

Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 5: Monday

When Sirius woke up, Minerva was gone. A piece of parchment and her bag were on what he thought of as her side of the bed.

Sirius yawned and took the note.

Good Morning, I am off to class. I'll come back during lunch. There's some food for breakfast in my bag. See you later, M. was written on it.

Sirius sighed and closed his eyes again. He had no idea how late it was and no real reason to get up. He wasn't even hungry and there were no books around.

Nevertheless Sirius rolled out of the bed and sat down on the cold floor. Now that the girls knew he was there, he was free to move around the room.

Not that he really cared. Sure, it was nice to have the possibility to stretch one's legs without having to oblige somebody but he was pretty sure he was the one guy who couldn't appreciate being stuck in girls' dormitory. Not that he didn't fancy girls – he did. He fancied all genders. No, this was about something else. Privacy. As somebody who grew up with a mother who believed she should know everything about her children and correct anything she seemed unworthy of their bloodline, he knew how important privacy was. He definitely wasn't going to go through the girls' things. He was aware of the fact that he had checked the bottles in the bathroom but that had been only practical and he hadn't touched anything he didn't need to and thought of as private.

"What's wrong?" Minerva was standing in front of him suddenly, Pomona right behind her.

"What are you doing here?" Sirius asked in confusion, looking from one to other.

"Don't you have class?"

"There is a thing called break. I came to check on you again as you slept through lunch," Minerva responded with a smirk and pulled out a few books from the bag she had been carrying. "The first books have arrived."

Sirius took the books and smiled up at the two girls in front of him. "Thank you. I'll get to work immediately."

While Minerva nodded, Pomona sat down opposite Sirius. She had not said anything till now and was watching him instead. Sirius ignored her, but it was unnerving him.

"What?" he asked finally.

"How the hell did you get up here?" Pomona questioned. Sirius glanced at Minerva who shrugged. He didn't want more people than necessary to know that he was an animagus, especially as he would meet this particular girl in his own time.

"I walked up the stairs?" Sirius decided to play dumb. The girls believed he was simply a guest and therefore it would be not suspicious if he had no idea about the castle's

perks.

Pomona scowled at him. "Men can't walk up the stairs! They turn to slides!"

"That's not entirely true," Minerva joined in. "Dumbledore is able to walk up here without trouble. Maybe the charm makes it impossible to walk up the stairs only for male Hogwarts students."

"Or minors," Sirius suggested, flashing Pomona a charming smile. She blushed immediately and Minerva rolled her eyes behind her back. Minerva liked Pomona, but she was a first-year and behaved accordingly. And Sirius' white lies to make himself look cool didn't help.

"We should go," Minerva said to Pomona. "Break is almost over."

"I have History of Magic next," Pomona sulked. "I am pretty sure Padfoot can teach me more than Binns!"

Both Sirius and Minerva rose an eyebrow at that. It was actually quite funny, as they did it at the exactly same time and glanced at each other.

"I doubt Padfoot knows as much about History of Magic as Professor Binns does," Minerva said slowly.

"So what?" Pomona turned around to look at her. "It doesn't matter how much Binns knows as I don't listen to him."

Minerva sighed and Sirius did his best to not laugh out loud. This situation was just so weird. If he was not wrong, Pomona, Professor Pomona Sprout, had a little crush on him. It didn't matter that she was currently eleven. If anything, it made the situation even funnier.

"If you are not going to your lesson, it's your decision. But I won't let you stay here," Minerva announced as she glared at her friend. "If you have forgotten, I am a prefect. I can't simply accept this."

Pomona huffed and stood up. She took her bag that she had dropped at the door and turned around to wave at Sirius before she descended the stairs.

Instead of following her, Minerva shut the door and sank onto her bed. "What the hell was that?" she asked.

Sirius burst out in laughter and she shot him a deathly glare.

"She may fuck up the plan, you know," Minerva muttered.

