

A Nundu for A Pet Chapter 5 ('You are a Wizard, Harry')

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Harry

Who are these people? He wondered as he moved away the curtains just enough for him to see through the closed window, just outside, walking through the streets were the people he noticed every day, like Miss Figg, she was carrying heavy bags with her arms, they seemed heavy, he figured she had brought food for her cats, she had many cats in her house, but there were new faces in the streets today.

Harry looked across the street, leaning against a pole, was a man was wearing a long black robe; his face was hidden, but he could see he was holding something in his right hand. Harry squinted his eyes, his eyelids almost closing his eyes completely, standing on the tip of his toes with Itisa right beside him, looking at him as if it were to say.

'What are we hiding from?'

Harry wished she could speak. As he looked closer, he noticed the tip of what he was holding. He knew the man was holding a sharp stick like the two that visited them today. The man was approached by someone else. The new one spread her arms as if pointing at the whole Neighborhood.

Harry was still at a loss for words. He had been there, watching them disappear, but he still couldn't quite understand how they did that and how they were able to pull out flames from their sticks. Harry had never seen someone do something like that, but he knew these people were the same as the one at the park who left Itisa there.

To this day, he still didn't know who that person was and why someone would ever leave her there to starve. Harry didn't know who the person was, but he must have been heartless to leave someone as cute as her alone in the park. Thankfully, he had been there to see it happen and to save Itisa; she would have starved if it wasn't for him.

Harry watched the streets for a long time. Eventually, the strange-looking people walked away into the dark corners, their figures disappearing as if becoming one with the shadows. The sky above transformed into a fiery canvas, the sun bidding its farewell with a brilliant display of crimson and gold.

Harry stepped away from the window when he saw Vernon's car stopping in front of the house; Harry prepared himself for what was about to happen. Since the incident, Dudley has refused to walk downstairs.

His aunt, well, looked at him as if he was somehow responsible for what happened as if he had invited these two people into the house. Harry knew once his uncle learned what happened

while he was at work, he would probably tell him to get out of the house, if not out of the entire Neighbourhood.

Stepping into the kitchen, Harry couldn't help but notice the familiar sound of the door opening, followed by the heavy steps of his uncle Vernon. The old floorboards groaned under the weight, a sound that Harry had grown all too accustomed to. Just as he was about to take a seat at the kitchen table, his aunt Petunia, her face drained of all color. Hurrying towards Vernon, she seemed to be in a state of panic. Closing the kitchen door behind him, Harry sat down and waited.

Itisa rested her head on the table where his arms were spread. Since the incident, She had not returned to her normal size, as if she expected them to return and attack her. His hand touched her cute nose as he heard their voices getting louder from the hallway.

Okay, one, two, three, fo-"FREAK!!" Vernon shouted; the house echoed with his scream, his scream reaching the ceiling, and the windows shook from his voice. Harry sighed wearily; he figured peace could only last so long on this day; the door busted open with such strength that Harry wondered just what kind of door hinges were keeping those doors from falling to the floor.

His uncle hurried towards him like a bull, his face red like blood, but Itisa stepped forward before roaring at him, causing him to be thrown away like a brick before slamming against the wall. Again.

Harry wondered just how many times he would slam against walls. *Does he not learn his lesson?* Petunia let out a shriek and was trying to help Vernon stand on his feet.

His friend still glared furiously at the man who dared try to attack her owner, but Harry quickly placed his hand over her head before petting her gently. She purred, enjoying the attention, but she kept her eyes glued on Vernon, who was slowly standing back with Petunia's help, putting his arm above her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, uncle, but Itisa must have mistaken you for a bull. She would have never hurt you, isn't that right, good girl?" Harry apologized with sarcasm dripping from his voice while his dear friend let out a low 'meow' sound as if agreeing with him. Harry couldn't help but relish it, knowing they couldn't do anything to him. His whole life, they always treated him like trash, and being able to get back at them made him feel good.

But it seemed his words weren't something his uncle enjoyed; as he grunted and cursed under his breath, he seemed ready to slap him upside the head, but Petunia quickly grabbed his shoulder. "They must know where we are; we need to leave." His aunt spoke in a hushed voice to Vernon, but Harry still heard them quite well.

"Who? The people that came today, do you know them?" Harry immediately questioned as he stepped forward; he knew they were hiding something from him. The way they disappeared looked similar to what he had done to Dudley during school. He knew there were many incidents that he could speak of that he had done something unusual, but what was this?

