Harry slowly looked across the battlefield at all the death and destruction.

Finally he thought as he once again gazed down at the dead body of the Dark Lord laying near his feet, it’s over, so much death and destruction Harry thought as he slowly walked down the street of Diagon Ally towards the remains of Gringotts.
Stopping at the burnt out shell of the Trunk Emporium Harry had an idea. He would gather up every magical trunk and sack and pillage what was left in the Gringotts vaults area. It was not like anyone would ever stop him, with the Goblin race being killed off and almost all of the wizards and muggles being destroyed during the war there was no one left to care that he was taking what he found.

Picking out the largest multi chambered trunk he could find, Harry let himself sink into a moment of despair as he filled the multiple chambered trunk with other trunks he found strewn throughout the shop. Levitating the trunk Harry made his way through the broken store front and climbed over the rubble that was the Gringotts lobby before casting the banishing charm several times to clear the rubble blocking the tunnel system that led to the vaults he started down the rubble filled tunnel towards the main vaults.

Harry had learned several years ago, right after the Chinese branch of Gringotts had fallen to the Peoples Army, in a backlash of destruction in retaliation towards the hidden magical community for something Voldermort had set in motion, that all the Gringotts branches were connected to one central cavern that housed the entire worlds Wizarding vaults.

After a short ride to the track that led to the deepest section Harry climbed out of the cart tiredly and started to inscribe several sets of Runes on the floor and walls of the broken doorway leading to the first vault in this section. Setting the trunk down Harry used some of the last of his magic reserves to charge the Rune set and stepped into the swirling rift and tiredly called out, “Sanctuary.”

Harry stumbled out of the array making his way to one of the hospital beds near the transporter and fell atop it and into a deep healing sleep.

He slept for three days straight.

Waking up Harry stretched as he grimaced at the slight pull of stiff muscles and wrinkled his nose at the smell of his own body. Grabbing a general healing potion from the rack in the potion cabinet and downing it quickly in the hopes of keeping the foul taste from lingering, Harry started to strip out of his clothes as he walked towards the shower. Running the water nice and hot, he made his way stiffly through the rising steam to stand under the hot jets letting the sheer luxury of a hot shower relax him; he had missed this during the running battle the past week. Thirty minutes later and ever thankful for heating charms on the pipes Harry started to soap up his sore body and scrub the weeks grime away.
Shutting the water off Harry grabbed one of the fluffy white towels from the counter and dried off. Dropping the wet towel into the hamper he walked out of the bathroom and left the hospital and entering the main section of Sanctuary quickly made his way to his rooms. Once fully dressed Harry made his way to the kitchen and fixed a large meal, which he devoured in no time at all. Mechanically cleaning up his dishes and the kitchen as he thought about his idea thinking back to the plans he had made several years ago.

*It all started as a discussion with Ron soon after Dumbledore had been killed by Snape in his sixth year, Ron seeing how the ministry had started to hound Harry to follow their lead and with their track record of past dealings in everything Potter, Ron told Harry they needed to come up with a plan for Harry to disappear from Wizarding Britain once the war was over.*

*The surprising thing at the time is how Ron kept his girlfriend Hermione out of the loop stating that he was not sure she would not try to dictate Harry’s life as she was a firm believer that Harry should work with the minister now that Dumbledore was dead.*

*The summer Harry turned Seventeen he fled the Dursley’s vowing never to set foot in their home again.*

*After making his way to Gringotts he took control of his ancestral vaults and made some amazing discoveries hidden deep in his families vault.*

*Seeing as he was an official adult now and could do magic as he pleased he quickly packed the entire contents of the vault into several dozen three compartment chests before shrinking them and packing them into the multi compartment trunk he found near the entrance.*

*Casting an illusion on his trust vault after emptying it and tying it to a single bronze Knut he left on the floor Harry stepped back and nodded in satisfaction that anyone that looked into the vault from the outside would see a nicely filled vault.*

*Not saying much to the Goblin that took him back to the surface Harry made his way through the crowd as quickly as he could without drawing attention to himself and activated the port key he found hidden in his families vault.*
Shaking himself out of his thoughts of the past Harry made his way to his office and sat down and looked once again through the plans he had made and changed over the years. Glancing at the calendar with the many red X’s crossing off days he counted off the days until his plans would come to fruition, he had a total of seventeen days until the full moon of Halloween, where the barriers between worlds was at its most fragile and his planned crossing. Harry made his way back to the Runic transport system he had discovered and learned to modify here at Sanctuary and called upon his restored magic, then tapped the sequence that would take him back to the temporary gate he had installed in Gringotts.

