

Harry Potter 911

Chapter 911: The Conflict

The Dark Lord had returned, and this phenomenon was about to be changed.

During the summer vacation, Malfoy had seen Voldemort with his own eyes, which made him excited and ecstatic.

He could feel the strong power in the Dark Lord, and every move he made was accompanied by a chilling sense of dread and fear.

As long as under Voldemort's leadership, pure-blood wizarding families could regain their former glory and restore their supremacy.

At that time, those Mudbloods and half-blood wizards would all be trampled under their feet.

Draco Malfoy had also wanted to be a Death Eater and loyal to the great Dark Lord, but his father didn't seem to be positive about it.

Lucius repeatedly emphasized that he was still young to be involved in these things and he had just to study.

He knew what his parents meant, and they still treated him as a child and didn't want him to face danger...

There would be a chance. Voldemort had personally said when they met last time that he would give him a chance to prove himself.

Malfoy's body trembled slightly because of his excitement. Then, he quickly regained his composure.

What truly concerned him was his father's warning. Up until then, his father had always looked down on Evan, but after going to the Ministry of Magic a few days ago, he had called Malfoy into his study and warned him not to provoke Evan.

When necessary, he could even show some goodwill and give some help.

This was incredible. He didn't know what had happened to his father. He actually allowed him to maintain a good relationship with a Mudblood and provide help. This simply subverted his impression of his father...

But there must have been a reason for him to ask him to do that. In fact, regardless of these factors, Draco Malfoy did not dare to provoke Evan.

Evan had once saved his life from the terrifying soul-piercing spells and mysterious, unpredictable powers.

Since then, Malfoy thought he had kept a low profile at school, basically avoiding Evan.

Although in the past six months he had tried his best to vilify Evan, saying that he was a young wizard who had only mastered a few magic and didn't know anything, Malfoy didn't believe that. Only true fools could believe those words.

He believed more in his own eyes, and Malfoy was a person at Hogwarts with a clear understanding of strength.

Therefore, he did not give a clear answer when Gleeson proposed that all the prefects unite to boycott Evan.

He didn't think it was a good idea, it was too reckless and stupid, and he didn't think these people could make Evan regress.

Besides, what was the use of doing so?

Dumbledore was the one who had the final say at Hogwarts, and even if they joined forces to defeat Evan, it wouldn't be of much use.

In this situation, when Evan, Ron, and Hermione walked into the prefects' carriage, the atmosphere was quite weird.

Everyone was talking about Evan becoming the Head Boy. Seeing him come in, everyone was quiet again. The shining Head Boy badge on Evan's chest seemed to be particularly dazzling.

"I think you're the Head Boy this year," Gleeson immediately got up from his seat, his eyes fixed on Evan, and his tone was quick and powerful. "My name is Manfred Gleeson, Slytherin's seventh-year prefect. You may not know me, but it doesn't matter, and I don't really want to know you. We've just discussed it, and everyone thinks that you've used shameful means to become the Head Boy. Therefore, we hope you can voluntarily resign from this position."

There was a silence!!!

After hearing the words, everyone held their breath.

The atmosphere in the carriage was very tense, and everyone's eyes were focused on these two people.

No one thought that Gleeson would be so direct, and tell Evan to resign as the Head Boy.

Although they all felt weird after knowing the news just now, no one thought of asking Evan to resign.

Thinking about it carefully, the things Evan had done were enough to make him the Head Boy. He had this qualification.

What did it matter even if he was younger?

However, there was a premise that all the things that Evan had done were true, not all false experiences as said, just like Professor Lockhart back then...

"Resign? Do you all think so?" Evan asked, looking around.

He saw Anthony Goldstein, Padma Patil, Ernie Macmillan, Hannah Abbott, Draco Malfoy, Pansy Parkinson, etc., and there were many others he didn't know, but just had vague impressions of.

There were a lot of students in the school, and it was difficult to recognize them all except those they usually contacted.

Not to mention, Evan's social activities were almost zero; and he spent all his time studying magic or making potions.

But for one thing, looking at his gaze, everyone's eyes quickly moved away.

Some people smiled and clearly supported Evan.

Manfred Gleeson was a little embarrassed, because he suddenly found no one to support him, not even the prefects of Slytherin House.

They were all watching Malfoy, but he didn't move, as though he had been under the Full Body-Bind Curse.

Compared with the other three Houses, Slytherin House was more susceptible to secular power.

The status of an heir to an old and veteran wizarding family such as Malfoy was much higher in the school than that of ordinary students like Gleeson.

Even if Gleeson was a senior, it was no exception, especially considering that Voldemort had returned and the Malfoy family had been reused, these people all took Malfoy as their example, waiting for his decision.

"Fool!" Malfoy murmured, warning Gleeson not to act rashly.

Knowing that he would do this, Malfoy should have reminded Evan to beware of Manfred Gleeson. There were not many opportunities to do favors like this, and it was also a good opportunity to improve his relationship with Evan according to his father's wishes.

Noticing that Evan was looking at him, Malfoy shook his head slightly.

"It seems that apart from you, no one else wants me to resign," said Evan cheerfully, turning his gaze from Malfoy's pale face to Gleeson's. "And I have no plans to resign for the time being. If you're not satisfied with my becoming Head Boy, you can always step down as a prefect."

"What's the point of you persisting like this?!" said Gleeson forcefully, turning his head to look at Malfoy. Even if there was no one here to support him, he had to make his position clear. He knew how many people in the House were against Evan. "The boys from Slytherin and I will not obey your orders. If I were you..."

"Enough, I don't like people pointing fingers at me and telling me what to do, and I don't like your attitude," said Evan, turning aside to make way. "I'll talk about this with the headmaster and the Head of your House. Now, as the Head Boy, I invite you to get out of here. Besides, you're no longer a prefect!"

Chapter 912: The Bat-Bogey Hex

The Head Boy had the right to dismiss and replace the prefect, but no one had ever used it.

If Gleeson got sacked like this, Evan would set another precedent, and Gleeson would be a laughingstock.

What would people say about him in the future, the first prefect to be dismissed from the post because of his stupidity?!

Sure enough, Gleeson's face flushed suddenly when he heard Evan's words, and he became extremely excited.

"I challenge you to a duel, Mason!" he yelled and pulled out his wand. "I want to let you know what the right attitude towards seniors is. Dumbledore can make you the Head Boy, but you don't have that qualification."

"Sorry, I don't have time to talk to you right now!" said Evan. "As the Head Boy, I'll start giving instructions to the prefects for the new term, and then we have to go out to patrol and maintain order. I don't have time to play a boring game with you. Draco, can you please help get this senior from your House out? I think detention can make him calm down."

Evan's words 'calm down' were nothing different from adding fuel to the fire.

Before Malfoy, who was named by Evan, reacted, Gleeson had waved his wand and cast a red spell on Evan.

"Stop, Gleeson!"

"Be careful, Evan!"

The next second, a small shield appeared in front of Evan to block Gleeson's curse. Along with the appearance of the shield, the wand that had not been seen till now was quickly pulled out by Evan.