Do I have magical powers or something? He wondered, looking at his hands, wondering if he could shoot out flames from his fingertips or lightning, or maybe he could fly. That would be a dream come true.

His uncle's voice boomed through the house, filled with the stench of alcohol. "That's none of your business, Freak!" he bellowed, his words slurred and aggressive. Harry recoiled in disgust, his nose wrinkling as he instinctively waved his hand in front of his face, trying to ward off the pungent odor. "Go to your room, right now!" his uncle demanded, his bloodshot eyes glaring at Harry with a mix of anger and contempt.

"Since when is a cupboard a room?" Harry asked as he walked past them; he knew they wouldn't tell him anything, so he needed to find out the truth on his own.

As he walked across the hall, Harry heard Dudley's loud footsteps. Dudley didn't acknowledge Harry and simply ran past him into the kitchen. He heard him shout his father's name as the Kitchen's door closed.

A *Nundu*, Harry repeated the name in his head as he looked at Itisa. She was still as large as a lion. He remembered the scales around her skin when the two people holding sticks attacked her, scales like armor around her skin. The girl—he couldn't remember seeing a girl with hair as pink as hers, as if they were alive somehow. He remembered how she aimed her stick at Itisa, causing her to catch fire.

Harry walked inside, but Itisa didn't follow him. The cupboard wasn't large enough for her when she was the size of a lion. He kept the door open, expecting her to shrink to her usual size, but instead, she lay down right next to the door but didn't seem interested in coming inside.

"Are you okay, girl?" Harry asked, concerned, patting her head. She let out a meow sound before licking his hand and purring, always enjoying the attention he would give her. Harry smiled in relief; whatever those people had done to her hadn't caused any real harm to her. Harry slowly closed the door. Once he did, he quickly grabbed the book about animals under the pile of books he had inside his 'room.'

Thankfully, the book had small, colorful square papers glued on the edge, showing the letters of the alphabet, one after the other. For example, in the letter 'A' section, you could find only the animals that start with 'A.' So Harry put his thumb on the letter 'N' and opened the book. He quickly started searching through the pages, one after the other, but when he reached the very end, there was no animal that had the name 'Nundu'.

Why is it not here? This book has information about all animals that live on land!! Harry wondered as he checked twice more, but there was nowhere any mention of any animal with that name. For a moment, he wondered if the girl had lied, but he quickly ignored that. There would be no point in doing so, and the girl sounded sincere to him. She was, perhaps, four or five years older than him.

What the hell is a Nundu? he wondered out loud as he lay on his back on the bed, looking at the low ceiling of his cupboard. Not having anything else to do, he decided to read the other book about Sea Creatures, but that, too, bore no fruit. Harry was left frustrated.

McGonagall

When Minerva heard what Ted told her, she knew he wasn't lying, but a part of her still couldn't believe what was coming out of his mouth. Once he was done, both Ted and Andromeda looked at her, waiting for her to say anything. Instead, she took a sip from her favorite tea.

"A Nundu." She spoke the name with a twitch of her mouth. "You are telling me that Harry Potter is in possession of a creature dangerous enough to kill one hundred wizard. A creature that is in the Final Rank of Dangerous in every Ministry of Magic around the world. An Army Killer, is that what you are saying?" Minerva questioned, wanting to make sure she had heard him right. Ted nodded, confirming her worst nightmare.

Minerva massaged her forehead; suddenly, she felt much older than she was. Nundus were considered one of the most dangerous creatures in the world, in the Rank XXXXXXXX of Magical Creatures. Only Nundus and the Basilisk were in that Rank.

"Professor, what should we do?" "You said this Nundu didn't attack first, right?" Ted again nodded, his face filled with shame.

In any other instance, she would have berated him and called him stupid for attacking a Nundu, even if he had an entire army with him; attacking them was extremely dangerous due to their Black Breath of Death, which not only destroyed entire communities but also infected the land itself. Nothing could grow there for centuries, and those who stayed in that area would get sick, a sickness that had no real cure.

Minerva could think of several ways to do this, one of which was to inform the Ministry and Amelia Bones. She was certain she could trust her and send an entire Battalion of Wizards to capture or kill her, but doing so might destroy the entire place.