"Are you jealous?" Sirius teased and Minerva threw a pillow at his head.

"Sure. I'm jealous because an 11-year old has a weird crush on a time-travelling guy I know since Thursday. God, that sounds weird," she groaned.

"It is weird," Sirius laughed and climbed onto the bed next to her. "Don't you have class?" he asked.

"Divination. Utter nonsense. Don't need to go there," Minerva replied and took one of the books she brought for Sirius.

"Tss, tss. You forced little Pomona to go to class while not going yourself. Where are your morals?" Sirius teased. Minerva smacked him with her book and rolled onto her side so her back was facing him.

Sirius leaned over her shoulder and rested his chin against it. "Wouldn't it be smarter to get the book from yesterday first?"

"Sure thing. And explain why I am not in class and want a totally specific book from the Forbidden Section," Minerva replied.

"Yeah right. Bad idea," Sirius agreed and rolled onto his back.

Minerva turned as well so she could face him.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

Sirius shrugged.

"No, tell me," she demanded.

"It's just... There is so much going on. Both good and bad. And there is something from my time you should know. But I don't want to burden you. But I know is important. Really important." Sirius didn't look at Minerva as he said this.

Minerva took a deep breath. "What is it?" she asked calmly. "If it troubles you this much, it's probably something you should really tell me."

Sirius closed his eyes and nodded. "Yeah."

"Now or later?" Minerva asked.

"Now," Sirius opened his eyes and turned to face her. They were lying face to face again, their noses almost touching. Only this time, the air was heavy around them.

"My time is the time of war," Sirius spoke with a clear voice. "A dark wizard called Voldemort is trying to seize power. He tries to force muggle-borns out of the wizarding world. He has supporters. A lot of them. They torture and murder all along their way. It's madness. The one standing against him is Dumbledore, but there is something wrong with him as well. I don't know what. It's just a feeling."

Sirius managed to explain everything clearly, but by the end of it, he was visibly shacking.

Minerva was staring at him with wide eyes. She threw herself at Sirius and hugged him tightly.

"How long has the war been going?" she whispered into his neck.

"Six years," Sirius whispered back and hold onto her even tighter. "Hogwarts is the only safe place. And yet we are thought how to kill."

Minerva was speechless. They were teaching children how to kill? Dumbledore was teaching children how to kill? Was she herself?

"Sirius? Am I one of those who teach you how to kill?" she whispered.

Sirius shook his head slightly. "No. You teach us only stupidly boring things like turning teacups into birds."

Minerva let out a breath she didn't know she had been holding.

"You help us, Minnie," Sirius assured her. "You helped us to get the books on how to become animagi. You care. You are one of the good ones."

"Thank you," Minerva smiled into Sirius' neck. "And I am sorry. I just freaked out. Please tell me more. More about what really matters."

And Sirius did. He told her everything from the beginning till the day he got into the past. He told her about the Death Eaters, about the Dark Mark, about the murders. He spoke clearly and detached about most things, but when he described the horrors that happened his voice was strained.

"I can't believe there is a war so soon after the last ended," Minerva whispered when he finished talking. "The muggles killed each other not five years ago, and now the wizards are going to make the same mistake?"

"I am sorry," Sirius said. "I shouldn't have told you. It's too much."

"You did the right thing by telling me," Minerva replied. "This is knowledge that may save lives."

"You are strong Minnie. I have always respected you," Sirius murmured.

"Thank yo-"

"Here you are! We should have guessed that you are making yourself a nice afternoon with your *friend*!" Abigail stormed into the room, followed by Leandra who mouthed a sorry at Minerva.

Minerva herself whispered a quick wandless glamour charm to cover hers and Sirius' red eyes and sat up.

"Actually, we were working on the plan," she said.

"Sure," Abigail rolled her eyes. "You planned how to castrate a guy while cuddling. Totally believable."

