting enough for anyone to bother looking into.

That, and the fact that Dennis insisted on putting 'Dark accountant responsible for the payroll of a 2000 person dark organization' on his curriculum vitae caused Dennis to be fairly unemployable.

This is why Dennis was on the first day of his newest career choice, that being a cutpurse in Diagon Alley. In fact Dennis had just made his first professional theft, having cut the coin purse from the belt of the well dressed Wizard when his victim hollered "Stop Thief!"

And Dennis Thibold's day suddenly took a turn for the worse.

"Halt Citizen!" the figure that suddenly appeared in front of the fleeing cutpurse said in a booming baritone.

Dennis stopped to look at the man who had stopped him. He appeared to be covered head to toe in Muggle aluminum foil, leaving only his face bare to the world.

"Yes Evil-Doer!" the man boomed in his oddly amplified voice. "You face Professor Chaos! I and my sidekick Binky the Wonder Clone have sworn to keep Diagon Alley safe, free, happy, and several other unquantifiable conditions."

"Wait a minute!" To Dennis' amazement another man dressed identically to the man who identified himself as 'Professor Chaos'. "What do you mean calling me the clone? I'm not the clone, you're the clone."

"Nonsense Binky!" the original loon in foil boomed. "I am Professor Chaos, so you are Binky. The clone." He said slowly as if to a child.

"You're the clone!" 'Binky' said pushing 'Chaos' again.

"Bullshit!" Chaos countered intelligently. "You're the clone!"

"You take that back. You're the clone!"

For the next twenty minutes the two foil avengers rolled around on the cobbles of Diagon Alley doing each other damage.

Dennis found the man he had stolen the purse from and returned it. He then left the Alley and never returned. It had gotten entirely too weird.

This was the first, last and only time Fred and George attempted to become Super Heroes. After that day they contented themselves with being the Weaponers of Super Villains, who always passed the shutdown codes for their weapons to Harry Potter.

Harry never understood why they were giving him the pieces of paper and out of concern and a general distrust of anything the Twins might hand him always threw the shutdown codes away.

- **Heroines need origins too...**

The Secret Origin of The Librarian and Stacks the Wonder Girl:

"Hermione?" Susan asked.

"Oooh. That man!" the bushy haired witch ranted.

Susan entered her friend's room to find her surrounded by newspapers whose headlines told the story of Harry's alter ego's laying waste to crime and criminals everywhere. "What has Harry done this time?"

He's still running around in that stupid costume, and now he's sucked Hedwig into it. Look at this!"

Susan took the offered photograph from her friend. "He's got Hedwig wearing a mask? How do you get an owl to wear a mask?"

"That's not Hedwig, that's Thunder-Owl if you listen to Ron. And still no one believes me when I point out that Harry is Lightning-Man."

"Well, the Weasleys don't believe you. I think pretty much everyone with the slightest bit of common sense has made the connection. His disguise isn't very good." The pretty redhead pointed out.

"And worse yet, now Daphne and Fleur have gotten into the act. There is suddenly a pair of costumed jewel thieves who is constantly being thwarted by Lightning-Man. Those sluts are just trying to get their claws into Harry!"

"Those skanky bitches!" Susan exclaimed as she examined the newspaper photo of the leather clad criminal. "We can't let them do that to our Harry!"

"Our Harry?"

"Oh," Susan blushed. "Was that out loud?"

Hermione raised an eyebrow.

"Ok, so I think he's hot. But you're his best friend, that means you get first shot." The redhead smile. "And since you're my best friend, I was sure you'd be willing to share."

It was Hermione's turn to blush. "I suppose I could see my way clear for that... But what do you propose we do? Dress up like loons in outlandish costumes and commit crimes to that Harry will come to fight us, and we can capture him in inescapable death traps and have our way with him?"

Susan gave Hermione an odd look, noticing how her rate of breathing had increased, her eyes dilated and a perky set of nipples seemed to be attempting to push their way out of Hermione's blouse. That was hot as hell. "You seem to have put quite a bit of thought into this idea already."

"Well, I review hypothetical situations all the time, you see..."

"Yeah, right." Susan grabbed a sheet of paper and a pen off Hermione's desk and sat down on one of the room's comfy chairs. "I was thinking about us going out as Heroes, actually," she began to sketch out some ideas. "We could use that subterranean research library the 7th year Ravenclaws built for you as repayment for all that NEWT review you gave them back in our fourth year as our headquarters."

"Headquarters?"

"The Librarian will need a safe refuge from where to plan her defense of ancient artifacts." Susan said matter of factly.