It would be devastating. The Muggles would surely take notice of this, and not just a few, but perhaps hundreds or thousands of muggles. It could result in all Muggles learning about them. At that point, there would be no spell that could make all of them forget what happened. Not to mention, the entire place would need to be closed off. The Black Breath would devastate the land and the air.

Knowing that Minerva decided to take a dangerous leap of faith and believed that the Nundu was truly harmless as long as they didn't harm Harry or her.

"Did Harry Potter call her by any name? Pet names?" Minerva questioned, wanting to confirm what she already believed; if the Nundu was truly 'tamed' and had been staying with Harry for a while now, there was no doubt he would give her a name.

"Oh... Nymphadora," Ted called his daughter. The girl walked downstairs in a huff, her hair red with anger, but the sight of her professor stopped her from shouting that she hated the name.

"Yes?"

"Did the Nundu have a name, I remember you mentioned the name." Ted questioned, looking from the professor to his daughter.

"Itisa. Harry called her Itisa," Nymphadora said with a growing look of excitement. Are we going back to Harry?" she quickly added, jumping up and down as if she had just received her favorite toy for her birthday.

"Not you. Only me. You will stay here and study; perhaps it will help with your grades," Minerva informed her. Her student pouted loudly before crossing her arms, but the old professor wasn't in the mood to care what she wanted, and by what she heard, bringing her along might cause 'Itisa' to attack right away.

The Nundu having a name meant that she must have been there for at least a few days, and it meant she was friendly with Harry and hadn't done anything to him. Minerva sighed in relief; she felt like a whole weight had been removed from her body.

"Only you! Minerva, we should tell Dumbledore, too," Andromeda said, but the old professor shook her head. She felt a sour taste in her mouth at the mention of her Headmaster. She didn't know why he chose to do nothing, but she wouldn't just sit down and let the poor boy live like that, and she needed to help him if the Nundu was truly dangerous.

She owed it to Lily; she still remembered her. She had been a good student and someone Minerva often thought of as... she felt her eyes burn for just a moment, but this wasn't the time nor the place to think about something that could never change.

"No. I Want to go by myself. Dumbledore, I think he already has someone watching over Harry, so I think he might already know about the Nundu, but he has chosen to do nothing, or maybe he doesn't know. Whatever the case, I will go by myself, you all will stay here."

Harry

Another boring morning, after waking up to the smell of cooking, he yawned before standing up from his bed. Itisa walked outside once he did.

Last night, his little-big friend shrunk to her normal size and walked inside the cupboard to join him. Harry was delighted to see her, and just for that, he had scratched the part around her neck and head that she liked the most. She purred the whole time until she was tired and fell asleep near his shoulder.

After eating breakfast, Dursley decided to visit a museum, and much to his shock, they told him to come along. He was sure they didn't trust him to leave him alone in the house, especially

after what happened yesterday. But Itisa didn't come along; she stayed behind and found something to eat despite eating half of the sandwich Harry had prepared.

Once they arrived, the place was packed with people. Before entering, Vernon brought ice cream for himself, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley, but not for Harry. And since he had no ice cream, Dudley started making comments about how delicious the ice cream was right to his face before moving it close to Harry's mouth, as if asking if he wanted some.

"You already took a bite, no thank you. I don't want to get sick." Harry said, wrinkling his nose. Dudley looked annoyed that his little game didn't work.

Once they had eaten their Ice Cream, they walked inside. One of the first things they saw was the skeleton of a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

"Mummy, look, a dinosaur!" Dudley shouted while pointing at the giant skeleton, which had its mouth wide open.

"Wow, and here I thought Sherlock Holmes was the best Detective in the world," Harry commented before he could stop himself. Vernon looked at him with a snarl, and the ice cream cone he had been holding fell from his fat fingers like sausages onto the floor.

"Be quiet, or I will have you walk home. Your devil cat is not here to save you," Vernon threatened before grabbing his tunic. It seemed he had forgotten where he was since his attitude grabbed the attention of the other people around them.

"What are you doing to that, boy?" One woman shouted towards Vernon. Harry smirked in satisfaction when he was forced to let go of him while trying to play it off as a joke, and it seemed to be working until Harry decided to open his mouth.

"It was nothing. My uncle was just telling me that he would buy me an ice cream cone with four scoops. Isn't that right, my dear uncle?" Harry said with the most evil smile he could muster. The small audience that was watching them looked at Vernon, who looked as if someone had just poured cold water on his face.

