hd_inspired Back to School Fest

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco; Neville/OC

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Suffering under a forced holiday, Harry decides to help Headmistress McGonagall find the missing Sorting Hat. Even though it’s only been 16 years, Harry finds that Hogwarts is not the same Hogwarts he remembers.

Warnings: DH Spoilers, EWE, sexual situations and language, and drug use

W ord count: 21,003

# The Green Rebellion

They had done it again. The girls in the front office had moved his mug. He had asked them time and time again not to clean it, but they just couldn't help themselves. If he left a robe overnight in his office it would always show up the next morning washed and ironed to perfection.

Harry was 33 years old and unmarried. He was obviously in need of a woman's touch and all the unmarried women in the office just had to fill that role. He was bloody sick of it. He knew how to launder

and iron and he definitely knew how to wash his own damn mug.

"Hey boss, just received a message from Frontman. Says he wants to talk to you."

Cindy always made him jump, but damn if she wasn't efficient. She was the best assistant in the department, hands down. Perhaps she could stop the Take Care of Harry Potter club. She was five foot eleven, an older woman (Harry dared not ask her age) that preferred combat boots to heels and had never giggled in her life. Everyone was scared of her. Harry loved her.

"Tell him I'll be right there, got to find my damn mug first."

Cindy never laughed, but she did snort. Ron and George had used the sound for one of their products, but he wasn't sure which.

"Try the cabinet. Mary likes to leave it right next to hers."

Harry stormed to the cabinet, and sure enough there was his mug, sitting next to a pink and white polka dot monstrosity.

"Oh look sir, they match."

His own mug was something Teddy had given him years ago. It was white, except for the black block letters that said Worlds Best Godfather.

"Yes, clearly because her mug is next to mine we are meant to be."

Harry filled his mug with the blackest coffee available and followed Cindy into Frontman's office.

"Auror Harry, my good man, can you believe what's going on down at Hogwarts?"

Frontman was a jovial man who did much better in management than he ever did out in the field. He was a good motivator, friendly and understanding to his staff, but he knew how to be a hard ass when it was required. Too bad he was slow on the draw, clearly not a Gryffindor.

"I haven't received any news from Teddy yet, but the welcoming feast was just yesterday."

Teddy was beginning his sixth year. Time was going by too fast. It still felt like Harry's own sixth year was just yesterday.

"You haven't read the Prophet this morning?"

Cindy handed him his copy. He didn't see anything unusual on the front page.

"Look on page 12. There is a letter to the editor from a parent, seems as if last night's welcoming feast didn't go as planned. All the first years were lined up, ready to be sorted, and then suddenly the Sorting Hat just disappeared. All the first years have been moved to another wing of the school until the Hat can be found. The parent is crying bloody murder. Wants to make sure the Hat's not going to be tampered

with, doesn't want her kid in Slytherin."

"Are they saying what happened to the Hat?"

Frontman shook his fat head, his handlebar mustache bouncing over his smile.

"Nope. The paper suspects a prank. Perhaps the Hat is on strike? Needs a pay raise?"

Harry chuckled with his boss, but pleasantries were over. He really wanted to get down to business.

"Sir, are there any new cases for me? I've been at the desk for the past month."

Frontman shuffled slightly. That was a sure sign that Harry was not going to like was he was about to

hear.

"Auror Potter, Harry, there just aren't any high level cases for you. Most of the crimes are white collar, theft, paper crimes. That's just not your strength. And without a partner to balance you, I just can't put you on one of these cases by yourself. You are a talented Auror, and you know that the first violent case that comes my way I'm sending to you, but you decided you wanted to work alone and this is one of the consequences."

It was punishment, that's what this was. After his last partner, his only partner, left the corps to pursue a family, he refused another one. He was sure Alex would come back. How could anyone walk away from this job?

Harry sat and listened to the other updates from his boss. He needed to check in with personnel, something about overtime. Frontman made him an appointment. Cindy would remind him. Drag him by his ears if she had to.

---

When he returned to his office there was a scroll waiting for him on his desk. He thought it might be

from Teddy, but the scroll appeared a bit different, with a tartan ribbon surrounding it. He opened it, having his suspicions as to who was writing to him.

Dear Harry,

I know when parents receive word from me they often think the worst, but first and foremost, I would like to assure you that your godson is fine and well.

I am not sure if you are aware, but this will be my last year as Headmistress at Hogwarts. Most of the staff has been informed, but I have held off announcing this to the general public until a replacement is chosen.

However, I write to you for another reason:. I need your help. Normally matters like this are handled internally, but my staff has not been able to contain the situation. I fear that if it continues, Hogwarts as we know it may disappear.

Teddy may have written to you about the Green Rebellion, but I suspect not. Most of the students are tight lipped about the group, whether they believe in their propaganda or not.

I am sure you have heard of the recent kidnapping of our school's Sorting Hat. We believe that this group is behind it. The Green Rebellion is spreading nothing but fear and confusion, and yet the students are devoted to their secrets.

The Green Rebellion is nothing short of open revolt-- a revolt that has been going on for three years without signs of slowing. We hoped with each year that the individuals who belonged to the group would graduate and the problem would resolve itself, but it has not. If anything, the group has grown stronger, larger, and is better at covering its tracks.

Do not doubt me, Harry: this group is dangerous. They have disrupted the foundations of this school for some time and I will not stand for it any longer. I will not leave this institution, which we both love, in shambles.

I ask you for any help you are able to provide. I thank you for your time.

Yours,

Minerva McGonagall

Headmistress

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

"Sir, you're going to be late for your appointment."

Harry folded up Professor McGonagall's letter and put it in his pocket to look at again later and rushed after Cindy.

---

"Auror Harry Potter, employee number 10874, you are severely due for a holiday. You are ordered by the Ministry personnel department to go on leave for ... hold on a minute."

This woman looked like any good Ministry paper pusher, pinched face, fat bottom, and a rod shoved so far up her ass that she couldn't help but inflict her frustrations out on others.

"Yes, you are hereby ordered on leave for 17 working days. Please sign here and enjoy your holiday."

"I didn't request a holiday. Like I told you before, and the time before that, I don't need leave, I don't need a holiday. I need to work. So sign whatever form you need to sign that says I refuse the holiday time and we can be on our way."

"I don't think you understand, Auror Potter, this is not something that can be signed away. There are labor laws. The Ministry will begin to deduct from your paycheck if you do not comply with personnel action. You have worked too many hours without a holiday. This was in your contract that you signed. There is no alternative."

Harry signed the form, almost ripping the paper. Holiday! Ha! First Frontman won't give him any cases and now they were practically throwing him out. He wished Alex were here. He would know exactly what to do. Probably go on holiday with him.  At least he would have, before he met Hermione. Stupid best friend stealing his partners. Did they really have to get married? They had plenty of time for that later, or never. Harry never understood the appeal of marriage.

Cindy had seen his bad mood as he entered his office and brought him a bottle of whiskey from her bottom drawer. Such a good woman.

"Cindy, I'm going to be leaving you for a while."

She poured a finger of whiskey into his cup and then took a swig herself.

"How tragic. Do I have to continue to water your plants when you're gone?"

"Cindy, all my plants are dead."

"I hated watering those things."

"Well then my holiday won't disrupt your routine of not watering my plants. The Ministry is making me take a holiday for 17 days. We both know this is a conspiracy to make me pick a new partner. Is there any way I can convince you to become an Auror?"

Cindy ruffled his hair like an errant teenager and snorted into her whiskey bottle.

"What will you do, sir? You can't wank for 17 days straight. It'd get sore."

Harry tossed McGonagall's letter to her.

"I guess I'll go to Hogwarts. Seems they lost the Sorting Hat and need the Boy-Who-Lived to find it. They think it's the work of some kid gang calling themselves The Green Rebellion.

"Ah, The Green Rebellion. I've heard of them. Suzie down at accounting, the one who leaves you the

muffins every Monday, her son brought home one of their newsletters."

"There are no muffins for me on Mondays."

"Suzie can't cook so I usually send the rock muffins to the Unspeakables. Maybe they can figure out what to do with them."

Cindy poured a larger portion of whiskey into his cup. Technically he was on holiday, so why not get pissed?

"Maybe that's why she keeps giving me funny looks, probably wondering why I never fall into her arms over her culinary creations. Tell me about these newsletters."

"Seems like this Green Rebellion group sends out a newsletter every couple of months. Even sent one over the summer. That's how Suzie found out about it. Suzie couldn't read it. She tried every spell she could think of but the words just stayed blurry. All she could read was the title, 'Defense de la Green'. The next day her son starting wearing a green band around his arm. Said he was showing his support."

"Lovely. Teddy's never said a word to me. Neither has Andromeda. I also never saw a green band. He must not be involved. Do you remember the name of Suzie's son?"

"Dylan, Dylan Quaglia. He's a Ravenclaw."

"Cindy, I'm not going to be able to handle my life without you."

"You'll get over it."

They both took another swig and settled into silence.

---

Harry didn't write to Teddy before he went to Hogwarts, he decided he would surprise him. He had smuggled in a few Butterbeers for Teddy and his friends.

McGonagall didn't have time to speak to him that evening, but Professor Flitwick had shown him to his rooms. He was somewhere near Gryffindor, but he had never seen the door before. Thank goodness for the Marauders Map or else he would be hopelessly lost. Teddy was in the Gryffindor common room. Harry made his way over; sure that someone would let him in. He was alumni after all.

The hallway was quiet, which seemed strange on a Wednesday night. Curfew wasn't for a few hours, if things were the same as they were when he went to school. It felt strange to have so much quiet on a school night.

The Fat Lady was standing tall, and looking determined. She was wearing a beret.

"Good Evening, I was wondering if you could let me in to see my godson."

"I am sorry Harry Potter, but I can not let you in."

"I know I don't have the password but can you perhaps tell my godson, Teddy, Teddy Lupin, that I'm here?"

The Fat Lady looked from side to side, clearly nervous.

"Just a moment, I'll see what he wants to do."

The Fat Lady disappeared, presumably to the portrait on the back of the door.

A few minutes later the Fat Lady returned and the door opened a crack. Teddy climbed out, shutting the door firmly behind him. He didn't seem that excited to see him. Rather, he looked like Harry was interrupting something important. N.E.W.T.s weren't until next year and it was the first week of school. There couldn't be that much homework.

"Hey, Harry, what are you doing here?"

Harry stepped forward and hugged Teddy, a hug that Teddy returned, but not as enthusiastically as usual. Well, he was a teenager. Teenagers didn't like hugs.

"I came to surprise you. Surprise!"

"Harry, not to be rude or anything, but I'm kind of in the middle of something and need to get back. Is there something important going on? Everything all right with Grandma?"

Well this was very unusual. Teddy was always happy to see him. Also, what was Teddy wearing? He had never seen Teddy in a vest, and were those leather flairs? And when did he grow out his hair?  He looked like--well, he looked like a hippie.

"I can't come in and hang out for a bit? I brought Butterbeer."

"I'm sorry, Harry, really I am, but I really have to go back inside."

"For what?"

Teddy took a moment to look at Harry. It seemed like he was trying to rate Harry. With a shake of Teddy's head it seemed that Harry did not pass.

"Did McGonagall bring you here to look for the Sorting Hat?"

"That's Headmistress McGonagall, and yes she did. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that? Would save me a lot of trouble."

Teddy just smiled a lazy smile.

"Absolutely nothing. Look Harry, I have to run. Meet me tomorrow in the Great Hall in the morning. We'll catch up then. Remember, breakfast is at 7 so you're going to have to get up early."

"Rats, I'm back to school hours."

Teddy gave him a quick hug and ran back into the portrait hole. He never had to say the password.

Harry looked up to the Fat Lady who just looked back at him with her arms crossed across her chest. He thought about asking her for her opinion on the Sorting Hat, but decided against it. He couldn't help but laugh. The green beret looked really stupid with her long pink empire dress.