Harry spent the next ten days pillaging every thing he thought he might have a use for from the vaults deep in the Gringotts cavern and moving it to the vaults set up under Sanctuary. He had pillaged what was left of the Hogwarts library years ago so he made his way through Diagon Ally and its darker sister, Knockturn Ally to see what he could find.

Harry spent the next three days resting as his body protested violently what he had put it through over the past couple of weeks. Not moving from his bed unless it was for food or potions Harry cursed the name Dursley as his body once again was wracked in pain from another bought of coughing.

He was twenty two when he learned how his body was failing from too much stress placed on it on top of the malnourishment and abuse he suffered as a child. Even if he had been rescued once he started primary school the damage would have been done, it was only the fact he was so highly magical that allowed him to lead a somewhat normal life to this point.

Thankful the crystal had already been charged to full capacity slowly over the years, Harry made his way to the center chamber of the last Elven outpost he had renamed Sanctuary. Setting a rack of healing and energy potions on the floor within crawling distance of the crystal column, Harry knelt in front of the column and placed his hands on either side.

Over the years Ron and he had firmed up his escape plans and added a twist to them, they had discovered a way that when he activated the dimension portal allowing the translocation of Sanctuary into a new world, it would also add a temporal slide. In theory the temporal slide should allow him to de-age his damaged body back to an age that his body really represented. When he was seventeen he looked more like a thirteen year old, thirteen if one was real generous. He figured he would return to the time his body had started puberty, somewhere between thirteen and fourteen.
The only drawback he thought was that even though the initial jump would take him to an alternate world that shared the same year of 2007, the part of the ritual that would activate the time slide to de-age him would take him into that worlds past, hopefully not too far back, but one never knew as this was a lost bit of magic that he discovered in the Sanctuary library.

Looking up toward the ceiling of the chamber, which was spelled to show the outside skyline, Harry noticed that the Runic pylons emplaced around the glade that housed Sanctuary started to glow as the first rays of the moon touched them. He watched and prepared his magical core as first the inner and the next two outer rings started to glow and connect to each other as a solid beam of light flew between each pylon and its neighbor.

Once the moon was directly over the outpost Harry started to chant first in Elven and then switching to an older more obscure language of pure magic. Sweat started dripping down his brows, causing a small river to cascade down past his nose, only to be blown off his lips as he chanted. Magic soon grew thick in the room as Harry’s chant directed his magic into the Crystal that was becoming almost too hot to touch as the spell started to take effect.

Then on the very stroke of midnight, the very point when the barrier between worlds was at its most weakest a flash of light followed by the sound of an explosion rocked the section of the Forbidden Forest his hidden sanctuary was housed as the last Elven outpost, which thousands of Potter Lords guarded the whereabouts jealously, disappeared through a break in the fabric of space.

The feeling was worse than a port key, all Harry wanted to do was throw up, no he decided, scream first then throw up, maybe pass out would be a good thing to do also. As the world stopped spinning Harry fell backwards onto the floor groaning in pain, fighting the need to throw up with all that he had. Crawling on his elbows over to the potions on the floor Harry carefully picked up the numbing potion with his wrists, careful of his badly charred hands and downed it in one go.

Not designed to be used internally, or at least the original version was not, Harry sighed in relief as his body went numb, even the need to retch stopped the moment the potion worked its way through his system. Swallowing the pepper up potion next to help augment his core Harry quickly downed the healing potion before pouring the last drops on his burnt hands.
Rolling over on his back Harry watched the moon start to move backwards and right before passing out he whispered his voice filled with pain, “Hedwig.”

Hedwig his first real friend and long time companion dragged her broken body, wing trailing behind her over towards her human. Crossing Harry’s leg in such a way that her broken wing was resting on him and off the floor, she settled down to the floor as the pain of being caught up in temporal stream caused her injuries to become fresh again as she moved backwards along with her master.

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The next morning when Harry woke up he looked down at his youthful body once again and cried out in joy when he saw his friend flying around the room. “Hedwig come on let’s go outside and see where we ended up,” Harry called out as he extended his arm for his owl to land on. Stroking Hedwig’s feathers as he walked out of the central chamber and down the hallway towards the front door Harry noticed that his hands were smaller than the night before and completely healed.

