

Harry Potter 371

Chapter 371: Dispelling Methods and New Journey

“Oh no.... the future Star of the Wizarding World is falling!” Snape looked at Evan maliciously. “As long as this curse exists, even if Mr. Masterstone mastered more magic in the future, he won’t use it. He can only show the level that a young wizard should have. It’s really a sad thing”

Evan did not hear any sorrow from Snape’s words. On the contrary, they were oozing with irony. He was just attacking him and Sirius.

From having the magic power of a top tier adult wizard to falling back to the level of the average twelve-thirteen-year-old wizard, the gap was not a bit small; it was difficult for ordinary people to accept.

However, Evan did not feel all that bad. His powerful magic was somewhat baffling. It was Slytherin’s Locket that absorbed the accumulation of a thousand years from the underground ruins and infused it into his body. He had not yet had time to adapt.

The sudden increase in power led to a weak foundation and was prone to problems.

He was happy to have temporary suppression to his magic, giving him more opportunities to hone his spelling skills instead of relying on brute power to solve all problems.

Perhaps this was the main reason why Gryffindor knew about Voldemort’s Curse on the Philosopher’s Stone and insisted that he touched it.

“Of course, having the magical power of a student your age is no fault!” Snape continued. “But I have to remind you that you’d better pray that you never appear in front of that man. Otherwise, if he wanted, he could probably trigger the Curse and take your life at any time! Well, even though he could do it with any other magic.”

Evan frowned. It was not too good to be incapacitated in front of Voldemort.

In the upcoming semester, Voldemort and his followers should use the Goblet of Fire to engage in an astonishing conspiracy and eventually return the Dark Lord physically.

Although Peter Pettigrew had been detained in Azkaban, Evan did not think that Voldemort wouldn’t do anything, he would definitely try to seize Harry.

The only strange thing was that Voldemort had this opportunity in Harry’s first year.

Why didn’t he do that at the time? Was it better to restore power with the help of the Philosopher’s Stone than with that magic?

Evan shook his head and stopped thinking about it. He only knew that a head-on confrontation was essential after Voldemort’s return. He could not keep away from him.

“What can we do to dispel this Curse?!” Sirius clenched his fist, “Whatever is necessary; I’m willing to help Evan at any cost.”

“This is the fault you should bear!” Snape said viciously, “You don’t seem to believe me. Don’t think I’m talking about a solution...”

“Severus!” “Dumbledore warned him again, adding to his tone.

Snape’s hatred, which had just appeared on his face, suddenly turned into a sneer and hung on his lips. “To unlock this curse, we must know what magic this is. If you are willing to ask the Dark Lord himself, perhaps he would be merciful enough to tell you.”

“What else?” “Dumbledore asked calmly.

“Also, I noticed that this Philosopher’s Stone was split, and Mr. Mason is lucky. The magic in this Stone has a strong effect on the curse.” Snape reluctantly said, “Finding the remaining half of the Philosopher’s Stone may work.”

“In this way, we have two solutions!” “Dumbledore nodded and said with satisfaction, “I have clues about both approaches.”

Hearing what he said, everyone looked at Dumbledore in awe.

Even Snape looked surprised and his eyes narrowed tightly.

Either of the two solutions he just mentioned was very difficult, and it seemed almost impossible for ordinary people to achieve them, but Dumbledore actually said that he had clues.

Asking Voldemort what the Curse he left behind was, they didn’t even think about it. As for finding the other half of the Philosopher’s Stone, it was not that easy. After the Centaurs’ Civil War eight hundred years ago, no one knew where the fallen Centaurs ran with the fragment of the Philosopher’s Stone.

Time had passed so long that the Fallen Centaurs clan might have been extinct long ago. After all, there was no place where the evil god really appeared.

If they were not extinct, the current situation might be worse.

They might be hiding in a dark corner, secretly accumulating strength and planning to conjure the evil god again.

After Dumbledore said he had clues, everyone in the ward was surprised. No one doubted Dumbledore’s power and knowledge. Everyone had long been used to it.

“Professor, what shall we do?” Evan hurriedly asked.

Sirius, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were also asking Dumbledore about it, wondering what the clues he just said were.

“Don’t worry; I’ll tackle them one by one!”

Dumbledore waved to everyone to be quiet. “First of all, I’m going to the Ministry of Magic. To get to that place, there must be a decree from the Minister of Magic. And I have to explain to Fudge what happened tonight. The appearance of the Dark Mark is no joke, even if not noticed by many people.”

Evan was stunned; ‘go to the Ministry of Magic and get Fudge’s permission?!’

He didn't know what Dumbledore meant by the place that needed the permission of the Minister of Magic to enter it, and where it was.

He looked into Dumbledore's eyes, his head spinning fast, and then he thought of something.

Evan recalled a few months ago, when he talked to the Headmaster separately about his experience of catching Peter Pettigrew. In Professor Lupin's Office, Peter proposed to give him Voldemort's solution to the Curse left in The Centaurs' colony, hoping that Evan would let him go.

He remembered that Pettigrew had said that without that, he would never get the Philosopher's Stone left by Gryffindor.

Evan didn't care at the time, and now it seemed that it was really the case.

This was indeed part of the clue. Since Peter Pettigrew knew how to break the curse, he could infer from it what the curse was.

So it did seem necessary to ask Peter Pettigrew.

And this guy was currently in Azkaban Wizard Prison, guarded by countless Dementors, and getting there needed Fudge's permission.

Although there was no communication, Dumbledore seemed to know what Evan was thinking. He nodded and confirmed that Evan was right.

"Although this curse does not have much impact on Mr. Mason at present, I think the faster we dispel it the better!" Dumbledore said, "I am going to take him to look for these two clues. It won't be surprising if we had to be away for a long time."

Chapter 372: Chosen by the Dark Lord

Now it was the end of the semester, and the young wizards had just finished their school year exams. After giving them their grades, Hogwarts would have a long summer vacation.

From Dumbledore's words, it seemed like he hoped that Evan could follow him to pursue these two clues.

They were going to leave for a long time, which meant they would take new fantastic adventures during the holidays.

Evan was thrilled to think about Azkaban, the unknown hideout of the Fallen Centaurs, and the evil spirit of terror from the void.

This time there would be Dumbledore on his side, and he should not have any more accidents.

"I want to go, too. This is my responsibility." Sirius stood up and said with excitement, "I must help Evan to break free from this Curse!"

"I can allow you, but you must promise to fully obey my orders in case of danger. Can you do that?" Dumbledore looked at Sirius.

"Of course!" Sirius nodded hastily, without any hesitation.

“Very well, we will leave tomorrow morning. We’ll first go to the Ministry of Magic to see Fudge.” Dumbledore turned to look at Professor McGonagall and Snape, “Minerva, Severus, I’ll not be here. Everything in Hogwarts will be handled by both of you. If you encounter something that you can’t solve, you know how to contact me!”

“Don’t worry, Albus!” Professor McGonagall said, her mouth was thin. She went forward and hugged Evan tightly, sent a blessing, and patted his hair.

“I have no objection.” Snape said, looking at Sirius in a vicious manner. “But the thing I just said, about the responsibility of the whole incident, I hope...”

“Don’t bother, I will file a resignation application.” Sirius looked back at Snape tit-for-tat. “If that would make you feel better, Snivellus.”