---

The next morning Harry headed down for breakfast in the Great Hall. He had received a message early this morning that McGonagall would be available to meet at 10:00am. For all the urgency in her letter, Headmistress McGonagall sure seemed to be taking her time, but he wasn't going to complain. He was on holiday and had his doubts on whether or not taking the Sorting Hat was akin to a rebellion insurgence.

He opened the Great Hall doors only to be met with an almost empty room. School was in session, right? Someone had moved all the tables, and instead of four long tables for each house, the tables had been separated and moved into squares with chairs surrounding. The few students that were in the Great Hall were sitting in groups of indiscriminate house affiliations. One group of large looking seventh years were fighting over the Prophet shaking their fists and pounding on the table. They each wore a green beret, black trousers and a black button down shirt. Green was the only color they wore, were they Slytherins? They were seated underneath the Hufflepuff flag.

He then saw a young second year sitting by herself. She still wore her robe, but the house badge had been removed and instead sewn in was a purple tulip flower. She was reading a Muggle paperback, Thoreau.

He was contemplating how a twelve year old got hold of and could understand writing of that level when he literally ran into one of Teddy's friends.

"Peace, Harry, all you need is love."

Lyle Lesington was always a strange fellow, but the last time he saw him his hair was definitely not the giant afro it was now.

"Excuse me?"

"Did you have a hard day's night?"

"Isn't that a Beatles song?"

"Here, there and everywhere I'm happy just to dance with you."

"Lyle, I don't really find this amusing,"

"I want to tell you with a little help from my friends."

Finally an arm was thrown around the brat to shut him up. Harry was having trouble remembering all the titles from the backs of his Beatles albums at home. Harry looked up to his savior to find Teddy, still in leather flairs but this time with a matching leather vest, and no shirt underneath. Did they banish the uniform recently?

"Don't worry about Lyle, Harry. He's trying to prove that the Beatles had an answer to everything somewhere in their songs."

Lyle gave them both two thumbs up and walked away, his afro bouncing with every step.

"How...?"

"The hair? I have no idea. But if he wants to look like that then who am I to judge?"

"Yes, speaking of, I didn't realize you had a thing for leather."

Teddy wrapped his arm around Harry's shoulder and led him outside.

"I thought I was meeting you for breakfast?"

"Ah, well most of the student body feels like it's such a waste to eat inside when it's a beautiful day outside. Don't you agree?"

Teddy lead them both outside and if Harry thought the Great Hall was strange he was not prepared for the sight that greeted him outside.

All of the students were outside, in packs, eating on the lawn. There was a boy on a guitar by the huge tree singing about the dying sea otter and a few girls dancing with each other to the beat. Another group were sitting in a circle while one of them stood up and recited something, Harry couldn't hear. They all clapped and the next one stood up. There were kids throwing Frisbees and skateboarding. Harry searched for normality and finally found a group of students actually doing homework, and yet upon closer inspection they were doing their homework and then passing it to the next person.

But the strangest thing was the clothes. Was Harry that out of touch in fashion? Some looked like they had been directly transported from the 1960s with tie-dye and crazy prints, and others looked as if they could wear no other color than black. There was a small group wearing, what looked to be, blue velvet trousers with white pirate shirts and three point hats. What had happened here? Why had the Hogwarts school population suddenly turn into hippie goth beatnik Napoleonic slackers?

"Harry, are you all right?"

Harry looked over at Teddy, whose leather outfit suddenly seemed a little less intimidating.

"What has happened here, Teddy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why is everyone so, so ... weird?"

Teddy just laughed. Harry noticed a few girls look Teddy's way appreciatively. Well leather didn't really hide anything and when Teddy laughed he tended to use his whole body.

"We're just expressing ourselves, nothing too crazy. Better than those dreary robes right? A few years ago, a student sent a petition to McGonagall with practically all the students' names plus quite a few former alumni to revoke the dress code. The robes just got in the way most of the time. She did some research, and found that 70% of all potion mishaps were caused by robes interfering with the potion, plus the limitation the robes put on movement caused the Defense of the Dark Arts teacher to sway her way. So after that, no more robes. They attempted to enforce a dress code, but that really hasn't worked."

"Why not?"

"None of us care about house points anymore."

At that pronouncement the crowd began to run inside the castle. Seems it was time for class. Teddy clapped Harry on the back and headed inside, not bothering to clarify his statement.

---

"Well Mister Potter, I assume you have spent enough time with the student population to fully understand the gravity of the situation."

Harry was in Headmistress McGonagall's office, which had an extraordinary amount of tartan.

"Honestly, I do feel as though I have taken a Time-Turner and landed myself in the middle of the 60s in America, but I don't quite believe that is any cause for alarm, unless you truly believe their fashion sense to be a crime."

A snort sounded loudly to his left. For a moment he thought Cindy had somehow appeared, but alas, she was still at the Ministry, probably trying to sabotage the next office party. No, the snort came from the portrait above him. From his seat all he could see was black, but the nameplate gave the sneak away. Headmaster Severus Snape had somehow found a way to blacken his portrait with a dark curtain, but Harry could see a small bulge where a large nose most likely lay, now that he knew what to look for.

"This is no time for jokes Mister Potter. This student body shows no respect for authority and attempt to thwart me at every turn!"

"I'm not really sure how you want me to help."

"Ha!"

The curtain in the portrait swayed more with the force of Snape's exclamation. McGonagall ignored the interruption but Harry couldn't help but be amused.

"The Sorting Hat has been missing for eight days. For eight days our first years have been living together

without a house. This is unacceptable. These children have no sense of belonging, no one to look out for them. They are wandering the halls not knowing where to go or what to do. I have had to assign extra prefects just to watch over them, but there are too many children and the prefects cannot attend to all of them."

"Can't you just assign them to a house yourself and be done with it?"

"Absolutely not! The Sorting Hat looks inside our essence and chooses what is best for each child, often making aware to the children of character traits they had no idea they had. The Sorting Hat is above influence, and important in the character development of all wizarding children."

"Um, I don't really agree that the Sorting Hat is above influence.  I myself argued with the Hat and it changed its mind about where I was to be sorted."

"Hogwash! You must have remembered it incorrectly. You are a Gryffindor through and through. It knew your courage and daring to be dominant traits. It put you in a house with others that had similar dominant traits which established instant camaraderie, friendship, family. You wanted to be a Gryffindor, and therefore had pride in your house and pride for your house points. Now if I were to sort these first years myself not understanding the true essence of each child, they might not find themselves fitting so well in where I have placed them and their pride for their house would be diminished. House points would be meaningless and discipline impossible."

"I see your side, but I heard from Teddy that most of the students don't care about house points anyway."

"Do not be contrary! I am well aware of the older students feeling entitled to ignoring our traditional forms of punishment, but I will not let them influence our younger years. They must be sorted. We must show these rebellious factions that they have not won. I am counting on you to find the Sorting Hat and then to swear by the validity of its choices."

"Whoa, um, Headmistress McGonagall, in your letter I only knew about finding the Sorting Hat. I'm not really prepared to make any speeches."

"You must help us. It is your duty as an Auror to find wrong and make it right."

"Well technically I'm on holiday."

Harry could hear snickering from behind the black curtain in Snape's portrait. McGonagall ignored it quite well, which made Harry think that Snape's mockery was a daily occurrence and something McGonagall had learned to tune out during her career.

"Mister Potter, you were not so lackadaisical in your youth."

"I had a madman after me; I didn't really have a choice."

McGonagall sniffed and returned to her seat, a bit of the wind knocked out of her sails.

"Let me put it this way: How would your life be different if you weren't sorted into Gryffindor, if the houses had been done away with altogether? Would you have been as close to your friends Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger? Or is it Mrs. Granger-Kingston?

"It's just Mrs. Kingston. She surprised him by not keeping her name."

"When you came to Hogwarts, Mister Potter, you were unsure of everything and had a lot of trouble asking for help, or even understanding that you could. Being a part of Gryffindor meant that you had a family and family looks out for each other. This is the way things have worked for hundreds of years; friendships have been formed this way for hundreds of years. The house system works. All you have to do is look at yourself, who have gained a family with the Weasleys. There is also Neville, who was put in a house of which everyone deemed him unworthy. The Sorting Hat gave him confidence in his own daring and bravery and he has been the better man for it."

Harry thought back on Neville's Sorting, the shocked faces around the room when he had been sorted into Gryffindor. And yet, when everyone believed Harry to be dead, when the war seemed like it had been lost, Neville was the one still fighting, still standing up to Voldemort, no matter what.

"So Mister Potter, will you help me? Will you help me find the Sorting Hat?"

"Yes, I will start my investigation today. And I will vouch for the Sorting Hat's choices."

That seemed to lighten her load a little. She stepped forward to shake his hand.

"Very good, Mister Potter. Now I must meet with one of my professors in the Staff Room. You may remain here and speak to your former Headmaster, if you can persuade him to wake up."

McGonagall was pointing to a large portrait to her right filled with purple swirls and lemon drops. In the middle sat Headmaster Dumbledore fast asleep. Harry really had no cause to speak with him, but from the "psst" sound coming from Snape's portrait it seemed that someone else had cause to speak with him.

"Psst! Potter!"

Harry walked up the portrait, lifting his toes just a little to be face to face. He peered closely to the black bulge. Harry waited inching nearer and nearer to the quiet rustling of the makeshift black curtain.

"Ah ha!"

Harry jumped back at Snape's scream. Snape had pulled back some of the curtain, his big pale nose and

greasy hair emerging like a beacon. Harry had forgotten how unfortunate that face was. Yikes.

"Very funny, sir. Did you make that curtain yourself just to scare people?"

"Oh course not you twit. I made it so I had privacy. As a portrait everything you do is on display. Yesterday I saw Headmaster Evan Havenfield have relations with a milkmaid. It was disgusting. He died at the age of 201. His beard kept getting caught."

"Have you ever...."

"Have I what? Fornicated with a milkmaid? Got my beard stuck?"

"Either?"

"I'm not really into milkmaids at the moment."

"Oh. I guess you're still not over my mother."

"Of course I am over your mother! I was never into your mother! Only a dunderhead would believe that I was ever into your mother. All that red hair, and breasts. I have no idea what to do with breasts."

"I had assumed you were into breasts, considering your Patronus."

"How did you get me being infatuated with your mother from my Patronus?"

"It's a doe."

"Of course it's a doe. A perfect mate for, for...."

"For what?"

"Shut up."

"You can't just stop talking like that," Harry demanded.

"I said shut up."

"Let's see, a doe's mate is...."

"I said shut up and I mean shut up!"

"A stag! Ha! Wait...."

"You never listen do you! You just go ahead full steam without thinking about the consequences."

"MY Patronus is a stag."

"And?"

"Are you saying you were in love with me?"

"What! God, you are an idiot. You are much to short and a total bottom. This bottom needs a top," Snape sniffed.

"Then I don't get it, and for your information I've had friends tell me I would totally be a top, if I was gay, which I am not."

"Oh really now, still in denial I see, *cough* Cedric *cough*."

"Hey! You're just trying to change the subject."

"Good lord, you are still as nosey and insolent as you were at eleven. You're still the same height, you seem to wear the same clothes, tell me Potter, have you're balls stayed in the same position too?"

"Fuck you, tell me or I'll tell Headmaster Havenfield to use his beard as lube."

"That bitch Lily stole my boyfriend. There, are you happy now?"

"What!"

"She only dated him because she knew I liked him. She never liked him. He spent years trying to get into her trousers and then after the incident in the Shrieking Shack James came to console me. One thing lead to another and ... well let's just say I had finally convinced him that black was better than red. But then Lily got jealous because he stopped drooling all over her and suddenly was all 'James this' and 'James that.' He only went out with her because I refused to go to the Leaving Feast with him. I wasn't dancing in a ball! Could you imagine me at a ball? Of course not. Next thing I know James is dating Lily and they're moving in together."

Snape threw open the curtains in anger. Behind the black there was a bare room with a tiny wooden chair and a small bookshelf. But all Harry could see was Snape, in bloomers.

"Professor Snape, are you wearing bloomers?"

Snape looked down and then looked back up, crossing his arms across his chest and sticking his chin up.