Walking through the energy barrier that was across the front door to keep insects and vermin out Harry gave his friend a push off with his arm so Hedwig would take flight. Eyes looking around he marveled at how the trees and sky looked alive once more as he walked over towards the stream that ran besides the hospital barn and knelt down to look at his reflection. Turning his head from side to side to better see the changes Harry grinned after the surprise of how youthful his face looked wore off.

Being a warm day Harry removed his shirt and gazed in wonder at how most of the scars that had covered his body for most of his life had disappeared. Having to know if he was truly free he quickly pushing his bangs back so he could look at his reflection, Harry shouted for joy jumping up and down when he saw that the scar that controlled and shaped most of his life was gone.

Grabbing up his shirt Harry ran over to the barn and made his way down the empty aisles towards the hospital section; running through the archway and stopping only long enough to undress Harry jumped up onto the bathroom counter and stood in front of the mirror. Examining every part of his body in detail Harry finished by jumping off the counter hugging himself in glee, it had worked just like he planned, and he was young once again, but this time in a youthful healthy body.
Jumping up in the air again this time with a whoop of joy, Harry ran to the shower turning on the water and just as the steam started to rise he moved under the spray to do a quick and thorough wash. Toweling himself dry as he walked out of the bathroom Harry called out to his familiar who was settled on her perch near the archway leading into the magical creature section of the hospital, “Hedwig…I’m healed.”

Giggling he twirled around so his owl could see for herself that all the scars were gone.

Settling down after a minute of relishing his new found freedom from pain Harry went over to the specially modified hospital bed, as soon as he laid down the bed activated its preprogrammed medical scans. Moving his right arm over to the panel that had several colored crystals slotted into it Harry spent a moment looking at the general readout of his health that was hovering above his head, the information showed that he was a healthy twelve year old with no signs of malnourishment.

Slotting home the blue crystal, which started the next medical scan, Harry stared in awe at the size of his magical core. It was twice the size for someone his age and slightly larger than his adult core, and the amazing part it showed signs of not being mature yet, meaning that it was still growing. Slotting home the red crystal caused it to fire off the stored medical spell, the last medical scan he planned to do, Harry was very pleased with the information that was revealed to him.

With long years of habit Harry quickly grabbed his wand and went back to the bed and removed the two crystals from the panel setting them down on the bed he removed the one from behind the pillow before casting the diagnostic charms back into the crystals, readying them for the next time he needed them.

Feeling slightly hungry Harry went to the kitchen and made a couple of sandwiches and ate them on the way to his study. Sitting down behind his desk once more he thought of the plan as he pulled the second drawer out and removed the two focus rings he had crafted in preparation for this day out of the plush ring box and set them next to his wand.

Gently placing each ring on his wand about five centimeters from the end Harry picked up a sharp needle and pricked the middle finger of each hand and placed the bleeding finger on one of the rings, “Taesi.” Flames immediately engulfed the wand and his hands as he said the spell, flames that danced on his skin like a cold caress as the wand burned to ash. Looking down at his hands he grinned once more as the rings had relocated to his middle fingers, bonded in such a way that they would never be able to be removed.
Step one was done, now for step two Harry told himself.

Reaching back in the drawer Harry pulled out a slip of parchment rolled around a potion vial, setting it down in the middle of his desk Harry let his mind wander for a moment back to when he and Ron had tried to come up with the perfect disguise once Voldemort was dead. Harry really didn’t want to leave the magical world and live life as a muggle, especially not after getting a taste of what the magical world was like. After much debate and two bottles of fire whiskey Ron drunkenly told Harry that the best disguise would be for him to turn himself into a High Elf, if he looked like one of the High Elves no one would dare cross him ever again and would leave him alone as he would be outside any ministries laws, wizards would be afraid to cross him. Later on that week when Harry was doing research on an ancient limb re-growth potion he had read about in the Sanctuary library, a library that was larger than Hogwarts, Harry stumbled over a potion that would permanently modify his features if coupled with a spell.

Knowing that High Elves are considered above the light versus dark debate and outside of the ministry laws Harry brewed the potion and researched the incantation needed to turn his features into one of the High Elves. His reason being that even in the new world he did not want to be embroiled into whatever political maneuverings the Wizards of this place would attempt to do when they found out about him, including trying to foster him or place him in an orphanage if the time slip worked as it should have.