Snape’s gloomy face was flushed red, and his right hand rested on his wand, seemingly hesitating to pull it out, and then he snorted heavily.

“That’s what I’ve been dreaming of. Now that you’ve made up your mind, I don’t have time or need to continue arguing with a reckless fool. Now it’s midnight. If there’s nothing else, I hope I can go back to sleep.”

Snape nodded to Dumbledore and turned to leave the ward.

“Professor, you won’t really let Sirius leave?” When Snape disappeared, Harry hurriedly asked, “He’s the best Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor we’ve ever had!”

“Don’t worry about me, Harry!” “Dumbledore had not spoken yet, and Sirius answered for him. “Snape is right. I have to take responsibility and pay for my mistakes. I hope you can understand that.”

Harry didn’t seem to understand but he nodded. He seemed to want to say something. His face was full of worries.

“Sirius, now that you have made a decision, I will accept your application. The post of Professor of Defence Against the Dark Arts class is always prone to get vacant. Looks like we’re going to worry about new candidates again!” Dumbledore said calmly, turning to Evan. “You have to carry this Philosopher’s Stone with you so that you can absorb the magic at any time. I noticed that you had Slytherin’s Locket. Maybe you can put it in there.”

Evan nodded and took out the Locket hanging around his neck.

He gently opened the lid with the Slytherin family emblem, which had a large letter S, and put the Philosopher’s Stone in it. He didn’t know whether it was a coincidence or not, this irregularly shaped fragment could just fit in and occupy half of the space.

Looking at the size, it seemed that this Locket was originally used to hold the Philosopher’s Stone.

“Good, very good!” Dumbledore exclaimed, as if he had thought about this already. His eyes turned to Harry, Ron and Hermione. “Children, if there are no other questions, I hope you can go back to bed and sleep.”

“Professor, can we go with you to pursue those two clues?” Hermione summoned her courage to ask, and looked at Evan with concern.

“Yes, I want to go too!” Harry followed, “We all want to do something for Evan to help him break the Curse left by Voldemort.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think the three of you can take part in this.” Dumbledore shook his head and said, “I have no right to take you away for the whole summer vacation to face some dangers far beyond your capabilities. You should go home, or your parents and families will be worried.”

“But Sirius is my godfather. He’s my guardian!” Harry said, “He’s my only relative. I’ll follow him wherever he goes.”

“Harry, I’m glad you said that!” Sirius said happily, “But I think Dumbledore is right. You can’t take risks with us.”

“But...”

“Harry, you have to go back to your uncle and aunt’s house during the summer vacation. From a kinship point of view, they are your only relatives.” Dumbledore said in an indisputable tone, seemingly not wanting to discuss the matter. “Well, you three should go back to bed now. I hope to talk to our friends, the Centaurs and write a letter to Evan’s parents to explain the story in a way that Muggles can understand.”

Dumbledore walked towards Firenze, who was waiting at the door. He seemed to be returning to the Centaurs’ colony with him to get a closer look at the whole incident.

Soon, there were only four people left in the ward: Evan, Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Madam Pomfrey blew out the candlelight, and the place became rather dark.

Evan lay awake in bed, staring at the snake mark on his wrist.

Next to him, Harry, Ron and Hermione also faced their own confused thoughts.

They talked for a long time, starting with the Centaurs’ colony adventure tonight.

Finally, Evan comforted Hermione for a long time before she calmed down.

Unconsciously, the four of them fell asleep.

Dark clouds gradually disappeared in the sky, and the bleak moonlight went through the window to find the ward, shining on a bedside beside the window. If someone came at this time, he would be able to see clearly a Dark Mark forming behind the child’s neck in the hospital bed.

The python that emerged from the skull's mouth seemed to have life. Its eyes flashed malicious light and disappeared in an instant.

The whole Mark disappeared slowly into the skin as if it had never existed.

Professor Trelawney's prophecy was fulfilled, and Voldemort marked the chosen one with his magic, and he would gain unimaginable powers from that.

Would these powers come from the horrible evil spirit?!

Chapter 373: The Ministry of Magic

Evan awoke at half-past five the next morning abruptly and completely, as if somebody had yelled in his ear.

He lay there immobile, slowly, remembering what he was going to do.

He would go to the Ministry of Magic with Dumbledore and Sirius to see the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, and get permission to enter Azkaban, the Wizard's Prison.

Evan leapt out of bed, the sun had not yet risen, and the ward was dark.

Besides him, the others were still sleeping.

Harry huddled tightly in his bed, while Ron was lying sprawled on his back with his mouth wide open and slept soundly.

Evan turned and looked at Hermione, but now the girl had already woken up.

She was there looking at him in dismay, and there were tears in her eyes that she difficultly tried to hide.

"Godspeed, Evan!" Hermione whispered, leaning over and hugging Evan tightly.

She stopped crying, showing strength, for Evan to rest assured.

"I know!" Evan replied softly. "You too, take care of yourself during the holidays."

Hermione nodded slowly, her beautiful chestnut eyes shining.

With Hermione's warmth and sweet scent, Evan walked across the room and waved to her before leaving.

He reached the hall outside the ward and closed the door softly with the back of his hand.

Evan then breathed heavily, trying not to think that he might not be able to break the curse, and never see Hermione again.

He walked out of the school hospital and was ready to go to Dumbledore's office as previously decided.

The narrow dark corridor was also quiet. The portraits on the walls were all asleep, snoring loudly. There was a red dragon lying on the ground with an apparently disproportionate body, with some sparks coming out of his mouth from time to time.

Evan thought that not long ago, he had actually killed a fire dragon in the Centaurs' colony. But after all, that was in the illusion.

It sounded a bit unreal, not to mention that it was eight hundred years ago.

Passing through a spinning staircase, he saw Filch's cat, Mrs. Norris, staring at him in the corner with bulging yellow, lamp-like eyes.

Evan waved his hand, and Mrs. Norris scurried away, with a low meow.

Suddenly he remembered that he did not know the password of the gargoyle at Dumbledore's office door, and he was not sure what candy name to use to make it move aside.

When he walked to the corridor, he heard a voice near the gargoyle.

Dumbledore and Sirius had already been there waiting for him. They were dusty, as if they had just returned from outside the castle.

Seeing him coming, they both smiled to him.

"Good morning, Evan!" said Dumbledore with a smile. "We've just come back from the Centaurs' colony. Like us, you didn't have breakfast. I told the house-elf to prepare something. There's still time. I think we can finish eating before we leave."

They entered Dumbledore's office, which was as wonderful as Evan had seen before. There were a lot of strange things on the table, and Fawkes the phoenix stood there motionless, his eyes closed tightly.

The portraits of the successive Headmasters on the walls were all really sleeping, but this old phoenix was just pretending.

From time to time, it opened its eyes and secretly looked at Evan and Sirius.

Dumbledore lit the fireplace with his wand, and the warm flame rose to dispel the cold in the room. He knocked on the round table beside the fire, and food such as sandwiches, eggs, desserts, milk and coffee appeared in turn.

"I wrote a letter to your parents explaining the matter and asking them to allow me to take care of you temporarily in the coming summer vacation." Dumbledore took a lavender envelope out of his arm, handed it to Evan and calmly said, "You can send it to them with your own letter."

Evan took the letter that had the Hogwarts school emblem printed in its upper left corner.

In the middle were the names and address of his parents with the unique round font of Dumbledore.

"Well, you can think about what you want to say to them. Even if everything goes well, we'll probably be back in no less than a month. But now, you should have breakfast first and try this sandwich. Do you need some more honey?" Dumbledore pointed to the plate in front of Evan. "I like the sweet taste."

"Thank you!" Evan had just picked up the sandwich and a new one appeared inside the plate.

The cooking skills of the house-elves were very good, and Evan felt that the sandwich was very delicious.

“Did you sleep well last night?” Sirius asked, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

“Very well!” Evan answered, but he was a little embarrassed.

He tried not to think about the curse on his arm, but as soon as his head was empty, the terrible evil spirit and Voldemort always appeared.

He shook his head and forced himself to think about other things. Hermione, for example had a lovely look when she laughed, but in the end, the face he saw always returned to her appearance when she bid him farewell, holding her tears back.

Dumbledore and Sirius were still there talking about the Centaurs’ colony, and Evan listened absently.

He was glad that they didn’t ask him to join the conversation. He struggled to eat the delicious sandwiches in his hands, but he was completely absent-minded.

“Almost time, I think we should go out!” About half an hour later, Dumbledore stood up, “I probably need to talk about the matter for a long time to Fudge. You can finish your letter to your parents there.”

His voice had just fallen, and no action had been seen. The red flame in the fireplace in front of Evan suddenly turned green, and it burned vigorously.

“Normally, Hogwarts fireplaces are not connected in the Floo Network, but you can apply for a temporary link if necessary.” Dumbledore winked at Evan. “You should have used the Floo Network, right?! Just walk in and speak out the Ministry of Magic where we are going.”

Evan nodded, and under the watchful eyes of Dumbledore and Sirius, walked into the fireplace burning green flames and shouted, “Ministry of Magic!”

His body was quickly sucked into the flames, everything was spinning before him; and after a whirl, he came out from the other end of the fireplace.

At this moment, he was standing at one end of a very long and splendid hall with a highly polished, dark wood floor. The peacock-blue ceiling was inlaid with gleaming golden symbols that were continually moving and changing like some enormous heavenly notice board.

The walls on each side were paneled in shiny dark wood and had many gilded fireplaces lined up in a neat row.

“Go ahead, don’t stop at the door!”

A man’s voice rang behind Evan, and he hurried forward.

Behind him, every few seconds, with a soft whoosh, a witch or a wizard emerged from one of the left-hand fireplaces.

On the right-hand side, short queues of wizards were forming before each fireplace, waiting to depart.

Chapter 374: Security Check

This was the British Ministry of Magic, and Evan was in for the first time.

Dumbledore and Sirius hadn't come yet. The green flames flashed from time to time in the golden fireplace, and he was crowded forward by a stream of people coming out from the fireplace.

All of them were the Ministry's workers, wearing glum, early-morning looks, striding meteorically toward a set of golden gates at the far end of the hall.

Evan noticed that some of them were carrying tottering piles of parchment, others battered briefcases, still others reading newspapers as they walked to learn about the news that happened in the Wizarding World yesterday.

Most of the newspapers were "The Daily Prophet", but not all of them. Evan was delighted to find that many people actually held the "Hogwarts Magic".

Under the chairmanship of Professor Lupin, the newspaper created by Evan had been developing rapidly, with a hidden circulation competing with "The Daily Prophet".

With the help of Nearly Headless Nick, they had their own unique sources of information. If Evan could publish the Dark Mark that appeared last night in the Forbidden Forest, no one would have any newspaper in hand but the "Hogwarts Magic"!

It would absolutely be a great achievement, beyond everyone's imagination.

As the Wizarding Word's largest circulation newspaper, no one had challenged the dominance of "The Daily Prophet" for centuries.

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In front, halfway down the hall was a fountain.

A group of golden statues, larger than life-size, stood in the middle of a circular pool.

The tallest of them all was of a noble-looking wizard with his wand pointing straight up in the air.

Grouped around him were a beautiful witch, a Centaur, a goblin and a house-elf. The witch nestled beside the wizard. The Centaur, the goblin and the house-elf were all looking adoringly up at the witch and wizard.

Glittering jets of water were flying from the ends of the two wands, the point of the Centaur's arrow, the tip of the goblin's hat, and each of the house-elf's ears, so that the tinkling hiss of falling water was added to the pops and cracks of Apparators and the clatter of hundreds of witches' and wizards' footsteps.

Evan felt that his eyes were not enough. He followed the crowd to the central fountain.

He saw a lot of Silver Sickles and bronze Knuts glinting up at him from the bottom of the fountain.

A small, smudged sign beside it read: All proceeds from the Fountain of Magical Brethren will be given to St. Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries.

Although this group of statues were vivid, they were absolutely not realistic.

According to Evan's knowledge on Centaurs and the goblins, unless they fell under the Imperius Curse or were badly hit on the head, they would never look so worshipfully at human wizards. As for house-elves, they would bury their heads under their feet more prominently.

Just as Evan was looking at the statues with interest, a bored man's voice sounded behind him.
"Boy, where are you from?"

A badly shaven wizard in peacock-blue robes approached Evan.

Behind him was a small wooden desk, over which hung a sign saying "SECURITY".

"I have something to do in the Ministry of Magic." Evan replied briefly.

He was not sure if he was going to name Dumbledore, Sirius or Fudge. If he told the security wizard the truth, and that he was coming to see the Minister of Magic for permission to enter Azkaban, would he think he was crazy?!?

"Something to do?!" The security wizard narrowed his eyes and said doubtfully, "A young wizard of your age is not allowed to come here at will without the company of an adult. Do you have a magic wand? Show me it! "

This guy was so annoying that Evan even wanted to pull out his wand and give him an Imperius Curse.

Then he remembered that he could not use this profound magic for the time being.

However, he could still do a small Full Body-Bind Curse.

"Evan, what are you doing here?" Just then, Mr. Weasley, suddenly appeared in Apparition not far away in worn-out wizard's robes.

He looked at Evan with surprise and waved to the suspicious guard on the side. "Hold on, Eric! I know this kid. He's a friend of my son."

"Arthur, do you know him?!" The security wizard, like a balloon, lost his breath and returned to his former lifeless appearance. "All right then..."

"Good morning, Mr. Weasley!" Evan explained. "I'm here with Dumbledore and Sirius. I came from the Floo Network, and they'll be there in a minute."

"Together with them, what happened in Hogwarts?"

Evan had not answered yet, and there was a sudden commotion at the other end of the golden hall.

Dumbledore and Sirius, who had just stepped out of the fireplace, were recognized almost instantly.

Many wizards yelled and rushed there, and the hall was in a mess.

Both of them were great celebrities in the Wizarding World and had many admirers.

Dumbledore, widely recognized as the top wizard in the World, had been secluded in Hogwarts in recent years, rarely making public appearances, and adult wizards rarely had the opportunity to meet him.

And of course Sirius, since he was cleared, took over the post of professor of the Defence Against the Dark Arts class, and he had had no contact with the outside world.

The truth about his escape and what happened 20 years ago was a heated subject in public opinion, and had not yet faded away.

Everyone was full of curiosity about Sirius, hoping to see him in person, and some more fanatic ones even asked him for an autograph.

“It seems that they will be there for a while. Let’s not stand here foolishly. We can go ahead and wait.” Mr. Weasley took Evan to the security wizard.

“Eric, we’re going in. You can check for Evan.”

The wizard, Eric, gave an absent-minded answer, not at all alert when he questioned Evan. His eyes were always looking down the hall. It looked like he wanted to go over and see Dumbledore and Sirius.

“Step over here!” he muttered.

Eric held up a long golden rod, thin and flexible as a car aerial, and passed it up and down Evan’s front and back.

“Okay, wand!” He put down the golden instrument and held out his hand.

If any outsider wanted to enter the Ministry of Magic, this was a security check that must be carried out. No one could be an exception. Evan handed over his wand.

The wizard dropped it onto a strange brass instrument, which looked something like a set of scales with only one dish.

It began to vibrate slightly. A narrow strip of parchment came speeding out of a slit in the base.

Eric tore this off and read the writing upon it.

“14 inches and a half, grapevine wood, been in use for two years, the core is...” Eric stopped and frowned at the note in his hand.

“Is there any problem?” asked Mr. Weasley.

“No, you can go in!” Eric returned the wand to Evan.

He patted the instrument there, whispering, “Damn, this thing must be broken. The core of the wand detected is an unknown substance.”

Chapter 375: Wand Core Revelations

Evan followed Mr. Weasley through the gates to a smaller hall beyond, and he just heard Eric’s last words.

After testing, the core of his wand was actually an unidentified substance?!

Evan frowned slightly. This was really strange, how could his wand’s core be an unknown substance, shouldn’t it be the Thestral Tail Hair?!

He remembered walking into Ollivander’s Wand Shop with Mrs. Weasley and Ginny two years ago, and everything was vivid in his mind.

When he held the wand in his hand, a milky white halo, like ripples in the water, spread out in circles.

He thought it was just a simple magic reaction, just like when other young wizards were first selected by their own wands, the end of the wand would emit simple magic like fireworks and beams, which was a very normal phenomenon.

But his magical gushing scene at the time was too shocking. The magic appeared so powerful, and it was not like that of a young wizard who had just come into contact with magic.

Evan also secretly rejoiced that it was a manifestation of his talent.

But now, thinking about it, it was actually very strange and weird.

Through these two years of research, he always felt something was wrong.

After that, no matter how hard he tried, he could not reproduce the powerful fluctuation of magic that occurred when those halos first appeared.

As he was introduced to Soul involving magic, he found that descriptions of this magic seemed to be particularly familiar. Indeed, it was similar to what happened when he first got his one.

Drawing this conclusion, Evan was really shocked.

He immediately rejected the idea, thinking he had made a mistake.

The mysterious soul magic had always been considered a branch extension of evil black magic. It was very esoteric, complex, and unpredictable, and thus difficult to master.

He was just a young wizard who knew nothing at that time. Even if he had the talent, he couldn't use soul magic when first grasping his wand.

He did not tell anyone about it, and he had almost forgotten about it.

But today he heard the words Eric said, and that aroused Evan's mind once again.

Maybe it was not caused by him, but by the core of this wand.!

Ollivander once told him that the core of this wand was the Thestral Tail Hair, the same as that of the elder wand in Dumbledore's hand.

In fact, as the incarnation of the misfortune, the Thestral Tail Hair was a very strange substance.

Legend had it that only wizards who could truly master death could control it.

The power of this magical substance was very strong, but it was not uncommon. What happened as he grasped the wand shouldn't have occurred, and the core should have been identified!

A little doubt arose in Evan's heart, perhaps because he did not know enough about magic wands and the Thestral Tail Hair.

Or maybe the core of his wand was not the Thestral Tail Hair at all.

After all, this wand was not made by Ollivander himself. It was handed down to him by his ancestors.

It was not impossible that he had accidentally remembered something wrong or, for some unknown reason, he didn't want to tell him the truth.

Although he had little contact with him, Evan could clearly feel that Ollivander had too many secrets. The peeling gold letters over the door of his shop read, "Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C."

At first glance, there was nothing wrong with this sentence, but thinking about it carefully; he could see how horrible it was.

"Since 382 B.C.", in other words, more than 2000 years ago.

At that time, Hogwarts had not yet been established, and it was hard to say whether there was a British Wizarding World or wizards.

It was a time when magic was just emerging and ancient warlocks were rampant.

A series of recent encounters had made Evan very impressed by those crazy Dark Ages. After all, he encountered unimaginable magic and two indescribable evil spirits, which were the products of the wizards' crazy magic research in that era.

Evan shivered, linking the Ollivanders to the evil spirits.

Perhaps, the core of his wand was something brought by some evil god, so it was unknown under detection.

This was really ridiculous, he shook his head. It seemed necessary for him to find time to talk to Mr. Ollivander about this wand, or to have other wand-making Masters take a look and confirm what was inside.

Although there was some discomfort in his heart, it was undeniable that he used this wand very smoothly. The magic transmission was very good, as if it was tailored for him.

"Evan, is this your first visit to the Ministry of Magic?!" Mr. Weasley said with a smile. From Evan's wandering expression, he thought that he was shocked by what he had seen in there.

In front of them, at least 20 lifts stood behind wrought golden grilles.

Evan responded vaguely and looked at the lifts absently.

It took about five minutes for Sirius to come panting.

"Arthur, thank you for taking care of Evan!" Sirius gasped and said, a little impatient, "Those guys are so enthusiastic. They rushed up all of a sudden..."

After Dumbledore confirmed that Evan had been found by Mr. Weasley, he directly Apparated to Fudge's office.

Sirius was left alone to face the fanatical crowd, and it took him a lot of effort to get out from them.

"They seldom see a famous wizard like you. If you want to write an autobiography, it would be very popular." Mr. Weasley said with a laugh.

"Don't mock me! Anyway, Dumbledore went to Fudge." Sirius walked over to Evan, looking at the surrounding wizards with a headache and pointing at them. "Arthur,

can you invite us to sit down with you, and while we're at it, let Evan write a letter to his parents."

"No problem, but you must tell me what is going on here." Mr. Weasley said, while pushing Evan to a lift just opened, "This way, Evan!"

They squeezed into the elevator, where stood a big, bearded wizard and a pale young wizard.

Together, they carried a large iron box, which was emitting harsh screams and frictions.

"What is it?" Evan asked curiously, and took a closer look.

"Be careful, kid!" The big wizard stopped Evan and said seriously. "No one knows what it is. We thought it was just an ordinary cat. It might be a little grumpy, but it suddenly grew wings. Its claws and fangs were sharper than the fiercest cheetah's. It bit people when it saw them!"

"This is terrible!" said Mr. Weasley.

"Looks like a serious breach of the Ban on Experimental Breeding to me." Sirius added, and he glanced inside the gap in the tin box. "Look at its tail. It's forked in the back. This guy seems to be a mix of a common cat and a Crup..."

Chapter 376: Barty Crouch

"And that pair of wings, a bit like an Augurey." Evan said uncertainly.

"You two helped me a lot!" The big wizard thankfully said, "You've saved me the trouble of determining its specific species."

He took a small notebook from his robe and wrote down all the words Sirius and Evan had just said.

