

Nothing is like it seems

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Kapitel 1:

First thing First: The whole trial thing never happened, Dumble sensed the Dementores in time and Aurori where sent. So much to Umbitchs plan. Oh and for the sake of timing we start at 2004. All past events like Harry's Birth etc. will be calculated from there one backwards.

Boy_Wonder: How are things going on in the new world ?

Old_Man: Same as ever, the Boy_Scout`s in Town again.

Chosen_Babe:Wish I could say the same. G-Man's going mother hen on me.

Its quite annoying.

Boy_Wonder: Been there, done that, didn't like it. But who am I to mock you about this ?

By the way, this will probably be our only threesome chat this year, my watchdogs get suspicious. Poor Me.

Old_Man: Care for a visit from an old Friend?

Chosen_Babe:Is Boy_Scout this bad ? I thing I really would like to meat that guy if he gets ol` Methos out of town in less than 3 month.

Old_Man: Oh I doubt you would like him, all moral no fun.

Boy_Wonder: For sure. Just sail over.

Chosen_Babe:I've got to go, baby sister's coming .

Boy_Wonder: Bye Elimar. I've got to go as well, or my dutiful shadow, please notice the Sarcasm, will notice my absence from Private Drive. See you soon Methos.

Old_Man: Au revoir Elimar. Auf Wiedersehen Athalo.

A week later at Grimmauld Place

"Harry, dear your Hogwarts letter arrived" With a "Thanks Molly." he got his letter and more importantly the supply list for his 5th year at Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

He was already checking the list when suddenly Ron, Hermione and Ginny where all around him asking Questions about his holidays , his relatives and his guesses about the new DADA teacher. "It was as usual." He gave a shrug of his shoulders, " Ego sum, qui sum" 1 , before he left. He really needed some quality time alone.

Ron gave Hermione his patented `I'm confused` look while Ginny seemed to be deep in thoughts. "That was Latin, wasn't it?" "Yes" Hermione answered "If I remember correctly it means something like `I am who I am`. But I'm not entirely sure, Latin phrases are not something I know by heard. We could look it up in the Black library." It was for once Ginny and not Ron that destroyed her plan "Better not. We would only get Sirius suspicious and through him Harry."

"Ginny's right, besides hadn't Harry said that everything's as usual? So, no need to worry. We should better go into the kitchen, Mum's making Apple Pie." Hermione sighted "You never think of something else beside food."

"Why should he?" Quipped Ginny, "he after all has his brain inside this waist bin he calls a stomach." "That's not true. I'm just thinking better when my stomach is full." Defends the self-proclaimed victim.

"But we really need to be more attentive around Harry." Hermione came back to the topic "Yesterday, shortly after his arrival he said to Moody, I quote `Don't Sweat It` 2, I'm not sure what it means but it sounds totally `un Harry` if you know what I mean " Ron and Ginny nodded before the later said "We could ask dad what it means, maybe its one of those muggle phrases."

"Yeah, he's all but obsessed with them since the twins got him this book at Christmas, `Being Muggle a guide for modern Wizards` or so. But that can wait, now Apple Pie." That was the last Ron said before he stormed the kitchen.

1 I am who I am

2 stop bothering me; 60's slang

Kapitel 2:

There, reading the Quibbler, sat a tall dark haired Men around 30, a piece of cake in front of him. Ron, fearing the loss of his pie, didn't even take him into account, other than the girl's who where curios as to who this stranger might be. Suddenly the stranger looked up from the newspaper.

"You must be Mss Granger and Mss Weasley." They nodded a bit dumbfounded as to how the stranger new Hermione's name (Ginnys is not so hard to guess). "Than I can safely guess that the young Man, eating cake as if there's no tomorrow, is Mister Ronald Weasley" Hermione nodded while Ginny was quietly sniggering.

"3 out of 6 fount, not a bad rate." "I'm sorry if I sound rude but who are you and why did you wish to find us?" Hermione asked, this guy seemed her suspect. "No no; no rude at all. I tend to forget that the people I know not automatically know me as well. So let me introduce myself. I'm Andrew McGregor, as far as I know, newest member of this little s secret society. And your, as well as Mr. Fred Weasley`s, Mr. George Weasley`s and Mr. Potters babysitter on your trip to Diagon Alley tomorrow."

"I thoummmght mum an mmdad were gommoming to get us mmmthere." Ron said while munching another piece of cake. Merlin knows how much he already had.

"Your Father got an Appointment with Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge and Minister Fudge, seems as if the latter wants your Father out of office. Your Mother on the other Hand will be needed at Grimmauld, Mr. Lupins condition seems worse than usual."

"Oh" was all Ron had to say to this, while Hermione was still trying to define what it was that made her so tense around McGregor. Something about him simply screamed fake, she just couldn't put her finger on what it was. Ginny knew this look on Hermiones face just too well, she always beard it when she had dogged herself into something.