Breaking the seal on the vial Harry placed a finger over the end and dipped it into the oily liquid and rubbed it on the top of each ear. Feeling a tingling that was warm yet at the same time cold Harry quickly downed the nasty looking liquid. Surprised that it had no taste at all Harry quickly incanted, “\textit{tali tia jhyl sai syri os ei col aer}.” Doubling over in pain as different parts of his body snapped into a new alignment Harry controlled the urge to scream…barely.

After several minutes Harry let out the breath he had been holding in his attempt not to scream, the pain was worse than the Cruciatius. Standing up and stretching slowly to see if anything hurt Harry smiled when the second part of his plan had been completed successfully. Now all he had left was to set up the Rune Portals around the Forbidden Forest allowing those injured in need of healing or those needing sanctuary access to this outpost and its facilities. After that he could take some of the gold and head off into the Wizarding world to find out when he ended up and what exactly was going on in the world.

Running down the hallway still not dressed, Harry laughed like a little kid being naughty as he made his way back to the central chamber, rushing through the doors and skidding to a stop before he hit the control crystal. Placing his hands back on the crystal Harry said
the incantation that would allow his outpost and an area around it for a full two days hard march to be neutral ground, a place violence would be automatically punished with the death of the offender if need be. “Ei malesia oli tytsi.” Harry cast, causing the crystal to pulse with power as it set the wards and defenses.

Pleased that all was as it should be Harry went through the door closing it behind him, raising his hand he cast an Elven charm that would hide the door from all but his eyes, “Codi.”

Successful, Harry laughed as the door glowed blue and faded into the wall.

Looking around the hallway Harry thought that he was acting very childish, but after a moments thought he decided that for today he would act like a child is supposed to act to get it out of his system. Getting a gleam in his eye Harry’s bare feet slapped the floor as he took off running towards the hallway rug near the kitchen, he wanted to see if the stories he had heard were true about rug surfing.

Hedwig shook her head before placing it under her wing; it was going to be a long day until her human got the urge to be a fledgling out of his system. She tried to get some much needed rest after the long flight she had taken that morning, even after being whole once again, after all the years of being crippled, she had decided to take it easy at first just in case.

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The next morning Harry got dressed in traditional Elven breeches and shirt, seeing as he looked like an Elf on the outside he should at least dress like one, plus he had his Battle robes made in Elven style as they were much more maneuverable and he definitely felt more comfortable in this style of clothing.

Rummaging around in the kitchen Harry noticed that cool room was almost empty, he would need to go shopping today if he wanted to have anything for supper. Using the last of the bread to make himself some toast to go with the last of the eggs and sausage Harry sat down to eat while he continued to plan his day out.

First he would set up three of the Sanctuary transport pylons, with the third being located near the corner of Hogwarts grounds and Hogsmeade. After that he would go into Hogsmeade for supplies and stop for lunch at the three broomsticks or whatever the
equivalent was he. The rest of the day he would play by ear, with tomorrow set aside for a trip to Gringotts to set up an account and then maybe a quick trip past the hidden colony of free house elves to see if he could not hire several of them to help him run Sanctuary, that was if they were in the same spot they were in his universe.

Leaving the kitchen Harry walked down the corridor towards the hospital area, any injured that used one of the transport pylons to make their way to Sanctuary would find themselves arriving in the barn section of the hospital, actually the more he thought about the pylons the more they reminded him of smaller scale models of Stone Hedge he had seen in pictures before the muggles had destroyed the site during the war.

Entering the hospital section Harry grimaced at the pile of clothes near the first bed, he must have really spent yesterday acting like a kid if he left his clothes lying about. Flicking a hand towards the pile Harry thought out a quick banishing charm and before he had a chance to even speak the spell the clothes had disappeared. Staring at his hand for a second Harry shrugged his shoulders and promised himself that he would spend time tonight playing around with his new focus rings to see what he actually could do with them.

Continuing on towards the side office Harry looked up at the map of the Forbidden Forest Harry was surprised to see several glowing dots on the map indicating active pylons. Looking closer he noticed these pylons were maybe five days hard walk from his glade, studying the map Harry thought he could place the outer ring of pylons in two days maybe three leaving him several spares that he could place somewhere else if he needed too.