"The Librarian?" Hermione asked. "That's a dumb name for a villain."

"Not a villain," Susan said shaking her head. "A Heroine. THE Heroine. Heroes may dally with the bad girls, but they stay with the good girls... as long as the good girls know when to be naughty." The redhead passed over a sheet of the parchment she had been doodling on. "Here's what I was thinking of for your costume."

Hermione brought her hand to her mouth. "Oh my." She looked up to Susan's eyes. "And this other figure?"

"Oh, that's your loyal side kick, Stacks."

"Stacks?"

"Yep. Keeping with the Librarian motif." Susan explained patiently.

"Hmm. This drawing has me wearing glasses. I don't wear glasses."

Susan shrugged. "It's part of your disguise. What do the Weasleys and the other dullards all say to you when you try and tell them that Harry is Lightning-Man? 'Lightning-Man wears a mask, and Harry never wears a mask, so he can't be Lightning-Man' right? Well, Hermione Granger never wears glasses, so..."

"So she can't be the Librarian." Hermione concluded. "That would probably work, and that makes me more than a little sad."

"I haven't figured out what kind of mask I should wear... A simple domino mask like Harry's or maybe a full faced helmet."

"You won't need a mask." Hermione said absently.

"What do you mean?"

"Face it Sue," Hermione grinned. "If you're wearing something like the outfit you've drawn here, with those Double Gs of yours out on display, no one will ever be looking at your face. Hell, any male villains who show up probably won't be able to run away."

In a quiet suburb of a major metropolitan city was a house. It wasn't just any house; it was the home of not one but two British dentists. This information alone was enough to cause most right thinking people to hesitate before coming onto their block.

But as is often the case, the true danger of this upscale home was hidden, for one of the residents of the house was a witch.

And not just for three to five days each month either. She was a full fledged, wand waving, pointy hat wearing (though in all truth, only on formal occasions), having a cat familiar, broom riding (only when no other option was available, given her fear of heights), certified fully qualified by the Ministry of Magic, witch.

The young woman in question was in her bedroom in her parent's home, working. The only sound in the room was the scratch of quill on parchment and the contented purr of her familiar, Crookshanks. She was composing a report on a rather esoteric branch of magical thought, her mind was a raging torrent, flooded with rivulets of thought cascading into a waterfall of creative alternatives, when she suddenly stopped, her quill poised a fraction of an inch above the parchment.

"Harry senses... tingling." She said to the room. Crookshanks looked up from his morning grooming to regard his principle provider of tasty things and tummy rubs in a manner which said 'yeah, so?'

"He's being... stupid." Her chestnut brown eyes narrowed. "He's being stupid with that skank Daphne! To the Research Library!"

Carefully placing her quill into its storage holder, she stood from her desk, moving quickly to the bust of Madeleine L'Engle, the librarian and Writer in Residence of New York City's the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. With a deft move, she tilted back the head of her favorite author, and pressed the hidden button that was revealed. Immediately two of the room's massive bookshelves silently moved out from the wall, and then split apart revealing a hidden chamber containing a fireman's pole labeled with a sign inscribed '**Hermione**'.

The young witch crossed the room to the pole, and then paused. "Duty calls Crookshanks! Hold down the fort!" With that she leapt to the pole and slid downward, disappearing from sight.

Crookshanks watched with supreme disinterest as the book shelves returned to their original configuration and yawned. He idly wondered if this meant that lunch would be late. Horrible ideas like that required much reflection and thought. He resolved to sleep on it.

Hermione slid down the pole, anticipating the last 900 feet of the ride, where the pole was no longer smooth and carefully lubricated, rather is was ridged and very carefully lubricated, designed in such a way as to ensure... that she paid an inordinate amount of attention to holding on tight.

Arriving at the bottom of the pole (that she had nick named 'Harry' for no particular reason) out of breath, she held herself upright by clinging to that magnificent vertical structural member panting slightly, her legs trembling as they became used to bearing her weight once more. She released the pole, pausing only to lightly kiss it.

The charms at the half way point of her slide down had transfigured her street clothing into the uniform of The Librarian, a starched white blouse, neatly tucked into dark black pleated skirt, black stocking and sensible shoes. Her hair was neatly styled into a bun, a black velvet cameo choker at her throat, and to protect her secret identity (from wizards anyway), a pair of gold rimmed glasses framed her eyes.

"Good ride Librarian?" a happy voice spoke breaking the silence of her inner sanctum, the Research Library.

"Indeed it was Stacks." The Librarian said having caught her breath and smiled at her Sidekick Stacks who in real life was Hermione's youthful ward Susan Bones.