"I had to use my robe for the curtain. These are my undergarments."

"You wear bloomers for undergarments?"

"I ... they are comfortable."

Well that solved it. Snape was off his rocker. Clearly who ever painted Snape did not get it quite right. So Harry could ignore the story about his parents. Snape was probably making it up. Probably.

"Look, was there a reason for you calling me over or were you just going to spin yarns and show me your underwear."

Snape huffed but inched closer to the front of the portrait.

"Listen Potter, you have no idea what you are doing. Just leave now before you lower your dignity any further."

"Lower than yours?"

"Listen! These students are smarter and more organized than your trained monkeys ever were. If even one of these students had been around when Voldemort was alive they would have defeated him quickly, and with a lot less camping. Just go home, ignore the ranting of an old woman, and go find yourself a rent boy to solve that sexual confusion."

"Do you know something Snape? Do you know who is behind the Green Rebellion?"

"I do not answer to you! I listen to no man! Well except Peter the Brave. I do so love it when he orders me around on his big steed."

"Uh."

"Did you happen to see Peter? Is he in his portrait by chance?"

"If you're not willing to help me out, why should I help you?"

Snape stomped his foot and blew out a few strands of hair away from his face.

"I will only say this once, so listen carefully. Often after a long suffering day of teaching the most retched students on the planet, I would compare myself to my favorite tapestry. You were all just trolls, and I was attempting to teach you ballet. Fittingly it disappeared once the trolls graduated, and instead green pastures have grown over."

"That makes no sense."

"Because you are an idiot. Now, is my hunk of burning love in his portrait or not?"

"You didn't help me!"

"Do you want me to start describing how extraordinarily bendy I am? Because I can. In great detail."

"Where is the portrait?"

"Furthest one on the right, near the top corner."

Harry looked over to see a tall girly man on a pony. He was covered in ruffles.

"I believe he's in."

"Oh goody. I hope he has the ropes this time. And Potter, I never want to see you again."

Snape then disappeared. Harry's first thought was to look to see if he had made it to Peter's portrait, but then thought better of it. He really didn't need to be scarred for life.

---

Speaking with Snape had made Harry feel like he had walked into another dimension and he needed to be brought back to earth as soon as possible. He was glad McGonagall had spoken about Neville. He had forgotten that his friend worked here too, albeit part time, and if he hurried he should be able to catch him.

Neville had been offered a million jobs after the war, but all Neville wanted to do was build his own greenhouse. Harry had offered, as did a lot of other people, to help fund the project, but Neville would have none of that. He took out a loan and began his work.

The greenhouse was a forest of strange magical plants and trees. It was always amazing to walk through. Felt a bit like Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, but instead of buttercups that tasted like butter creamed candies it was trees that talked and flowers that could dance.

Neville invested all of the loan money and his own inheritance into the business. He found that while selling plants and charging for tours covered his greenhouse, it didn't pay for Neville's second love: toads. Neville loved toads and loved to rescue them. In his greenhouse he had over 50 different species of toads and frogs, but he wanted more. Unfortunately that cost money, money he didn't have. So when Professor Sprout asked him to help with the upkeep of the greenhouse at Hogwarts, Neville jumped at the chance. More money meant more toads.

Harry entered the hot greenhouse hoping there wasn't a class. He got lucky, because not only was there no class, but Neville was taking a break on a bench. It was hard to interrupt Neville if he was working with a plant.

"Harry! So good to see you! What are you doing here?"

Neville gave Harry a big hug, getting dirt all over Harry's shirt.

"Headmistress McGonagall wrote to me about the Sorting Hat and the Green Rebellion. Asked me to find the Sorting Hat, and maybe dig a little deeper into the Rebellion."

"Oh yes, I wondered what happened to the Hat."

"You don't happen to know anything about that? Hear any gossip from the students?"

"No, I don't really hear much from the students. Actually my interaction with them is quite limited. I do speak to Teddy once in a while, before or after class here on Tuesdays. And I still speak to Rachael Smithton who seems to want to thank me every chance I get for signing her petition."

"Oh, the one about the dress code?"

"What? Oh no, this one was about music classes being taught here. Rachael is a Muggle-born who

studied piano before coming to school here. We don't quite have a music class yet, but Headmistress McGonagall did find private tutors to continue lessons, if a child wants it. I thought it was a great idea. Most pure-bloods are taught an instrument, but we all pretty much stop practicing once we start at Hogwarts. Now, all the kids can continue."

"There seem to be a lot of petitions."

"I guess. I've really only seen the one."

"Was Rachael working alone or do you know if this was part of the Green Rebellion?"

"I'm not sure. She was wearing a green band at the time. I've heard that means that a student is in support of the Green Rebellion, but I've never been under the impression that those who wore it were actually in the Green Rebellion. Plus Rachel is a good kid. Just wanted to play piano. She's real nice to the plants too."

"Did you happen to see who else had signed the petition?"

"Well it seemed like just about everyone from this school, some teachers, even a lot of the parents. I saw Narcissa Malfoy's name. That one jumped right out on me. I also saw Michael Parkinson's name. He's a right brat. Was surprised he gave Rachel the time of day. Usually I see him in the halls picking on everyone. He also likes to yell at my plants, call them nasty names. Have to stroke some of their egos for hours after just to calm them down."

"Anything else? Any newsletters? Posters? Any word on the Hat?"

"Mostly, we just talk about plants and you know how I get when I work with the plants. It's hard for me to pay attention to school yard gossip. I haven't seen a newsletter in a while, but they only come out every couple of months. My guess is that another one is due, but when I really have no clue. And no one has really talked about the Sorting Hat."

"Thanks, Neville."

"No problem, Harry, anything I can do to help, just let me know. By the way, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, Neville, ask away."

"Is Cindy helping you out with this?"

"I'm technically on holiday, so no. She's stuck at the office deflecting rock muffins."

"Oh. I was hoping to see her. Do you think she'd visit?"

"Neville, are you telling me you like Cindy?"

Neville looked at him and blinked.

"She didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"We're sort of seeing each other. All brand new. Met at Hermione's wedding."

"But, she hates plants."

"She doesn't hate plants; she hates watering plants."

"Blimey, you are seeing her. Do you want me to write to her and tell her to come?"

"Only if you want. I'm growing her a special plant here. Can't grow it at my greenhouse. It emits a spray that turns heavy perfume into elephant sweat."

Harry thought of the morning mug brigade and nodded slowly. "She'd love that."

"I hope so. So if you do write, tell her to stop by. I have my own private office here."

"Is that some kind of an innuendo?"

"Excuse me?"

"Are you saying you want me to write to my assistant to tell her that her boyfriend is at Hogwarts with a private room for you to shag in?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"Neville, you are too much. I whole-heartedly give my approval. I was planning on Fire calling her later. I'll give her the message. Probably could use her on the case anyway."

"Good. Now I have to get back. The seventh years have a special project going and I'm trying to keep it from Professor Sprout."

"What is it?"

"Is this Harry asking or Auror Potter?"

"I'm on holiday, it's Harry."

"Come back later after lunch. I'll show you then."

Neville hugged him again and headed to the back.

Harry had a few leads then. There were two supporters' names he heard, Rachael Smithton and Dylan Quaglia. He'd check the map to see who they were and how to find them. He also wanted to question Michael Parkinson, the last name and bullying sending up red flags. And last but not least, he would have to speak to someone he was sort of dreading. Narcissa's name had been on that list, and no doubt because of her son. Luckily, Draco wasn't too far away, having just been named Hogwarts History of Magic professor three years ago.

---

Harry found Dylan first. He turned out to be the boy playing the guitar for the swooning girls on the lawn that morning. Currently he was sitting in the hallway, the guitar in his lap and sheet music beside him. He was wearing a green band around his arm.

"Dylan Quaglia, I don't know if you know me, but my name is Auror Potter and I was wondering if you

would answer a few questions."

Dylan looked up and strummed his guitar. He rolled his eyes and put his music pad away.

"Man, I was just in the middle of a very crucial key change, and now I've lost the notes. Thanks a lot."

Usually when Harry announced his title, people thought they were in trouble. They normally did not act as though it was a huge inconvenience for Harry to be talking to them.

"I heard that you received a newsletter over the summer, Defense de la Green if I'm not mistaken."

"And? You really suck at interrogating. We all get those newsletters every two months. The next one comes out tomorrow. Everyone knows that."

Dylan returned back to his guitar, humming under his breath.

"Might I ask who prints it?"

"Yeah right, you'll just shut it down. Don't you ever get tired of playing by the rules Auror Potter? Wait, aren't you Harry Potter, the one who defeated Voldy man?"

"Yes I am, but that's not the point. I just want to know who is printing it so I might ask them a few questions. No one is in trouble yet, and I don't plan on shutting down any student newspaper."

"It's not just a newspaper; it's a way for people to give a voice to the voiceless. That's why I'm writing music. If the words won't change people's minds, maybe my songs will."

"What are you trying to change? What is the Green Rebellion all about?"

"Figure it out Auror, I'm not telling you anything. Plus, I'm a minor. Aren't you supposed to ask my parents first before you start questioning me like this? I know my rights."

Harry sighed.

"Fine. Good luck with the song."

Dylan ignored him and started to sing, loudly. His voice was awful, but he could hear a few girls turning down the hallway begin to sigh. Maybe that's what he needed to get laid, a guitar.

---

Harry met up with Rachael Smithton on the way to lunch. She was a seventh year, at least that's what Harry hoped, considering how tall she was, at least six two.  She was skinny, with long blonde hair. She wore all black, skin tight clothes with a large yellow necklace, lots of mascara, and a green beret. She was reading aloud from a book to her fellow students. The only reason he knew she was a Hufflepuff was

because her book bag had the Hufflepuff crest.

"In a republic like ours, people often think that the proper response to an unjust law is to try to use the political process to change the law, but to obey and respect the law until it is changed. But if the law is itself clearly unjust, and the lawmaking process is not designed to quickly obliterate such unjust laws, then the law deserves no respect - break the law."

Everyone clapped to her words, and some snapped their fingers.

"Excuse me, Rachael Smithton? I'm Auror Potter and I would like to ask you a few questions."

Rachael turned, still holding the book, still holding the group of younger boys and girls captive.

"Did you agree with what Thoreau was saying here Auror Potter? Do you believe that unjust laws shouldn't be followed?"

"I'm an Auror, what do you think?"

Rachael blinked at him.

"But if I may Rachael, I would like to speak to you alone."

"I think everyone would like to hear what you have to say, Auror Potter. We appreciate opposing views as it makes for a more fulfilling discussion."

"Mr. Longbottom is a friend of mine and he mentioned that you petitioned for a music class here. Is that right?"

"Yes, many of us enjoy music as a form of expression and wanted to continue. I am sorry that classes are not available for everyone. Not everyone has had the opportunity to be exposed to music, or can afford lessons. It would have been beneficial to the entire Hogwarts population, but alas the Headmistress did not see it that way."

"The petition, was it sponsored by anyone?"

"Do you mean a professor or are you're attempting to hint at The Green Rebellion?"

"I'm just asking a question."

"No, I was not sponsored by anyone. I had the support of both professors and The Green Rebellion though, but that's not hard. There are many professors who support the students and The Green Rebellion supports anything that betters wizarding population."

"Did you speak with The Green Rebellion to get their support?"

"Auror Potter, are you threatened by the idea that there may be an organization that disagrees with your

government's sense of right and wrong?"

"Did I say that?"

"No, but you are very focused on The Green Rebellion. Can't one woman see a gap in education and want to fix it? Can't one woman find inequity and do everything she can to stop it?"

"One woman can do whatever she puts her mind to."

"Good, Mister Potter. I have class. I believe perhaps you need this book more than I do at the moment."

She handed Harry Thoreau's Civil Disobedience. It seemed everyone at the school was reading it. He read it years ago, one of Hermione's required reading if you joined S.P.E.W. It might be good to read again if it gave any insight into the student body's mind.

"By the way, Rachael, who were the professors that supported you?"