"We are not going to castrate anybody!" Leandra objected. "But if you were working on a plan, I hope you have one," she looked pointedly at Minerva. "Because if not, you'll lose every right you had to force Pomona to attend History of Magic."

Minerva leaned back and gave her friends a self-assure smile. "Trust me, I have a plan." Soon after that, the two girls left for the common room and left Minerva and Sirius alone again.

"Do you really have a plan?" Sirius asked. There were many questions he wanted to ask, but he had settled on the one that seemed safest. The least painful.

"I don't have a plan – yet," Minerva replied. "But I want to know what I want to achieve and therefore it's only a question of time till I have one."

"What do you want to achieve?"

"I want to make it possible for everybody to see who tried to assault somebody. Something that would work on itself. A spell that makes you glow or something. But not one you have to use on a specific person but one that covers the whole of the castle and works when necessary," Minerva explained.

"Like a ward? How about we let the abuser's skin turn bright pink?" Sirius asked.

Minerva nodded. "Sounds good. They can't cover themselves up completely. But it won't be easy."

"Yeah. I'll probably leave before it's finished," Sirius sighed. "I would really like to see if you manage it."

"First, we have to make the others agree to this. You said it yourself: it won't be easy." Minerva ignored the comment about leaving together with the uneasy feeling in her stomach caused by it.

"And yet it isn't impossible. Some of the smartest witches will be working on this." Sirius gave her an encouraging smile. "Maybe you should try vowing runes into Hogwarts' wards?"

"We would need to know them to make that possible," Minerva ran a hand through her hair.

"Here, let me braid it again," Sirius offered and positioned himself so he could reach Minerva's hair comfortably. "I am sure there are some of the simpler wards used here. Like the Muggle Repelling one. If I am not wrong, there is a simple charm to detect it as it's not really necessary to make it too hard to find it since Muggles can't do anything about it even if they know that it's here."

"Why do you know so much about wards?" Minerva tried to turn around to look at Sirius but he put a hand on her shoulder to prevent her from that.

"People are putting wards everywhere. We learned the first ones in our fourth year. It is simply necessary," he explained.

"Well, than we'll look for the Muggle Repelling one," Minerva agreed. "But I should go to dinner soon. I'll bring you something up as always."

Sirius threw a guilty glance at the bag that was now lying on the floor and didn't say anything. He knew that he should eat more, but he simply forgot. When he was at Hogwarts with his friends it was never a problem. At home, he didn't eat much because he avoided leaving his room and here – here he simply forgot.

He finished braiding and Minerva stood up from the bed. She ruffled Sirius' hair, took her bag and left the room.

Not two minutes later and Abigail stormed into the room again, her eyes red and

puffy.

"What happened?" Sirius asked immediately. "Should I beat somebody up for you?" After the previous night it was a legit question in Sirius' opinion.

Abigail stared at him for a moment. "I have forgotten that you are here," she said softly.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Sirius ignored her comment. When she shook her head he shrugged and opened one of the books.

Sirius hadn't even finished the table of contents before Abigail spoke up. "Who are you really?" she asked.

"A lost puppy," he answered without looking up.

"Nonsense. You are Minerva's boyfriend, aren't you?" Abigail continued her questioning.

Sirius laughed at that. "No, I am not. I have met her not a week ago. She found me and I followed her here like a puppy. I am a lost puppy," he grinned at her.

"So she endangered us all by bringing a total stranger here?" Abigail stared at him in horror. "Did you imperius her?"

Sirius sighed and put his book away. "I proved to her that I can be trusted. But there are things I don't enjoy talking about and that are too personal for anybody else to know."

Abigail gulped. "Tell me and if anybody else asks, you have two people backing you up."

Sirius pinched his nose. "I ran away," he said finally.

Abigail took his hand and squeezed it. "I was crying because my father send me a howler. Again. He is never satisfied with what I do."

"What was the reason for the howler?" Sirius asked. He had his fair share of experience with howlers from his mother.

