

Hey all. As I had thought, I basically had today to work on something, and wow did my muse deliver. LOL.

Tomorrow and to Friday I should be able to work on FILFy. Today was mostly about working on this, and listening to FILFy on the fanfic app to get back into it, LOL.

Effect of a Horse and a Dragon will be up soon after this. Beyond that, I hope you enjoy!

Going off the Raila blurb.

Yoda, Grand Master of the Jedi order, wailed and whined dramatically as he allowed a youngling to pull him off balance and off the small inch-wide balancing beam. Landing, he twitched his ears outrageously as he looked up at the youngling, a youth barely seven standard years old, whose eyes had begun to widen and sparkle at his sudden victory even as he too stepped off the beam, which was held only about a foot off the floor. "Hrhrhrhm, a lesson to this old one, this is. Overconfidence, deadly it can be. Well earned, your victory was."

The youth laughed, thrusting his hand into the air as the other members of his clan either cheered or looked on in shock. Yoda let the noise continue for a time, before calling out, "In the Force, all things possible, they are. In the hands of a Jedi, victory, impossible it never is. Remember this well, you all should."

"Yes, Master Yoda!" the younglings cheered.

Yoda smiled at them all, then waved a hand, summoning his gimer stick to his hand as he instructed the children to pair up. The youngling who had needed the confidence boost stopped smiling, closing his eyes for a moment, centering himself before nodding and stepping back up to his assigned balance beam.

That was to the good, and Yoda retained a smile on his face as he swept his eyes over to a few other younglings of this creche, particularly one Weequay who had been just a bit too arrogant, too prideful in his abilities. Worse, he had begun to gather a kind of following, who followed his lead in putting those with less natural ability. For him, this lesson had served to burst his ego, and now the youth seemed far more centered rather than egotistical, and his clique had been gently broken up by the Creche Patron.

With all the lessons he had set out to teach having settled into the minds of the younglings, Yoda moved around the room, his face still set in the warm smile he used when working with the younglings even as his mind went elsewhere. For Yoda was feeling... concerned. Concerned and apprehensive, and not because of something going on with the Order, the Senate or even the galaxy as a whole. Not even the rise of the Dark Side explained away his current feelings. Oh, he had been feeling worry and concern aplenty over the past few decades as the power of the Dark Side began to rise. The feeling of cloying darkness, pressing in at the edge of his vision

as he looked towards the future, to the Unifying Force was one that Yoda was getting all too used to. No, his current uncertainty had something to do with a feeling that had begun as he took up his stance on the balance beam.

It was a feeling that was remarkably hard to put into words, but it was coming from the Unifying Force, entirely separate from the rise of the Dark Side. No, whatever he was feeling was so diffuse he could not sense its origins, but it was powerful, whatever it was. Something was building within the Force, like a surge of water underneath a heretofore calm ocean. It was a feeling he had never felt before, and he could not understand where it was coming from.

“Master Yoda, are you all right?”

Twitching internally, Yoda very resolutely did not shake himself. Instead, he kept a smile on his face as he looked at the youngling who had voiced that question. This was a young Miraluka female, who looked a little off balance herself for some reason. Before he could speak though, another youngling asked, “Is that an old person thing, just staring off into the distance? Look, Creche Patron Anili is doing it too.”

“Jalu! That is no way to speak to the Grand Master!” The crèche leader said, scowling a little, coming back to the here and now with far less ease than Yoda.

Yoda however waved him off, chuckling. “Sharp tongue, helpful it can be at times, if aimed at the proper direction. A prerogative of the old, it is, too often lose their minds on weighty matters. Simple lives, we Jedi Masters do not lead, unlike a younglings. Cherish it you should, young Jalu.”

Yoda made his ears wiggle wildly, causing many of the younglings to giggle. He was fully aware of how most young folk looked at him, and liked to use it to his advantage. “Jedi Masters, extra flon cakes for dinner if they perform well in classes, they do not get.”

That caused an eager cheer, as the youngling’s quickly set to work again. Moving through the crowd, Yoda hobbled over to the crèche patron, wondering if he too was feeling whatever it was in the Force. *An idea of what it is, I still do not have, now more than an hour after began the feeling did. Unusual, highly, that is. Still building it iSSSS!!!*

Yoda’s eyes widened, a surge of panic going through him as the feeling in the Force began to expand dramatically, a bubble that had slowly been growing about to burst. Quickly, he shouted, “Lay down we all must!”

A second later, the Creche Patron’s eyes widened as well, and then all of the youngling seemed to feel it. Those who had not reacted to his shout hastily did so, just before something happened.

It would've been impossible to explain it to a non-Jedi without using metaphors, but even Jedi as learned as Yoda would've had a problem understanding what was going on. It was like being hit by an earthquake, except internally. Everything began to go sideways, to change, to shift.

Yoda, now flat on his stomach, tried to ride it, to move with it, to feel what was going on to cause the Force to react like this. But he realized with growing dread that he had been wrong. It was not like some kind of building tsunami, a great disturbance occurring somewhere. No, this was an earthquake, shattering and **remaking** the Force. Everyone in the Force, everyone connected to it in any way, young, old, trained, untrained, Jedi, or one of the other more esoteric sects throughout the galaxy felt it, felt the Force shift and **change**.

It was too much. Far too much, and Yoda felt his eyes rolling in his head as he bit his lips to keep from howling in pain.

Across the galaxy, from one end of the known universe to the other, wherever the Force was, its users fell unconscious. On Dathomir hundreds of sisters, both night sisters and regular witches, fell, with many of them having accidents. Including Yoda, only a handful across the entire galaxy had felt whatever this was coming, and not very many had put stock in the confused, bubbling, boiling feeling. Not only had it hit with little warning, the Force had not chosen a moment to shift when no one would be in danger if they suddenly fell comatose.

For the size of the universe, however, truly, not many of the Force users died or even caused deaths. Of the ten thousand Jedi scattered across the Republic, only twenty of them were currently driving something without emergency brakes that could activate the moment the computer system of the craft or car detected that their driver was no longer among the conscious. Ten were performing physical acts where collapsing caused their deaths.

The Witches, particularly the Dark Sisters, had it a little worse, with nearly a hundred dying in strange ways, falling off of their Rancor mounts, of cliff faces out of trees or drowning.

While the impact was felt most strongly in those minds already trained to be connected to the Force, they were not the only ones who felt it. Across the galaxy rash of young children ran into accidents, ranging from the extremely serious to the slightly comedic as even babies fell unconscious, their minds unable to comprehend what was happening.

For their parents, mostly non-Force sensitives this led to panic and horror, shock and confusion. For people who had been speaking to Jedi, it was even worse, and many a trade deal, conference, or investigation was rapidly put on hold as the Jedi taking part in them suddenly collapsed, shouting in pain or foaming at the mouth in some cases.

Luckily, whatever malady had afflicted them wasn't poison or anything truly deadly, but it had completely incapacitated every Force user in the galaxy.

But truly, the real impact of The Great Divergence, as it would later be called, in the physical world began Coruscant. And it was not in the temple, where most of the Jedi on planet were relatively safe even as a few of them had fallen unconscious while climbing stairs. No, the biggest impact in terms of the future of the galaxy, and the non-Force related portion of the galaxy was made not directly from someone falling unconscious, but rather **who** did...

Scene break

Darth Sidious, currently acting under his cover as Sheev Palpatine, Senator for Naboo, scowled internally, keeping it off his face with all the ease of a sociopath who very rarely felt true emotion beyond hate and anger. Instead he kept a warm, affable smile on his face as he rubbed elbows and exchanged nods with dozens of other senators who had gathered at this soirée to welcome the Senate's newest member.

That, in point of fact, was why Sidious was irritated at present. While Sidious had made tremendous inroads into subtly weaving his network of influence and control through the Republic's governing body. Yet it would be another ten to fifteen years if the Great Plan succeeded before he could block a specific sentient from being elected to a Senatorial position. Especially in Corellia .

*And in this case, that could be a problem. I don't know why, but I have gotten the impression the four times we've met before this that Garm Bel Iblis doesn't like me. That I could've born, but it is almost as if he distrusts me for some **specific** reason. Yet I cannot fathom how. I have fooled Jedi Masters including that pest Yoda. No Senator, no matter how experienced, no bureaucratic mind with a mind for detail, has ever seen through my guise.*

Yet somehow, Bel Iblis could. Garm always acted as if he did not trust Palpatine, as if he could somehow discern how shallow the emotions Palpatine showed really sat on Sidious's psyche. It was highly unusual, especially in someone who Sidious had only exchanged a few words with, but it was there. *That is annoying, as is the fact that he will represent Corellia , one of the most powerful star systems in the Republic.*

As two of his allies raised their hands in greeting towards him through the crowd, Sidious pushed those concerns to the side. It was a time of tumultuous changes, with the Veil slowly enveloping the Force, blinding the Jedi as the Great Plan moved to its secondary phase. It would not be long now, not even two more decades before the Great Plan entered its final phase.

Sidious had begun to build his own power base, connected to, yet to the side of his master, Darth Plagueis's. Maul, unworthy of the term Darth he might be, had proven to be an incredible weapon, killing several Jedi already including one of the Lost, a Jedi Master who had left the Order to commune with the Force alone. Better, the man been a lightsaber master of some

repute named Siolo Ur Manka, which had proven an excellent test for the Sith assassin at the time.

Thanks to Maul, my mastery of the underworld is now absolute, even if it occurs through several dozen cutoffs. Better, Dooku is coming along nicely. I predict it will not take more than three or four years before he is willing to leave the Order. With his connection to Serenno, he will be the most excellent leader of the opposition force needed to push through the changes to the Republic that I must have in order to seize power, and to put the Jedi in the crosshairs of our trap. Tensions are even now slowly building, I can feel it all around me, a most distinct bouquet.

The next step for the Great Plan would be to pass the Arming Exception Act for the Trade Federation in order to help them defend against piracy. That in turn would slowly lead to a schism in the Senate, that he would use to create still more subtle strings around the Trade Federation.

Me, not Plagueis. While he will remain important in the background and will in fact help create the opposition force in many, many ways, that, when I convince the Senate through my intermediaries to allow that exception, will be the start of my own rise. The start of my becoming more important to the Great Plan than him.

With Plagueis elsewhere, Sidious allowed himself to revel in his internal emotions for a moment, hidden behind his Force Cloak and his affable outgoing appearance alike. He reveled in his hatred, his anger to the man who still called himself Sidious's better, as well as the disdain that had begun to grow in him for his old master. He truly looked forward to the day where he would be able to run Plagueis through, to take advantage of the fact that the Muun Sith Master had fallen to the most un-Sith like feeling of all: trust in another person. That being Sidious himself.

At the moment, Plagueis wasn't on Coruscant having headed to Wayland earlier that day. Normally, any such movement was planned well ahead of time. But this time, was unusual. Indeed, there'd been something in Plagueis' tone when they had talked earlier that day. As if the old ancient master had been confused about something, wondering about something in the Force. Something that eluded Sidious when he had attempted to meditate at the time. He hadn't been able to do so for very long, having numerous calls upon his time these days, but even so he hadn't been able to discover anything.

Or it could be he is somehow going senile. Three, four years? Five at the most, and then I will be ready. Ready to become Chancellor, ready to become the sole master of the Sith! And then I will...

Sidious had no warning. Using Force Stealth as he was allowed Sidious to hide his presence in the Force, but even he could not use both that, interact with his fellows as Palpatine, and reach out to the Dark Side to warn him of danger at the same time.

However, two Jedi, Master Mace Windu and Yarael Poof were at the function as well to welcome the new Senator. Poof had been his normal affable self, although Windu had not been as forthcoming. Now as the strange upheaval began, they both stiffened, before Mace grabbed onto a nearby pillar, and Poof, his green skin turning chalk white, rather rudely pushed a man out of the chair to sit down. Before the man could protest, they both began to spasm and scream as the earthquake through the Force hit them and Sidious alike.

Sidious howled, his eyes rolling back in his head, his legs becoming like jelly as he fell forward, falling face first to the ground with enough force to break his nose. But even that pain, try as he might to grab onto it, to use it to power the Dark Side, wasn't enough to give him enough power to weather the storm that had suddenly erupted within the Force.

It continued, the earthquake the shift, the very Force changing from one second to a next, and his mind, like that of every other Force User throughout the galaxy, could not deal with that. Sidious fell unconscious, just as Master Windu slid to the floor, his eyes wide, unseen, before he too toppled, face first to the ground of the reception area. Poof simply slumped where he sat, his long neck flopping to one side.

Instantly there were shrieks and shouts of consternation, of concern and horror from the people all around them, with many people pushing away from the three unconscious individuals, not noticing that one young aide had also collapsed until someone else pointed her out. Sly Moore, aide to Palpatine, was also rapidly avoided by the crowd, with one of them shouting about how someone must've snuck in poison into the food.

Another shouted, "no, it can't be poison. Master Windu didn't eat anything from the buffet yet. It's some disease, a plague!"

"It could be something in the air!"

"Everyone, calm down!"

In moments like this, it was often times not the first person to try and take charge, but the loudest, particularly in a room full of senators and other people who were used to thinking of themselves as important and not so used to rolling with sudden upheavals. In this case, it fell to Garm, the Corellian senator man they had all ostensibly been there to welcome to his post. He had been standing near a podium, complete with access to the speaker system in the room and had in point of fact not five minutes ago finished his welcoming speech. Now he was back at the podium, shouting into it to calm down the crowd.

“Please, everyone here heard that scream, and I can tell from experience they were not the screams of someone suddenly being poisoned. They were far too strong for that kind of thing. Now, can anyone please point out those who have collapsed. And not someone who was simply collapsed due to fainting or something else,” he added with a mental eyeroll.

Garm gestured towards Mace Windu. While as a Corellian, Garm very much preferred to deal with the Green Jedi of his home system, Garm had hoped to make inroads with the temple Jedi here, and had been making his way through the crowd to speak to him when he saw the tall bald Korun collapse. “Check to see if the person is still convulsing, and if so, stick something into their mouth to keep them from biting their own tongue. Also, gather them all together.”

In this manner, it quickly became apparent that beyond Sly Moore and Palpatine, the senator for Naboo and his aide, the only people who had been struck by whatever it was were the two Jedi. It stood to reason therefore, in Garm’s mind at least, that whatever had occurred had only affected Force users. *And doesn’t that just raise so many questions?*

Someone else might have assumed that perhaps these two had been found too late in life to be trained at the temple. Even that would have had an impact to be sure among the Senators. But Garm didn’t like Sheev Palpatine. He hadn’t liked him from the first time they spoke. The man felt **off** to him, as if he was an actor in a role, with something else hidden underneath. Now, he was wondering if this was why he was always leery of the man. Regardless, a call to the Jedi temple was certainly warranted.

Moments later, Garm and Senator Bonteri, who had also come forward as a voice of calm, frowned as no one picked up at the temple. “Well, obviously whatever happened didn’t just happen to these four Force users.” Garm looked over at a few of the larger more powerfully built alien senators. Including the senator for Kashyyyk. Historically speaking, Wookies and Corellians didn’t actually get along very well, because Corellia had swindled Kashyyyk in a series of ancient trade agreements, but person-to-person, they tended to get along well enough. “Senator Yarua, Senator Dor, if you could help my two aides? I’ll call for a hover car to take us over to the temple so we can start to get to the bottom of this. I think whatever is going on, we should get these four with their fellow Force Users.”

The emphasis on Force Users was not lost on anyone, including Chancellor Palpatine’s other aide, Kinman Doriana. The young, unassuming human male slowly but surely slid out of the room, going unnoticed by any of the other aides or senators. