

Harry Potter 451

Chapter 451: The Gate to a New World

Everyone gathered around the Portkey and reached out a finger to touch the Quaffle.

It was time to go, they were waiting quietly.

Mr. Weasley took out his pocket watch, staring at the time with one eye and whispering, “Three... two... one!”

As soon as his voice fell, they began to spin up quickly.

Under the traction of the Portkey, they were spinning, their feet leaving the ground and they flew into the air.

This time, with no curse holding him down, Evan was much more sensitive to the magical fluctuation around him.

The scene around them began to blur and fade away.

The next second, Evan found himself not reaching his destination directly, but entering a strange space.

Everything he perceived seemed to be composed entirely of magic, and colorful lights twisted all around him.

Evan had an inexplicable strange feeling. This place, this space had a strange familiarity.

Harry, Hermione, Sirius and all the others disappeared. Only Evan was here by himself.

Looking around, he soon remembered that it was very similar to his previous experience in the ruins of the fallen Centaurs, in which his soul was pulled into an eerie fantastic space.

Although the surrounding scenery was different, the two places seemed to be the same in nature.

No mistake, Evan still remembered the sky he had seen at the time, exactly like this.

There, all colors and objects were twisted, and distance, time, and space seemed to have lost meaning.

In Muggles' physics theory, there is the concept of “High-dimensional Space”.

Unlike the real world where human beings live by three-dimensional space and time, high-dimensional space is more advanced.

It could be somewhat envisioned by the example of a tiger drawn on a paper. If you want to trap it, just draw a circle around the tiger on the paper.

The tiger on paper cannot come out from inside because it only exists in a two-dimensional space.

By analogy, when adding a third dimension of height, the tiger gets a way out.

In that case, a real cage would need to trap it, and the two-dimensional cage would have no effect.

In terms of dimensions, 3D is obviously more advanced than 2D.

The three dimensions are combined, which is the limit that humans can perceive.

The fourth dimension is time, which is a higher dimension.

Although human beings cannot perceive it, time is always affecting all beings, and is kept track of by clocks and watches.

Using Time-Turners, wizards can shuttle between different times.

But because this dimension is more advanced, the whole shuttling process is extremely dangerous, to the point that it is considered taboo.

Evan once returned to Hogwarts a thousand years ago, which was already a very, very profound magic.

He didn't feel much at first, but the more he learned about time, the more he realized this.

How incredible it was to have that experience two years ago!

Perhaps, only high-level wizards of the tier of the Four Founders of Hogwarts could use that kind of magic.

Of course, time, that is, the fourth dimension, is not the end of everything.

Going upward, there are still higher dimensions.

There, the lower dimensions, whether space or time which humans are familiar with, will lose their meaning.

Just like a real tiger and a tiger on paper, the tiger on paper is naturally lower.

To everyone, it's just a painting.

Intelligent creatures living in high-dimensional space will also feel this way when looking at human beings living in low-dimensional space.

The more advanced the dimension is, the more difficult it is to describe in words.

But with the activation of the Portkey, Evan now entered this different space; he entered a higher dimension.

He looked around curiously, and an absurd idea suddenly popped up in his mind.

Here, his regular senses did not work at all, because this was beyond the limits of his body's perception.

For others, whether they used Apparition or Portkeys, there would be a short gap in memory.

The blank occurs in this different space because they cannot perceive it.

With Evan it was different. Maybe it was because he was once brought into a different space by the evil god of the centaurs, or perhaps because he was now becoming more sensitive to magic fluctuation, no matter what it was, Evan was now able to clearly see everything around him.

Not with his eyes, but directly through his soul; he was using his soul to sense.

He did not get lost like everyone else. He just felt like a flash in his eyes and arrived at his destination.

With his soul, Evan could clearly get a panoramic view of this different space.

There was no doubt that this place did not belong to the real world, but it did exist.

A strange thought came to Evan's mind. He remembered the place where the evil gods said they were first born.

Ancient warlocks once entered it, and apparently it did not belong to the real world, otherwise the evil spirits would have long destroyed the world.

Perhaps they existed in such a high-dimensional heterogeneous space, just like the different space that wizards had to enter every time they Apparate and use Portkeys.

Compared with all magical creatures, the power and existence of evil spirits were obviously more advanced.

And most of them and the monster shapes they created were indescribable.

This was because they were creatures that existed in high latitudes and could not be represented in low dimensions.

By the way, Slytherin left a slate map of the temple where Herpo the Foul's lair was located.

Evan originally thought that it was ancient Greece, but he and Hermione carefully compared, and that place did not exist in the real world.

Following this line of thinking and reasoning, there might be many spaces different from ours.

As the most evil Dark wizard in history, Herpo the Foul had probably managed to transform his body into a evil god.

This gave him the ability to use certain abilities of these evil spirits, such as entering a dream, directly acting on the mind and so on.

If so, he might also have the ability to cross different spaces like a true evil god.

What could be more difficult to deal with, is that the Temple he had built could be in such a different space.

This was incredible at first thought, but the pieces of the puzzle seemed to be falling into place, and an amazing model of what truth might be was gradually building up in Evan's mind.

A broader door to the world of magic slowly opened before his eyes.

He felt that his purpose was becoming clearer and clearer, and the evil spirits were coming to the world, that is to say, from this different space to the real world. Besides needing enough flesh and blood, they also needed a large supply of magic in the Philosopher's Stone.

Whether the Philosopher's Stone or the evil god, they all appeared in The Book of Abraham.

This was the only magic book known to have been preserved by ancient warlocks in the world.

It was the only way to understand the wizards who once had the power to destroy heaven and earth, and many magic spells.

Thousands of years ago, they had entered the space where the evil spirits were. Perhaps this was the clue they left behind for future generations.

Chapter 452: The Astonishing Truth

On the first page of The Book of Abraham, a Philosopher's Stone was drawn.

Evan knew that the powerful magic within a Philosopher's Stone was indispensable for the evil gods to come to the real world.

However, this was obviously not the true purpose of the Philosopher's Stones created by ancient sorcerers. It couldn't be that they wanted to bring forth such being that were obviously beyond control; that would be suicidal.

Summoning these horrible evil spirits is asking for the world to be destroyed. Ancient warlocks would not do such foolish things. It was just that in their exploration of magic, things went beyond anything that they had ever expected.

But still, Evan was more convinced that the stones linked to the evil gods back in the day as well, especially after knowing that the "alien" space of the evil god's life was not in the real world. The Philosopher's Stones were what was used to help wizards break through the barriers of space and enter high-dimensional different spaces.

Only in this way can we make full use of the huge magic contained in it.

Any other transformation and use of the Philosopher's Stone would be a waste of the powerful strength in it.

After Evan defeated the evil god, the third part of The Book of Abraham showed a portrait of it.

Obviously, the third part was related to the evil spirits.

It was not difficult to speculate that it might have recorded the way to truly defeat the evil spirits.

Perhaps it was a powerful spell, maybe it was a certain item; anything was possible!

Since the key subjects of the first and third parts of this book were related to evil gods, then the scepter that appeared on the second part was certainly no exception.

Thinking about it, what role would the scepter have related to evil spirits and different spaces?!

Flamel had fully interpreted the first part of The Book of Abraham, which mainly recorded alchemy.

With alchemy, a Philosopher's Stone could be transformed or even created directly.

The Philosopher's Stone did have a powerful magic, but it was not enough alone to enter the different space.

Otherwise, Evan now had a Philosopher's Stone, and he could enter the space where the evil gods were like ancient warlocks.

But he did not know what to do. For now, he could only use the Philosopher's Stone by exploiting its Magical Power.

This was because the Philosopher's Stone only provided the necessary magic. If he wanted to really enter that space, he needed specific spells or magic props.

Slytherin's snake scepter was the prop.

From the information on the slate obtained by Evan, Slytherin had ventured into the Lair of Herpo the Foul in the ancient times when he was young.

As a result of that adventure, he brought back a horrible evil god, a real evil god.

Slytherin defeated him, studied his body, and divided it into three parts.

According to the various information Evan had, the evil spirit Slytherin had captured was probably Herpo the Foul himself.

Herpo the Foul was the last ancient warlock to appear in the history of magic, and the originator of all modern Dark wizardry.

He himself had a very orthodox inheritance. It was also possible that he had left behind the snake scepter.

Maybe it was what he had used to shuttle between the real world and the high-dimensional world, and to build his Lair in that space.

Evan came to this conclusion, and found that this theory could solve most of the mysteries that he could not explain before.

Although this fact was surprising, the more he thought about it, the more likely it was.

Perhaps the high-dimensional space had inspired Evan. Anyway, when he passed through here, he suddenly thought of this and wanted to understand everything.

The whole process took place in the blink of an eye. By the time Evan came back to his senses, he had already reached his destination.

His feet slammed into the ground, and Hermione staggered into him.

Evan hurriedly helped Hermione, and while at it, he pulled Ginny, who was about to fall.

On the other side, Harry and Ron were entangled and fell together, and Fred and George were no better.

They looked like they were shattered and crooked by the wind, and then fell backwards.

Only Mr. Weasley and Sirius were steady.

“5:46, from St Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries!” said a voice.

Evan looked around curiously, and the place they came to was like a vast, deserted stretch of misty moor.

In front of them were two tired and grumpy-looking wizards.

One of them was holding a large gold watch and the other a thick roll of parchment and a quill.

Both were dressed as Muggles, though very inexpertly.

The man with the gold watch wore a tweed suit with thigh-length galoshes.

His colleague wore a kilt and a poncho like those worn by Scottish Highland men.

“Good morning, Basil,” Mr. Weasley said.

He picked up the Quaffle and handed it to the kilted wizard.

The man threw it into a large box of used Portkeys beside him.

“Hello, Arthur!” said Basil. “Oh, you are Sirius Black. I have read your story. My wife and I both think you are a true hero.”

“Thank you!” said Sirius.

This had often happened since Evan helped him clear his name.

The heroes of peacetime are even more revered. There were even many people who believed that Sirius should become the Minister of Magic.

“Arthur, you’re lucky, not to be on duty!” said Basil wearily. “We’ve been here all night, and people have been coming all the time. Ok, you’d better get out of the way; we’ve got a big party coming in from Diagon Alley.”

The wizard next to him took out a long roll of parchment and searched hard on it.

“Let me see where your campsite is... Weasley... Weasley!” he looked at it and said.

“About a quarter of mile’s walk over there, first field you come to. The site manager’s called Mr. Roberts.”

He looked up at Sirius again and kept muttering, “Black... Black... found it! You are in the innermost, right next to the first camp.”

“Sirius, you booked a campsite alone?!” Harry hurriedly asked.

“A few months ago, I planned to show you the World Cup. At that time, I booked one directly!” Sirius said, “Look at the surrounding environment. I wanted us to be together. That’ll be livelier.”

Obviously, Sirius’s reservation was much higher than Mr. Weasley’s.

In a recent review of Hogwarts Magic Newspaper, Evan had seen the relevant description.

The location of Sirius’s campsite was the best. It was the closest to the competition field. The neighborhood was full of pure blood wizard families and noble wizards.

It was said that the athletes of both sides of the game were also there.

Of course, that price was also much more expensive than ordinary ones, and it costed many Gold-Galleons.

Chapter 453: Ludo Bagman

Sirius did not explain that bit, and Evan naturally would not talk.

He shared Sirius’s view that the campsite was secondary, and the most important thing was to have everyone together.

He was still thinking about the reasoning he just made, and he couldn’t wait to break The Book of Abraham.

Everyone was in high spirits. They laughed and passed through the deserted moor. They could hardly see anything through the thick mist.

After about twenty minutes, a small stone cottage next to a gate swam into view.

Beyond the stone cottage, there were thousands of odd-shaped tents.

They went up the gentle slope of a large field toward a dark wood on the horizon.

A man was standing in the doorway, looking out at the tents.

From his expression, he might be the only real Muggle in this large area.

That was Mr. Roberts, the site manager.

As soon as he heard their footsteps, he turned his head to look at them.

Mr. Weasley went over to talk to him about renting a tent, and Harry was in a hurry too.

Because Mr. Weasley couldn't tell Muggle's money apart, he was struggling to peel the notes in a large roll of money.

He also called the pound a colorful salary piece, provoking suspicion of the opposite Muggle.

"It's strange. You're not the only one who can't figure out the amount of money," he said in a low voice, looking carefully at Mr. Weasley and Harry standing behind him.

"Just ten minutes ago, two people were going to pay me a lot of big gold coins."

Mr. Weasley did not speak and looked at him uneasily.

"There have never been so many people!" he wondered, his eyes once again looking out over the misty field. "Never been this crowded. Hundreds of pre-bookings and people keep coming..."

From his tone, it was like the beginning of a horror movie.

Perhaps for him, this incident was really terrifying.

He was familiar with the place, and for no reason, strange foreigners kept coming in, and his memory was constantly being reset.

"That's very strange, isn't it?!" he continued. "Look, from a few days ago, people came from all over. Loads of foreigners. And not just foreigners, but also many weirdos. I just saw a guy walking around in a kilt and a poncho which is obviously abnormal."

Mr. Weasley looked more uneasy, and he was already touching his wand.

"I have a feeling that they all seem to know each other, like a party!" He lowered his voice and said, "In here..."

Just then, a wizard in plus-fours suddenly appeared out of thin air and landed at the door of the stone cottage.

"Obliviate!" he said sharply, pointing his wand at the Muggle.

Instantly, his eyes slid out of focus, his brows unknitted.

His face showed a look of dreamy unconcern. "A map of the campsite for you,." He said placidly to Mr. Weasley, "And your change."

“Thank you very much,” Mr. Weasley said.

The wizard in plus-fours accompanied them toward the gate of the campsite.

He looked exhausted. His chin was blue with stubble and there were deep purple shadows under his eyes.

“Terrible, Arthur!” he kept muttering. “I’ve been having a lot of trouble with him. He needs a Memory Charm ten times a day to keep him happy. Besides, a lot of sworn wizards and troubles are waiting for me.”

“Is it up to you alone?!” Mr. Weasley said with amazement, “Where are the others?!”

“Forget it. Ludo Bagman is not helping. This was originally a matter of their Department, but he’s only trotting around and talking about Bludgers and Quaffles at the top of his voice, not worrying about anti-Muggle security.” He sighed heavily. “God, I’ll be glad when this is over. It’s a real grind. See you later, Arthur!”

When he finished, he Disapparated!

“I thought Mr. Bagman was Head of Magical Games and Sports.” Ginny said with amazement. “He should know better than to talk about Bludgers near Muggles, shouldn’t he?”

“Yes, dear!” Mr. Weasley said with a smile. “Ludo has always been a bit sloppy about security issues, but you can’t find someone more passionate than him to be head of the sports Department. He played Quidditch for England himself, you know. And he was the best Beater the Wimbourne Wasps ever had.”

In the wizarding world, Ludo Bagman was a very famous person and very popular.

However, when he heard Mr. Weasley’s words, Sirius sneered.

“This man of heart, Evan!” He came up and whispered, “Bagman’s past is not as glorious as rumors. He has been accused of providing confidential information to death Eaters. There is no denying, however, that he is a complete fool, and I doubt very much whether he knew what he was doing at the time, but it’s not wrong to be a bit hearty. “

Evan nodded, for Sirius was correct; Ludo Bagman was a real idiot.

Listening to Mr. Weasley talking about Bagman, everyone was struggling to walk in the misty camp.

They walked between long rows tents and looked around. Most of the tents looked almost ordinary.

Their owners had clearly tried to make them as Muggle-like as possible.

However, some of them had slipped up by adding chimneys, or bellpulls, or weather vanes.

Here and there was a tent so obviously magical.

For example, halfway the field, there was a tent that was particularly conspicuous.

It was an extravagant confection of striped silk like a miniature palace, with several live peacocks tethered at the entrance.

A little farther on they passed a tent that had three floors and several turrets.

A short way beyond that was a tent that had a front garden attached, complete with birdbath, sundial, and fountain.

“Always the same. Some people can’t resist showing off.” Said Sirius, “When you enter the innermost, near the camp of the pure blood wizard families, you will see what real luxury is.”

From his expression, it was obvious that he was very disgusted with it, as if he remembered something unpleasant.

Looking at Harry and Ron, it seemed that they wanted to go and have a look.

They were very curious about the tents Sirius talked about.

But at the thought of meeting Malfoy there, watching him show off his fancy tent, and laughing at them, they immediately lost interest.

Chapter 454: Eleven Wizarding Schools

Soon, everyone came to the campsite that Mr. Weasley had booked.

At the edge of the wood at the top of the field, there was an empty space, with a small sign hammered into the ground that read: WEASLEY.

“This place is good!” Mr. Weasley said happily. “The field is just on the other side of the wood there, we’re as close as we could be.”

Evan looked at the dense woods and felt that the place was really good.

The scenery was pleasant. If there was any disturbance in the camp, they could escape to the woods for the first time.

Although Evan did not expect any disturbance, it was not a bad thing to prevent problems before they happened.

“Well, let’s start putting up the tents!” Mr. Weasley said excitedly. “No magic allowed, not when we’re out in these numbers on Muggle land. We’ll be putting these tents up by hand! Muggles do it all the time. It’s not that hard, is it?!”

He took out two gray tents from his backpack and a variety of tools.

“Come on, kids...” He rubbed his forehead with a handkerchief.

“Hold on, Arthur, is there enough space for all us in these two tents?” Sirius said, carefully looking at the tents on the ground.

“When Charlie, Bill, and Percy arrive, we’ll be a party of twelve!” Mr. Weasley frowned. “I borrowed this from Perkins at the office. To be honest, they’re not too appropriate. We’ll be a bit cramped, if we add a few beds...”

“There is no need for extra beds. I have a tent there, one with a lot of space!” Sirius said. “A few days ago, I told Kreacher to send it over. Now I can use it directly.”

“Well then!” said Mr. Weasley. “That’s a good idea; otherwise we would have to squeeze in. There are two empty spaces here. We can build a tent for the girls to stay in first!”

“Evan, Harry, Ron, can you three come with me to move the tent over?” asked Sirius.

The three of them hurriedly nodded and followed Sirius to the campsite.

At this time, the sun had just risen, and the mist gradually dispersed. In the camp, they could see endless tents that stretched in all directions.

The four of them walked slowly through the rows of tents and looked around with interest.

“God, I never thought that there were so many wizards in the world!” Harry said with emotion.

Before that, he never seriously thought about what the wizards in other countries would look like.

“It’s the first time I see so many wizards, too!” Ron sighed. “This is almost imaginary!”

“If, after graduation, you can join an organization such as the Department of International Magical Cooperation at the Ministry of Magic, like Percy; or the International Confederation of Wizards, you will be in frequent contact with foreign wizards!” Sirius explained with a smile. “For different countries, the traditions and magic used by wizards are also different. In Africa, for example, curses, witchcraft, astronomy and transfiguration are more prevalent, and they rarely use wands when casting spells, but are more accustomed to using fingers or their arms.”

“Don’t use a wand, but a finger?!” Ron said in amazement. “Just like house-elves.”

Evan remembered the African Dark wizard he had seen in the pub on the edge of the Albanian forest.

He had no wand on him, but carried a wicked doll with him, always hanging on his wrist.

Evan speculated that the weird doll was made of human skin and was used to cast curses.

“Sirius, you went to Beauxbatons with Evan in the summer vacation. It’s also a school of magic like Hogwarts!” Harry suddenly asked, “Can you tell us something about other magic schools?”

Ron also focused, and he wanted to know about other schools of magic.

Evan had seen relevant descriptions in magic books before, but most of them were vague.

Magic school is the top secret of magic circle in many countries. Wizards who are not in their own countries are rarely able to collect any relevant information about them.

“It is well known that the culture and educational traditions of the magic world are different in each country. There are many ancient traditions that are still being inherited in a more traditional way than through schools of magic.” Sirius said, “But on the whole, there are eleven famous magic schools currently known in the world.”

“There are so many?!” Harry exclaimed. “I only know Hogwarts!”

“Hogwarts is one of the three most famous schools of magic in Europe. The remaining two are Beauxbatons in France and Durmstrang in Germany!” Sirius said. “You must’ve heard Evan talk about Beauxbatons before. As for Durmstrang, that’s a wizarding school that only admits pure-blooded students. It has a long history, but its attitude towards black magic is more indulgent. In the past, many Dark wizards graduated from there.”

Evan knew that the Dark wizard Gellert Grindelwald had been there.

As the Dark Lord to exist before Voldemort, Grindelwald could even rival Voldemort in his heyday.

Considering the environment of the Muggle society at the time, the huge wars all over the world provided the appropriate soil for the exhibition of Dark Arts, and Grindelwald and his minions almost took control of the whole Europe.

He was plotting a terrible plot and was almost on the verge of success.

But unfortunately, he was faced Dumbledore.

At the height of Grindelwald’s power, Dumbledore defeated him alone and saved the European Magic circle.

Coincidentally, shortly after that, the protracted war in the Muggle world also came to an abrupt end.

Germany was defeated and paid a heavy price!

Since then, the world had entered peace and a new international order had been re-established.

“What about the other eight wizarding schools outside Europe?”

“There are three in America, including two in North America, and one of them is a magic school that only recruits witches. It is the only magic school in the world that is full of female wizards, and the 3rd is in Brazil!” said Sirius. (Note: While Beauxbatons was depicted in the movies as a girl-only school, that wasn’t really the case.)

“Well, I know. Bill had a penfriend at a school in Brazil!” said Ron. “This was years and years ago. He wanted to go on an exchange trip, but Mom and Dad couldn’t afford it. His penfriend got all offended when he said he wasn’t going and sent him a cursed hat. It made his ears shrivel up.”

Harry laughed at the thought of this image.

In fact, he was very surprised when he heard Sirius say there were so many wizarding schools in the world.

Looking at the tents in the campsite, he thought to himself how stupid he used to be.

He had never realized that Hogwarts was not the only Wizarding School.

Chapter 455: Wizarding Schools and Customs

“The three wizarding schools in America are mainly heirs of the three European schools. When I was at school, Hogwarts had an exchange program every year. Students above the sixth year could sign up for the examination and approval of the Board of Governors.” said Sirius, “However, I don’t know when it started; the United States and Brazil suspended this exchange program!”

That was really a pity. If possible, Evan would have liked to benefit from such a program.

He had read most of the magic books in Hogwarts Library and it didn’t make much sense to stay.

Compared with the step-by-step study of senior courses and improvement of strength, Evan would rather like to take a look at the magic tradition in the United States and grow up through actual combat.

He had previously heard that the three wizarding schools in America had integrated the mystical magic of the ancient Mayans and Aztecs.

The wizards there dug out a lot of things from the ancient ruins, and used them as a basis for magic research. There were many unique spells that Europe did not have.

“Because of the superior environment, there are many amazing magical creatures in America, so the wizards there are the most proficient in raising magical creatures.” Sirius said, “As long as you can work in the Ministry of Magic, you can often see wizards from the United States. They actually look no different from us.”

“I don’t think I have a chance to get into the Ministry of Magic!” said Ron, disappointed.

“Me neither!” Harry followed, saying that he did not even think about what he would do after graduation.

Perhaps he could become a professional Quidditch player like Wood.

The four people continued to move forward while discussing American wizardry and various magical creatures.

As the sun rose, the campers on the field were starting to wake up.

First to stir were the families with small children. When they passed a large pyramid-shaped tent, they saw a two-year-old tiny boy crouching outside, holding a wand in his hand and poking happily at a slug in the grass.

Under the influence of magic, the slug slowly swelled to the size of a salami.

As they drew level with him, the boy's mother came hurrying out of the tent.

"How many times have I told you Kevin? You don't touch your father's wand... yecchh!"

She had trodden on the giant slug, which burst.

Her scolding carried after them on the still air, mingling with the little boy's yells.

"Haha, have you seen that pyramid tent just now?!" Sirius said, very enthusiastic. "As we all know, the pyramid is the symbol of Egypt, as a source of ancient civilization. There is also a wizarding school there."

"There were a lot of Egyptian wizards in Gringotts. I saw them last time I visited Bill." Ron said quickly.

"Yes, it's said that the building of their school is a pyramid, where wizards in the Middle East and Africa usually send their children." Sirius waved his hand. "Of course, they have their own magic characteristics and traditions. Wizarding schools are not the only choice for gifted young wizards. Witchcraft is more prevalent in South Africa than regular spells. Each tribe has its own witch doctor, who masters many evil curses."

Sirius had just finished speaking when everyone saw three African wizards sitting near them in serious conversation.

All of them were wearing long white robes and roasting what looked like a rabbit on a bright purple fire.

Harry and Ron looked at them carefully, and didn't see wands on them.

As Sirius had said, African wizards were used to casting spells with their bare hands or using other quirky props.

The purple flame looked very strange, but it was far less exciting than the Dark wizard that Evan had seen before.

The three African wizards were obviously more traditional and decent than the Dark wizard who mastered evil curses and weird witchcraft.

Moving on, there was a group of middle-aged American witches who sat gossiping happily.

A spangled banner hung between their tents reading: THE SALEM WITCHES' INSTITUTE.

When passing the tents, there was a sound of conversation, all in strange language, as if it were not English.

"Sirius, where are the four remaining wizarding schools?" Harry continued.

He looked around excitedly and felt that his eyes were running short.

Two little witches were laughing loudly, riding toy broomsticks and flying low.

The brooms rose only high enough for the girls' toes to skim the dewy grass.

"The remaining four wizarding schools are all in Asia, one in South Asia, and three in East Asia!" Sirius said. "Let's start with the south Asian one. It's located in India, and it had not been established since a long time. Historically, it can be described as a branch of Hogwarts, because the founders there were Hogwarts graduates."

Historically, India was under British Colonization for a long time, and the local culture had been greatly affected by the British.

This could be seen in Hogwarts students. There are so many young wizards from there.

For example, the twin sisters Padma and Parvati Patil, who were in the same year as Harry and Ron, came from India and went home every holiday.

"That school also had a cooperative relationship with Hogwarts. In the past, they had an exchange of students every year," Sirius said.

"The Founder of that school graduated from Hogwarts?!" Harry asked curiously. "Is their magic and curriculum the same as ours?"

"On the whole, they are similar, but not exactly the same!" Sirius said, "Because I haven't been there, I don't know exactly, but they obviously integrate some local characteristics and innovate many of their unique techniques. The wizards there seem to be exceptionally talented in Herbology and Potions."

Their spells were also very mysterious, although they might not be as purely evil and dark as the various curses of some African Witch Doctors.

But there is no doubt that their magic was even more bizarre with great witchcraft and magical fantastic creatures that people in the west have never heard of before.

"As for the remaining three magic schools in East Asia, one of them is located in Japan, which is the smallest and least staffed school in the world." Without waiting for Harry to ask, Sirius continued, "It is said to be located on the top of an uninhabited island South Iwo Jima. The whole school is decorated with white Jade, which has magical characteristics that are well studied and documented in oriental magic."

Evan had in mind a classic Japanese castle in the shape of Tianshou Pavilion, built entirely of white suet jade.

The castle is located at the top of an active volcano, which is covered by clouds and smoke from the volcano all the year round.

Only when the weather is good can you see its full figure.

"In Japan, magic and wizards are considered sacred things, so both the study of magic and the management of wizards are very strict. They start school at the age of seven and will not be allowed to graduate from school until they have completed 18 years of study and achieved satisfactory results." Sirius said, "I once saw in a book

that the students are given robes that grow as they grow and change color as the wearer gains experience, with pink as the beginning color. If the wearer receives top grades in all the school subjects, their robes will turn gold. Any student who betrays the Japanese wizard's code or practice Dark Arts would result in their uniform turning white, which is a huge disgrace and the student in question will be immediately expelled and he will also be judged by the Japanese magic department."

Chapter 456: Mobile Wizarding School!

Harry and Ron secretly swallowed. They were shocked by the strict management of the Japanese Wizarding School.

If Hogwarts were to do the same, and every young wizard would be given a magic robe to indicate his performance and whether he violated the school rules; based on the past experience of several of them, they might have been expelled from school long ago and even imprisoned in Azkaban.

In the past few years, they had violated countless school rules. If the school uniforms could change color, they would be all white now, the whitest of the whitest.

"There are two remaining wizarding schools, one of which is located in Tibet, China. It is said that it is located on a sacred snowy mountain, which is inaccessible and snowy all the year round. All wizards there wear thick robes to protect themselves from the cold." Sirius said.

Evan had seen a description related to this in Lockhart's "Year with the Yeti". But he couldn't remember the details clearly.

If Hermione was there, she would remember everything.

In general, Lockhart once looked at the mysterious Oriental Magic School from a distance when he went hunting with the Yeti.

In the white snow, through the thick fog, he saw a magnificent building appearing in the mountains. The exterior of the building looked like a splendid palace with a rich oriental style and mysterious vibe.

The eaves of the four corners of the palace all rose high as if they were about to take off.

Behind the eaves were many auspicious beasts, which had different meanings.

With the magic of the wizards, they all seemed to be endowed with life and special magic effects.

The top of the palace was full of turquoise tiles, brightly colored, stacked one by one.

Under the reflection of the rising sun, you could see the golden dragon-like magical creatures surrounding the palace in the air.

Mysterious magic runes flashed out from time to time, which was a powerful sign of defensive magic; all uninvited visitors could not easily enter.

Lockhart mentioned regretfully that he did not get inside because he was not invited. Of course, this was certainly not true.

He certainly had never been to Tibet, and it was even less likely to see the mysterious Oriental Wizarding School.

But this experience should have happened. It was the experience of the wizard whose memory was stolen by Lockhart.

Although he hadn't read the book carefully, Harry still remembered it vividly.

Among the many amazing creatures, the Yeti was probably the one that impressed him most.

Almost two years ago, Lockhart had asked him to play a Yeti fifteen feet tall many times in class. According to the story in the book, he interpreted the snowman's character.

At the request of Lockhart, they even went to the lower years to perform this "play" in the classroom.

Because Lockhart had mentioned it many times in a regrettable tone, Harry remembered the Wizarding School in Tibet, China.

"Like Japan, the management of the school of magic is equally strict. In fact, it's a bit like Durmstrang. They only accept wizards of the purest lineage. For centuries, they have only accepted applications from students of pure-blood wizard family origin." Sirius said, "When I was a sophomore, I read about it in the Daily Prophet, and the debate was particularly intense. The International Confederation of Wizards had planned to send an investigation team to investigate the matter and was prepared to take strict punitive measures to prohibit them from keeping this going. But in the end, they did not, and the school still maintains this ancient tradition."

"Why?" Ron said in surprise.

"Everyone thinks this is extremely unfair," Sirius explained. "Think about it. Because of this unreasonable admission condition, all the gifted wizards born in Muggle families in China do not have access to magic. Most of them don't even know the existence of the wizarding world. They can only live among the Muggles..."

"But isn't that the same for Durmstrang?" Harry asked.

"That's the problem. They have their own admission criteria for these long-standing magic schools. Many traditions may have been running for centuries or even for thousands of years. It's hard for outsiders to control them, even if their traditions are not reasonable and fair!" Sirius said, "The environment in Asia is different from ours. If they don't go to Durmstrang, the young wizards in Europe can also come to Hogwarts and Beauxbatons. But in China, if you are not of pure blood, that means you will never have a chance. Under the constraints of the International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy, wizarding schools in other countries cannot directly recruit students from China."

This was really unfair, but as Sirius said, no one could change this ancient tradition.

China had an extremely large population, and many Muggle wizards with magic talents.

However, because of this harsh admission condition, most of their talents had been wasted and not excavated.

After having their first magical “awakening”, the magic of the young wizard would gradually calm down with age.

Unless they are incredibly fortunate, these Muggle-born wizards would always end up as Muggle-like adults.

After telling the story of the Chinese School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, there was a moment of silence.

“Sirius, you just said that there are three Wizarding schools in East Asia, where is the last one?” Harry asked.

“No one knows, because the last college was called a Mobile Wizarding School,” Sirius replied.

“Mobile Wizarding School?!”

“Yes!” said Sirius. “No one knows which country it belongs to. It has been seen in China, Japan, South Korea, and even Australia. The school floats on the sea, moving with the ocean currents and has no fixed position.”

“Floating in the sea, that doesn’t sound bad!” Ron exclaimed.

What a wonderful thing to imagine; a school of magic floating on the sea with the ocean currents.

“It’s also the most mysterious place in all wizarding schools, and this goes beyond just its location!” Sirius went on to say, “Even the way it recruits students, the number of students, the teaching methods and the overall strength are all unknown, and the outside world has no way to know anything about it.”

“Then how can we confirm that such a school really exists?!” asked Evan.

“It’s because they have already registered with the International Confederation of Wizards, which seems to have happened long ago. Still, they remain recognized by the wizarding world!” Sirius replied, “Although they have little contact with the outside world, there are still records left about them. If you are interested, you can go to the library to look them up.”

Chapter 457: Harry is a Horcrux

When he heard Sirius, Evan vaguely remembered.

When he was looking for information of the evil spirits in the library last term, he had seen some information related to this.

Because of his special interest in Chinese wizarding schools, he deliberately took it back as a reading material for bedtime recreation.

Judging from the current known clues, Sirius said that the mobile wizarding school was probably the oldest and most mysterious school in the world. Its history could be traced back to more than 2,000 years ago, a thousand years earlier than Hogwarts.

Not surprisingly, the school should have been founded by some powerful wizard during the Qin Dynasty, or earlier.

Therefore, this magic school should also belong to China.

Of course, its specific location had been changing, and the outside world had no way of locating it.

Evan did not know what magic was powerful enough to make a wizarding school float on the ocean.

This was simply unimaginable, beyond his understanding.

Needless to say, the Wizarding School had been able to move with the ocean currents for more than two thousand years.

Even if it was explained by magic, it was still a great occurrence of miraculous dimensions.

If possible, Evan hoped to go there and check it out himself; there would certainly be many gains to have a look at this peculiar magic.

Besides, Evan had also speculated about the specific location of the Wizarding School in Tibet China, Sirius told them about.

From the relevant materials and Lockhart's book, the snowy mountain he described might be the Kunlun Mountains.

The Kunlun Mountains are the most sacred places across China's Qinghai, Sichuan, Xinjiang and Tibet provinces.

Of course, the addresses of all wizarding schools were kept secret, and the outside world had no way of knowing.

Evan also speculated that the mysterious Oriental Wizarding Academy might be located elsewhere in Tibet.

In fact, in addition to these eleven wizarding schools, there were many ancient traditions of magic that were passed on in a more secretive way.

In China, North Africa and South America, this secret way of inheritance was particularly popular. Many unique spells had not yet been known nor understood by the world.

That's obviously on top of all kinds of ancient relics, countless magical creatures, the brilliance of ancient warlocks, as well as terrible evil gods and so on.

In short, the wizarding world was far more exciting and fascinating than he had imagined back when he was reading Harry Potter before.

It had always been Evan's dream to crack these secrets and find these hidden gems.

"I never thought that there were so many wizards and wizarding schools in the world. It's amazing!" After listening to Sirius, Harry exclaimed, "I always thought that there was only one school of magic in Hogwarts..."

“There is no end to the exploration of magic!” Sirius said, patting Harry’s shoulder. “Dumbledore is communicating with the International Confederation of Wizards and the Ministry of Magic’s Department of International Magical Cooperation, hoping to restore the long-suspended exchange student program. You may have a chance to study in other magic schools with that!”

Harry and Ron were excited to hear Sirius say so.

Evan was not so excited, he knew that it was indeed possible, but only if he beat Voldemort as soon as possible.

Otherwise, when the second Wizarding War would begin, no exchange program would be possible. At that time, many young wizards would have to leave Hogwarts and even flee the country.

“Dumbledore is already in touch with this, and while other countries might have problems with this, the exchange with the United States, India and the two other schools in Europe, all of which having strong ties to Hogwarts, should not be a problem.” Sirius said, “The big project to be held this year is a good start!”

“What is it?” Harry asked curiously.

“It’s a secret, and you will be surprised when you know it!” Sirius said with a smile.

“They’re all the same. They’re hiding something from us. Percy was showing off during the holiday.” Ron whispered to Evan and Harry, “Since he started working, he has been teasing us to ask him what the project was; but he refused to say it anyway whenever we did. Let me say; it’s probably an exhibition of thick cauldrons!”

Harry laughed and looked forward to the big project Sirius talked about.

Unlike the two of them, Evan knew that it was the Triwizard Tournament, the traditional exchange program between the top three European schools.

This year, every school in Hogwarts, Beauxbatons, and Durmstrang would each select a “warrior” to compete in the event. The winner would receive a huge reward and bring great honor to his school.

With Evan’s current strength, if he put his name into the Goblet of Fire, not surprisingly, he should be the warrior of Hogwarts.

However, he had not yet decided whether to take part in the Triwizard Tournament or not.

The event itself, and the final reward, was of little benefit to him.

Especially considering that Voldemort was likely to be plotting behind the scenes, Evan was even less interested in participating.

He had not yet acquired enough strength to confront Voldemort head-on. The right way was to continue to accumulate strength and undermine Voldemort’s schemes in secret.

Before the summer vacation, Evan had made up his mind to try to delay the return of Voldemort as long as possible.

He intended to seize Barty Crouch Jr. ahead of time and let Voldemort lose his most loyal servant, thereby hindering the odds of his resurrection.

There was no problem with this plan, but the current situation had changed and the plan must be adjusted.

Now, Voldemort was no longer alone, as in the past, weak and helplessly hiding in the shadows of the Albanian forests. He got help from the vampires and got a statue of the evil god.

With these, his return seemed inevitable, and there was even a possibility he would become stronger.

As Professor Trelawney said, Voldemort would gain unimaginable power and become stronger than ever.

For those who stood on the opposite side of Voldemort, this was not good news.

Evan knew that it was necessary to make a quick decision and destroy Voldemort completely before he could gain more power.

To destroy Voldemort, he had to destroy the Horcruxes first.

The others, though a little troublesome, were not a problem. The real problem was with Harry.

Fourteen years ago, Harry's mother used her own life to cast a powerful protective spell on Harry.

It was the bond of blood charm, one of the most powerful magic of ancient times, inherited from ancient warlocks.

Therefore, Voldemort failed when he tried to kill Harry. He personally marked the enemy of his destiny.

When his own killing curse rebounded, he dropped fragment of his soul into Harry's body.

In other words, Harry was now one of Voldemort's Horcruxes.

To completely eliminate Voldemort, Harry must die first. This was an indispensable step.

Chapter 458: Evan's Decision

It was really terrible, it was really troublesome.

As long as Harry's Horcrux existed, Voldemort would never die.

Evan had intended to find a way to remove or destroy Voldemort's Horcrux in Harry's body without harming him.

But up to now, his research in this area had not made any progress.

He had pinned his hopes on the Secret Treasure left by the Four Founders. Obviously, Evan was making the wrong bet here.

Finding the Secret Treasure turned out to be far more complicated and troublesome than dealing with Voldemort himself.

Whatever the Four Founders had left in it, he couldn't count on using it against Voldemort.

As for what was revealed of the secret treasure's quest, it was completely beyond Evan's imagination.

Now, thinking about it, he was naive enough to think that the Four Founders were really worried about the state of Hogwarts a thousand years later, and left behind some weapon to deal with Voldemort, a descendant of Slytherin.

Now it seemed that it was far from that simple, and it was likely that the four of them had planned it for a long time.

There was a prophecy, and some ancient spell connected to this, ones that existed since the age of ancient warlocks.

Evan shook his head, and since he couldn't find a way to destroy the Horcrux in Harry's body, everything went back to square one.

Now with the powerful help and the statue of the evil god Voldemort got, there was no point in continuing to delay.

Continuing with the previous plan would even make things worse, and he had to make new plans as soon as possible.

It seemed to be a good choice to let the Triwizard Tournament develop according to the established plot.

Voldemort wanted to return, he would definitely choose that spell, the one using the bones of his father, the flesh of his servants, and the blood of his enemies to resurrect.

Not surprisingly, there was no doubt that he would insist on getting Harry's blood to complete the spell; Voldemort's pride made Harry his only choice.

Evan knew that, and so did Dumbledore.

When Harry's blood was integrated into Voldemort's body, the blood curse cast by Harry's mother was cracked to some extent.

But the spell was very powerful; it was still protecting Harry.

This was reflected by the fact that as long as there was a place where Harry's family existed, he could not be hurt by Voldemort.

Another thing was that, as long as his body was merged with Harry's blood, Voldemort could never truly kill him.

If Voldemort wanted to kill Harry, he could only destroy his own Horcrux in Harry's body.

Dumbledore's double insurance was to hand over the Elder wand to Harry, making him the real master over it.

The Elder wand would not kill its master, which in turn involved profound magic in wand science.

Dumbledore would lure Voldemort into knowing the secret of the Deathly Hallows and make him think he had acquired the Elder wand.

But he would not get anything, and would end up with only shame and death.

Evan sighed. It seemed to be the only option until there would be a better way, to bring Voldemort back to life with Harry's blood and, at the last minute, let him kill Harry himself.

Only then could they completely destroy Voldemort who would think he was victorious.

This sounded crazy enough, but it was indeed Dumbledore's plan.

For him, this did not seem to be a problem.

In Dumbledore's life, lies and secrets coexisted. He knew the meaning of life and could choose death at the critical moment. Even his own life could be abandoned at any time, for the greater good...