"Professor Trelawney, Professor Sinistra, Professor Flitwick and of course Professor Malfoy."

Malfoy again. He might have to visit the man, but he wasn't going to like it.

---

Malfoy was in his office, said the map, speaking with a student whose name Harry didn't recognize. He waited until he saw the student leave on his map and then he knocked on the door. The map was a godsend here. It had been a long time since Harry had a mystery to solve at Hogwarts, and somehow the person he was about to see always was in the middle of them.

Harry heard a soft "enter" from inside. Harry walked in and lost all thoughts completely. For a minute he thought perhaps he had entered the wrong room. That couldn't be Draco Malfoy standing before him. No, this man looked like he stepped out of a Muggle  clothing catalogue, with jeans low on his hips, a gray t-shirt that perhaps was a bit too small so the bottom of Draco's stomach peeked out. The man was

wearing Converse trainers and his hair ... his hair was loose around his face, and messy. Did Draco teach this way? Let students see him dressed like this?

"I heard from Teddy that you were hanging about, but I thought he was kidding."

Even the drawl sounded different, as if someone had taken all the bitterness and anger and just blew them away.  Draco was leaning against one of his bookcases, his stance the essence of casual.

"Anyone home, Potter? If you keep staring at me like that I might have to believe everything Teddy tells me."

Finally Harry found his voice.

"I wasn't staring, I was merely surprised at the changes. You look nothing like the Draco Malfoy I know."

"And you look everything like the Harry Potter I know. At least you don't wear those stupid Auror robes."

"Can't. On holiday."

"And you spend your holiday here at Hogwarts?"

"McGonagall asked me to come. Wants me to find the Sorting Hat, look into the Green Rebellion."

"I see, so when McGonagall says jump you say how high?"

"No, I just had nothing better to do. The holiday wasn't exactly my idea. But it's Hogwarts. I like Hogwarts."

"Of course you do, Potter. Do you have a reason for visiting me? We aren't exactly bosom buddies."

"I wanted you to tell me everything you know about the Sorting Hat disappearance and the Green Rebellion. I spoke to Rachael Smithton earlier and she mentioned that you have supported her petition. I also noticed that your mother signed the petition as well."

"My mother plays the flute, and has always thought there should be music at Hogwarts, so she signed the petition. It really isn't that hard to piece together. I shudder to think that your investigation skills are an example of our Auror force."

"Just tell me what you know and I can get out of your hair."

"Oh, I highly doubt you are itching to leave."

"What does that mean?"

"I know about Alex."

"You know about Alex what. That he was my partner? That he's married to Hermione?"

"That you were in love with him."

Harry instantly burned. It was like a switch. He was calm and then he was a raging inferno.

"Excuse me?" Harry said in clipped and firm tone.

"I said, you were in love with Alex, or at least that's what Teddy says. He thinks you've gone into a funk since Alex married Granger. Teddy says he doesn't blame you though, considering how Alex lead you on."

Harry's hands were turning into fists, his fingernails cutting into his palm.

"You have no idea what you are talking about."

"Teddy says that you were partners for years, did everything together. Alex used to come over with you when you visited Teddy. That he would fall asleep in your lap and you would pet his hair. Every time he was sick you went over like a lost puppy to feed him chicken soup. You paid for his sister's college tuition and hell even paid for part of the wedding. Teddy says you would get this look in your eye every time Alex would come in the room, like the world had just gotten ten times better."

"I am about five seconds away from punching your lights out, Malfoy."

"Do what you want, but I just wanted to let you know I don't blame you. I know what that's like, being in love with someone so much that you don't want to give up. You knew he was straight, but he never dated anyone else did he? Well at least that's what Teddy said. So you always hoped, didn't you Potter, that one day, while he was petting your hair and when you were feeding him chicken soup that he would make the first move and see what a great guy you were. But he never did, did he? He never saw."

"Stop it! Just stop it!"

Harry was close to tears.

"Instead he saw your best friend. So all those times you hoped that he was in the same predicament as you, secretly in love with your partner but not having the courage to say so, it wasn't true. He wasn't in love with you. He was just waiting for the right girl to come along, and that was Hermione. Teddy said that Alex didn't pay as much attention to you once she came around. I guess he didn't need you anymore."

Harry was crying tears of anguish and rage, and then he was shouting. He had no idea what he was shouting, but Malfoy had pushed it out of him.

"You bastard. You sick fuck! You sick, sick, little fucker!"

Harry grabbed Draco's t-shirt and pulled him in close.

"If I ever hear you speak of Alex again, I will cut your throat. Don't think I won't."

Draco spoke softly, surprising Harry that he could be so calm.

"It's all right, Harry. I didn't mean to push, but I had to. Someone had to."

"What do you know?!" Harry roared.

"Teddy mentioned these things to me in confidence, so he is not to be blamed, but he thought I might be able to help being in a similar situation a few years back. A friend confronted me just like I confronted you. I was angry, but later I was thankful that someone was kind enough to actually notice I was hurting. Teddy noticed, but he was too afraid to say anything to you. He loves you and didn't want to hurt you. I myself have no problem doing so."

Harry pushed Draco back with a grunt.

"Just stay out of my personal life, Malfoy. You don't know me."

"No I don't."

Draco wiped down the front of his shirt; a little dirt from the greenhouse had gotten on it. Funny how dirt travels.

Harry was still shaken. His mind had trouble focusing on little else except breathing.

"Malfoy, you are a shit."

"Yeah, I know."

"You never answered my questions from before."

"I know that too."

"Are you going to?"

"No."

"Fine."

Harry stormed out of the office heading straight to Neville's.

---

"Oh man Neville, I can't believe this is the seventh year's special project."

Neville and Harry were lying on the grass, a joint passing between the two of them.

"I found a plant in the far left corner. I went to pull it out before I figured out what it was. I asked a few questions and the students were pretty frank about it. I told them I'd keep it hidden as long as I got to smoke whenever I wanted to. Works out on both ends I think."

Harry and Neville began to laugh. It had been a while since Harry had smoked, usually only with Neville. Drugs and alcohol had been easy to come by when they were war heroes. Ron got a little too into alcohol, and messed up his relationship with Hermione back in the day. It probably would have gone sour anyway, but the alcohol didn't help. He was doing all right now, especially since his kids showed up. Ron and Luna had two already.

But Neville liked pot, and so did Harry. Neither one liked it enough to do it all the time, but enough that once in a while it took the bite out of life, allowed the world to melt away.

"So what had you all worked up, Harry? It's been awhile since we had one of the sessions."

Neville took in a pull, blowing out smoke rings.

"Just Malfoy being an arsehole, nothing new."

Neville handed the joint back. The stuff was potent and Harry was already starting to drift to his happy place.

"He's a lot different since the war. The students love him."

"Neville, I really don't want to talk about him."

"Suits me."

Harry watched the clouds forming in the sky. The biggest one looked like a pigmy puff. The one next to it looked like a hat. And just like that a little of his high burned off. He took another drag.

"Neville, these kids are little shits. None of them will answer my questions and they act as if I'm the enemy."

Neville rolled on his stomach and began to pull the grass.

"When I first started helping with the Hogwarts greenhouse, Professor Spout introduced me to the students. Do you know none of them knew who I was? It was kind of nice not to be recognized, but

these kids really just did not care that I was a war hero. They hear the term 'war' and they roll their eyes. These kids, they were born right after the war ended. They don't remember any fighting. Voldemort was just someone their parents had to deal with, not them. There is no big bad man out there, so to make up for it they rage at the Ministry or the school."

"What the hell has Hogwarts done? Hogwarts is the best."

"Not all the time. It wasn't the best that last year with the Death Eaters running things."

"Oh man, Neville, I'm sorry. Always felt bad about not being around for that."

Neville hit him on the arm.

"All is forgiven, Harry. You did finally kill the bastard so it was fine. We were fighting the good fight here. You taught us well."

"That was all you man, I've heard the stories. You saved a lot of kids from torture."

"Yeah, yeah."

Harry took another drag. It was nearing the end. He handed the nub to Neville, who took one last pull and then banished the evidence.

"But seriously, why do these kids want to change Hogwarts so much? I thought it was great when I went here."

"I dunno man, but they are bloody good at it. This school is nothing like the Hogwarts I remember. At first I was angry about it, but then I see that the kids are much happier and I say why not. The first years are pretty ecstatic about not being sorted."

"Why's that?"

"None of them are in Slytherin. Being in Slytherin is like the kiss of death. Or it was when I first started. Now with this change of dress code no one knows who is in Slytherin so it doesn't matter as much. But my first year here the Slytherins were picked on and excluded from a lot."

"From the fellow students?"

"Some, the older kids mostly. And some of the professors. If you were sorted into Slytherin, you were forced into taking Muggle Studies no matter what. And Slytherin had an earlier curfew than the other houses. Their prefects could no longer take away house points from any other house than their own."

"People are just cautious of Death Eaters' kids."

"Maybe. I think the kids must have petitioned those to change because they don't happen now. And being Slytherin isn't a dirty word for the students. Mostly just for the parents who think their kids won't be hired if they get sorted into Slytherin. I made the mistake of being in the staff room when McGonagall received a Howler from an angry parent."

"Nothing's perfect, Neville, but it is true that most of the Slytherins we knew were bad to the bone, and probably would have benefited from those rules. It would have been tons better if Malfoy and Parkinson couldn't take away house points."

"Yeah, probably."

"Man, that's enough. I just want to sit here and look at the clouds."

"Sure, Harry, sounds like a plan."

So they did, and passed out on the lawn until dinner time.

---

That evening Harry retired to his chambers, tired, groggy, and burnt out. He asked the elves to bring him dinner in his room. He really didn't feel comfortable eating in the Great Hall where Malfoy or Teddy would be present. He did not want to think about that conversation. So he Fire called Cindy.

"Cindy, are you home?"

Cindy leaned down, her face inches from his own in her fireplace.

"Out with it."

"What?"

"You never Fire call me at home unless there's a real problem so out with it. I'm in the middle of watching Gladiator and don't have time for your nancying about."

"I can't just call because I miss you?"

"Poppycock. Either someone has got your knickers in a twist or you're failing miserably to find the Sorting Hat. I would say both from the pinched look on your face."

"You read me better than most of my friends."

"That's because I'm not stupid. I took time off from work. I'm stopping by tomorrow."

"Why? How did you know I would need you here?"

"Because I know you. This isn't a shoot em' up bad guy situation and you always sucked at detective work. Alex was always the one to do that."

"I don't need Alex to do my job."

"So you need him for other things?"

"You bitch."

"Look, I'm coming tomorrow whether you like it or not. And by the way the Unspeakable finally got back to me on the muffins."

"Yeah? What did they say?"

"They told me to send them to the weapons department. They're building a cannon and need the muffins for missiles"

"By the way I'm supposed to mention that Neville works here half days and has a private office."

"Does he?"

"Why didn't you tell me you were seeing him?"

"You never asked nor cared if I was seeing anyone."

"I care!"

"Harry, it's fine. I like the fact that the world goes by you without you noticing it. Makes it easier to fob off work."

"I notice stuff."

"Harry, we all love you, but you wouldn't notice your own nose if it wasn't screwed on your face. Don't worry about it. I'm coming tomorrow. Tell the house-elves to supply me with a set of dumbbells."

"You're not staying with me!"

"Watch me."

The Floo connection ended. God he hated Fire calling. He wished the wizarding world just get damn cell phones.

---

The next morning Harry woke with a headache and an owl sitting on his stomach. The non-descript bird was so still, Harry at first believed it to be a statue, or perhaps a delusion, until it pushed its leg forward to show the letter it carried. Harry untied it and the bird flew away. Harry was sure there were no windows open in his room.

Be at the Great Hall at 8 a.m.

Code Word: exploding treacle tart

Harry flopped back down on the bed. Treacle tart sounded really good.

---

At breakfast there were more students in the Great Hall, rather than the lawn. He looked around for Malfoy, but he had not arrived yet. Good, Harry thought. Actually, most of the teachers were not in.

Teddy snuck up behind him.