He waved his wand sharply, and in the blink of an eye, Evan's spell hit Gleeson. His whole face was covered in flapping winged monsters, and he was screaming fiercely, trying to rip the monsters off his face.

The Bat-Bogey Hex, Ginny's improved version, was very powerful.

This was the first time Evan had used it, and the effect was really amazing. Before the bats on his face disappeared, Gleeson had no way to see clearly ahead, and he was attacked on his face by so many small furry, big-eared monsters...

Gleeson kept cursing, but he couldn't see clearly, so he could only cast spells around randomly, and the others dodged in a hurry.

"Are you crazy, Gleeson?"

"Stop it!"

The crimson shield in front of him gradually disappeared into the air, and Evan looked at Gleeson, who had lost combat effectiveness in front of him.

He waved his wand and gave Gleeson a Full Body-Bind Curse, giving him peace of mind to enjoy the bats' excellent service on his face at ease.

According to the amount of magic used by Evan, these bats would probably disappear by the time the train arrived at Hogwarts.

Anyway, the bats didn't bite. They just kept squirming on his face, sticking out their tongues and licking. They looked like mutant mice.

It was said that before sucking blood, bats would constantly lick that place, and their saliva had anesthetic content. When the licked person felt more and more comfortable and was anesthetized, they started sucking blood!

These bats naturally didn't suck blood, so, to some extent, Gleeson should be comfortable now. So many bats were licking on his face, serving him with their little tongues...

"Evan, are you okay?" Hermione hurriedly said, everything happened too fast just now.

Evan's spells were completed in one go, especially the magical shield that blocked Gleeson's curse; it seemed to have appeared out of thin air.

The others didn't even know how Evan did it. Could he cast spells without a wand, or was it instantaneous?

In fact, this was a combination of Wandless magic and nonverbal spells. The wand originally played a supporting role. After the magic power reached a certain level, the role of the wand would be reduced. Of course, doing so would consume magic and mental power.

As for the shield that was summoned, it was the white magic that Evan had found in the Black family's collection not long ago. The strength of this shield was related to the amount of magic input. In theory, it could even resist the Avada Kedavra.

"I'm fine, I was prepared. After all, sneak attacks have always been a Slytherin tradition!" said Evan, looking at Malfoy, whose face had become paler. "Draco, can I trouble you to carry him out? Better not touch the bats on his face."

"You can't do that!" the sixth-year Slytherin prefect beside Malfoy shouted. He had raised his wand high, but what happened just now was so fast that he almost didn't make a move at all.

"I'll explain to Professor Snape what happened today," Evan smiled and put his wand away. "If you have any objections to my approach, you can raise it. I'll always be ready to meet the challenge."

Under his gaze, the sixth-year Slytherin boy flinched back.

"Let's carry this idiot out first," muttered Malfoy. "It's up to Professor Snape now."

It didn't make sense to continue the stalemate. As he'd expected, they couldn't beat Evan at all. It might be possible if they all worked together, but the other three Houses would not help them either.

After Gleeson left, the atmosphere in the carriage became much more pleasant. The rest of the prefects had no ambition to become Head Boys. Therefore, they were more receptive to Evan.

Some began to ask Evan what was going on, and others were whispering about the duel.

The Head Girl was a seventh-year from Ravenclaw, with a smile on her face all the time, and she asked Evan to speak first.

Evan was likely to serve another four years as the Head Boy, and his status and influence would naturally be different from hers.

“I think everyone should know me, and my requirements are very simple. Since you’re prefects, you must set an example, take the lead in abiding by and maintaining the rules of the school and not causing trouble,” said Evan, looking across their faces. “I also hope that the students’ own affairs will be solved by the Head Boy and Girl, and the school, professors and other forces will not be involved.”

“By the way, if there’s anyone who opposes me being the Head Boy, or has doubts about some of my practices in the future, it’s best to ask your Head of House and the Headmaster to respond through normal channels rather than today’s way. Next time, I promise it won’t be as simple as the Bat-Bogey Hex!”

After seeing Gleeson’s end, probably no one would do it! It was purely uncomfortable to look for trouble with Evan again.

Next, the Head Girl gave instructions to the prefects, telling them what they should do. These were passed down year after year. At the beginning of the new term, the main purpose was to guide the first-years and help them get familiar with the campus.

The punishments imposed by the prefects on the students must be summarized in the hands of the corresponding Head Boy and Head Girl, who would review and confirm whether they were reasonable.

Evan naturally had no time to do this kind of thing, but he could ask Hermione to help...

Chapter 913: The Mimbulus Mimbletonia

While Evan was using Ginny’s modified Bat-Bogey Hex, Ginny and Harry were dragging heavy trunks, struggling off down the corridor, while peering through the glass-paneled doors into the compartments they passed, which were already full.

“Neville said that he would come up first to save us places,” said Ginny. “Where did he go?”

“I don’t know.” Harry also hoped to get into any compartment, instead of going on like this.

He could not help noticing that a lot of people stared back at him with great interest and that several of them nudged their neighbors and pointed him out.

This was the case for five consecutive carriages.

This phenomenon had started since Dumbledore announced Voldemort's return last term. Hermione said that they would gradually accept the fact, but after returning from the summer vacation, everyone's interest in him did not diminish at all, but instead became even stronger.

The expressions on their faces seemed like Harry was some kind of treasured animal.

Then, he remembered that the readers had been told all summer what lying show-offs he and Evan were, and that they had not to believe them about Voldemort's return.

If only Evan were here, he could help him share the pressure.

He wondered bleakly whether the people now staring at him and whispering believed the lies of the Ministry of Magic.

Finally, in the very last carriage, they met Neville Longbottom.

When they were waiting for their luggage on the platform, he'd gotten on the train early and said that he wanted to save them places.

"Hey ... Harry, Ginny ... over here!" He waved his hand and said, his round face was full of sweat. "I've searched everywhere, but here is the only place left, thank goodness, Luna is inside..."

Obviously, no one else wanted to sit with the crazy girl Luna.

Because of Evan, Luna was very familiar with them now, which didn't help to reverse her reputation in school. After Voldemort's return, she was even more alienated by others because of this relationship.

They opened the door of the compartment and walked in. Luna, who was sitting beside the window, looked up.

As before, she had straggly, waist-length, dirty-blond hair, very pale eyebrows, and protuberant eyes that gave her a permanently surprised look, and she gave off an aura of distinct dottiness..

She had stuck her wand behind her left ear, was wearing a necklace of butterbeer caps, and she was holding a magazine upside down.

Harry had to admit that no one except Evan knew how to contact Luna.

At the very least, he didn't know what to say to her.

"Hello, Harry, Neville, Ginny!" Luna looked at them over her upside-down magazine.

Of course, the magazine she was holding was, as everyone knew, printed by her father.

At the beginning, they often cooperated with them, and even the sales increased for a time. It would have been better if Mr. Lovegood's style could be higher.

"Hello, Luna," said Ginny, stowing her trunk in the luggage rack. "How was your summer vacation?"

"I had a good time," said Luna dreamily. "Where's Evan? Why isn't he with you?"

“Oh, he’s become the Head Boy, and he has to give instructions to the prefects.”