This was the main reason why Evan had always felt that Dumbledore was terrifying. He told himself that he could not do this no matter what.

In the eyes of ordinary people, each of these talented wizards was a madman.

Dumbledore had talked to Evan about this very implicitly before, asking him to be mentally prepared.

Voldemort was handed over to Harry and Evan was responsible of the other enemies, especially those evil gods. He had a feeling that destroying Voldemort would no longer be the end, but probably just the beginning.

Of course, judging by the current situation, these were all very distant things.

What needed to be decided now was that the Triwizard Tournament must be developed in accordance with the established plot, and Evan should also participate in it.

Only in this way could he ensure that no accidents would occur and he would make correct judgments in time.

With this in mind, Evan became determined to place his name in the Goblet of Fire.

As for Hogwarts' original warrior, Cedric Diggory of Hufflepuff, Evan had no guilt at all about replacing him.

Diggory was strong, but only within the normal range of young wizards.

He still lacked the correct mindset, and in the face of a real Dark wizard, he might not have the ability to fight back. In the original book, he was easily killed by Peter Pettigrew.

"Yes! I should take his place and save his life."

Evan made up his mind to prepare for the competition while Harry and Ron were still pestering Sirius.

They hoped he could tell them what big projects Hogwarts would host.

Sirius did not say anything, but the topic was gradually noticed in the World Cup finals.

They continued to move forward, not to fetch water from the center of the camp, as others did, but turned towards a direction outside the camp.

"Hold on, is it my eyes, or has everything gone green?" Ron said suddenly.

It wasn't just Ron's eyes. Evan also saw a green ocean before him! They had walked into a patch of tents that were all covered with a thick growth of shamrocks, so that it looked as though small, oddly shaped hillocks had sprouted out of the earth.

Grinning faces could be seen under those that had their flaps open.

Then, from behind them, they heard their names: "Professor Black, Evan, Harry, Ron!"

Looking back, they saw that it was Seamus Finnigan, their fellow fourth year Gryffindor like Harry and Ron.

He was sitting in front of his own shamrock-covered tent, with a sandy-haired woman who had to be his mother, and his best friend Dean Thomas, who also smiled and called them.

Evan's only impression of Seamus seemed to be that he was exceptionally talented with explosions. Whether it was Snape's Potions class or Professor Flitwick's Charms class, or even in Professor McGonagall's Transfiguration class, he had acquired a brilliant record. That was to use his magic to explode his wand or a cauldron.

This alone was not something that an average person could do.

Even if doing it deliberately, it was very difficult to accomplish his record.

Evan's "Hogwarts Magic Newspaper" once had a special report on this matter. According to incomplete statistics, the frequency of explosions caused by Seamus was steadily maintained at three times a week, which was, in a sense, amazing!

If Neville hadn't performed worse every time, the title of cauldron killer would have definitely belonged to Seamus.

Chapter 459: Narcissa Malfoy

"Evan, Harry, Ron, how were your holidays?" Seamus asked grinning, pointing to the shamrock-covered tent, "Like the decorations? The Ministry's not too happy."

"I don't see any fuss here. Why shouldn't we show our colors?" Mrs. Finnigan walked over and said, "You should see what the Bulgarians have got dangling all over their tents. That's the behavior that should be banned. By the way, the three of you will be supporting Ireland, of course?" she added, eyeing Evan, Harry and Ron with her beady eyes.

It was only after receiving a positive answer that she let them move on.

"Surrounded by that lot, can we say anything else?" Ron whispered.

"I wonder what the Bulgarians have got dangling all over their tents."

Soon they knew that on the other side of the camp, Bulgarian flags were hanging everywhere.

Besides the flags, the tents had not been bedecked with plantation, but each of them had the same poster attached to it, a poster of a very surly face with heavy and black eyebrows, and the face was blinking and scowling constantly.

"I know him. It's Victor Krum, the Bulgarian Seeker!" Ron said excitedly.

"He's good?" Harry asked.

"He's unbelievable, and he's really young, only about 18 years old, but he's also a genius! You wait until tonight, you'll see." Ron seemed to have done his homework. "In all previous games, he was the first to catch the Golden Snitch."

Evan looked carefully at Krum's poster and, the truth was, he had no affection for the guy.

"He's about 18 years old, so he hasn't graduated from school yet!" Harry was acutely aware of this. "It's really amazing to represent Bulgaria in the World Cup before graduation."

"That's why he's a genius, a natural Seeker."

"I don't think Harry is any worse than him. He can catch the Golden Snitch very quickly, and he can do it by instinct without any professional training. Maybe he's better than Krum!" Said Evan. "For me, Harry just lacks opportunities, or else he can play for England."

Hearing Evan's compliment, Harry's face turned red, but he was not very embarrassed.

In Evan's opinion, what he said was not too much.

If it weren't for Voldemort, Harry might have become a professional Quidditch player like Krum.

He really had great potential in Quidditch, and what he lacked was just an opportunity to show his strength to the outside world.

But the Savior's career was obviously more promising than that of a Seeker, and Harry himself preferred to be an Auror.

What's more, unlike Bulgaria, the British Quidditch team would not want a student who had not yet graduated.

Listening to Ron talking about Krum's previous matches, they moved on.

The four hurried through the fanatical Bulgarian fan area towards the edge of the camp.

After crossing a stream, they came to an advanced camping area specially planned by the Ministry of Magic.

The tents here were obviously more gorgeous than the others, and most of them belonged to the wizards of higher statuses.

Many tents had gardens in the doorway, planted with rare plants and many animals.

Among them, Evan even saw a Clabbert.

The Clabbert is a magical tree-dwelling creature native to the southern states of America.

In appearance, it's something like a cross between a monkey and a frog. Its smooth and hairless skin is a mottled green, its hands and feet are webbed, and its arms and legs are long and supple.

There is a disproportionate wide mouth on its head, which appears to be always grinning.

This magical creature is docile and feeds on small lizards and birds.

The Clabbert's most distinctive feature is the large pustule in the middle of its forehead, which turns scarlet and flashes every night.

In the past, American wizards used to raise Clabberts in their gardens.

At night, if a tree was covered with the gleaming pustules of the Clabberts, it would be obviously very decorative.

It looked like the colored lights on a Christmas tree.

Because of this, the number of Clabberts had been decreasing, and soon became a cherished species.

The International Confederation of Wizards had to take punitive measures to protect the Clabberts, which had become very rare.

Up to now, the practice of raising Clabberts had almost disappeared and was rarely seen.

He did not expect that he would actually see it here.

Compared with the rare Clabbert, the people he saw next were not so pleasant.

In front of an extremely luxurious tent, Evan saw Draco Malfoy in a dark blue wizard's robe.

His skin was very pale, with a pointed face and white-blond hair.

Behind him was his mother Narcissa Malfoy, who was also light-skinned and blonde. She would have been nice-looking if she hadn't been wearing a look that suggested there was a nasty smell under her nose. (Narcissa is only described as blond in the books, with no mentioning of her having black hair.)

Sirius stopped, obviously after seeing Narcissa.