"If you're looking for the professors they won't be here this morning. They have a staff meeting once a month."

"Who supervises breakfast then?"

"Neville. He usually comes in a little late."

And right on cue Neville swept in. Most of the students waved hello and many cheered "Neville!"

Harry gave Teddy a confused look.

"I didn't realize Neville was so popular."

"Most of the kids idolize him."

"Because he's a war hero?"

"Naw, because he's a nice guy. Most of the professors here, except Cousin Draco of course, don't really get us. They're all still back in the war, and Neville ... Neville's in the present. He dresses how he likes, he does what he likes, and he grows magical plants. Nothing really cooler than that."

"I didn't realize Herbology was a favorite."

"All of us were taken to his greenhouse as kids. It was a wonderland. There were frogs and trees that spit out multi colored rainbows and trees that morphed into any shape you asked. How could we not love that? And he's always up for suggestions. He'll make any plant for you, if you only ask. And he'll do it for anyone, no matter who their parents are or what house they're in."

Harry looked up at Neville sitting at the head table. His plate was piled high with sausages and bacon in the shape of a log cabin.

"I wanted to speak to you Teddy. I don't appreciate you gossiping to your cousin Draco."

Teddy looked sheepish, but then schooled his features and seemed defiant.

"I spoke to him last night. I was worried about you. He believed a confrontation would help. If it hasn't, I apologize."

"There was nothing to confront me about! You don't understand the relationship between your cousin and me. He'll do anything to hurt me."

Teddy turned so as to shield Harry from the rest of the hall.

"Harry, you think you know Draco, but you really don't. You always avoid coming over if you know he's going to be at Grandma's. He told me about your past, and he is extremely remorseful. I'm so grateful that he's a teacher here or else I might not have even really gotten to know him."

"I'm sure the stories he spun made me look like the bad guy."

"No, mostly it made you look like even more of the hero than you are. I know about the Fiendfyre. Why isn't that in any of the history books?"

"Because they would have prosecuted Malfoy and Goyle and they were just kids."

"See what I mean?"

"Teddy, just don't talk to him about my private life."

"He can help. He went through almost the exact same thing before he started teaching here."

"Malfoy and I are not the same!"

Teddy wrapped Harry in his arms. It made Harry feel as if he was having a temper tantrum.

"It's okay, Harry. Let's sit down, yeah? Would you rather sit with me or with Neville?"

"I'm a bit mad at you, so I think Neville."

Teddy walked Harry over to Neville and sat him down in his seat. If he weren't trying so hard to re-forget the conversation he had with Malfoy yesterday, he would have been ashamed to be lead like a small child to the table.

"We'll talk later Harry. Enjoy your breakfast."

Teddy walked back down to the tables, a few students calling him over. He was still wearing those damn tight leather trousers. Did he sleep in them?

"Morning, Neville."

Neville looked up for the first time in the exchange, surprise blossoming on his face.

"Harry! I didn't see you there!"

"At least someone else is as clueless as me."

"What?"

"Nothing, Nev."

The morning owls arrived then. There seemed to be more than normal.

"I thought the newsletter would come soon, and here it is."

The owls dropped hundreds of newsletters, each landing perfectly in front of each student. An excited murmur began as they started to read. Surprisingly one landed in front of him, but not Neville.

"Oh! You got one? I've never received one. To be honest, I've never seen any adult around here get one."

Harry looked down. The words were blurry except the title, Defense de la Green.

"Can you read this Neville?"

"Nope. Nothing except the title."

"How did you know about them?"

"All of the teachers try to collect them and read them, but no one has figured it out. I know Draco has been close. He claims it's a password, but no one can figure out the code."

And then Harry remembered.

"Exploding Treacle Tart."

"What?"

The page rippled and suddenly Harry could see every word.

"Did you say Exploding Treacle Tart? Oh my! Harry, I can see the words!"

"Wow. I had no idea."

Neville and Harry stared at the newsletter, the rest of the hall forgotten about. He had seen the "No Death Eater" signs on some shops, but Harry had no idea that it included Slytherins in general.

"I know Madeline. Niece of Zacharias Smith. Caused a real big stir when she was sorted into Slytherin. I think she cried."

"Is she a trouble maker?"

"Naw, I mean she's clever, ambitious, wants to be the next Minister of Magic, but she's never caused any trouble that I know of."

As much as Harry was moved by Madeline's story, he was more interested in the letter from the first year.

"Sounds like the first years are glad not to be sorted."

"Well yeah, no one wants to be a Slytherin. I don't blame them."

"It also sounds like he doesn't know who took the Hat. Funny that they call it enemy number one, makes it sound like the Hat's a criminal."

"I liked the Sorting Hat, made me laugh when I was sorted."

"Yeah?"

"Told me the story of when I was four and I refused to let my Gran pull the weeds from the garden. Said if I could stand up to my Gran at four that I belonged in Gryffindor. I thought he was joking until I was ushered to the Gryffindor table."

"Where did you think you'd end up?"

"Oh, Hufflepuff for sure."

"The Hat was right though, only a true Gryffindor could call upon Godric's sword."

Neville stared off into space, most likely remembering the circumstances that had required him to call upon the sword.

"I wonder what those numbers and Where the Green Valley Roams means."

Neville stuffed a sausage in his mouth and shrugged his shoulders. The pair continued to eat, reading the newsletter over and over between them.

---

"Cindy!"

Harry ran up to Cindy on the front lawn to greet her, but she lifted hand to block Harry's progress.

"Do not hug me."

"I wasn't planning on it."

"You had a gleam in your eye, you wanted affection."

Harry led Cindy to the front doors and began to walk to Neville's office. If he hadn't taken her there first Cindy would have yelled.

Harry knocked on the door and Neville stepped out, only to be consumed in a Cindy whirlwind. To be honest, Harry thought Cindy might have been into her own gender, but her tongue in Neville's throat was ripping that theory to shreds. Harry could feel the morning foods coming back up to say hello and stepped away from the door.

"Oh no you don't mister. You get your bum in the office and we're going to review the case. My guess is that you've bungled it up somehow."

"I seriously have done nothing yet!"

"Exactly! The Sorting Hat should have been found on the first day here!"

Harry sat down in a chair petulantly. What was it today that made everyone treat him like a four year old?

Cindy sat on Neville's desk, her legs spread and her combat boots hitting the wood, making a clang clang noise. Good think she preferred baggy trousers to skirts, or else Harry would be seeing more of Cindy

than he wanted. Neville sat down on his chair, lips reddened with the ferocity of the earlier kiss and a dazed look on his face.

"So what have you learned so far, chief? Lay it on me."

Harry brought out a small notepad. Knowing Cindy was coming in today, he had written everything down.

"The Sorting Hat went missing right before the Sorting itself. All attempts at retrieving it have failed. There was no magical signature left. I checked too. I've spoken with a few students, including Dylan Quaglia, and they all seem not to know what happened to the Sorting Hat, or they aren't telling me. Headmistress McGonagall believes it to be the work of The Green Rebellion but I have yet to see any evidence to support that. No one will speak to me about The Green Rebellion. The students here are very tight-lipped. But I did receive an owl today that advised me to attend this morning's breakfast and the password for the student newsletter Defense de la Green. The note was anonymous and any attempts at tracing the magical signature failed. The newsletter is a collection of student letters and poems, and this edition seems to be about people being unjust to Slytherins. There was mention of the Sorting Hat being taken, but they too seemed to not know who took it. There is no mention of The Green Rebellion in the newsletter, but they do say "Go Green" which may be a reference to it."

"Do you have the newsletter with you?"

"Yes, the password is Exploding Treacle Tart."

Cindy spoke the password and read the newsletter while chewing her thumb.

"And before you ask I have no idea what the box in the left hand corner means."

Cindy took a quill from Neville's desk and started taking notes. She also threw a few spells at the paper, seemingly disappointed with the results.

"Cindy, I still don't understand why you don't just become an Auror."

"It's a pencil pusher's job."

"And being my assistant isn't?"

"Do you see me pushing pencils?"

"Well no, mostly because I never give you my paperwork."

"Exactly."

"But most of the other assistants do the paperwork."

"That's why I'm your assistant and not someone else's. Ah ha!"

Cindy jumped off the desk and sat on Neville's lap, which pleased Neville to no end.

"Last week you were asexual Cindy. Can't you stay that way?"

"No. I found a faint trace on the paper! I can't tell you who wrote it, or where it was originally written, but I can tell where it was duplicated!"

Neville spoke for the first time, his voice low and heady.

"Where, baby? I love it when you get enthusiastic."

"The History of Magic classroom! We used to do tons of stuff while Professor Binns droned on and on, he never noticed. These kids are smart."

Harry stood up quickly.

"It's not Professor Binns's classroom anymore. He retired. Malfoy teaches there now."

Neville and Cindy were already making out, ignorant of Harry's angry cloud forming above his head. Harry stormed out, slamming the door with the first moan from within.

---

Harry stomped down Hogwarts Hall to Malfoy's office, only to be denied access. He knew Malfoy was in there and was too much of coward to come out. He ripped out the Marauder's Map from his pocket to see if perhaps it would give Malfoy's password only to realize his mistake. Malfoy was not in his office; rather he was in his classroom. He and twenty of his students.

Well that was not going to stop an angry Harry Potter. Malfoy was not Binns and would definitely know if a student group was duplicating its newsletter in his classroom. Harry bet Malfoy was having a good old laugh at Harry's expense. Most likely the talk about Alex was just a smoke screen for Malfoy's evil plot.

What exactly that plot was Harry hadn't figured out exactly, but Malfoy was always plotting and always doing evil so it was Harry's job to put a stop on it.

He took out his Invisibility Cloak, which he took to taking with him at all times in a locket on his wrist. It had saved him more times than he could count and he thanked his father everyday for passing it down. He donned the cloak and entered the classroom quietly, inching his way to the back to observe Malfoy's teaching. No doubt, teaching his pure-blood supremacy to the students.

Draco was leaning against his desk, his jean clad legs spread before him. They truly were never ending. His shirt, this time red, was still a t-shirt that belonged on a teenager in a garage band, not a professor. His hair was a mess, most likely he considered it "intentional disarray", but to Harry it looked as if Malfoy had just woken up from a nap. Harry was not the best person to be criticizing hair care, but he had heard it enough growing up from the blond that he was surprised to see the formerly helmet hair wearing person in front of him daring to allow his hair to be "messy" in public.

"I'm glad that you all like the brevity of Thoreau's Civil Disobedience, but did it make you think? Could you apply it to anything that we had been talking about?"

A student in the front row raised his hand. Harry noticed that most of the students were in the front row, or close to it, and the handful of students in the back were leaning forward, as if they didn't want to miss anything because of the distance. Most likely they were all looking at Malfoy's hipbone that had stuck out when Draco shifted, his white soft skin tantalizing the audience.

"Yes, Mr. Parkinson."

Parkinson! Harry remembered Neville saying he was a horrible boy, hated plants. Most likely he was Malfoy's favorite student, being a fan of mischief himself.

"Well, it seemed like what Headmaster White did in 1852 when he went against the Ministry, and enrolled Mudbloods and half-bloods to Hogwarts."

He knew it! These children were learning history backwards. No wonder they were all in support of Slytherin.

"I'll give you have credit for that Mr. Parkinson, but I'm going to have to ask that you sit in the back of the class for using the word 'Mudblood'. Miss Jadeson, you may move forward."

Parkinson groaned and moved to the back of the class, disappointment etched on his face. Miss Jadeson squeaked and moved forward, obviously happy.

"Mr. Parkinson, I do appreciate your effort and I truly admire your ability to take the text and apply it to other incidents in history. Truly remarkable. We all make mistakes in our learning, but our mistakes can be turned into triumphs. Remember that."

Parkinson's face lit up and nodded his head, a smile on his face. What was going on here?

"Now, Miss Jadeson, since you have moved up, can you tell me how this text can correlate with something going on now? Something in the present?"

Miss Jadeson looked meek, but after a nod from Draco, she answered softly.