To Harry’s surprise, Luna was not surprised at all when she learned the news, as though she had already known it. Or, she might not even know what the Head Boy meant.

It was Neville’s inability to close his mouth that made Harry somehow regain his confidence. That was the expression that a normal person should have.

“Evan has become the Head Boy?” he said incredulously, “You didn’t say that on the platform.”

“Wit beyond measure is man’s greatest treasure,” said Luna in a singsong voice. “I knew that Evan would become the Head Boy. What’s so strange about that?”

“It’s like... not really.” Neville opened his mouth and didn’t know what to say.

Evan did have the qualifications to be the Head Boy, but it was only a matter of time...

Ginny came close to Luna, and Harry and Neville talked about their summer vacation. The disturbance regarding the incident of his being attacked by the Dementors had not yet completely subsided.

The train rattled onward, speeding them out into open country. It was an odd, unsettled sort of day; one moment the carriage was full of sunlight and the next they were passing beneath ominously gray clouds.

“By the way, guess what I got for my birthday?” said Neville excitedly.

“Another Remembrall?” said Harry, remembering the marblelike device Neville’s grandmother had sent him in an effort to improve his abysmal memory.

“No,” said Neville, “I could do with one, though, I lost the old one ages ago... Look at this!”

He dug the hand that was not keeping a firm grip on Trevor into his schoolbag and after a little bit of rummaging pulled out what appeared to be a small gray cactus in a pot, except that it was covered with what looked like boils rather than spines.

“Mimbulus mimbletonia,” he said proudly.

Harry stared at the thing. It was pulsating slightly, giving it the rather sinister look of some diseased internal organ.

“It’s really, really rare,” said Neville, beaming. “I don’t know if there’s one in the greenhouse at Hogwarts, even. I can’t wait to show it to Professor Sprout. My great-uncle Algie got it for me in Assyria. I’m going to see if I can breed from it.”

Assyria was a slavery country that emerged in Mesopotamia and was considered the first military empire in world history. Nowadays, it was also known as the two river basins, which was a general term for the countries of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers.

But this was a very old term, and only wizards still used it. Assyrian immigrants had a special wizarding civilization system, and had guarded the secrets of the past since ancient times.

Harry stared at the *Mimulus mimbletonia*, and he didn't like it at all. He knew that Neville's favorite subject was Herbology, but for the life of him he could not see what he would want with this stunted little plant.

"I'll show it to Evan and Hermione later. They'll love it. Maybe I can write an article about how to cultivate the *Mimulus mimbletonia* in the newspaper," said Neville excitedly, "articles of this kind are rarely seen on the market."

"Well ... does it do anything?" Harry couldn't help asking.

"Loads of stuff!" said Neville proudly. "It's got an amazing defensive mechanism ... look, hold Trevor for me..."

Chapter 914: The Goblin-Crusher

Neville dumped the toad into Harry's lap and took a quill from his schoolbag.

Harry, Luna, and Ginny all watched Neville's actions. He held the *Mimulus mimbletonia* up to his eyes, his tongue between his teeth, chose his spot, and gave the plant a sharp prod with the tip of his quill.

The next second, liquid squirted from every boil on the *Mimulus mimbletonia*, thick, stinking, dark-green jets of it; they hit the ceiling, the windows of the compartment, and splattered Luna Lovegood's magazine.

Ginny, who had fortunately flung her arms up in front of her face just in time, merely looked as though she was wearing a slimy green hat. The liquid ran down her beautiful hair, her eyes were closed tightly, and she looked confused.

But Harry was miserable. His hands had been busy preventing the escape of Trevor, and he received a face full. It smelled like rancid manure.

In front of him, Neville, whose face and torso were also drenched, shook his head to get the worst out of his eyes.

That was the defense mechanism of the *Mimulus mimbletonia*. When prodded, a substance called Stinksap was squirted out from the boils on the surface of the plant. The effect was amazing.

"S-sorry," Neville gasped. "I haven't tried that before... Didn't realize it would be quite so ... Don't worry, though, Stinksap's not poisonous," he added nervously, as Harry spat a mouthful onto the floor.

At that precise moment, the door of their compartment slid open.

"Oh ... hello, Harry," said a nervous voice. "Um ... bad time?"

Harry wiped the lenses of his glasses with his Trevor-free hand. A very pretty girl with long, shiny black hair was standing in the doorway smiling at him: Cho Chang, the Seeker on the Ravenclaw Quidditch team.

"Oh ... hi," said Harry blankly.

“Um ...” said Cho. “Well ... just thought I’d say hello. Where are Evan and the others?”

“They’re in the prefects’ carriage. Evan is the new Head Boy,” said Ginny, wiping her hair with a tissue.

“Oh, the Head Boy!” Cho was quite surprised, and then reacted, “Well, goodbye then!”

She waved her hand, closed the door again, rather pink in the face, and departed.

Harry slumped back in his seat and groaned. He would have liked Cho to discover him sitting with a group of very cool people laughing their heads off at a joke he had just told; he would not have chosen to be sitting with Neville and Loony Lovegood, clutching a toad and dripping in Stinksap.

“Sorry,” said Neville again, in a small voice.

“Never mind,” said Ginny bracingly. “Look, we can get rid of all this easily.” She pulled out her wand. “Scourgify!”

The Stinksap vanished.

Facing one another in the compartment, they looked at the *Mimulus mimbletonia* in the middle. This plant was really amazing!

It took another half an hour before Evan, Hermione, and Ron walked out of the prefects’ carriage.

The prefects had all accepted Evan becoming the Head Boy, at least in appearance. No one opposed him, and no one dared to disobey his orders, even the Slytherins.

But Malfoy’s attitude was indeed a bit strange. He’d even ignored Ron’s provocation, which was not in line with his style.

Evan soon discovered that during their meeting, the news that he’d become the Head Boy had rapidly spread among all the students.

When they saw him passing, everyone walked out of the compartments and looked at him, whispering.

What happened in the prefects’ carriage had spread throughout the train.

Obviously, he was famous again, and every student was talking about it.

“We should go around and take a look at the first-years,” said Hermione.

“Let me put my things first, Hermione. Besides, I’m starving. We can patrol after lunch.” Ron was dragging his heavy trunk while carrying a shrilly hooting Pigwidgeon in his cage.

“Well, let’s go and find Harry and Ginny first,” said Evan, not wanting to be watched by so many people.

When they walked into the compartment, Harry, Ginny, and Neville had finished their Pumpkin Pasties and were busy swapping Chocolate Frog cards.

Luna suddenly looked up with her protuberant eyes over her upside-down magazine again, watching Evan who walked in.

“Hello, Luna!” said Evan cheerfully, sitting beside her, “How was your summer vacation?”

“Very good,” said Luna dreamily, “I’ve heard you’re the Head Boy!”

“Yeah,” Evan waved his hand, as though it were just a trivial matter.

Looking at Luna’s expression, she seemed to think that this was a small matter and she didn’t care much.

“I read the report in the Quibbler, and my dad said they were lying.” Luna continued, “I didn’t have time to tell you last term. I support your statement. I believe what you and Harry said. I believe You-Know-Who is back.”