Grabbing three of the shrunken pylons from the side table Harry placed them in a handy trunk and placed a levitation charm along with a follow me charm on it and left the office. Making sure his money pouch was firmly attached to his belt Harry walked into the barn towards the transport pylon after picking up a couple of discrete knives off the table near the pylon. Must remember to move these elsewhere now that the outpost is going to be open for business so to speak Harry thought.

Visualizing where he wanted to go Harry slashed his hand down in front of him opening a rift and walked through it.

Harry was just finishing setting up the third and final pylon for the day, pressing the activation runes he stepped back to see that the array was glowing softly, he thought three down only six more to go. Stopping at the edge of the circle, right before he was about to
walk outside the transport circle Harry called out to the presence he felt come up behind him. “Centaur, why do you sneak up behind me like a thief in the night?”

With an angry snort the Centaur growled out, “Human you are not welcome in our forest, leave before I force you.”

As Harry turned he heard the sound of a bow being drawn back and the arrow hitting wood as it was notched. Slowly raising his hand he made a slight grabbing motion while thinking about the bow flying to land at his feet.

The Centaur made a snort of disbelief and one of anger quickly followed as he was disarmed. Pawing the ground as he reached over his back to pull out his short sword he growled, “Human you are going to pay dearly for that.”

“You would dare break the no violence decree of this sanctuary Centaur? Are you that arrogant to think that any race can own this forest?” Harry told him in an amused voice but anger was flashing in his eyes, he was angered to learn that even here the Centaur’s were just as arrogant as they were back home.

Pushing back the long hair that hid the tops of his ears as he turned his head so the Centaur could see clearly, “Did you even bother to see, truly see me and your surroundings before you decided to confront me?” Harry asked in a tone that left little doubt what could happen as he stared coldly at the Centaur as he stammered in shock seeing him for the first time.

“But…But your kind left his section of the world long ago,” Bane stammered out between gasps of fear as his sword slid from his lifeless fingers.

Waving his hand at the writing on the pylons behind him Harry snarled, “Did you even look to see what was written on this?” Harry spat out not giving Bane time to come up with an answer, “Don’t answer that as I can see from your expression that you ignored it in your hatred of anything that travels on two legs.”

“But this hatred that you hold in your heart will be your races undoing.” Harry told him as he remembered back to the war in his own world, and how the Centaurs had fallen into hate and were destroyed by both sides. “If I had not stopped your attack you would have been killed by the magic of this place,” Harry told him as he made a motion with his hand that pulled the Centaur across the clearing against his will. Pointing to the words written
on the stone behind him Harry ordered, “Look at what is written on the very stone you so easily disregard.”

Bane shocked and scared, truly scared for the first time in his short life did as he was ordered and read what was written along the side of the column.

This place is a place of sanctuary
No violence may befall another within its boundaries
The grass shall be green and the season spring forevermore
Step into the center and say Sanctuary to be transported
To a place of healing
Know this any violence will be dealt with by death

Bane by the time he finished reading the inscription was hyperventilating, not only did he threaten one of the High Ones he almost got himself killed by ignoring his surroundings. Placing his forehead against the pillar in front of him, Bane let the tears from the shame and feelings of failure that was running rampant through him fall silently.

Studying the Centaur in front of him as he broke down, Harry noticed that this Bane was a lot younger than the one he had encountered in his world. “Young one, do not let your fear of those on two legs turn to such rage that you ignore those that are good and would help your kind. Your hatred has left you open to only the possibility of hate being returned,” Harry said softly as he sensed another presence quickly approaching from the direction of the village turning to face the newcomer he frowned at the wizard.

“Pretty words full of useless sentimental garbage,” The man stepped out from behind one of the trees sneered out to them. “All those half breeds and non humans should learn their place as servants to us,” The black robed man told them as he raised his wand stepping into the circle of green grass. The man sneered, “And you boy should learn your own place and mind your betters. Cruc…” the man started before dropping to the ground as a red beam of light originating from the top of one of the pylons hit him dead center.

Chimes started to ring out loudly as an angry voice rang out across the clearing, “Sanctuary has been violated by one who intends harm, the punishment is death.”

The wizard by this time was convulsing on the ground before he gave one last scream and died. A bright light surrounded him before he disappeared into the ground; he reappeared on the outskirts of the green grassy clearing on a pike as it broke through the soil.
Glowing words floated in the air in front of him for all to see. All who violate Sanctuary shall meet the same fate.