Bloody fantastic, as if Harry's strange behaviour was not enough to unriddle for one holiday, now they also had this new guy.

For the next few hours the three Teenagers tried to find out as much as they could about Harry's behaviour and Andrew McGregor, without success. Well at least they now knew that `Being Muggle a guide for modern Wizards` was as big a crap as Lockharts DADA books.

And that says something.

But really how could someone publish so much nonsense? As if muggles would use their children to get the moving staircase to work 3.

Also none of the adults seemed to share her misgivings, pushing their feelings on the upcoming year.

So to make a long story short, a few more hours passed by and soon 6 teenagers and a freshman found themselves in the Leaky Cauldron ready to buy the needed supplies.

"Mr. Potter, I'm Felicia Johnson, Daily Prophet. A question concerning the events in Surrey this summer. Is it true that there where dementores that tried to attack you. Did Professor Dumbledore safe your live? Or was it just to get into the press? What else did happen this summer? "

"Don't say a thing they're just going to twist it anyway." Hermione whispered looking annoyed. The Press was one of those things they simply didn't need at the moment.

"So you want all the little details about my summer life. Well let me put it this way, I went to sleep, I got up and approximately 12 hours later I went to bed again. Now if you would excuse me I've got some shopping to do." With that Harry went into the alley, leaving a dumbfounded reporter as well as his by the statement equally surprised friends and a clearly amused freshmen behind. "Hey men, that truly was ingenious." Ron said while clapping him on the shoulder. "Or not" annotated Ginny, which was like a sign to Hermione who was just waiting for the right moment to express her solicitude.

"Ginny's right, you know. I really hate to point it out, but they most likely will use this as an occasion to print false facts about you. Remember last year?"

"Come on boy's and girl's, playtime is over. We've got some shopping to do. So what do you have on your supply list?" "Just the Books, but I'll need some potion ingredients and the boys could do with a new set of robes." Hermione said quietly before she suddenly noticed something. "Where are Fred and George by the way? Last time I saw them was when they flooed from You-know-where."

For Andrew McGregor that was one step before catastrophe. His first `task` and he already lost two of his fosterlings. There were only so many things he could do, and contacting Grimmauld to admit his mistake was not one of them. Weighting up his possibilities he simply said "You do your shopping on your own, but keep together. We will meet again at this place in two hours. I've got some twin terrors to search in Nocturne Alley."

"Why Nocturne Alley?"

"Ron, do you really believe they would have left if it was just so that they could buy themselves an ice? I personally think newbie's right with his assumption, but truth to be told I would do the same."

That was enough for Ginny; she had respected it as he started to withdraw himself from his friends, believing that after Cedric he simply needed some time. She also had respected it as he started to use strange phrases and began acting differently, she thought he simple would need some time to cope, that after a week or so he would start being himself once more. But this, this was just to much. "What the fucking hell are you thinking? Nocturne is damn dangerous, my brothers are there facing Merlin knows what, and you envy them. Tell me, what the fucking hell goes on in that mind of yours?"

"I don't know what you expect from me Ginny. I'm not Merlin or Jesus fucking Christ, I'm not perfect! I'm just some guy whose believes are not the same you hold up so high. Learn to accept that." Now it was Hermiones turn to trim Harry. Or at least she thought so, because in her eyes Harry had finally lost it.

"That defying behaviour of yours will get you nowhere! I know the whole Cedric thing was difficult for you but that was weeks ago. It's about time you get over it." A small sigh came over her lips before she continued. "I know it sounds hard, but we are at war, people are dying. Keep that in mind. We simply don't have time for defiance."

A sad smile adorned Harry's lips for a short time before suddenly looked directly into the eyes of the fellow Gryffindor. "Times come and go. Wars come and go. For the wizarding world that never will be different. We simple possess too much power for certain individuals not to get addicted to it. Let them be, let us be children as long as possible. Live your life, draw strength out of it and fight another day. That's not defiance, that's living."

Andrew had silently listened to Harry's speech and he was impressed. One rarely heard someone talk with so much understanding of war and mankind; most died before they reached that state of understanding. That was it that made him wonder who Harry Potter really was.

It's not as if there aren't any believes about who he is, it's more that none of them seemed to fit. One described him as a wonder boy, a hero, a symbol of light and although that might be true it's totally wrong at the same time for no one goes through hell and comes back the same.

And this boy, man had definitely gone through hell.

Others saw a snotty, coddled brat, someone who wants the attention but not the responsibility.

He himself had, after all that Severus had told him about the man, thought the same. He now knew that he couldn't be more wrong. What seemed like arrogance was nothing more than an attempt to save his humanity.

But he wouldn't be so arrogant to oneself to believe that he could truly understand who this man was. He doubted that there was anyone who could do that.