“Oh, thank you!” said Evan. Luna had always been keen on this kind of things, much keener than the others.

“By the way, you want to see it?” Luna handed the magazine to Evan. “This is my dad’s latest article, if you’re interested, you can put it in the newspaper, Dad said that’s OK.”

Evan took the magazine, the report read:

Cornelius Fudge, the Minister for Magic, denied that he had any plans to take over the running of the Wizarding Bank, Gringotts, when he was elected Minister for Magic five years ago. Fudge has always insisted that he wants nothing more than to “cooperate peacefully” with the guardians of our gold.

BUT DOES HE?

Sources close to the Minister have recently disclosed that Fudge’s dearest ambition is to seize control of the goblin gold supplies and that he will not hesitate to use force if need be.

“It wouldn’t be the first time, either,” said a Ministry insider. “Cornelius ‘Goblin-Crusher’ Fudge, that’s what his friends call him, if you could hear him when he thinks no one’s listening, oh, he’s always talking about the goblins and he’s had done in; he’s had them drowned, he’s had them dropped off buildings, he’s had them poisoned, he’s had them cooked in pies...”

“That’s really interesting, Cornelius ‘Goblin-Crusher’ Fudge,” said Evan with a smile, thinking this report was very interesting.

This kind of thing was really weird, in the same tone as usual. It couldn’t be true at all.

Fudge might have many faults, but not yet enough to have goblins cooked in pies.

“My dad recently sorted out the list of the goblins who died since Fudge was elected Minister,” said Luna. “Many goblins have died, and many are missing. He thinks these things are related to Fudge. ...”

Chapter 915: The Hobgoblins

The magazine had often published some sensational jokes, and no one took it seriously.

However, it was good to have a look at it as a joke or a reading material to pass the time. Mr. Lovegood had many very strange ideas.

Evan continued to look at the magazine, and after the Cornelius ‘Goblin-Crusher’ Fudge article was a report about the vampire Caresius.

He is now the most wanted criminal in the Ministry of Magic, but some wizards don’t think so, and don’t even recognize the existence of Caresius.

They don’t think there is such a person. Everything was a conspiracy by the Ministry of Magic and Fudge to put the blame for the attack in the Quidditch World Cup final onto the vampire, and the real murderer was the notorious Death Eater Peter Pettigrew.

Evan stared at the name for three seconds before making sure that he had read it correctly.

They link this incident to the attack on Harry by Dementors some time ago, thinking that Azkaban is now out of control, and many Death Eaters and Dark wizards in custody have escaped from prison, but the Ministry of Magic refuses to admit all this.

Doris Purkiss, of 18 Acanthia way, Little Norton, affirms that she has recently seen Peter having dinner with Stubby Boardman, lead singer of the popular singing group The Hobgoblins, who retired from public life after being struck in the ear by a turnip at a concert in Little Norton Church Hall nearly fifteen years ago.

As for why Peter had dinner with Stubby, it was because he was a loyal supporter of the Hobgoblins.

This singing group was very famous as early as twenty years ago, when many Hogwarts students supported them.

In the magazine, Mr. Lovegood also provided a list of the audience who’d watched the Hobgoblins’ concert. Evan took a look and found that he had listed all those he and Harry had accused of being Death Eaters some time ago.

Well, it was the first time he knew that the Death Eaters were all supporters of a singing band.

This was not over yet. In a later article, he read an accusation that the Tutshill Tornados were winning the Quidditch League by a combination of blackmail, illegal broom-tampering, and torture. The whole process was described in great detail, as though it had really happened.

Simply from the article itself, these Quidditch players seemed to be more cruel and evil than the Death Eaters.

Mr. Lovegood probably noticed that. He thought there were Dark wizards or Death Eaters helping the Tutshill Tornados in training.

In addition, a wizard claimed to have flown to the moon on a Cleansweep Six and brought back a bag of moon frogs to prove it. He was going to donate these frogs to let everyone know about the difference between the moon frogs and the earth frogs.

The last article was on ancient runes, which Mr. Lovegood thought recorded some extinct ancient creatures.

Evan could be sure that he didn't recognize a single word of these runes.

It had been a long time since he last read, but the content was still so interesting...

On the other side, Hermione was telling Harry, Neville, and Ginny what had happened just now in the prefects' carriage.

Ron ate a Chocolate Frog and fell heavily on the back of his chair with his eyes closed, as though he had had a very exhausting morning.

"Manfred Gleeson, the seventh-year prefect of Slytherin, the tall and strong one, was dissatisfied with the fact that Evan became the Head Boy, and he proposed a duel to Evan," said Hermione, making gestures with her hands. "Evan defeated him with only one move. It was the Bat-Bogey Hex. There were a lot of fluffy bats on his face."

"You should have seen it. The little bats stuck out their tongues and kept licking and licking." Ron added, his eyes still closed, "Gleeson's face was full of wet saliva. It was very irritating to watch. ..."

Because it contained anesthetic ingredients, it made people feel very comfortable when licked by the bats' tongues.

"Evan, did you really use the Bat-Bogey Hex?" said Ginny excitedly. This was her improved spell.

"Yeah, that spell is amazingly powerful and can play a controlling role," said Evan. "I may not use it as well as you do."

"By the way, are you going to deprive Gleeson of his status as prefect?" Hermione asked, "Isn't it too reckless to do that?"

"I'll wait and see. I'll give him some time to see what he does..." said Evan, starting to eat his pie.

The Slytherin students were basically the same, and replacing one person wouldn't make a substantial difference.

As long as Gleeson could do his job well, Evan didn't have to be so decisive.

With Slytherin's style, as long as he showed absolute strength and appropriate benefits, those people would automatically adhere.

Power and strength were what they valued most, but blood and dignity were secondary.

“If you ask me, after seeing that Bat-Bogey Hex, no one will oppose you,” said Ron, opening his eyes. “Look at Malfoy’s expression at the time. He must have been scared. I’ve never been so happy!”

“Oh, so Malfoy has become a prefect?” Harry asked, this was the last thing he wanted to happen.

“Yeah, and Pansy Parkinson,” said Hermione. “That complete cow is thicker than a concussed troll.”

She introduced the new fifth-year prefects, and Ron checked his watch.

“We’re supposed to patrol the corridors. And we can give out punishments if people are misbehaving. I can’t wait to get Crabbe and Goyle for something.”

“You’re not supposed to abuse your position, Ron!” said Hermione sharply.

“Yeah, right, because Malfoy won’t abuse it at all,” said Ron sarcastically. “Thank God, because of Evan, he dare not come over to provoke us now, but he’ll definitely bully others.”

“So you’re going to descend to his level?”

“No, I’m just going to make sure I get his mates before he gets other people. I thought about it, I’ll make Goyle do lines, it’ll kill him, he hates writing,” said Ron happily.

He lowered his voice to Goyle’s low grunt and, screwing up his face in a look of pained concentration, mimed writing in midair, making everyone laugh with joy, Luna laughed especially hard.

Just then, the compartment door opened. It was Colin and his younger brother Dennis.

Colin was a good friend of Evan. He hadn’t seen Evan for a long time, but he’d kept on writing to him.