"...Yes." He said the word with venom, slowly and painfully, before giving Harry the nastiest look he could muster but still buying him Ice Cream.

Harry couldn't remember the last time he ate something so sweet. Miss Figg had given him cake a few times before, but they tasted terrible and were as hard as rocks for some reason. Harry often wondered if they were really cakes.

Harry would have wanted to save some for Itisa, but he knew it would melt by the time they reached home, so he decided to eat the ice cream, and whenever he could, he would buy one for her. The rest of their little journey in the museum was spent looking at the rest of the skeletons, and Vernon often giving him the nastiest looks, sometimes whispering what he would

do to Harry once they arrived back home, something about throwing a frying pan on his head and kicking him outside the house to sleep like a dog.

As soon as they climbed into the cramped confines of the car, Vernon's eyes glinted with malice as he swiftly pivoted, his fingers clamping down on Harry's windpipe with unbridled fury. With a strength that belied his portly frame, he hoisted the gasping boy up until the crown of his head connected with the rough metal of the car's ceiling. As Harry's vision began to blur and his chest constricted with the lack of oxygen, he couldn't help but notice how his uncle's face had contorted into a deep shade of crimson, like a ripe tomato ready to burst. Harry glared at him; a sudden feeling spread in his body like fire.

"Listen to me, your Freak, just because that Evil Cat prote- Aaahhh!!" Letting go of Harry, he landed back on the car seat. He closed his eyes and took several deep breaths. His uncle's pained moans continued to echo in his ears. Harry opened his eyes and turned to face his uncle, only to be met with a shocking sight. The skin on his uncle's hands was charred and blistered.

"GET OUT!!" Vernon screamed, and the entire car shook. Harry, not being able to bear him, opened the door and walked outside. He watched as the car eventually drove away, much slower than normal but fast enough that Harry could not run after it.

Great, he thought, at least he knew the way back home, but it would take the whole day to get there. Not knowing what else to do, he started walking, but as he did, he looked down on his hands.

I burned him! How? he wondered as he tried to imagine a fireball on his hand; sadly, despite his efforts, no fireball appeared.

Harry wondered if this only worked when someone touched him, and he got angry. Although his uncle and aunt had been angry with him before, he couldn't remember something like this ever happening before.

Suddenly, he remembered the purple breath That Itisa had kept breathing out during the night. He still didn't understand what it did to him, and he wondered if this power was because of it.

At a time like this, Harry wished his dear friend could talk like snakes could talk to him. Eventually, after three hours of walking, Itisa joined him. He knew right away that she was angry. Her spikes were ready, but the moment she jumped on his shoulder, they sunk back into her body. She licked his cheeks before shrinking more, now looking like a cute kitten.

Eventually, after two more hours of walking, he saw the house; as he reached the steps that led inside, someone called him from behind.

"May I ask you something?" he turned around, and at the foot of the steps stood an old woman, *a very old one*; *she* had a kind face with an even kinder smile, but before Harry could ask what

she wanted, Itisa hissed at her before jumping from his shoulder, her spikes bursting out right away.

"Itisa!" Harry called her surprised, but his eyes remained on the old lady. She looked normal, not wearing strange old clothes like those people yesterday. The sight of Itisa seemed to have made her tense, but she remained on her spot and did not show fear in her eyes. His friend looked at the old lady for a solid minute before her spikes sunk back, and she jumped on his shoulder once again.

"I'm sorry. She's usually friendly with everyone." Harry said, a little embarrassed, but he knew his friend would never act like that without a reason. He wondered if this old lady was like the people yesterday.

"No worries, but, are you Harry Potter?" She spoke gently upon hearing her words. Harry tensed up, wondering if he should ignore her and walk inside the house, but as if she could read his mind, she quickly added.

"No, I'm not here to harm anyone. I want to talk with you, Harry." She said gently and with a kind voice, almost like a mother. Harry narrowed his eyes; this woman knew his name, and he was certain he had never seen her before.

"About what?" Harry demanded.

The old lady took a breath before speaking. "Have strange things happened to you that you couldn't explain?" She asked. Harry remembered the many times something unexplainable had happened to him or those around him, even what happened to Vernon today in the car.

"Yes, do you know why?" He asked hopefully.

"You are a Wizard, Harry."

"I'm a What?"

Harry is about to learn the truth. What will be his reaction when he finds out they let him live with the Dursleys for eight years?! And the most important question.

Who left Itisa at the Park?