It was just a few minutes later that they parted. While McGregor got on his way to Nocturne the others went to the pharmacy to get Hermione and to their surprise Harry as well a large number of ingredients. They just left the shop a few galleons poorer to get some money out of Gringotts when Harry all of the sudden felt the buzz. He tried not to appear too conspicuous as he looked around searching for the person that he had to thank for this nice headache. He didn't need to search long because just a few meters away, directly next to the bookstore stood Methos in all his glory.

But that was not all, it was as if that was not the whole buzz, more like only part of it; and he was right as he saw a young man come around the corner, Richard Ryan.

He never had met the young one in real live, but he had read all he could find about him in the Watchers database after Methos told him that he was one of those that knew his secret.

The young one like Methos had felt him but most likely he couldn't differentiate between a one person and a two person buzz.

Good for Harry who now had the moment of surprise for himself as Methos didn't seem too interested in telling the young one that they had a visitor.

"Would you three excuse me for a moment?"

He walk towards the two immortals with a grace neither Ron nor one of the girls had ever seen him walk with.

"Adam, Mr. Ryan it is a pleasure to meet you." To say Richie was surprised would be the understatement of the year. "Old timer, you know this guy?"

"We're long time friends. I'm surprised you didn't feel him."

Seeing Richies surprised look Harry added "double buzz" to Methos exposition.

"Say Adam since when do you babysit the young one here?"

Adam grinned "MacLeod has some business to do and so it's my turn to teach him survival."

"I don't need a teacher, I know how to fight. Who are you anyway and how old are you?"

Now it was Harrys turn to grin. The impatience of youth. Oh how he missed it.

It were moments like this that made him feel old. "Usus est Magister Optimus 4. Lets just say that when MacLeod met death for the first time I was already a regular."

Memory of Harry, 1599 Scotland / Inverness

He sat in this run down pub somewhere in the nowhere.

This definitely wasn't one of those places you thought about when want to have a good nights rest.

If one would want to describe this place he would just need three words: wet, filthy and centre of an epidemic. This defiantly had to be his fortunate day, he thought as he, all of the sudden, felt the buzz. Defiantly fortunate day!

"I'm Duncan MacLeod from clan de MacLeod." The stranger shouted "Show yourself." "Greetings Duncan MacLeod from clan de MacLeod." Harry said while he examined the younger one. He defiantly was who he told, so much was clear.

His whole appearance did all but scream clansman.

"I'm Henry Delgen of no clan or Family, and I'm no head-hunter. Are you one youngster?"

The scandalised look answered that question for Harry.

"One doesn't meet a well meaning Immortal all the often. Come one Youngster I stand you a drink. You do like ale don't you."

"I just like you to know that in front of you stands the new bar man at the three broomsticks"

"You're sure that's the right job for you?" quipped Harry "You most likely will spend more time on drinking ale than on serving the guests."

A dangerous twinkle appeared in Adams eyes before he said "Than maybe you should become a regular. I definitely wouldn't have a problem serving you."

"How?"

"Lets just say, in more than one way."

By now Richies face was glowing red.

"I'm in no way prudish. But do me a favour and continue your seduction of this childlike looking guy somewhere else. I definitely don't want to go to prison for child abuse. "

"He's a real mini MacLeod. What's next? Chivalry?"

That defiantly got Richies attention "What's it with the old ones and there antipathy towards chivalry?"

"It's not antipathy it's survival. Most of the chivalric ones get beheaded within the first few years."

"Boy-scout's the big exception." Mumbled Methos looking as sarcastic as usually, before he added "You better go Athalo, or else your friends will soon posses knowledge we don't want them to."

"No need to worry Adam, I set up some strong and long since forgotten privacy wards. But I might as well go now I've still got some shopping to do." He than whispered and as he said good bye Richie was sure he didn't say Adam but Methos.

"So tell me Old Timer who's this guy and why does he know your real name. It's not as if you make a big of telling it to who ever might want to hear it."

"No, no Richie that would be telling." Methos clearly was amused, that even a blind

could tell.

"Come on mini MacLeod. We still need to get a beer or three from this Leaky-whatever-pub."

"Let me guess I'm stucked with this name, am I not?"

"Good guess. Now come, my beer's waiting."

"Harry who were those guy's?" Hermione was clearly concerned by the recent developments.

Harry wasn't Harry any more. A short but accurate conclusion, but at the same time it was so much more. Normally when a person undergoes something important, may it be good or bad, he changes, but he still has many of his original traits. Harry was different; in his case it seemed as if he never really was Harry. He seemed like a totally new, sarcastic and adult person that just happened to have the same name as the person she ones called friend.

"Don't ask a question if you're not ready for the answer."

She nodded, this was something between them; he would tell her if he deemed her ready to know.

"So guy's Gringotts it is."

3 Typical wanna-be author, no knowledge but a lot of enthusiasm.

4 Trying is the best teacher