Bane was trembling in fear and leaning heavily on the hard stone pillar in front of him, it could have been him that happened too when he let his hate overrun his reason.

Harry pulled his hood up and spelled it to stay just at the point to cover his ears. Walking away in the direction the wizard had come from Harry’s voice carried as he disappeared from view, “Spread the word to your elders and every race you encounter. The Sanctuary portals are once again enforced.”

Harry wondered what other differences he would find once he reached the Wizarding village. Thinking back to how young Bane looked compared to the first time he had met him as a first year back in his world Harry was a little nervous as he walked into Hogsmeade. Deciding that the first order of business was to find out the date Harry made his way down one of the side streets to the grocers he remembered from his world.

Stopping in front of Esmeralda’s goods, Harry peered through the window to see that it was indeed the grocers he remembered even if the name was different. Walking in and grabbing one of the ever empty shopping baskets he walked to the counter and placed his shrunken trunk on it. Tapping the top to expand it back to normal size Harry smiled as he said, “Here you go ma’am, I have quite the list this afternoon, and if you could place everything in here for me I would be grateful.”

The shopkeeper beamed back at him she told him, “What a polite young man you are.”

Smiling Harry left the counter and started to pick things off the shelf and as soon as they hit the bottom of his basket they reappeared on the counter for the shopkeeper to tally up.

Humming a tune to himself as he went up and down the aisles Harry did not notice the sharp looks he was getting from some of the Hogwarts students that had come in to browse for that special little comfort of home they did not get back at school.

Fifteen minutes later Harry thought he had enough for at least the rest of the week and returned to the counter. Placing the basket on the counter Harry opened one of the belt pouches and pulled his money sack out of it.
“Goodness this is a bit much for a Hogwarts student don’t you think, that will be thirty nine galleons and nine sickles young man,” The shopkeeper told him and hinted for more information at the same time as she noticed he was not wearing a robe with a school crest on it.

Counting out the coins Harry replied, “Oh I don’t go to Hogwarts ma’am.” Seeing a newspaper near the counter Harry dug out an extra two sickles as he picked it up and handed it over with a smile, “This too please.”

Handing Harry back four Knuts in change the Shopkeeper levitated the trunk back to the top of the counter and asked, “Do you need me to shrink this down for you young man?”

Tapping the top of the trunk with his right hand as he thought shrink, Harry smiled at the amazed witch, “No thank you it has a built in shrinking charm on it.” Attaching the now shrunken trunk to an empty belt loop Harry walked out of the store leaving behind a bemused witch. Opening the newspaper as he started down the lane towards the main shopping area Harry was shocked to see the title of the paper, ‘The Wizarding Herald’.

What was even more of a shock for him was the date, April 5th 1975. So he had traveled back in time thirty-two years, which meant he was in the time period that his parents had gone to school if they were alive in this dimension. Glancing at the rest of the headlines Harry folded the paper up and shrunk it so that it would fit in one of the empty compartments on his belt. Looking around he noticed all the students running around, must be a Hogsmeade weekend he thought.

Passing the Boars Head Pub in the same place the Hogs Head had stood in his world, Harry scanned the storefronts looking for other changes from his world.

Seeing that the Three Broomsticks was the same in this world as his, Harry walked through the open door and looked around for an empty seat. Seeing one in the corner Harry walked over to the bar and ordered a Butter Beer and the special of the day, telling the waitress he would be over at the table in the corner. Making his way to the empty table Harry indulged himself in watching all the different students milling around some of the adults also caught his attention. Paying for his lunch when it was brought to his table Harry smiled at the taste, he ate it slowly savoring each bite.

Noticing the stares he was getting Harry tried his best to ignore them even the adults were now staring at him. Finishing up his lunch Harry wiped his face with his napkin before standing up and moving away from the table. Stopping as he hid his shock at seeing who
walked in through the door, so he is alive in this world Harry thought as he spotted what looked like his father and his friends walking into the pub.

Slowing his steps so he could avoid a run in with the duplicate of his father and friends Harry made his way around the outskirts of the room intent on going back home to put his groceries away. Not really paying attention as he walked out of the door he almost walked into an adult in glaring blue robes, mumbling his apologies Harry side stepped the man, as looked up he noticed it was a younger slightly graying version of Dumbledore.