Evan saw that the notebook was full of strange sketches of animals, with annotations below, like the study notes of the most evil wizard.

Above the strange creature of the cat and the Crup was a pattern of rooster that seemed to be singing, but flames burst out of its mouth.

"What will you do with this animal?" Evan asked curiously.

"The first is to identify its specific species, and then try to recover the state of one of them. If it is really not possible, it will be registered as a new species, and then sent to a special place for breeding." The pale young wizard answered, bending down and looking at Evan earnestly. "Listen, kid, if you graduate in the future, remember, never work in the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures! It's a nightmare, dealing with strange and difficult animals and pests all day long! It's like a garbage can, where all the monsters that can't be dealt with are thrown in, and the office stinky and animal screams..."

"Thank you for telling me, I will keep that in mind!" Evan nodded.

The pale wizard seemed to have put up with it to the limit, but it sounded like Hagrid would like this place.

They were not talking. The lift was jangling and clattering up, and ascended quickly, chains rattling all the while.

Besides the bearded wizard and the pale young wizard who were worrying about the content of the tin box, others were looking at Evan and Sirius curiously.

“Level seven, Department of Magical Games and Sports, incorporating the British and Irish Quidditch League Headquarters, Official Gobstones Club, and Ludicrous Patents Office.” A cool female voice rang out in the lift.

The lift doors opened; Evan glimpsed an untidy-looking corridor, with various posters of Quidditch teams tacked lopsidedly on the walls.

“In a few months, the UK will host the Quidditch World Cup finals.” Mr. Weasley said happily, “If you two are interested, you can go with us. I got more than ten tickets; one of the perks of working in the Ministry! Of course, Harry and Hermione can also be invited along with others.”

“Thank you, Arthur!” Sirius said with a low voice, “Evan and I are going to make an extra trip with Dumbledore. If we can make it, we’ll go. I want to ask you to take care of Harry while I’m not here. You know...”

Suddenly he stopped and looked warily at the wizard standing by eavesdropping on his words.

He quickly looked away and pretended to hear nothing.

“I see. Come to my office!” Mr. Weasley nodded.

The doors closed, the lift juddered upward again. After a while, the woman’s voice said, “Level six, Department of Magical Transport, incorporating the Floo Network Authority, Broom Regulatory Control, Portkey Office, and Apparation Test Center.”

Once again the lift doors opened, and under Sirius’s glare, the wizard who had just listened to him hurried down; at the same time, several paper airplanes swooped into the lift.

Evan stared up at them as they flapped idly around above his head; they were a pale violet color and he could see MINISTRY OF MAGIC stamped along the edges of their wings.

“Just Interdepartmental memos,” Mr. Weasley muttered to him. “We used to use owls, but the mess was unbelievable ... droppings all over the desks ...”

“Yeah, and in the end, the responsibility of taking care of these owls falls on us, feeding them, treating them, cleaning them!” The pale young wizard once again complained, “Once, there were thousands of owls, but there were only five people on hand in the Department. They were all young wizards like me who have just graduated. It was very strenuous work; another nightmare! Thank goodness, I don’t have to worry about those damn owls anymore!”

“All right, Angus, don’t always say these disappointing words in front of children!” Mr. Weasley said dissatisfied, “Say something pleasant.”

“I don’t see any pleasure in it. I’ll have this mixture of cats and dogs waiting for me to deal with in a moment.” Angus whispered, “That’s what the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures does, all the trouble...”

He stopped immediately and the lift doors opened again.

“Level five, Department of International Magical Cooperation, incorporating the International Magical Trading Standards Body, the International Magical Office of Law, and the International Confederation of Wizards, British Seats.”

Mr. Barty Crouch, with a serious face and no smile, stood at the lift’s entrance.

He was wearing the neatest wizard’s robe Evan had ever seen until today; he had short grey hair with a neat parting that was almost unnaturally straight.

Angus was so frightened to see him that he was speechless.

He shut his mouth in a hurry and swallowed the second half of the complaint.

“Good morning, Barty!” Mr. Weasley greeted happily.

But he ignored him. Mr. Crouch glanced at Evan and then stared closely at Sirius, with no expression on his face.

Sirius also looked back at him, his eyes full of hostility.

It was like they were ready for a duel, and the oppressive atmosphere spread through the lift.

Evan knew that Mr. Crouch was the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. He put Sirius into Azkaban without trial, and it was then that the enmity between the two sides began.

Mr. Crouch did not come in at last, and the lift doors shut yet again.

It was quiet, and only the memos flapped around the swaying lamp in the lift’s ceiling.

“It’s terrible, isn’t it?” Angus lowered his head and said, “Mr. Crouch is a real power figure in the Ministry. I heard that even the Minister is afraid of him...”

In fact, when Voldemort led the Death Eaters, Barty Crouch won the trust of ordinary people for publicly advocating the use of tough means to fight back.

His reputation was unparalleled for a while, and he was considered to be the most popular candidate for the next Minister of Magic.

But after the war, it was suddenly discovered that his son, Barty Crouch Jr., was also a Death Eater, and he finally put him in the Wizard Prison himself.

However, after the incident was revealed, his voice continued to decline, and people thought that his approach was too cruel and too ruthless.

He was eventually transferred to the Department of International Magical Cooperation, and the more moderate Cornelius Fudge succeeded in becoming Minister.

That was something that everyone knew, and Evan also knew some unknown secrets.

Subsequently, at the request of his wife, he entered Azkaban and used the Polyjuice Potion to switch Barty Jr. and Mrs. Crouch for death.

Then, he used his curse to control his Death Eater son to keep him at home for many years, and even used Memory Charm on those who discovered the truth.

However, he was finally killed by his mad son a few months later.

Evan had a headache when he thought of that Barty Crouch Jr. Today's meeting made him suddenly realize that he should take some action.

Now that the future had changed radically, there was no need to keep Barty Crouch Jr.

He should find an opportunity to remind other people and let them keep an eye on the movements of Mr. Crouch's family.

Chapter 377: Mr. Weasley's Office

The cool feminine voice rang out again. "Level four, Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, incorporating Beast, Being, and Spirit Divisions, Goblin Liaison Office, and Pest Advisory Bureau."

The doors opened once again, and three of the memos zoomed out.

But several more memos zoomed in, so that the light from the lamp in the ceiling flickered and flashed as they darted around it.

"Goodbye, kid!"

Angus waved to Evan and pointed to the big tin box that kept making a loud noise. "If you're interested, you can come and see us deal with this guy anytime. We'll probably dissect it and take down its wings and tail. That will definitely make you want to eat at noon."

They went out and looked at Sirius's melancholy look. Mr. Weasley seemed to want to comfort him with a few words, and Evan also wanted to say something about Barty Crouch.

But there were still four wizards in the lift, so they could only restrain themselves.

No one spoke; there was only the lift's judder.

"Level three, Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes, including the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad, Obliviator Headquarters, and Muggle-Worthy Excuse Committee."

Everybody left the lift on this floor except Mr. Weasley, Sirius, Evan and a witch who was reading an extremely long piece of parchment that was trailing on the ground. She didn't even raise her head. She had no energy or time to care about her surroundings.

Evan wondered if she had missed the floor. The lift juddered upward again, and the remaining memos continued to soar around the lamp.

Then the door opened.

The voice announced, "Level two, Department of Magical Law Enforcement, including the Improper Use of Magic Office, Auror Headquarters, and Wizengamot Administration Services."

"This is us!" said Mr. Weasley, and everyone went out.

They stood in an empty corridor lined with doors.

Outside a window there was darkness, a hurricane was blowing and heavy rain was falling.

Evan went to the window and was surprised to see that a wooden house had just been blown by the wind in front of him.

"Those are enchanted windows; Magical Maintenance decide what weather we're getting every day. They are angling for a pay raise, so this damn hurricane has been blowing for more than a month!" Mr. Weasley explained, "Besides these days, it's sunny most of the time."

The magic was so wonderful that Evan felt the slight fluctuation of magic.

If he could know the spell, he might be able to create a small illusion to confuse the enemy, which would be very valuable for real combat.

He considered it for a while, and then suddenly woke up. Now was not the time to study magic, he had to find a way to tell the story of Barty Crouch Jr.

Mr. Weasley seemed to want to talk too. He looked around carefully, confirmed that no one was there, then lowered his voice to Sirius and said, "I need to talk to you. Why are you here today at the Ministry of Magic? And also you asked me to take care of Harry during the summer vacation. What on earth is going on?"

"It's because I've fallen under Voldemort's curse, Dumbledore and Sirius are going to find ways to break it for me during the coming summer vacation!" Evan explained.

"What?!" Mr. Weasley shouted, and he was really shocked. Then he noticed that his voice was too loud. Fortunately, there was no one else around.

There was the Auror Headquarters nearby, and those Aurors were all sent out at this time.

Evan and Sirius simply said what happened last night, and Mr. Weasley's face showed an inconceivable look, full of worries.

"The Curse of Voldemort!" He looked at Evan's blue-black round snake bracelet.

"Well... with Dumbledore, there should be no problem." "

There was not much confidence in his voice, and there was little hope that Evan could break the Curse.

Although Dumbledore was powerful, Voldemort's notoriety and power were too deeply engraved in the hearts of people.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of Harry!" He sighed. "You can settle down to break the curse. At the beginning of the World Cup, if you haven't come back, I'll go to his Muggle family and pick him up to my house in person."

Sirius thanked him. In fact, Harry was the one he couldn't rest assured of.

He had planned to spend more time with Harry on a trip this summer vacation.

While he was at it, he went to the Dursleys and warned them not to bully Harry, but now it all fell through.

But helping Evan break the curse was obviously more urgent and more important.

"Let's go in. Don't stand here foolishly. Evan has to write to his parents." Sirius said, "Dumbledore may come back at any time."

"Hold on. We just saw the wizard at the level of the Department of International Magical Cooperation." Evan said quickly, "I think..."

"You mean Barty Crouch?!" Sirius's mouth sneered a little, "He certainly won't take the lift up. He disdains having anything to do with people like me, even if he's alone in a space. I think I was acquitted and must have had a great influence on him in public opinion. He should hate me to death now."

"Well, don't take it to heart, Sirius!" Mr. Weasley patted him on the shoulder. "You know, Barty Senior has always been like this..."

"Of course I know, in a sense, he's a great wizard." Sirius said, "Of course, the desire for power is also strong."

"Yes, I don't like him very much, I think..." Evan said, not knowing how to tell them what he knew.

"No one will have a crush on this guy, but it is undeniable that he is Voldemort's most staunch opponent." Sirius's face showed a strange look, and his eyes looked at Evan in a complicated way. "Barty Crouch was always outspoken against the Dark Side. But then a lot of people who were against the Dark Side... Well, you wouldn't understand, there were too many things that happened at that time. You are very smart, but you are still too young..."

"If you mean he convicted you without trial, and he sent his son to Azkaban." Evan squinted and said, "In fact, I have carefully investigated Mr. Crouch and I probably know more than you think."

"Evan, you said you were investigating Barty?!" Mr. Weasley looked nervous.

"Nothing can hide from you, I knew that!" Sirius's thin face flashed a helpless smile. He didn't seem to be surprised. "He sent me to Azkaban without a public trial. I don't blame him for that. It was not very pleasant, but I really needed a place to redeem myself. In a sense, he was helping me!"

Sirius described what had happened in a casual voice, with no emotion in his voice, as if it had nothing to do with him.

Chapter 378: The Shocking Truth

The conversation continued in the empty corridor.

"I don't blame him, but Barty Crouch's practices and concepts in other things are definitely beyond your imagination!" Sirius lowered his voice and said gravely, "Evan, I don't know how much you know and what you want to do, but you have to know that Crouch is a tough, ruthless man, even more vicious than his opponents, the Death Eaters who use black magic. He advocated violence against Violence and authorized the use of Unforgivable Curses against suspects."

"Yes, that has given him a lot of supporters!" Mr. Weasley said uneasily, looking around and making sure that no one was eavesdropping on their conversation. "At that time, plenty of people thought he was going about things the right way, and there were a lot of witches and wizards clamoring for him to take over as Minister of Magic. His own reputation has already far exceeded that of others in the Ministry. When Voldemort disappeared, it looked like only a matter of time until he got the top job!"

"But the irony is..." Sirius smiled grimly. "Just then, Crouch's own son was caught. He was with a group of Death Eaters who'd managed to talk their way out of Azkaban. Apparently they were trying to find Voldemort and return him to power."

The smile on his face did not fade, staring at the heavy cubicle not far away. A lopsided sign on the cubicle read AUROR HEADQUARTERS.

"Next thing, you should all know!" Sirius continued, "You can imagine that this was a real blow to the old man. He should have spent a bit more time at home with his family, shouldn't he? Ought to have left the office early once in a while to know about his own son."

"Yes!" Evan nodded.

Not only Crouch, but everyone should know more about Batty Crouch Jr.

If Mr. Weasley and Sirius knew his true face and his position among the Death Eaters, they would be shocked.

"I've seen that boy, a coward who only knew how to cry, who looked very weak." Sirius recalled, "I was in Azkaban myself when he was brought in, and he was next to my cell. I remember him crying every day. When the boy was arrested, all the people with him were Death Eaters. I can bet that the poor fellow has been in the wrong place at the wrong time!"

“Maybe he is not as simple as you think!” Evan said cautiously. “My findings show some very interesting information. He was locked into Azkaban because he tortured the Longbottom couple with the Cruciatus Curse. I asked Professor Lupin to help me get in touch with the witnesses of that incident...”

Evan knew so much. Mr. Weasley and Sirius were obviously very surprised.

“All in all, Barty Crouch Jr. is not simple.” Evan concluded, retelling the information he had received.

“Maybe, but what does this mean?!” Sirius said impatiently. “I saw the Dementors bring him in. I watched them through the iron railings of the cell door. He was at most nineteen years old, and they threw him into a cell next to me. In the evening, he screamed at his mother. But a few days later, he was silent, and he remained silent all the time. In that ghost place, everyone would become like this, only occasionally screaming in his sleep...”

“Everyone knows that after being locked into that place for a year, he died and paid for his crimes!” Mr. Weasley said hastily. “Well, we can’t just stand here and talk about these things.”

“Yes, what you need to do now is to write a letter to your parents!” Sirius patted Evan’s shoulder. “Maybe, you should write a letter to Remus, too.”