"He complained that I didn't write him enough," Abigail sniffed, "but when I write him he is never happy with it. The response is always something like my handwriting sucks, my grades suck, I should do better networking or find a fiance as soon as possible or he'll do it. That's why I thought not writing him would be a good idea. But it doesn't work. He is angry with me no matter what I do."

Sirius shook his head at that. "Your father is a real dick. I wish I could help."

Abigail shrugged at that. "Nobody can. And it is almost over. As soon as I finish school, I am leaving."

"You are strong," Sirius said and smiled at her. "Have you talked to your friends about it?"

Abigail shook her head. "I don't want to bother them."

"You wouldn't," Minerva said from the doorway where she stood with Leandra and Pomona.

"We didn't approach the subject before because it was not our place," Leandra joined in. "It's too easy to suggest you should leave if you are not in the same position."

Abigail stared at them with wide eyes as tears rolled down her cheeks. "I- Thank you!" she threw herself at Leandra before pulling Minerva and Pomona towards them for a group hug while Sirius watched them with a fond smile from the bed.

"We can talk about it later tonight if you want to. Or tomorrow. Or whenever you want to, but right now, the other girls are coming here for the meeting," Minerva said to her friend.

Abigail nodded with a smile. "Tomorrow is fine."

Minerva smiled back and went to sit next to Sirius on her bed. Pomona sat down on

his other side and Abigail and Leandra took their chairs. They talked about their days as the other girls walked in and joined their conversation. When everybody was there, Leandra asked Minerva to explain her idea and soon enough a discussion started. All in all, the idea was accepted but with a few changes: a sign should float above the abusers head as there were glamour charms that would cover up bright pink skin and people who called others "Mudblood" would be marked as well. The mark would float about the head of the offender for three days and would reappear only when their repeated their actions.

Groups were made and tasks distributed and soon enough most of the girls started yawning and had trouble keeping their eyes open. It had been a long day and sleep was overdue. As they started to leave, books were pulled out from bags and placed next to Minerva's bed. As it seemed, most parents have send of the literature their daughters demanded right away.

Sirius stared at the pile in awe. 15 books were lying on the floor. 15! Only a little over twenty people had been present in the room!

"That's a lot of books," Abigail commented. She hadn't asked her father, knowing that he would question it and eventually send her another howler.

"Indeed it is," Minerva replied. "But we have to check one in the restricted section before we start going through these."

"We found something yesterday," Sirius explained.

Abigail smiled at the two of them. "Do you need any help?" she asked.

Minerva shook her head. "It's fine. You had a rough day and should rest."

Abigail shrugged and pulled out her sleeping clothes. "Have fun," she said before walking to the bathroom.

Minerva smiled and cast a disillusionment charm on Sirius once again. They left the dorm and the common room in the usual manner and without incidents. Outside, Minerva lifted the spell, Sirius transformed and she cast it again. They had agreed that using their animagus forms was more convenient.

In the library, Minerva walked straight to the shelf with the book from the previous day. Sirius had to lick her hand repeatedly to make her lift the disillusionment charm as she had simply forgotten in all her excitement.

Sirius sat down on one of the chairs and managed to convince Minerva to sit in his lap so they could read the book at the same time.

Minerva flipped through the book to the correct page. Sirius' chin was resting on her shoulder as she was leaning against him. She held up the book so he could read comfortably as well and they started reading the short article about the silver pendant.

Fate's heart

An extremely rare moving silver model of the solar system charmed to answer to the original owner's bloodline.

Minerva turned to look at Sirius who shrugged.

"I would be surprised if our family *didn't* own something like this," he said.

After a row of incidents in the 17th century, it was forbidden to recreate or sell the artefact. The existing ones were collected by the Ministry of Magic and mostly destroyed. It is said that a few were given to the Department of Mysteries and survived. The effects are still unknown.

"I wonder what kind of incidents..." Sirius muttered.

"I can only assume people travelling back in time, getting used to the time period, getting back and being confused as hell," Minerva suggested. "But even if we knew, it

doesn't really help us."

Sirius leaned back into the chair and pulled Minerva with him as he still had his arms around her. "But we have a name for this thing at least," he muttered. "Can go through the books again."

"Actually we don't need to," Minerva smiled at him. "There's a spell that does it for you if you know what you are looking for. We didn't so I couldn't use it before but now I can try it with 'Fate's heart'."

Minerva performed the spell and Sirius watched quietly as two books flew out of the shelves and landed before her feet.

"You have to teach me that," he said.

Minerva picked the first book and flicked through the book to the correct page. Unfortunately the article was even shorter than the last one and didn't contain any new information. The last book was the same.

"Well, there are still the books from the girls," Sirius said.

"Considering that they are on this specific subject we may have more luck with them," Minerva agreed.

"To be honest we have found more than I would have expected," Sirius confessed and Minerva patted him gently.

"It'll be fine," she said.

They went back to the Gryffindor tower and Minerva performed the spell to locate the books with a mention of Fate's Heart in it again. Nine flew towards her and she gave Sirius an encouraging smile.

This time each of them picked up a book due to the number of them. The first few were failures, but the third each of them picked had a lengthy article on the subject.

"Look!" they said in unison and smiled at each other. They put the open books next to each other and started laughing.

Minerva checked the binding and shook her head. "Well, this was bound to happen. It would have been weird if there wasn't a double."

"Well, at least it's a useful double," Sirius grinned.

Fate's Heart

An extremely rare moving silver model of the solar system charmed to answer to the original owner's bloodline first created by the Slavic wizard Svätomir in the 9th century. The Name Fate's Heart comes from the supposed ability to send the user to a crucial point in time and space where they influence the future – their own and that of the world.

Critics say, that the things you experience aren't real and are therefore simple hallucinations caused by the magic the pendant emits when it comes in contact with blood.

After a row of unfortunate incidents involving missing limbs it is hard to tell which one is true, since magic this complicated is almost impossible to create but hallucinations can't let legs disappear. Madness is a common occurrence after 'returning' home.

There have been only four known wizards with the ability to manufacture Fate's Heart which makes the artefact extremely rare.

In Great Britain, only Families from The Sacred 28 were in the possession of Fate's Heart but were forced to give it up and let be destroyed after the tragic death of Tibault Nott in 1692.

"That was a wild ride," Minerva said.

"Indeed it was," Sirius had to agree. "But at least, it sounds like you can return to your own time."

"Indeed it does. Sirius?" Minerva asked. "What was the part about blood?"

He looked up at her. "What about it?"

"Were you bleeding when you touched the pendant the first time?"

"No, I wasn't," Sirius shook his head.

"Are you sure about that? Not even from a paper-cut?" Minerva questioned. It was the best lead they had.

"No, I don't think so-," Sirius stopped for a moment. "Unless-, I've read an old letter not a minute before. I might have cut myself on the parchment without noticing it."

"And as it was a small paper-cut, you would have stopped bleeding by the time you touched it again. Makes sense," Minerva grinned at him. "I believe we have figured it out!"

"We have!" Sirius was practically glowing. "I can go home!"

Minerva's smile wavered a little. "Do you want to try it out right away, or-?" she asked uncertainly.

Sirius shot her a horrified look. "What? Why? Do you want me to leave right away?" he almost shouted.

"No, that's not it," Minerva sighed. "But I would understand it if you wanted to go home. After all, this is not where you truly belong."

Sirius smiled at her sadly. "The pendant says it is, but you are right. I have to go home soon. I can't let my friends fight in the war alone. But I have promised you to stay until we finish Mission Abigail, haven't I?"

Minerva pulled him into a hug. "You are such a dork," she whispered into his shoulder and Sirius laughed.

"And you are awesome," he said. "Truly awesome."