Dumbledore noticed the student about to run into him stop and sidestep with a mumbled apology he was wearing the most intriguing outfit. Seeing a flash of the face from the side Dumbledore called out. “Mr. Potter is that you?”

Slowing down Harry took a couple more steps after the question asked by Dumbledore, to give the appearance of the question just now sinking in, reinforcing his mental barriers Harry turned to face the man. “Excuse me I do believe you are mistaking me for someone else,” Harry said formally.

Seeing the deep green emerald eyes staring back at him from a face that looked slightly like James Potter one of his fourth year Griffyndor’s, Albus realized he had made a mistake. “No, I am sorry dear boy it is I who made the mistake, from the side you share a passing resemblance to one of my students.”

Tilting his head slightly in acknowledgement Harry replied, “No harm done. If you would excuse me it is time I was on my way, I have supplies that need to be put away.”

Curious on why the young man was walking away from Hogwarts, Albus moved to catch up, “If you would indulge an old mans curiosity, may I ask why you are walking away from the castle if you need to put your supplies away?”

Shaking his head as he muttered too quietly for Albus to hear, “Foolish and just as manipulative and nosey as the one from my world it would seem.” Not stopping or turning to face the older wizard Harry replied with disinterest, “That would be quite simple; I am not a student of your school, hence why I would not head towards the castle.” Smirking as Dumbledore stopped near the clearing of the shrieking shack, Harry almost laughed at the sense of curiosity that was practically rolling off the old man.
Albus shaking himself out of the stupor of his thoughts noticed the young boy was walking into the Forbidden Forest, running to catch up with him before any of the creatures or the Centaurs caught him he was surprised at how quickly the boy could walk. Spotting the young man approaching a clearing, clearing that held a large number of Centaurs with more approaching Albus pulled his wand out of his sleeve and prepared to call out warning the young man of the danger. He stopped in shock just as he opened his mouth to yell out his warning when the lead Centaurs bowed deeply to the young man.

Scanning the clearing Albus froze at the sight of a black cloaked figure impaled on a pike not far away. Tearing his eyes from the visage of death he was shocked to see the young man seemed not to take notice the dead man as he walked by.

Harry sensing he was still being followed by Dumbledore cast a silencing and concealing charm towards the old man as he noticed the lead Centaurs walk into the clearing and bow in his direction. Well this will certainly catch the old man’s attention Harry thought as he cast an obscuring charm on the back of his head in the same motion that he pulled down the hood so the Centaurs in front of him could clearly see his features, with a slight nod of his head as he stood near the circle he tilted his head before calling an old greeting, “Greetings Warriors of the plains.”

“It is true then, what young Bane told us,” The leader said in surprise, then looking over Harry’s shoulder he told him, “It seems you were followed High One.”

“You mean Albus Dumbledore? Yes I noticed him following me; it seems I piqued his curiosity,” Harry smirked at the thought of how much it would annoy the old man not being able to hear or see clearly what was going on. “No matter he can neither see clearly nor hear anything that is said here,” Harry shrugged his shoulders.

Nodding his head in understanding Nessius cleared his throat, “High One, we will do as you ask and spread the word among all the residents of the forest that the sacred glades once again function, you may count on us to make your words known to the rest of the forests inhabitants.”

Gazing up towards the heavens before once again looking towards Harry, Nessius hesitated before asking, “Is there a way we may contact you to pass on news or information?”

Pointing towards the center of the transport circle before replying, “Stand in the center of the circle and call out Sanctuary, and you shall find yourself transported to my outpost.”
Harry told him as he entered the circle. “Was there anything else you needed Elder Warrior?” Harry asked as he stopped and turned to face the Centaur.

Bowing his head once more Nessius replied, “No High One, may your day be spent in peace.”

Nodding his head Harry called out, “Cysti.” Before disappearing from sight.

Seeing the High One leave, the Centaurs quickly turned and vanished into the forest as they moved through the tree they talked on the best way to call council of the other races.

Albus Dumbledore curious now that he could see and hear once more moved closer to the clearing and was surprised to see that the boy had disappeared. “Curious,” Albus muttered before rushing over to the dead man to see if he could identify the poor man.

Seeing the floating message in front of the dead man Albus drew in an audible breath before turning and running for the nearest floo connection to bring the Aurors running.