"Well, there was Patricia Goyle who last week decided that she should be able to go into The Cauldron Shop in Diagon Alley, even though they have a "No Death Eater" policy. She was never convicted of a crime, but her husband was. She went in and used a permanent sticking charm on all the cauldrons out of protest. I think she definitely did what Thoreau was talking about."

What? Harry hadn't heard of that incident.

"Miss Jadeson, is there a quote that you can give us that might be appropriate?"

Miss Jadeson rifled through her obviously well worn book. Looking around, Harry could see pieces of paper and bent corners on all the books. They all read it. Every single one of them. Jadeson found her spot and spoke

"This American government--what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will."

"Very good , Miss Jadeson, how does that quote apply?"

"The Ministry now is working so hard to distance itself from the mistakes it made during the war that they aren't seeing how each law they pass makes it closer than before. The fact that shops can ban anyone based on their familial ties to a convicted criminal is wrong, and the rule itself was made by one person. Everyone else just went along with it."

That sounded like something Hermione would say. She might have said it back when Minister Madson made the rule, but to be honest the rule made a lot of sense. These people had to be taken down a peg or two, right?

"Why is the rule wrong, Miss Jadeson?"

"Because the family members didn't do anything! And even if they did, they were not convicted. Why are we punishing innocent civilians? What's next, sisters, uncles, nephews, cousins? These people haven't gone to trial, or some of them have and they were exonerated. Why are they being punished anyway? It doesn't make sense and it's wrong."

Harry was stunned. He found himself realising that the girl was right. How could a 15 year old see something he never had?

"Very good, Miss Jadeson. Class, I would like all of you to think of a law that you find you disagree with in the current Ministry. I would like you all to write 10 feet of parchment on the subject. Tell me about the law and give me both pros and cons. At the end, I want you to truly convince me that the law should change and how you, as average citizens, can do something to change it. I know it's a large assignment, but I'm giving you a week. The more research the better. At the end of the class I will pick the best essay and we, as a class, will carry out the suggestion to change the law. Class dismissed."

What? Change the law? What could a student do to change a law? What if Malfoy's students wanted him to change the law to allow human enslavement, or that torture was okay or worse yet that Muggle killing was acceptable? Would Malfoy really carry that out? Harry had to put an end to this.

He waited until the last student left the room. Many of them stayed behind, already talking animatedly about the assignment. Harry listened in to a few just in case.

"I really want to change the graduation requirements from the Ministry and include a new class to be taught here. There really should be a class on pure-blood traditions."

Ah ha!

"Because when I came in as a Muggle-born I was really fascinated by the culture. I'm dating Darren and visiting his parents for the first time over the hols, and if I knew the traditional dancing and songs I could really impress them."

Oh.

"I think we should change the law on some of the magical creatures in the forbidden forest."

Bingo.

"A few of them are going extinct because Hogsmeade keeps expanding into their habitat. If we don't stop it now there will be no more Sprites. There down to only 100 left in north Scotland."

Drats.

"No see, the biggest law that needs a revamp is the Death Eater sentences."

Now he was getting somewhere. Hopefully this boy would say his name. His father was probably in Azkaban right now.

"My uncle was killed in the war by a Death Eater that had been to Azkaban but had escaped.  Had there been some kind of a rehabilitation program, or something like this class, it might have opened the Death Eater's mind about his beliefs and values, then when he escaped he wouldn't have continued with his hate crimes. Maybe he wouldn't have escaped at all. The criminals, they don't feel remorse, they just hate the fact they are in a dark cell. Real remorse comes from guilt, and until they learn the truth they will never feel guilty."

The students finally shuffled out, some citing tardiness to another class. Harry remained under the invisibility cloak, unsure how to proceed.

"I know you're here, Potter, I saw the door opening in the middle of my class. You don't think I would have noticed?"

Maybe if he stood real still Malfoy would think he was mistaken and leave the classroom.

"I can smell your cheap cologne from here. It's the same from yesterday. Did you shower?"

Malfoy had an amazing ability to turn Harry's anger from a one to a ten in no time. But he wasn't going to let that bastard win. He would stay still until the man left.

"I'm not leaving the room. I have papers to grade."

Draco shut the door and locked and warded it.

"My quarters are up the stairs and to the right. So the only way you can leave is if you wait  however long it takes me to grade and then attempt to figure out my locked door without triggering my alarm."

Oh buggering hell.

"You might as well come out and talk to me, or I'll continue my conversation from yesterday. I'm sure you came up here to tell me all about Alex."

Harry ripped the cloak off and bounded towards the still lounging Malfoy.

"I told you never to talk about Alex again in my presence!"

Draco smiled and poked Harry in the chest.

"Gotcha."

Harry growled and ran to the door, yanking at the handle.

"Let me out, Malfoy."

"No, you obviously came here for a reason. Tell me what it is and then I'll let you go."

Harry spun around.

"Your prickness almost made me forget what I came here for."

Draco raised one eyebrow. "My prick made you forget?"

"No! Your prickness, your attitude, your stupidness."

"Most of those weren't words."

"I don't care. I know that the Defense de la Green is printed in your classroom and from seeing your class today there is no way that you would not have known about that happening."

Harry started breathing heavily. He had Malfoy now.

"You're right, oh great detective Auror. The newsletter is printed here. It's a school project."

"What! No it isn't! I bet you if I went to McGonagall right now she would have no idea about it and probably sack you for it."

Draco shifted and changed leg positions. The other hipbone stuck out. Harry wondered if it tasted sweaty. And then pinched his own wrist for such a crude and UNWANTED thought.

"You are right on the first statement, she doesn't know about it because she doesn't care to. She hired me and forgot about me. She's never asked for a lesson plan and she's never observed my classroom. I've been doing things my own way for years now and I've never heard a word. Second, I doubt she would fire me. We are so short staffed right now she'd probably wave it off and tell me not to do it again, but I would because that woman can't remember a thing she says anymore."

"How can you say such things about her? She's the Headmistress, your boss! You still hate her for all those years she picked Hermione, a Mudblood, to be her favorite over you."

Malfoy began to get angry, not enough to pull his usual sneer but enough to stand up straight.

"I don't hate her and everything I've said is true. She is so focused on her replacement and her legacy at this school that she has forgotten everything that was wonderful about herself as a teacher. Whoever named her Headmistress was a fool. She should have remained a beloved teacher and allowed someone else to deal with the bureaucracy. She's changed, mainly with the Ministry breathing down her neck every two seconds. Teachers have been dropping like flies and no one wants her position. I don't hate her, I pity her. There is a difference." Draco's voice became very quiet. "And if I ever hear the word Mudblood from you again you can leave this room and never come back."

"Oh, so you can say it but I can't?"

"No! No one can say it. I was a fool to say it myself. It's hurtful, ghastly, and I will spend the rest of my life making sure no one else even utters the phrase again."

Harry was unsure how to respond. Did he believe Draco? He was a Slytherin and they could lie like pros. He suspected Snape held seminars in their common room: Lying 101, How to Tell a Fib Without Flubbing.

"What did you have against the newsletter, Potter?"

"Nothing. It's just an obvious vehicle for The Green Rebellion. If they're printing them in your classroom then you know who's in The Green Rebellion, who's running it."

Draco sighed and jumped up to onto his desk.

"You jump to conclusions so fast. The newsletter is a project one of my students came up with a few years back. We had the same exact assignment I just assigned this class. His idea for change was to have a newspaper compiled of student submissions about oppression. He felt he couldn't change the minds of adults or influence a change in laws, but he could change other students' minds about the world around them, and then when they graduated, they would carry those lessons into adulthood. I agreed and we have continued the newsletter ever since."

Harry was confused. He was confused and angry and really wanted to get out of the room. It was getting hot, and stuffy, and Draco's hair was looking too shiny. His words were just too perfect. He probably practiced all of this in front of a mirror. Teaching Civil Disobedience in a History of Magic class. It was an evil plot. It had to be.

"You are full of shit, Malfoy."

Draco raised his head.

Harry pushed on. "You just open your mouth and shit comes out. Do you even listen to yourself? Do these kids know who you are? Do they know that you were the ugliest racist git I had ever laid eyes on?

Do they know that you almost killed Katie Bell and Ron and Dumbledore, scarred Bill Weasley for life, allowed Death Eaters into the castle, allowed Voldemort in your house, watched Hermione be tortured, and attempted to take me straight to Voldemort to save your own skin! And here you sit on your high horse and tell them that the Ministry is bad and they shouldn't say words like 'Mudblood' in your presence. That it offends YOU! You have never dealt with prejudice and oppression. You have never had a mad man follow you just because of what some stupid prophecy said. You've never suffered. How dare you sit up here and teach Civil Disobedience when you yourself didn't have the guts to turn down Daddy's little request of having you be the youngest Death Eater."

Draco walked up to Harry and slapped him in the face. He hauled Harry by his shirt until he was inches from Draco's face. His white skin had turned red and the sneer was back in all its glory.

"You know how I can sit here and teach these things with a clear conscience? You know what keeps me sleeping at night? Knowing that these kids will NEVER make the same mistake that I made. That these children will always think for themselves. You're right, I did horrible things when I was younger, but I'm doing everything I can to make up for it. You say I've never been oppressed, but I'm not allowed to shop in any stores, I'm spat on in the streets, my family's money was taken away and our ancestral home was burned to the ground. I live in a one-room apartment over my classroom because that's all I can afford and I was only given this job because I make less money than every other teacher here. Hell, Neville makes more than I do working as a consultant for half a day."

Malfoy inched closer, his breath making Harry's eye's water.

"But I do it day in and day out because I have to. I can't just sit on my arse in the Ministry and watch the

world go by without doing anything to change it. And the worse thing is you don't see it. You live with blinders on. You don't see how much you could change if you just took the time to look around you for once. I'm glad you got to see my classroom. Maybe these kids will open your eyes a little more."

Harry pulled on Draco's t-shirt, wanting to rip a hole in it right down the middle.

"I don't live with blinders on! I hate that people say that!"

Draco inched closer, the words being mumbled on Harry's lips.

"Oh yeah, well then maybe you should open your eyes and see that we're about two seconds away from fucking our brains out right here in the classroom."

At that Draco slammed his lips to Harry's.

---

The two fumbled around the classroom, attempting to remove clothing without letting go of each other's lips. Draco pushed Harry against the desk, his backside slamming into the edge.

Draco grabbed Harry's hair and pulled, hard, until their noses were squishing together. Harry reached up and yanked off his glasses, throwing them somewhere. Harry then pulled Draco so hard that Harry fell backwards, his back landing on the desk, with Draco on top of him.

"Budge up," Draco grunted.

Harry pulled back onto the desk as Draco straddled his legs. Harry pulled Draco back down to his lips by his neck. Already shirtless, Draco attempted to unbuckle Harry's belt only to be suddenly naked himself.

"You spelled my clothes away wandlessly?"

Harry attacked Draco's neck in response and spelled away his own clothes. Once they were both naked and hard, the sudden friction of skin on skin made Draco hiss and Harry cry out.

"Fuck, that's good."

Draco wiggles his fingers and suddenly his hand was covered in lube.

"I see I'm not the only one with wandless talents."

Draco reached down and grabbed both their cocks, heavy and hard in his hand. Harry reached one hand down to help and the other to grab onto Draco's soft and supple arse.

Draco began to stroke both cocks in a frenzied pace, screaming "fuck, fuck, fuck" into Harry's forehead. Harry licked the underside of Draco's chin and then bit the end just a little. Draco looked down at Harry, into his big green eyes and his luscious lips. Their mouths met again, kissing and biting so hard Draco's lip

began to bleed.

Harry could feel the orgasm building from the bottom of his toes to the roots of his hair. He pulled back from the kiss, his tongue still out, wanting to continue.

"Close Draco, so close!"

Draco took back the tongue and sped up, adding a twist to the end. Harry took both of his hands and slapped Draco's arse making a loud sound, and soothing the heat it caused.

"Harry! Harry! Oh God! Harry!!"