Then Narcissa saw Sirius too. They looked at each other and the atmosphere was tense.

After all, Narcissa was Sirius's cousin, and the two families used to be very close.

In the eyes of the house elf Kreacher, Narcissa had always been his mistress.

It was said that the last part of Sirius's mother's life was spent with Narcissa.

It was logical that with so many links, the relationship between the two should be good.

However, it was obvious that Sirius had no affection for Narcissa, just like his relationship with other members of the Black family.

Looking at her face, he obviously remembered something unpleasant.

The same was true of Narcissa, who seemed to want to say hello, but in the end she just nodded stiffly. She did it so lightly, it could easily be missed.

Immediately, her eyes fell on Evan, Harry and Ron next to Sirius.

Draco Malfoy whispered something in her ear, and Narcissa's lips curled slightly.

There was a hidden aversion in her eyes, especially when she looked at Evan.

Both the Malfoy and Black families had always been proud of being pure blood wizards.

In their traditional concept, Muggle-born wizards like Evan were inferior.

But perhaps because Sirius was there, she didn't come over and talk, but just glanced at them.

Soon, Narcissa turned back to her tent.

Draco glared contemptuously at Evan, Harry and Ron and followed her into the tent.

Chapter 460: Kreacher's Change

"Slimy gits." Ron muttered.

Harry nodded approvingly, and Evan gently pulled Sirius's sleeve.

Seeing Malfoy somewhat ruined everyone's mood, but fortunately Lucius Malfoy wasn't here, or it would have been worse.

Not far from Malfoy's camp, a dark green tent was set up, covering a large area.

The tent was very elegant, with a lot of striped silk, like a small palace.

The conical spires rose into the clouds, decorated with dark gold Black family ornaments; the shield of a mountain symbol, two pentagrams, and a dagger, with two leaping greyhounds on both sides.

Below, it was a gorgeous, golden text: THE NOBLE AND MOST ANCIENT HOUSE OF BLACK "TOUJOURS PUR".

The tent was more prominent than all the tents around it and was full of the Black family's past luxurious style.

But considering the current status of the Black family, this tent and the above sentence were undoubtedly full of irony.

Indeed, there was no one else in the noble and ancient House of Black but Sirius, Sirius who had also been removed from the family tree by his mother and was a 'traitor' to the pure blood family, just like the Weasleys.

"This is my parents' tent. I didn't expect to use it..." Sirius said, looking at the tent, all sorts of feeling shown by his expression

He bent down and went in. Evan, Harry, and Ron followed him.

Evan and Harry looked inside the tent in dismay, under the illusion that they had returned to 12 Grimmauld Square.

The area was slightly smaller, but the general patterns were the same.

However, the surface of everything here had taken on a new look and was not as shabby as 12 Grimmauld Place.

In the corridor facing the entrance hall, the copper pan and the copper plates were polished rose-colored, and the wooden table top was polished bright.

Silver cups and saucers had been placed on it, sparkling in the warm fire.

On the side were the dining room and the bathroom, without Mrs. Black's scary portrait, but a landscape painting.

Everything was extraordinarily warm.

The brown-black staircase covered with thick stalls extended upward, about three stories high.

The above was full of bedrooms. Just like the outside, the space was narrower as it went up, but the decoration was very stylish.

It was hard to imagine that this was actually a tent, not a vacation villa for a noble family.

Even if everyone came in, there was room here, even better than the environment of the Burrow.

"Young Master, you are back!" A low, hoarse voice suddenly sounded like a bullfrog's cry.

The house elf Kreacher came running. He was dressed in clean clothes and his ears were as white and fluffy as cotton wool.

After the shabby funeral of Regulus, Evan never saw Old Kreacher again.

Sirius once allowed him to live in Hogwarts's kitchen for a while, and Evan also told Dobby to take care of him.

But he obviously couldn't put down the empty, somewhat scary old house of the Black family. Soon, Kreacher returned to there. Without Sirius's call, he wouldn't come out and wouldn't have contact with other people outside.

Now, Evan found out that Kreacher had changed so much.

In his impression, Kreacher was always insane, and it was impossible to expect him to work and serve.

All day long, he guarded the legacy of the Black family's old house and carried out the messy orders of Mrs. Black's portrait.

The biggest dream of this house-elf was to cut his head and nail it to the wall.

"Master Sirius, Master Harry, Master Evan, young Master, please take off your shoes!" Kreacher said, "Knowing that the young Masters are coming, Kreacher is preparing breakfast. Do the masters prefer a delicious stew or a syrup tart?"

He bowed deeply, staring with his pair of scary big yellow eyes, and looked at Evan with enthusiasm.

After helping him find Regulus's body for burial, Kreacher's attitude towards Evan had improved significantly.

Before, he didn't take the initiative to speak. He always cursed Muggles and mixed-race wizards.

"Oh my God!" Ron said in amazement, constantly looking around. "I have never seen such a tent. And this house elf..."

“His name is Kreacher, and he has served The Black family for generations!” Harry said, a little uncomfortable, too.

He remembered how bad Kreacher had been before, and now he was like a totally different house-elf.

“Master, do you need some coffee and hot rolls?” Kreacher continued. “Kreacher has prepared all the upstairs bedrooms. My master can go up and have some rest first.”

“No, Kreacher!” Sirius said, “Pack up, we’re going elsewhere.”

“Going elsewhere?!” Kreacher said doubtfully. “Young master, it’s good here! Miss Narcissa is just next door. She just came to see Kreacher with Master Malfoy. As before, she is still so kind, so warm, and treats...”

“SHUT UP. You’ve got a minute to get everything done!” Sirius shouted. His face was particularly gloomy when he heard that Narcissa had been here.

About twenty minutes later, Evan and the others laboriously moved the tent back to Mr. Weasley’s scheduled campsite.

Kreacher followed, murmuring something in a low voice, and looking particularly aggrieved.

It seemed that it was impossible for the master and servant to get along really well.

Next to the camp, Mr. Weasley and his family had already set up a crooked tent.

“You are back, let me see, this tent is really big, fortunately we have enough space here.” Mr. Weasley said, “Let’s quickly build it up, and then we need time to cook.”

Although using magic or letting Kreacher do it, it might take only a minute to build the tent, Mr. Weasley insisted that they should do it themselves in Muggles’ way.

Evan was sure that if Muggles could use magic, they would never choose to work so hard.

Sirius’s tent was very large and its structure was more complicated. By the time they had finished, it was almost noon.

During this period, they saw more familiar faces, other Hogwarts students with their families.

Because it was the only way to go to the Quidditch World Cup finals pitch, they had to pass by them.

Among them, Evan saw Oliver Wood, the old captain of Gryffindor House Quidditch team, who had just graduated from Hogwarts.

He told them excitedly that he had just been signed to the Puddlemere United reserve team.

For Wood, this was a success. With Harry’s outstanding performance, Gryffindor House won the Quidditch Academy Cup last semester.

This was the first time in more than a decade. Slytherin had won the championship before.

This feat earned Wood a lot of points, allowing him to successfully enter Puddlemere United.