During the summer, Evan also thought about inviting them to 12 Grimmauld Place, but Mrs. Weasley and the others did not approve of this.

As the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix, the less people knew about it, the better.

Chapter 916: The girl in the Carriage

“Evan, I heard that you had a fight with a Slytherin student?” said Colin excitedly. “It’s spread all over the world. Everyone is talking about it. They said you’ve become the Head Boy. You’ve also severely taught a Slytherin seventh-year a lesson and turned him into a furry monster. It can’t be true, can it? It’s like a dream.”

“Most of it is true, but I definitely didn’t turn Gleeson into a furry monster.”

For the rest of the journey, no one came to visit again. Evan told Colin and Dennis about his trip to Italy, his summer vacation experience and the ins and outs of becoming the Head Boy. The two guys were looking at him with admiring eyes.

Evan and Hermione didn't go out for a tour, but Ron couldn't help going out and taking a round.

He told everyone that he was going to find Lavender and did not return until more than three hours later, with a smug smile on his face.

The weather remained undecided as they traveled farther and farther north.

Rain spattered the windows in a halfhearted way, then the sun put in a feeble appearance before clouds drifted over it once more. When darkness fell and lamps came on inside the carriages, Luna rolled up *The Quibbler*, put it carefully away in her bag, and took to staring at everyone in the compartment instead.

Colin and Dennis had gone back to pack their luggage, and it was completely dark outside the window.

It was a moonless night, and the rain-streaked windows were grimy.

"We'd better change," said Hermione at last, obviously speaking to Evan.

It was indeed very convenient to ask Evan to help her with her luggage, but there was one bad thing. She had to ask Evan for whatever clothes she wanted to wear.

It was up to Evan whether she could wear this dress...

Of course, in most cases, Evan would not refuse Hermione's request, and would hand over her clothes voluntarily.

Everyone hurriedly opened their trunks, and Evan found out his and Hermione's robes and they put them on.

At last the train began to slow down and they heard the usual racket up and down it as everybody scrambled to get their luggage and pets assembled, ready for departure.

"We must maintain order, hurry up!" said Hermione. "Evan, after everyone has left, you have to stay and inspect the carriages to see if there are any leftovers or people. This is the job of the Head Boy."

"I know. Why is it the job of the Head Boy?" said Evan. He felt that the house-elves should do this work.

They would check every compartment one by one and do their best to make sure nothing was left behind.

He and Ron followed Hermione out of the compartment, leaving Harry and the others to look after Crookshanks and Pigwidgeon.

The corridor was already crowded with people, and Hermione told them to slow down, and not to crowd.

The three of them walked forward for a while and came to the junction of the two carriages.

In the corridor, they felt the first sting of the night air on their faces.

Hagrid was not seen on the platform. He'd taken his brother back in the wilderness. He had to be cautious not to be spotted by anyone while taking care of Grawp, which was not an easy job, and it was unknown where they were.

Since Hagrid was not there, Professor Wilhelmina Grubbly-Plank replaced him.

“First years line up over here, please! All first years to me!” she shouted, carrying a lantern.

It was a witch with a prominent chin and severe haircut. She had previously taken over Hagrid's Care of Magical Creatures lessons for a while. She showed everyone the unicorn, which was well-liked by the students.

“See you later!” said Evan, waving his hand.

He separated from Hermione and Ron; they were going to maintain order on the platform, while he had to inspect each carriage one by one.

Evan opened the doors one by one, and if there were still people inside, he reminded them to leave quickly and remember not to leave anything behind.

If there was no one, he just waved his wand, cast the Revelio Charm and simply checked.

Everyone in the corridor looked at Evan with curiosity and awe. After seeing the Head Boy badge on him, they all leaned to the sides to let him pass. Evan saw many of his familiar classmates.

Some of them greeted him, while others didn't say a word, with an expression of skepticism and scrutiny on their faces.

In the third carriage, Evan also saw Manfred Gleeson, who had just regained his mobility, and he seemed extremely weak.

The originally pale face had turned bright red, licked by bats, but after seeing Evan, a look of disgust flashed on his face.

Then, noticing the wand in Evan's hand, he hesitated obviously and left in a hurry.

Evan and the Head Girl were in charge of half of the carriages each. He checked them one by one. Five minutes had passed, and there was no one on the train.

When he opened the door of the penultimate compartment in the third carriage, he saw that there was still a girl inside.

This was a petite girl with a beautiful golden shawl, long eyelashes and a pair of lovely dimples.

She was sitting quietly on the seat by the window of the compartment, looking attentively at the newspaper in her hand, with a thick stack of paper in front of her.

Evan glanced at it. They were all consecutive issues of *Hogwarts Magic* in a row.

“Hello, the train has arrived at the station!” Evan reminded. The girl seemed to have been fascinated, and she hadn’t even put on her robes yet.

Hearing Evan’s voice, the girl appeared startled and quickly hugged the newspaper to her chest, attempting to conceal it.

She raised her head to look at Evan, her small face turned pink, and there was a hint of childishness and panic in her moving eyes.

If Evan didn’t have a vague memory of this girl, he would have thought she was a first-year. She looked very innocent and pure.

Evan remembered that she seemed to be in the same year as him and was a Slytherin student.

However, he couldn’t remember her name. He had never spoken to her before.

“Evan Mason!” Seeing Evan, she seemed relieved at once.

Then, she thought of something again, her face turned redder, and her body tightened.

“Yeah, it’s me, the train has arrived!” said Evan again, “we should take a carriage to Hogwarts now.”

“Oh, yeah, okay, thank you, I’ll go now.” She hurriedly stood up and opened her trunk, trying to stuff all the newspapers she was carrying. She paused for a while, seeming to know that Evan had noticed some of them. She said somewhat embarrassed, “This was given to me by a friend, and I’m not allowed to read this at home...”

Chapter 917: The Girl and the Thestrals

From the clothes she was wearing, it could be seen that she should be a member of an old pure-blood wizarding family.

For these wizarding families, Evan’s writings were completely forbidden. There were many articles that they didn’t like to read or damaged their interests, and some overbearing families didn’t even allow their children to touch them.

Evan was not surprised at this, but it was quite unusual for a Slytherin student to take the initiative to read such writings.

At least, in his impression, he had never seen such a Slytherin student.

He wanted to ask the girl about her name, but it didn’t seem very good to ask directly. A fourth-year classmate and he didn’t even know her name... That was definitely something annoying.

It would be great if Hermione or Colin were here, they could remember almost all the students’ names.

The girl was obviously nervous because Evan was standing by.

She put all the newspapers in the trunk, and hurriedly took out her robes and put them on as quickly as possible.

While she was changing her clothes, Evan saw a textbook in the trunk with the name: Astoria Greengrass.

It turned out that she was from the Greengrass family, and Evan kind of remembered who this girl was.

In the original plot, she had eventually become Draco Malfoy's wife.

Lucius and Narcissa had high expectations for this girl who was born in the purest wizarding family, and they chose her as their daughter-in-law among multiple choices.