None of that was actually true. Susan wasn't really Hermione's ward. Following the death of Susan's Aunt Amelia, the young redhead had bounced around looking for a place to call home. It was an invitation to visit the Granger home over one summer that had cemented their relationship. As Susan told the story, she simply never left.

As far as youthful goes, Susan was all of seven days younger than Hermione. And Susan was not Hermione's sidekick. They're relationship was best explained as 'Co-Equal Partners joined together to prevent any of those horny money grubbing skanks from getting their claws into Harry'.

After seeing what the women of the Magical world were doing to try and capture Harry's heart in the post-Voldemort world by joining in on his somewhat insane quest to be a superhero, Hermione and Susan had established their own secret identities in an attempt to show him how silly he was being.

Susan's code name 'Stacks'... well that one was true, because the buxom Redhead was... well, stacked.

"I know I like it." Stacks said, referring to the pole ride. "I do it six or seven times a day."

"Yes, well..." a flustered Librarian said not willing to admit to her seven times a day average. "What are the Harry detectors telling us?"

"21.59 centimeters erect."

"No, I mean... Really?"

"Oh yeah." The redhead said wistfully.

"Ok, saving that bit of vital information for later, I meant WHERE is he?"

Stacks manipulated a few controls on the Library Computer. "He's in the Viper's Hide Out #6. The Passion Pit."

"Damn." The Librarian swore. "We've got to rescue him from himself. To the Bookmobile!"

- **One of the running gags of the Round Robin was that Draco is a furry (if you don't know what that is, consider yourself lucky) and has dragged his wife and mother into this as unwilling sidekicks. Despite of this, he develops a most unhealthy attraction to the Librarian. This was my explanation for their first meeting.**

How the Librarian met the Ferret.

"Take that!" the Information Scientist of Justice said as she landed a round house kick to the face of the idiot in the ferret costume. "And that!" she continued as she landed an uppercut to his groin. "And one of these!" she called as she dropped a flying elbow on the chest of the now prone evil doer.

Said prone evil doer gazed upwards at the senior member of the Dewey Decimal Duo in a dazed manner taking in the wild hair that had somehow escaped from its restraining bun, the strong legs extending from the short pleated skirt, the white knickers darkened with just a hint of moisture, the sensible shoes currently pummeling his rib cage.

He saw all the signs of another furry. It was so obvious. This was just her way of flirting. His heart was captured. His wife was nothing compared to this Goddess of Pain, the Empress of Pummeling, this Hot Momma of Testicle Crushing. To hell with that cold fish of a wife he and ended up saddled with, this was his new dream girl, who ever she was.

Of course all that might also just be his brand new concussion talking.

It was obvious what had happened. The Ferret had been researching his next attack, pretending to read a book all the while making notes of the defenses of the building when out of nowhere the Researcher of Righteousness had attacked bringing his nefarious plotting to an end. Obviously the Maid of Meticulous Note Taking had sussed out his evil preparation and taken steps to prevent him from succeeding.

The Librarian was furious. She had spotted the idiot in the white costume and suspected that he was one of the morons that Harry was always playing with, and as a consequence not worthy of her attention.

Then the idiot committed the most heinous of crimes, one that made her blood boil. Such an evil must be punished. So punished he was, in a beating he was unlikely to ever forget.

It would be a very long time before he dog-eared another page in a book!

- **This one took on a darker tone than the rest of the round robin and doesn't really fit. But I still thought it was a good rip off of someone else's professional work.**

Lightning-Man cautiously eased into the hallway outside the chamber where the meeting was to take place. He was a bit ashamed of himself for allowing the various women who had taken to dressing up in odd costumes lately to distract him from the reason he had put this silly costume on in the first place. He had set out to help people, not get laid.

Though, getting laid by a small crowd of the hottest witches on the planet wasn't all that bad.

Harry had heard rumors of a meeting of those Death Eaters who were still free. No more than twenty of them. His lips twitched in a barely restrained smirk. They would likely shit themselves as soon as they saw him.

Outside the door the Caped Carnalogist gathered his magic and apparated to the center of the next room with a thunderous clap.

And the Hero appeared in the middle of the carnage rarely seen outside of a bargain slaughter house. There were portions of the bodies of Death Eaters all around him, blood puddled on the floor, human viscera spread out over the entire room, and the room was filled with the smell of death. Seemingly the only part of the room not covered in gore was a raised platform against the far wall. The platform was shrouded somehow, Harry couldn't quite make out what was on it.