Draco came hard. The pulsing warmth sending Harry over as well. Harry bit into Draco's shoulder to silence his cries, but he couldn't help but grab onto Draco as hard as he could.

The two remained on top of the desk, breathing hard, naked, sticky and sweaty. Draco had relaxed into the V of Harry's legs, his head resting on Harry's shoulder. Harry had brought his hand up and was tracing pattern's onto Draco's back.

"I think we better move to my room before our back problems start acting up."

Harry laughed and smacked Draco on the arse.

"Who says I have back problems?"

Draco sat up, nipping Harry on the nose.

"We're 33; of course we have back problems. Come on up. I have a nice bed upstairs."

Draco pulled Harry up to a sitting position. He shuffled off the desk and started to gather his and Harry's clothes.

"Do you happen to see my glasses anywhere?"

Draco looked around, seeing them hanging on the edge of a desk chair. He picked them up and placed them gently on Harry's face. Once on, Harry looked up to see Draco smiling at him.

"What?"

"Just have a thing for glasses, that's all."

Harry smirked; spread his arms out, still naked and covered in cum.

"I know, they all can't resist a nerd. I have to beat them off with a stick."

Draco snorted and pulled Harry off the desk and began to drag him upstairs.

"By the way, how many of them have you not beaten off with a stick? I usually like to know if I'm about to pop someone's cherry."

Harry pulled on Draco's hand before they reached the steps, bringing Draco's face close to his.

"Who says you're popping my cherry? Maybe I'm going to pop yours."

Draco licked Harry's lips and then leaned in to whisper in Harry's ear.

"Do you think you can? Maybe if you ram deep enough there might be a place no one else has touched."

Harry was already getting half hard with all the flirting, even so close to the earlier orgasm. But he wasn't 21 or 16 anymore. Things would take time.

Harry began to push Draco up the stairs, staring at his reddened bum the whole way.

"Shower?"

Draco raised an eyebrow in question.

"I would love a shower, but seriously, if you want me to go again you're going to have to keep the hands off The Big Guy."

Draco looked down at Harry's penis, his long thick penis that still looked massive at half mast.

"You named your penis The Big Guy?"

"I feel it's appropriate."

Draco pulled Harry along to the bathroom, throwing the clothes into a pile in the corner. They instantly disappeared. Harry squawked.

"What am I going to do afterwards? Those were my clothes!"

Draco chuckled.

"They come back within a few hours. I doubt I'll be done with you yet."

Draco turned the showerhead on and the two of them stepped under the spray, after Harry placed his glasses safely on the bathroom counter. As soon as Harry got in he reached out to the hipbones that had called out to him earlier. Draco looked up and nipped his nose again.

"Stop that!"

"No, I like your nose. But you never answered me. Teddy never mentioned any male lovers, and from the show downstairs and the lack of freaking out up here, I would assume you've had some."

Harry rubbed the smooth skin, rubbing up and down the side of Draco's stomach.

"No, you're not my first. I ... I hate to admit you were right, but after I started to develop certain feelings for, for him, I went out and experimented."

"You wanted to find out if those feelings were for men or for Alex in particular."

"Yeah. I found out pretty quickly that my emotional feelings were all for Alex, my loyalty, my affection, but my sexual attraction really could be with any male. I've slept with a few males, pretty much trying everything at least once, until I felt satisfied that I knew what I wanted."

Draco pushed his body closer to Harry's, loving the strong arms and curious hands on him.

"And what did you find out you wanted?"

"I like men and women both, but I definitely have been leaning towards men lately. They get me harder faster and my orgasms are always bigger."

"And?"

"And, while Alex was nice, he never would do the things I wanted him to do. He wanted someone who was dominant on the outside but submissive on the inside, like Hermione. He likes the fact that Hermione challenges him all the time in public, but from what I know of Hermione and what I've heard from Alex, it's his show in the bedroom."

"And you don't want to be the submissive one?"

Harry nuzzled Draco's neck, biting into it softly.

"Not all the time. There are days I want to be taken and days I just want to take. Some things, I really need someone to tell me what to do, open my eyes. But then in some things I want to know I'm right and have the other person listen to what I have to say."

Harry looked up to Draco to emphasize his last point.

"I want to be equals."

Draco leaned in and kissed Harry softly, there lips barely touching.

"I think we're clean enough Harry. Come into my bedroom. I have an urge to be taken, as long as I get to take you later."

Harry grinned and followed.

---

After they had worn themselves out, slept, and swore that they would never do that again at their age, the pair got up to have breakfast in the sitting room.

Everything was going well. They were laughing and stealing kisses, and then Harry put his foot in his mouth.

"I still think the Green Rebellion is behind the stealing of the Sorting Hat. I know you know who took it. Just tell me."

Draco looked at Harry sternly.

"No."

Harry sat on Draco's lap and nuzzled Draco's neck, his new favorite spot beside the hipbones.

"Come on, just tell me. It's a prank that's gone on too long and it needs to end. Tell me who it is and I can stop working on the case and spend the rest of my holiday in your bed."

Draco pushed Harry off his lap.

"I said no. The Sorting Hat does not need to be found."

Harry sat on the couch petulantly while Draco went up to get a glass of water.

"Why not? The first years needs to be sorted. The kids need a house."

Draco slammed the glass down.

"No they don't."

"Come on, you're not like those kids that think the Sorting Hat is wrong, are you?"

Draco turned his head looking away from Harry. He spoke his words to the wall.

"No, I don't think the Sorting Hat is wrong. Not for everyone. But imagine if I had been sorted into Ravenclaw or even Gryffindor. Maybe I would have rethought who I was and started to change then."

Harry began to laugh.

"You a Gryffindor! Ha! You would have never fit in!"

Draco turned back, a tremor of hurt in his eyes.

"And why not? Because I'm not brave like you, or daring? You don't think I was brave when I begged McGonagall to give me a job, or daring when I kissed you in a middle of a fight?"

Harry still hadn't stopped laughing, not noticing the growing hurt on Draco's face.

"I don't really think those count. Just tell me where the Sorting Hat is and then we'll go back to shagging."

"There will be no more shagging, you insensitive jerk!"

Draco pulled Harry up and dragged him out of his quarters, down the steps, and back into his classroom.

"I thought you had finally opened your eyes and saw what the real world was like for once, but no, you're just like everybody else. School was 16 years ago. We've all grown up since then. I'm not telling you where the Sorting Hat is because sorting children at eleven when they have no idea who they are or what they believe in is just wrong. Labeling someone at any age is wrong. When was the last daring and

courageous thing you've done, mmm?"

When Harry was silent, Draco pushed him out the door.

"Right. Well it seems as if this is done. It was a good couple of fucks, but I don't sleep with men who can't see past their own noses."

Draco slammed the door to his classroom and Harry was left standing outside, his stomach in his throat and his eyes suddenly burning.

---

Neville found Harry wandering the greenhouse, hickeys on his neck and wearing yesterday's clothes. He was speaking to one of his favorite plants, a Mimbulus mimbletonia.

"Harry?"

"Neville! Neville. I'm an idiot."

Neville reached out and placed his hand on Harry's shoulder, a little unsure as to what was going on.

"Oh. What happened?"

"I don't even know. I'm totally clueless."

"Oh."

Neville stayed like that for a while. Not really wanting his friend to suffer, but unsure as to words of advice when he had no idea what was going on.

Luckily Cindy saved them both from speaking.

"Harry, Neville, I figured it out! Well, some of it."

Harry looked up, his red rimmed eyes squinting at Cindy.

"I figured out the code at the bottom of the newsletter, partially. The numbers, they indicate a date and time. My guess it's a meeting time. What's underneath is probably a location, but I honestly have no idea what it means."

Neville began repeating the phrase.

"Where the green valley roams, where the green valley roams, green valley roams, green valley."

The phrase began to swim in Harry's head sounding a lot like crazy portrait Snape's voice. What was he saying the other day, something about dancing trolls and a something green growing over it? How dare the man compare him and everyone else in his year to a troll? Teaching them ballet . . . Just like Barnabas!

Wait.

"Neville, is the Barnabas the Barmy tapestry still up?"

Neville stopped his mantra and looked over at Harry.

"No, they replaced it with a new tapestry. It's quite lovely. Shows the Scottish countryside. Lots of green."

Harry began to laugh.

"What?"

"Have you spoken to Snape's portrait? The man has a screw loose, but it seems as though he gave me a clue after all."

Cindy hit Harry on the arm.

"Are you going to tell us or are you going to stare into space for a little bit longer. Neville and I would like to have sex and you're kind of in the way."

Neville looked at Cindy and used his surprisingly sexy bedroom voice again, "We're having sex?"

Harry attempted to ignore the heated gaze between his assistant and Neville.

"I demanded he tell me what was going on with the Green Rebellion. He told me some nonsense about trolls dancing ballet and a green pasture growing over it. I think he was trying to tell me that the Green Rebellion meets in the Room of Requirement."

Cindy jumped and gave Harry a bear hug, which included a lot of back slapping.

"You did it! You finally figured out something on your own!"

"Fuck off. It was bound to happen sometime. So when is this meeting and at what time?"

Cindy turned to Harry, notes already in a folder.

"Tonight, at 6:23. I advise you take your Invisibility Cloak and just observe. No need for you to go half cocked into a room full of students. We really don't know what's going to happen in that room. It could be a sing-a-long for all we know."

Cindy sat down on the nearest chair. She pulled on Neville's arm, forcing him to sit on her lap.

"So now we know the place and the time. I say it's time for Harry to do his charge in first ask questions later routine that has served his so well in the past. Meanwhile, Neville and I will stay right here and reward ourselves for being great helpers."

Harry leaned down and kissed Cindy on the cheek.

"Hey, hands off my woman!"

Cindy slapped Neville in the face.

"Neville, I am not nor will I ever be anyone's woman. But if you like, you can be my man."

Neville smiled.

"Oh, definitely."

Harry rolled his eyes and left the room as fast as he could.

---

Harry went up to the seventh floor at 6:20 p.m. He waited until there was a large group gathered and slipped in behind them. It seemed like the entire Hogwarts population was in this room. They were all gathered in a big circle, all of them talking excitedly from the floor. There was an opening in the middle; obviously someone was going to talk. And each and every student was wearing a green band around

their arm. This was the Green Rebellion. Harry had found them.

While the students piled in Harry found himself a spot near the corner where he could see and hear everything. He sat down, gathering the Cloak around him, and waited with the other students.

The door cracked open and in walked Draco Malfoy, in all his t-shirt goodness. Harry was so wrapped up in remembering that body naked that he didn't see the man coming his way, nor pay attention when he sat right next to him.

"I can smell your cologne from here. You really need to change it if you're going for stealth."

Harry groaned on the inside. Draco was going to give him up before the action started. But then he wrote on a piece of parchment and shoved it towards Harry.

Stay and watch. Do not say anything. Then we'll see if your eyes can remain closed.

Draco sat back against the wall, staring forward. Harry breathed out. Draco wasn't going to rat him out.

The doors opened again and this time all of the students fell silent. A boy walked in and the crowd began to clap. He walked to the middle of the circle and brought his hands up to hush the crowd. He then looked to Draco and smiled.

Harry couldn't believe it. It just could not be. It was crazy. Nuts. It didn't make any sense.

The leader of the Green Rebellion, the person that had the attention of the entire student body, was none other than Teddy Lupin, his godson.

"Thank you all for coming this evening. I hope you enjoyed yesterday's newsletter. I personally thought it was one of our best. I want to thank Judy for taking on the role of Editor in Chief this year. I'd been doing it too long."

There were claps all around and a group had pushed a girl to stand, presumably Judy.

"I'm sure all of you are wondering as to the goals and plans for this year. Last year was a roaring success with the petitions. Anything we students wanted to change here at Hogwarts we changed, simply by asking that it be done. Asking is a powerful tool that is not normally used because we are afraid of the answer, but nothing asked, nothing gained."

They crowd cheered. Teddy had them eating out of the palm of his hand.

"This year many of you have approached me unsure as to our direction. For years our main goal has been to eradicate the house system. To end the systematic character assignation of eleven year olds by a worn old Hat who labels us by characteristics which we all have but claims only some of us possess."