However, it was said that she'd refused to teach her son the concepts of "Pure-Blood Glory" and "Mudblood". Instead, she believed that everyone should be treated equally, rather than being distinguished by family background and blood lineage, abandoning the tradition that the ancient Malfoy family had always adhered to, which led to a bit of tension in the atmosphere of every Malfoy family gathering.

It was interesting to think about it. As a family of pure-blood wizards that had been passed down for thousands of years, the Malfoy family was the most loyal supporter, and had always been known for being cunning and scheming. It was often said of the Malfoy family that you would never find one at the scene of the crime, though their fingerprints might be all over the crime wand.

Who could have imagined that the cunning Lucius and his wife would eventually meet such a daughter-in-law?

This showed how well Astoria was concealing her views...

Like Sirius, she should be an outlier in the family of pure-blood wizards.

Even if they were not Death Eaters, members of the Greengrass family were certainly loyal supporters of Voldemort.

However, she was here secretly reading these articles against Voldemort. If someone found out, she would be definitely regarded as a traitor by all the Slytherin students and families.

It would not be surprising if she was even expelled from the family, or killed directly by Voldemort...

"I think some of the articles in this paper are very reasonable. You write very well," said Astoria.

"Oh, are Slytherin students reading it too?" Evan asked curiously.

"Some of them ... but secretly, afraid of being discovered." Astoria hesitated for a while before plucking up the courage to say, "In fact, I believe what you say."

As soon as she said it, she realized the problem in her sentence.

Many Slytherin students now knew that Voldemort had returned, and only the people in the other three Houses still didn't believe it.

Astoria hurriedly added, "I mean, I think your views are correct."

“Thank you!” Evan did not expect to meet a supporter from Slytherin.

He looked at Astoria’s flushed face and her expectant and nervous eyes, knowing that as a Slytherin student, it was incredible that she could say such things.

In fact, this girl should come to Gryffindor based on this alone.

In this way, the Slytherin House was not all enemies...

“Well, let’s go to the coaches, now there should be only the two of us on the train.”

“Right!” Astoria nervously nodded, and glanced at the Head Boy badge on Evan’s chest.

When they stepped off the train, there was no one on the platform, and the darkness covered everything.

Evan helped Astoria with the trunk, and the two exchanged politely, as they quickly walked through the narrow passage to the dark rain-washed road outside Hogsmeade station.

Here stood the hundred or so horseless stagecoaches that always took the students above first year up to the castle.

Evan glanced at them. He knew that these coaches did not move by themselves, but Thestrals were pulling them.

The Thestral was a breed of winged horse. Most people couldn’t see this creature at all. It had special magical power. Only people who had witnessed death could see it. A year ago, Evan could not see Thestrals pulling the coaches. But now he could see them clearly, because he had witnessed death with his own eyes.

In his eyes, in front of the coaches was no longer empty.

There were creatures standing between the carriage shafts. There was something reptilian about them. They were completely fleshless, their black coats clinging to their skeletons, of which every bone was visible. Their heads were dragonish, and their pupil-less eyes white and staring.

Wings sprouted from each wither ... vast, black leathery wings that looked as though they ought to belong to giant bats.

These Thestrals were standing still and quiet in the gloom, looking eerie and sinister.

This was really a strange feeling, and Evan smiled.

No wonder superstitious people thought that such creatures were very ominous and would bring all terrible disasters to those who saw them. They were omens of misfortune.

But in fact, as long as they were not provoked, Thestrals would not harm people, nor would they bring any bad omen.

Thestrals were very useful, their sense of direction was amazing, just tell them the destination, no matter where you were, they would take you where you wanted to go.

And they were good at finding riders, and they gathered together when they smelled blood, which could be very useful at certain times.

“Evan ... over here!” The students had already climbed into the carriages, and Hermione yelled out of a carriage window.

“My friend called me. Are you coming with us?” Evan asked.

“No, no, I’ll go to my sister,” Astoria hurriedly said. “She should have saved me a seat.”

The words that she had said to Evan alone had consumed all her courage. At least, that wouldn’t be discovered by others, but if a Slytherin saw her and Evan in the same carriage, she would probably not be able to stay in Slytherin.

Chapter 918: Goodwill from Slytherins

“Well, see you at school later!” Evan waved his hand and looked at Astoria’s expression. Then he thought of something and added, “By the way, if you like to read *Hogwarts Magic*, I can give you a copy of each issue. And if you have any good articles, you can also contribute in the paper.”

“I’ll think about it, thank you!” said Astoria, smiling at Evan and hurriedly running away.

Literary and artistic young men were always popular with girls, and Astoria obviously had some good feelings for Evan.

Regarding the beautiful girl who was brought to the door, Evan seemed to have no reason to refuse contact.

However, he wasn’t naive enough to think that Astoria was genuinely engrossed in reading the newspaper and just happened to be delayed in the compartment when he encountered her.

There had never been such a coincidence in the world, and it was not...

“Some people can’t sit still. Maybe they want to take this opportunity to express their position to Dumbledore and me!” Evan muttered to himself.

He saw Astoria board into a carriage and lean out to wave to him.

Dangerous Slytherins! One could never guess what their true thoughts were.

Regardless of identity and other factors, Astoria was a very cute little girl with dimples when she smiled.

Maybe there was a lot of scheming in her words and deeds, just like other Slytherins, but it wasn’t annoying.

At least, Evan didn’t feel any resentment, and he didn’t reject the goodwill from a Slytherin.

With the news of Voldemort’s return confirmed, the Slytherins were also divided into several factions. Not everyone supported Voldemort or believed that he would win the final victory. The

war was about to start, and it was time for forces to be reshuffled. However, direct contact with Dumbledore might not necessarily be accepted.

It was a good idea to let the children show some goodwill...

Evan thought about it, and climbed into the carriage. Harry and the others were discussing how the carriage moved.

Hermione told them she'd read in a book that Thestrals were pulling the coaches, but she couldn't see them like everyone else.

Luna could see them, but she didn't participate in the discussion, just humming a weird little tune, staring at everyone with her wide, silvery eyes.

In the original plot, Harry could see Thestrals, but this time he did not witness Cedric's death.

On the contrary, Evan had witnessed the loss of many lives in his prior trip to the giants' tribe. He gave them a description of what a Thestral looked like.

Rattling and swaying, the carriages moved in convoy up the road.

When they passed between the tall stone pillars topped with winged boars on either side of the gates to the school grounds, the topic shifted to Hagrid again, and everyone knew from Evan that he had gone to the giants' tribe and had not yet returned.

Harry looked at the dark grounds, worried that Hagrid would encounter any danger.

Apart from Hermione, Evan did not tell them that Hagrid had brought back a giant. He just said that he had met his mother and brother there. As for the matter of letting Grawp settle down in the Forbidden Forest, he should let Hagrid tell everyone himself.

Beyond the woods passing Hagrid's cabin, Hogwarts Castle loomed ever closer: a towering mass of turrets, jet-black against the dark sky, here and there a window blazing fiery bright above them.

Ten minutes later, the carriages jingled to a halt near the stone steps leading up to the oak front doors, and everyone got off.

Harry and Ron even reached out to touch the Thestrals in front of the carriage, and exclaimed when they sensed their real existence.

If they could see the terrifying appearance of the Thestrals, they would probably not be so interested!