"It's about time you showed up." A deep gravelly voice came from behind the hero.

Lightning-Man whirled about and found himself staring at a man clad head to toe in black leather body armor, with only his blue eyes and mouth to jaw line exposed to the air.

"Who are you?" The living legend asked. "Did you do this?"

"I am pain. I am vengeance. I am the night." The unknown man answered, "And yes, I did this."

"Why?"

"Because you won't. You capture them and turn them over to the ministry, which allows them to buy their freedom again, and they kill again."

Lightning-Man's mouth set into a firm line. "I'll be arresting you then."

"No, Potter, you won't."

In spite of himself, Lightning-Man blanched. His disguise had never been very good, but so far no wizard had penetrated it. "Who?" he asked weakly.

"Don't even try with me Harry; I know all your weaknesses. You will never turn me over to the Ministry because if you do, someone will die."

"Is that a threat?"

"Not at all." The man in black answered. "It is a statement of fact. I've long known that sooner or later I would have to deal with you. I knew I couldn't match you for power, so I had to prepare a method of neutralizing you. That made your 'People saving thing' my best target. Somewhere in the world there is an innocent with a bomb secreted upon his or her body. That bomb is triggered by your magical signature. You cast a single spell, any spell at all on me and the innocent dies messily. Even touching me will detonate the bomb."

Lightning-Man's passive legilimency told him that the stranger in body armor was telling the truth. "Why are you doing this?"

"As I said, because you won't. Because you believe yourself too good to do what must be done. The surviving Death Eaters were not afraid of you; rather they respected your power. They are terrified of me. Respect wouldn't have stopped them from following the next self appointed Dark Lord that comes along, fear however will. After all, Death Eaters and their ilk are a superstitious and cowardly lot. I stand between the innocents and those who would do them harm." He gestured toward the shrouded raised platform. "Four Muggle girls are in that box. The youngest is thirteen, the oldest seventeen. They were intended to be party favors for these bastards. Not any longer."

"But..." Lightning-Man said before he was interrupted by the soft chime of a warning ward.

"Excuse me a moment Harry." The man in armor asked before fading into the shadows. There was a crack of apparition as five black robe clad wizards suddenly appeared. The newcomers all seemed to be shocked by the carnage that surrounded them.

Harry stepped back into the shadows that the wizard in black had used. He honestly didn't know which to help, and he didn't know if his casting anything wouldn't trigger the bomb that the gravel voiced man had spoke of.

"You have one chance," The gravelly voice rang out from everywhere in the chamber. "If you want to live, drop your wands and surrender."

As one the five Death Eaters raised their wands, searching for a target.

"Thank you. Thank you so very much." The voice said as the wizard in body armor appeared in the midst of the Death Eaters. A glittering silver sword appeared in the armored wizard's right hand and slashed out, slicing open the belly of the closest Death Eater. Harry's eyes widened as he recognized the Sword of Gryffindor in the other man's hand.

A small... something impacted on the head of one of the outermost Death Eaters, and the man's head seemed to explode. While Harry attempted to digest the impossibility of this situation the wizard with the Sword of Gryffindor did a dance of death within the circle of the surviving Death Eaters. Two more fell to his sword, while the third's neck suddenly snapped with no evident cause. Harry blinked. What kind of magic was he using? And how did the man get the Sword of Gryffindor?

The man in black cleaned the Sword on the robes of one of the fallen Death Eaters. "You knew what they were, and you didn't move. Oh, I know you're justifying it to yourself because of the bomb, but even if I didn't have one, you wouldn't have done anything until they did something first. If things are going to be better, if children are going to be allowed to grow up with their parents, then someone has to be proactive instead of reactive."

The man released the Sword of Gryffindor and it vanished, presumably returning to where ever it had come from in the first place. "That someone isn't going to be you. So it's going to be me Harry." The man reached into a pouch on his belt and withdrew a device that Harry couldn't identify. "Don't follow me Harry. I don't want to have to hurt you, but I will. Go back to your games with the girls; leave the evil bastards of the world to me." The man paused for a moment, and then began again. "If your games hurt Hermione or Susan, I'll kill you. Just remember that."

He pointed his device toward the skylight above their heads; a line shot out of it and flew upward. "Kung Fu Toad!" he called, "Time to go."

The small grey something Harry had seen before landed on the armored Wizard's shoulder and the pair flew upward, through the skylight and vanished from view.

Harry was struck dumb trying to figure out what was the most disturbing, the sociopathic Wizard in body armor killing Death Eaters like a Muggle, or a man-killing toad wearing a mask.