A small girl rose up and cried, "Down with the Hat!"

"But I wanted to state that we are a non-violence group. Always has been and always will be. While I believe the Hat is wrong, I do not condone kidnapping and scare tactics. It came to my attention that a member of our group had taken the Hat, not understanding our vision of a peaceful change. The Sorting Hat may be an object, but it is sentient. It can feel fear and hurt, and boys and girls, we hurt it."

The crowd stilled.

"I will not name names and the person responsible feels shame, but has gained greater understanding. How can we learn if we never make mistakes?"

Teddy walked in a circle, seemingly looking at each student.

"So what shall we do? My godfather, Auror Harry Potter, is in the building as we speak investigating its disappearance. He will find it, or find us first. So I believe there is only one course of action to take."

Teddy looked right at Draco. Draco smiled, obviously aware of what Teddy was about to say. How much had Harry missed by avoiding Draco throughout the years?

"We must come out. We must come forward and be visible. No more secret meetings and newsletters in

code. Our group will be open and our agenda clear. It is time, and I believe we are ready."

The cheers were deafening. People were standing, hugging each other, kissing, laughing. Many went to shake hands with Teddy; meanwhile Teddy shook back gracefully, but still remaining in the circle. Teddy again raised his hands and the crowd settled back down.

"But this comes with consequences. We will be at open odds with many professors and parents. I want you to be prepared. I need you to stay strong; do not be quick to anger."

Each head nodded their agreement.

"And lastly. I myself will take the blame for the kidnapping of the Sorting Hat."

"NO!!!"

Harry had no idea that he had stood, or that his Cloak had fallen off, but when he heard that his godson, his only family would take the fall for the kidnapping, most likely to be expelled from the school, he had to react. The room, which had burst into chaos at Teddy's announcement, grew quiet again, but this time instead of staring at Teddy all eyes were on Harry.

"Harry? How did you get in here?"

Teddy still looked calm and in control, even though his Auror godfather had just caught him holding a meeting with a group that McGonagall had asked him to stop.

"It doesn't matter, but you can't take the fall for the kidnapping. You'll be expelled!"

Teddy walked forward. The students moved to clear Teddy a path.

"I know, Harry. But it's the only way. I'm the leader. The Headmistress will believe that the Green Rebellion dies with me, but it doesn't. It will live on, changing minds and promoting equality one person

at a time."

"But, you need to finish school!"

Teddy placed his arm around Harry.

"No. I need to make sure that what happened to my parents never happens again. I need to make sure that hate and fear are no longer taught at schools, but rather acceptance, tolerance, and equality. That's the Green Rebellion, Harry. That's what we're all about."

Harry had never been so proud and so scared in all his life.

"It's what you taught me, Harry. You chose to fight for Muggles even though your own Muggle family never treated you right. You saved Draco's life even though he tried to end yours. You raised me, even though you had no idea how to do it. You raised me right, Harry, and you left big shoes to fill. This is my attempt."

Harry looked up wiping tears from his eyes.

"I never did anything like this. I didn't throw away my future."

Teddy laughed and hugged Harry, whispering into his ear.

"You gave up your life for all of us. Let me take the fall for the Sorting Hat. It pales in comparison to your sacrifice."

Harry pulled back looking at Teddy, his face sure and solid.

"No, Teddy. No, I ... I believe I have another solution."

---

The next morning Harry walked into McGonagall's office at 6 a.m. carrying an irate Sorting Hat wearing what looked to be a Hawaiian shirt.

"Mister Potter! You've found the Sorting Hat!"

Harry sat the Hat down, despite its grumblings.

"Yes, and he has something to say, don't you."

The Sorting Hat glared at Harry and then turned to McGonagall.

"This brute manhandled me and I demand compensation. I go on holiday for the first time in 700 years and I hear that you send this man to come fetch me? I demand a pay raise and for you to send me back to Hawaii after the Sorting."

McGonagall stared at the Hat and then at Harry.

"Mister Potter, you may go. I believe I have some things I need to take care of before this evening's Sorting. Please remember our agreement. You will support the Sorting Hat's decision and you will vouch for his validity." She began to raise her wand.

Harry nodded his head and backed out of the room.

"Of course."

Harry walked out whistling.

---

"Boys and Girls, settle down, settle down! For the past few years the sanctity of the houses and the fabric of the traditions have been questioned at every turn by all of you. I understand that you all feel the Sorting to be unfair, but most of you fail to see the benefits of the Sorting, the camaraderie amongst the houses, the familiarity, and the security. Before I begin the Sorting I would like to invite Auror Harry Potter to the front, who has a few words he would like to share and I hope you all listen and ponder it today and after the Sorting. Thank you. Mister Potter?"

Harry stood up from beside Neville and walked to the Sorting Hat. He looked out into the crowd and saw Teddy. His eyes bright and strong. How could he have missed it? Teddy was always strong, always smart. He was gentle, never wanted to hurt even a fly that had lost its way and landed in Andromeda's kitchen.

Teddy had tried to talk to him for years about politics and current events, but Harry never listened. He'd rather talk about Quidditch, or family gossip. Truthfully, after Voldemort, politics and current events hardly interested him. He was tired, or so he claimed, of saving the world. He got out of that business.

But he shouldn't have. Draco was right to criticize Harry for his lack of action. He had seen things that

didn't sit right with him, he had noticed children being banned from joke shops, and people who had done nothing in the war quick to blame and outcast those that were suspected of being Voldemort supporters, even if it was a false speculation. And Harry did nothing, believing all the work was done already. But the work was never done. These kids knew better. Draco knew better.

He could feel Draco's eyes boring into the back of his head from the high table. Harry swallowed and began his speech, hoping Draco might hear the apology in his words.

"When I eleven, I showed up at Hogwarts not knowing anything about magic or the wizarding world. I kept waiting for the moment that I would wake up and return home realizing it was all a dream, but that never happened."

"Hagrid was the first magical person I met, my first friend really, and he was kind enough to help me with my shopping for my school supplies before school began. One of the first places we visited was Madame Malkin's. When a small little boy began to talk to me while he was being fitted for his robe, I listened, thinking perhaps I had met my first friend my age. He began to speak of the houses and announced that he was going to be in Slytherin. He was proud to be in the house of his parents and grandparents. But he insulted Hagrid, and from that mistake I decided that I didn't like him."

"I asked Hagrid about Slytherin and he said that all bad wizards had been sorted into that house. Later on, when I boarded the Hogwarts Express, I met another boy who told me all about Gryffindor. He made it sound like the coolest house."

"So I thought, 'well then I should be in Gryffindor. I'm not a bad guy, I'm a good guy. I belong with other good guys.' So when McGonagall placed the Sorting Hat on my head, I thought I would hear Gryffindor, clear as day. But I didn't. Instead the Hat wanted me to be in Slytherin.

"Even though I've been told I'm a good guy, that I'm courageous and brave, I am also ambitious and resourceful. I wanted to be a great wizard, and I was used to getting out of tight corners with just the skin of my teeth. I had both qualities. And the truth of the matter is, had I not argued with the Hat because of a petty childhood squabble, I would have been in Slytherin.

"The Sorting Hat is right. It will place you where you best fit. But the truth is everyone fits in everywhere. We are all brave like Gryffindors, cunning like Slytherins, creative like Ravenclaws, loyal like Hufflepuffs. Listen to the Sorting Hat and allow it to make a choice, but don't let one person tell you who you are or what you are about. You are whatever you want to be. And if you decide you don't like yourself any more, well you can change. Having the will to change yourself, well that's true bravery.

"So First Years, step up one at a time. Headmistress McGonagall has asked that I sort you this year. The houses are eagerly awaiting your arrival."

Harry watched as the first years lined up alphabetically, the prefects already familiar with their names, making it easier.

Randolph Applegate

Harry placed the Sorting Hat on Randolph's head. It took a moment, everyone holding their breath for the first sorting, and then:

Slytherin!

Randolph waddled towards the Slytherin table. McGonagall has asked the students to move the tables to how they normally were and students were sitting with their houses, even if none wore the robes.

Mary Bobbkins

Harry placed the Hat on the head and immediately it spoke.

Slytherin!

She too followed Randoph, giving him a hug on approach.

Adele Burnnett

Harry could barely contain the Hat, it barely touching the head before it spoke.

Slytherin!

Cardiff, Elliot, Eggston, all Slytherin. It continued one by one, each first year being sorted into Slytherin. He could hear the commotion in the back, but the Hat could not be contained. It pushed Harry's hand forever forward and Harry kept reading the list he had memorized last night.

Ferrington, Garston, Harris, Jenkins, Kellie, all Slytherin. The table was beginning to bulge. Some of the upper years began to stand to make room.

Martin, Merryweather, Nathon, Perry, all continued to be sorted into Slytherin. Harry could hear McGonagall begin to ascend, but the other professors were holding her back.

Robert Radcliffe

The boy from the article. The one that didn't want to be sorted into Slytherin for fear that the friends he would make would disappear once he was sorted with the snakes.

Slytherin!

He bounded to the table, whooting with the rest of the Hall. Kids were standing, high fiving each other.

Remy, Sarrington, Scarsdale, Taylor, Tottenham, Vercity, Walligton, and Washington, all Slytherin.

Harry had reached the end of the line. The last little girl with pigtails and wide eyes. She was bouncing on her shoes, unsure if she was excited to be sorted or scared that she would be the only one not included in the Slytherin house.

Sara Zeller

She sat down. The Great Hall hushed under the pressure. The Hat took its time, milking the suspense. Harry could hear the stomping from McGonagall, but someone had placed a silencing charm on her. Harry was sure someone was to be fired. He hoped not Draco.

Slytherin!

The Great Hall burst into chaos. Students stood and cheered, gathering Sara up, and all the other first years, on their shoulders, parading them around. Someone started chanting, "Go Green, Go Green!" Someone else spelled everyone's clothes to be green. The bands came out, and the berets, and to Harry it looked as though the entire school was Slytherin. Harry wondered if Salazar Slytherin would be happy about it. Probably not considering how many Muggle-borns and half-bloods were now in his house.

"Mister Potter, I demand an explanation."

It seems someone slipped off the silencing charm.

"I did nothing I swear! The Sorting Hat did it all on its own!"

"I asked you here to end the chaos, not exacerbate it!"

"I found the Hat. I can't control how it sorts students."

McGonagall snatched the Hat from him. Harry stepped back as she started to argue with the Hat and throwing several spells at it, most likely looking for hexes or enchantments.

Suddenly there was a breath on his ear.

"She won't find anything wrong with the Hat."

Harry turned around. Draco was standing right behind him, smiling. The shouting seemed to dim a little. Draco started moving quickly and Harry followed. They slipped through the side door and out into the anteroom, letting the other teachers deal with the uproar. The door closed and the cheering and yelling became soft murmurs through the door.

Harry turned to Draco, his hands reaching for him.

"What happened? What did you do to the Hat?"

Draco took Harry's hands and squeezed.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing. All we did was allow your godson to talk to him. Seems they had a pretty lively discussion. The Hat agreed right away to your crazy scheme of telling McGonagall that he was on holiday, but then Teddy and the Hat branched into other topics. I had no idea the Hat was going to do that. Imagine that, an entire year  of Slytherins."

"That's a lot of green."

Draco stepped forward and took Harry into his arms.

"Do you really think it's brave to change?"

Harry blushed, but held on tighter to Draco.

"Yeah, the bravest thing I know."

Draco smiled and nipped Harry on the nose.

"Are you still on holiday?"

Harry smiled, bringing his lips close to Draco's.

"For a little while. I might even extend it. I believe I may be due."

They kissed, until Harry drew back, a thought coming to mind.

"Draco, Teddy's totally going to be Minister of Magic someday, isn't he?"

Draco laughed the kind that made something inside Harry melt.

"I hope so. Although someone has got to teach that boy how to dress. All that leather every day definitely can't be good for him."

The End.

Don't forget to click the "back button" and leave your review on LiveJournal.