Luna watched from the side, and Evan led Hermione and Ginny over, letting them both touch a Thestral's head.

This Thestral was motionless, standing quietly in the chill night air, letting them surround it, its blank white eyes gleaming.

"All right, let's hurry up. These Thestrals live near Hagrid's cabin, and are neighbors with the Hippogriff. We have plenty of time to see them in the future," said Evan.

They joined the crowd hurrying up the stone steps into the castle.

The entrance hall was ablaze with torches and echoing with footsteps as the students crossed the flagged stone floor for the double doors to the right, leading to the Great Hall and the start-of-term feast.

The four long House tables in the Great Hall were filling up under the starless black ceiling, which was just like the sky they could glimpse through the high windows.

Candles floated in midair all along the tables, illuminating the silvery ghosts who were dotted about the Hall and the faces of the students talking eagerly to one another, exchanging summer news, shouting greetings at friends from other Houses, eyeing one another's new haircuts and robes.

Again Evan and Harry noticed people putting their heads together to whisper as they passed.

They kept talking about Cedric's transfer, the return of Voldemort, and Evan becoming the Head Boy.

These things had been discussed for more than half a year, but everyone still found them incredible and hard to accept.

In particular, the main party involved in the incident, Evan, returned to Hogwarts and became the youngest Head Boy ever, which brought public opinion back to the top, and various gossips and rumors followed one by one.

With Voldemort hiding out of sight, Hogwarts was now the focus of the entire wizarding world.

Although on the surface it was exactly the same as usual, Evan clearly felt that there was a storm coming...

Luna drifted away from them at the Ravenclaw table, and they sat down at Gryffindor's.

Colin helped them occupy their seats. Just after they were seated, Nearly Headless Nick came out from under the table. On the other side of the table, Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown gave Evan and Harry airy, overly friendly greetings that made them quite sure they had stopped talking about them a split second before...

Lavender must have learned a lot of information from Ron, but she was still not satisfied. She and Ron had been in contact by Owl mail during the summer vacation.

Ron kept saying that Lavender was too boring and wanted to break up with her, but he couldn't make up his mind.

"I want to know who is the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor this year?" Hermione bit her lip and scanned the staff table back and forth.

"To me, they should let Evan teach this course!"

"Wait a minute, look!" Hermione said sharply, pointing to the middle of the staff table.

Chapter 919: Warning of the Sorting Hat

Looking in the direction she was pointing to, everyone's eyes lit first upon Professor Dumbledore.

Professor Dumbledore was sitting in his high-backed golden chair at the center of the long staff table, wearing deep-purple robes scattered with silvery stars and a matching hat. His head was inclined toward the woman sitting next to him, who was talking into his ear.

They looked very close, and people who didn't know the reality might think their relationship was really good.

In fact, this woman looked like somebody's maiden aunt.

She was squat, with short, curly, mouse-brown hair in which she had placed a horrible pink Alice band that matched the fluffy pink cardigan she wore over her robes.

At this moment, she turned her face slightly to take a sip from her goblet, and glanced in their direction.

So they saw a pallid, toadlike face and a pair of prominent, pouchy eyes.

"Oh my God, it's her!" Harry recognized her at once, and he was shocked.

"Dolores Umbridge!" Evan added, not surprised at all.

Although a lot of changes had taken place, she still came to Hogwarts as scheduled, and he didn't know what tricks she would make.

In Evan's view, Umbridge was much more difficult to deal with than Fudge, and she was good at causing trouble.

"Look at her clothes, nice cardigan!" said Ron, smirking.

"I find it a bit scary; it doesn't suit her," Colin agreed.

"She looks familiar..." Hermione followed, thoughtfully, "Who is she?"

"It's that Umbridge woman!" Harry said. "She was at our hearing Evan and I. She works for Fudge!"

"Oh!" Hermione nodded suddenly, "What on earth is she doing here, then?"

"She's here as a Defence Against the Dark Arts professor," said Evan. "Fudge arranged for her to come. You do understand, don't you?"

Hermione nodded worriedly. This was not good news, and Harry, Ron, and Colin looked at them curiously.

"Understand what?" Ron asked, "Will this year's Defense Against the Dark Arts class get really bad? Don't worry, I'm ready. In fact, I've never looked forward to this course..."

"Lupin, Sirius, and Mad-Eye taught pretty well!" Harry said, "I hope nothing goes wrong with this woman."

In another week, he certainly wouldn't think so, nor would he worry about Umbridge.

Although Hermione wanted to explain to them what Umbridge's arrival meant, and let them know the seriousness of the matter, at this moment, Professor Grubbly-Plank walked in through the side door and took the seat that ought to have been Hagrid's.

That meant that the first years must have crossed the lake and reached the castle, and sure enough, a few seconds later, the doors from the entrance hall opened.

A long line of scared-looking first years entered, led by Professor McGonagall, who was carrying a stool on which sat an ancient wizard's hat, heavily patched and darned with a wide rip near the frayed brim.

The buzz of talk in the Great Hall faded away.

The first years lined up in front of the staff table facing the rest of the students, and Professor McGonagall placed the stool carefully in front of them, then stood back.

The first years' faces glowed palely in the candlelight. A small boy right in the middle of the row looked as though he was trembling.

The first years were uneasy, waiting for the Sorting Hat to decide where they were going, and even their future destiny.

Evan had always thought that the respective characteristics of the four Hogwarts Houses were too distinctive. When the first years first entered school, they were divided into four different groups, and they were constantly told the stories of the Four Founders and their favorite qualities: Gryffindor's courage, Ravenclaw's intelligence, Hufflepuff's fraternity and loyalty, and Slytherin's ambition and leadership.

These qualities imperceptibly affected the students of the four Houses and left a deep mark on them.

Obviously, the Hogwarts Sorting system had a considerable impact on students.

Even though a thousand years had passed, everyone still inherited the will of the Four Founders, but was this really good?

The Sorting ceremony had always been a highlight of the new term opening ceremony. The teachers and students of the school waited, holding breath.

In the blink of an eye, the rip near the hat's brim opened wide like a mouth and the Sorting Hat burst into song:

In times of old when I was new

And Hogwarts barely started

The founders of our noble school

Thought never to be parted:

United by a common goal,

They had the selfsame yearning,

To make the world's best magic school

And pass along their learning.

“Together we will build and teach!”

The four good friends decided

And never did they dream that they

Might someday be divided,

For were there such friends anywhere

As Slytherin and Gryffindor?

Unless it was the second pair

Of Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw?

So how could it have gone so wrong?

How could such friendships fail?

Why, I was there and so can tell

The whole sad, sorry tale.

Said Slytherin, “We’ll teach just those

Whose ancestry is purest.”

Said Ravenclaw, “We’ll teach those whose

Intelligence is surest.”

Said Gryffindor, “We’ll teach all those

With brave deeds to their name,”

Said Hufflepuff, “I’ll teach the lot,

And treat them just the same.”