“Come on, what do you want to drink? I have there...”

“Hold on, there’s more!” Evan hurriedly raised his voice and shouted, “Barty Crouch Jr. may not be dead!”

Mr. Weasley and Sirius both stopped, their eyes firmly fixed on the serious-looking Evan. There was a funny expression on their faces, with a strong desire to laugh, but they strove to hold it back.

“He must have died, right in front of me. I witnessed his death with my very own eyes.” Sirius said bitterly. “Since you want to know, then I’ll tell you. He was not the only one. Most go mad in there, and plenty stop eating in the end.”

Sirius looked at Evan’s eyes, and his hoarse voice slowly described the past events.

“They lost the will to live. You could always tell when a death was coming, because the Dementors could sense it, they got excited.” Sirius said, “That boy looked pretty sickly when he arrived. Crouch being an important Ministry member, he and his wife were allowed a deathbed visit. He half carried his wife and walked past my cell. She died herself, apparently, shortly afterward out of grief. Wasted away just like the boy. Crouch never came for his son’s body. The Dementors buried him outside the fortress. I watched them do it.”

Evan wanted to talk, but Sirius stopped him.

“Think about it carefully, isn’t it very sad?!” His face showed a cruel smile. “Just when old Crouch thought he had it made, he lost it all. One moment, a hero, poised to become Minister of Magic... In the blink of an eye, his son died, his wife died, the family name was dishonored, and there was a big drop in his popularity.”

“I remember the newspapers at that time, all reporting on this matter.” Mr. Weasley added, “Once the boy had died, people started feeling a bit more sympathetic toward the son and started asking how a nice young lad from a good family had gone so badly astray. The conclusion was that his father never cared much for him. So Cornelius Fudge got the top job, and Crouch was shunted sideways into the Department of International Magical Cooperation.”

“Well, after knowing all this, what are you still questioning now?” Sirius asked Evan. “I don’t know how much information you have, but there’s no doubt that Barty Crouch Jr. died.”

“No, that’s not the whole story. Barty Crouch may have brought his son out of Azkaban!” Evan gasped and decided to say it directly, “According to Barty Crouch’s character and style of action, we can reason out...”

“Reasoning?! It’s ridiculous. I saw him die before me, and you’re here to reason with me!” Sirius sighed and said in a heavy tone, “Evan, you may have been under too much pressure recently, I think...”

“It wasn’t him who died, it was his mother!” Evan said loudly. “When you saw that visit, Barty Crouch switched them up!”

Chapter 379: Mad-Eye Moody

Evan told the shocking truth, but it was obvious that Sirius and Mr. Weasley did not believe it.

“Barty helped his son escape from Azkaban?!” Mr. Weasley said in surprise, “How can this be possible? He wouldn’t do such a thing!”

He looked anxiously at Evan and then turned to Sirius.

Mr. Weasley had a panicking look on his face and had no idea what to do.

It seemed that he wished the two of them would shout a happy April Fools Day to him.

“Evan, I thought you knew about Crouch’s nature!” Sirius continued to try to persuade him, “Believe me, he refused to excuse his son at the Wizengamot’s trial, let alone break the law to help him escape from prison! Anything that threatens his reputation must be put aside; he had no fatherly love.”

“But you also said that Crouch was ruthless. If he could save his son without being discovered, why wouldn’t he do that?”

“That’s Azkaban, the most heavily defended wizard prison!” Sirius impatiently said, “If you see it, you’ll know what it is like. How did Crouch bring out a living man under the guard of thousands of Dementors?”

“The Dementors have no eyes; they can’t see around, they can only feel the breath of living things, which is the main reason why you were able to escape successfully in the first place.” Evan persevered. “Crouch could fool the Dementors with a little trick.”

“What trick?” Sirius asked, frowning tightly.

“Polyjuice Potion!” Evan whispered. “He used the compound soup to make his wife look like her son. The Dementors couldn’t see it. They could only smell a healthy person and a dying person coming in, and a healthy person and a dying person leaving.”

After Evan finished, neither Mr. Weasley nor Sirius did speak.

They were terribly shocked and seemed to want to find out a loophole in the plan, but after thinking for a long time, they found that there was no way to refute Evan’s theory. Still, there was one thing it lacked!

“Is there any evidence?” Sirius asked.

“No!” Evan shook his head. He really had no evidence. “If you are willing to search Crouch’s house, use Veritaserum on him or check his wife’s grave, there may be some results.”

“That’s mad, totally mad!” Mr. Weasley said, “If anyone dares to ask the most powerful official in the Ministry of Magic to do these things, he would immediately be sent home or to the hospital for inspection. With all due respect, I think you should go and have a look, too, out of prudence.”

“Okay, Arthur!” Sirius said heavily, “Evan is just under too much pressure. If we fall under the curse, we’ll never be better than him.”

“But...”

“This is all imagination, crazy imagination!” Sirius said, looking at Evan seriously, as if he had met him for the first time. “Evan, if I didn’t know you very well, I would think that you have been mentally frustrated by Voldemort’s Curse.”

“We’d better not talk about it!” Mr. Weasley whispered, “Barty Crouch helped his son escape from prison? It’s crazy enough to think about it.”

“But what I said just now did really happen?” Evan said.

In fact, he was somewhat depressed.

There was no way to convince Sirius, Mr. Weasley and others. The positive image of Barty Crouch was too deeply rooted in their minds.

If he continued talking like this, he would just make them doubt him.

To disclose all of this in advance was just asking for trouble. He could only let time prove everything.

Since he couldn't nip everything in the bud, he could only think about ways in the next semester.

By then, with the help of the Marauder's Map, things would become easier.

"It's possible that what you said may happen, but I still say that you don't know Barty Crouch. He wouldn't do it. He's sure..."

"Just don't let your guard down. Anything is possible!"

Just then, a growling voice rang in the cubicle behind Evan.

The door opened, and Sirius kept Evan behind him, pulled out his wand at the fastest speed, looked ahead vigilantly, and quickly released.

Evan poked his head out and saw an old man standing in the doorway.

He was carrying a long cane, and he was shrouded in a black traveling cloak.

Seeing his face, Evan was shocked and subconsciously stepped back.

His face looked as though it had been carved out of weathered wood by someone who had only the vaguest idea of what human faces are supposed to look like, and was none too skilled with a chisel. Every inch of skin seemed to be scarred. The mouth looked like a diagonal gash, and a large chunk of the nose was missing.

But it was the man's eyes that made him frightening. One of them was small, dark and beady. The other was large, round as a coin, and a vivid, electric blue.

The blue eye was moving ceaselessly, without blinking, and was rolling up, down, and from side to side, quite independently of the normal eye. And then it rolled right over, pointing into the back of the man's head, so that all that could be seen was whiteness.

Evan was stunned by this weird look, and stared at him intently.

Almost instantly, he knew who this guy was, Mad-Eye Moody.

Moody looked at Evan and Sirius and walked over with his cane.

"Black, I've read your latest report, so you're innocent!" He stretched out a hand that was as badly scarred as his face.

"Yes, I've been proved innocent!" Sirius shook hands with him, and Moody moved closer.

"You're family history is not very good! Although Dumbledore is willing to believe in you, I can think otherwise!" He said rudely and turned his eyes to Evan.

“I’m sorry I eavesdropped on your conversation. If you want to say bad things about senior officials of the Ministry of Magic secretly next time, you’d better not choose this kind of place.”

His normal eye was fixed upon Evan, but the blue eye was still darting restlessly around in its socket. “But I have to say, I just heard a wonderful reasoning, very exciting. I haven’t heard such reasoning for a long time!”

“Thank you!” Evan subconsciously answered.

“Boy, you have the potential to be an Auror; I like you!” He reached into his traveling cloak, pulled out a hip flask, and took a long draught from it.

As he lifted his arm to drink, his cloak was pulled a few inches from the ground, and Evan saw several inches of carved wooden leg, ending in a clawed foot.

Chapter 380: Bertha Jorkins and Evan’s plan

There was a moment of silence. The atmosphere in the corridor was somewhat delicate, filled with a strong aroma of wine.

Moody’s drink was very spicy and strong. It was uncomfortable just to smell it.

“I’ll pay attention to Barty Crouch!” Moody put the flask back and said to Evan, “Remember, always be vigilant and don’t trust anyone.”

He waved his black cloak and headed for the lift.

As he walked away, the sound of his cane hitting the ground grew distant.

Before he disappeared completely, no one moved, and Evan could be sure that Moody was watching the three with that made false eye.

Evan didn’t know how he was going to pay attention to Barty Crouch. He just hoped that this would give him a wake up call and not be easily knocked down and locked up by Barty Crouch Jr.

“He’s always been so insane. I hope he doesn’t do silly things!” Mr. Weasley sighed and explained to Evan, “He’s Mad-eye Moody, the best Auror in the history of the Ministry of Magic, powerful strength, the master of catching Dark wizards.”

“Just like you, he’s suspicious of everything, not trusting anyone!” Sirius lowered his voice and said, “But he’s trustworthy, he’s from the Order of the Phoenix, just now those words he heard are nothing, or we would have to use the Memory Charm!”

“Since he retired, his suspicions grew stronger and stronger. He is wary of everyone, and he’s always suspicious of being attacked. He even used spells against Muggles, and our Department had to go behind him to solve the problems!” Mr. Weasley said.

“He can’t be blamed for that. He caught a lot of Dark wizards when he was Auror. Half of the prisoners in Azkaban were arrested by him. This offended many people.” Sirius said, “Those people want him dead. He has to be careful.”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s never wrong to be careful, but we really shouldn’t have unsubstantiated doubts...” Mr. Weasley looked at Evan pointedly and said uneasily, “Well, we’ve been standing long enough. Let’s go in and have a cup of tea.”

Nobody mentioned anything about Barty Crouch, as if nothing had happened.

They crossed the narrow corridor, turned a corner, and walked through a pair of heavy oak doors.

They emerged in a cluttered, open area divided into cubicles, which were buzzing with talk and laughter.

Memos were zooming in and out of cubicles like miniature rockets.

“This is the office of the Wizengamot Administration Services.” Mr. Weasley said, and from time to time, he stopped to greet some people and introduce Sirius and Evan.

In a small compartment, they crossed the second elm door.

The three people walked into another passage, turned left, marched along another corridor, turned right into a dimly lit and distinctly shabby corridor, and finally reached a dead end.

A door on the left stood ajar, revealing a broom cupboard, and a door on the right bore a tarnished brass plaque reading: MISUSE OF MUGGLE ARTIFACTS.

Mr. Weasley’s dingy office seemed to be slightly smaller than the broom cupboard.

Two desks had been crammed inside it and there was barely room to move around them because of all the overflowing filing cabinets lining the walls, on top of which were tottering piles of files.

The little wall space available bore witness to Mr. Weasley’s obsessions; there were several posters of cars, including one of a dismantled engine, two illustrations of postboxes he seemed to have cut out of Muggle children’s books, and a diagram showing how to wire a plug.

Sitting on top of Mr. Weasley’s overflowing in-tray was an old toaster that was hiccupping in a disconsolate way and a pair of empty leather gloves that were twiddling their thumbs.

Beside the in-tray were a few photographs of the Weasley family, one of which had been taken in Egypt last year. Ron had shown it to everyone. However, the rat ‘Peter Pettigrew’ had disappeared from above and should have been erased with magic.

“We haven’t got a window.” Mr. Weasley said apologetically. “We’ve asked, but they don’t seem to think we need one. Have a seat; I’ll get you some water.”

Evan and Sirius squeezed themselves into the two chairs behind the desk. What could be seen from the office environment, Mr. Weasley’s Department was not taken seriously.

“You can write a letter to your parents here, I’ll find an owl to mail it for you.” Mr. Weasley came up with two cups of tea.

He pulled out a few blank parchments from the blue and handed them to Evan. Several report-style papers fell down.

Evan read: “It is reported that the incident of sewage backflow from toilets in Wimbledon was investigated to be...”

“A regurgitating toilet?”

“Anti-Muggle pranksters,” said Mr. Weasley, frowning. “This is the first time it happened. It’s very bad in nature. Muggles are pulling the flush and instead of everything disappearing ... well, you can imagine. The poor things keep calling in those ... those pumbles, I think they’re called ... you know, the ones who mend pipes and things ...”

“Plumbers?”

“Exactly, yes, but of course, they’re flummoxed. I only hope we can catch whoever did it.”

“Will it be Aurors who catch them?”

“Oh no, this is too trivial for Aurors, it’ll be the ordinary Magical Law Enforcement Patrol to deal with it.”

“This report is about Bertha Jorkins; what did she do?!” Sirius said with interest, picking up a report. “The cactus plants she bought from a Muggle Store growing wild and growing a giant mouth. Two Muggles witnesses....”

Evan had a flash in his mind. Wasn’t Bertha Jorkins the woman in Barty Crouch’s Department?! She found out the truth of the whole incident in the original story, and Crouch used the Memory Charm on her.

Then she went on holiday to Albania.

At the busiest time of the Ministry of Magic, she disappeared for several months and was actually caught by Voldemort.

Voldemort broke Bertha’s Memory Charm and learned a lot from her, including the news that his most loyal servant, Barty Crouch Jr., was still alive. He rescued him, and then planned a series of plots on the Goblet of Fire to return successfully.

If he could find her, he would prove in advance that all what he said was true.

By then, they would have enough evidence to expose Barty Crouch’s true face to the world and recapture Barty Crouch Jr.

Evan thought excitedly that it was an opportunity.

Ever since he had failed to persuade Sirius and Mr. Weasley, Evan had been thinking about it.

He looked at the circular snake bracelet on his wrist and wondered if he was chosen by Voldemort.

Regardless of whether others believed it or not, in order to prevent it, he was determined to take a more proactive approach to stop Voldemort.

Evan had a brand new idea. Why should he follow the original book? With the emergence of the Four Founders’ Secret treasure and the horrible evil spirits, the world had already become totally different. Maybe it was because he had crossed to this world that greater evil was approaching.

Before that, he must first find a way to eliminate Voldemort.

He knew the locations of all the Horcruxes, and as long as there was enough time, he could destroy them in turn.

He would try to delay Voldemort's return, and when all the Horcruxes were destroyed, he would have nothing to fear.

At that time, he would not, as the prophecy said, gain unimaginable power with his help.

Even planned so, but would everything really go as smoothly as he thought?!