These differences caused little strife

When first they came to light,

For each of the four founders had

A House in which they might

Take only those they wanted, so,

For instance, Slytherin

Took only pure-blood wizards

Of great cunning, just like him,

And only those of sharpest mind

Were taught by Ravenclaw

While the bravest and the boldest

Went to daring Gryffindor.
Good Hufflepuff she took the rest,
And taught them all she knew,
Thus the Houses and their founders
Retained friendships firm and true.

So Hogwarts worked in harmony
For several happy years,
But then discord crept among us
Feeding on our faults and fears.
The Houses that, like pillars four,
Had once held up our school,
Now turned upon each other and,
Divided, sought to rule.
And for a while it seemed the school
Must meet an early end,
What with dueling and with fighting
And the clash of friend on friend
And at last there came a morning
When old Slytherin departed
And though the fighting then died out
He left us quite downhearted.
And never since the founders four
Were whittled down to three
Have the Houses been united
As they once were meant to be.
And now the Sorting Hat is here
And you all know the score:
I sort you into Houses
Because that is what I'm for,
But this year I'll go further,
Listen closely to my song:

Though condemned I am to split you

Still I worry that it's wrong,

Though I must fulfill my duty

And must quarter every year

Still I wonder whether sorting

May not bring the end I fear.

Oh, know the perils, read the signs,

The warning history shows,

For our Hogwarts is in danger

From external, deadly foes

And we must unite inside her

Or we'll crumble from within.

I have told you, I have warned you...

Let the Sorting now begin....

Chapter 920: Doubts and the Newcomers

The hat became motionless once more; and applause broke out, but it was punctured with muttering and whispers.

All across the Great Hall students were exchanging remarks with their neighbors and Evan knew exactly what they were talking about.

What he didn't expect was that the Sorting Hat thought the same as he did, or that the Four Founders themselves had these worries.

Was it really right to sort new students arbitrarily and affect their future life?

Evan thought that he could ask this question to the Four Founders themselves. It was hard to say, but if he could get the Time-Turner the Titan had told him about, he would definitely go back to a thousand years ago to meet Rowena Ravenclaw again, and he would get the key to the secret treasure from her.

Besides, Evan was also more concerned about the final progress between her and Gryffindor. Was there any outcome to their love?

Judging from the current situation, Gryffindor had no descendants, and Ravenclaw had only one daughter, Helena Ravenclaw.

Helena used her mother's surname, and no one knew who her father was.

It could be anyone, and although Gryffindor was the most likely, there was no need to hide it, and Ravenclaw's surname should not be used.

The Gryffindor family was a well-known pure-blood wizarding family, even if it was not as prominent as the Ravenclaw family.

This matter was full of doubts. Evan even wondered whether Ravenclaw gave birth to a child with another wizard, who then suddenly disappeared or died because of some reason, and this person's identity was particularly sensitive and inconvenient to disclose.

Gryffindor had to stand by and guard the mother and daughter silently for the rest of his life...

Although this was highly unlikely in terms of Ravenclaw's own status and strength, it couldn't be ruled out entirely.

Evan felt that he should write this story down. As a novel, it would definitely be welcomed.

Beside him, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were discussing the warning from the Sorting Hat.

"I've never seen the hat like that before?" said Harry, feeling it different.

"Branched out a bit this year, hasn't it?" said Ron, his eyebrows raised.

"Too right it has!"

The Sorting Hat usually confined itself to describing the different qualities looked for by each of the four Hogwarts Houses and its own role in sorting them. They could not remember it ever trying to give the school advice before.

"I wonder if it's ever given warnings before?" said Hermione, sounding slightly anxious.

"Yes, indeed," said Nearly Headless Nick knowledgeably, leaning across Neville toward her. "The Sorting Hat feels itself honor-bound to give the school due warning. It is the supervisor of Hogwarts and represents the Four Founders to some extent. If it feels necessary, it will warn the school and remind everyone to pay attention."

"Oh, did this happen in history?" Hermione asked with interest.

"Yes, although not often, every time the Sorting Hat gave an early warning, the school encountered big things. I remember that there was one time eight centuries ago, when I first came to Hogwarts, the whole school was going to close down..."

"Quiet!" He was interrupted by Professor McGonagall before he finished speaking.

She was waiting to read out the list of first years' names, while giving the whispering students the sort of look that scorches.

Nearly Headless Nick placed a see-through finger to his lips and sat primly upright.

The muttering in the Great Hall came to an abrupt end, and everyone turned to Professor McGonagall.

With a last frowning look that swept the four House tables, Professor McGonagall lowered her eyes to her long piece of parchment and called out,

“Abercrombie, Euan.”

It was a little boy with two surprisingly big ears, the one who was the most nervous in the crowd just now.

Looking terrified, he stumbled forward, and put the hat on his head; it was only prevented from falling right down to his shoulders by his very prominent ears.

The Sorting Hat considered for a moment, then the rip near the brim opened again and shouted, “GRYFFINDOR!”

Gryffindor House clapped enthusiastically. As Fred and George stood up to welcome him, Euan Abercrombie staggered to their table and sat down, looking as though he would like very much to sink through the floor and never be looked at again.

“Ron, as prefects, we should let the first years be by our side so that we can guide them.” Hermione hurriedly said, remembering it, she stared at the panicked children.” You too, Evan, the Head Boy must set an example.”

Slowly the long line of first years thinned.

At Hermione’s insistence, Evan and Ron had to let some first years sit next to them.

Beside Evan was a little girl named Kate. She had short golden hair and bright blue eyes. She was cute, but she was so shy that she blushed when she spoke.

She never seemed to think that as soon as she enrolled, she would sit next to a big figure like the Head Boy, and she was almost suffocated with excitement.

At the long table, the other first years who had just been assigned to Gryffindor looked at Kate enviously.

The little girl was very nervous. She answered Evan’s questions honestly and was very cooperative...

From the conversation, he knew that Kate came from a Muggle family, too.

She knew little about the entire wizarding world and listened to Evan’s introduction of the school with admiration.

In the middle of the Great Hall, Professor McGonagall kept reading the names of the students. This year there seemed to be more students than in previous years, and everyone’s stomach was rumbling with hunger.

Finally, “Zeller, Rose” was sorted into Hufflepuff, and Professor McGonagall picked up the hat and stool and marched them away as Professor Dumbledore rose to his feet.

“To our newcomers,” said Dumbledore in a ringing voice, his arms stretched wide and a beaming smile on his lips, “welcome! To our old hands ... welcome back! There is a time for speech making, but this is not it. Tuck in!”

There was an appreciative laugh and an outbreak of applause as Dumbledore sat down neatly and threw his long beard over his shoulder so as to keep it out of the way of his plate.

Everyone was looking forward to the tables. Food had appeared out of nowhere, so that the five long tables were groaning under joints and pies and dishes of vegetables, bread, sauces, and flagons of pumpkin juice.

Evan heard Kate let out a low exclamation, and she looked at the food incredulously.

“Head Boy Evan, how did all this food come out?” She said in surprise, “is it magic?”

“Not exactly; the food still has to be cooked by someone. The house-elves in the kitchen prepare them first, then put them on the corresponding long tables downstairs, and use a Switching spell to send them up...” said Evan, and stopped suddenly.

Seeing Kate’s confused expression, he realized that he had to explain to her first what a house-elf was.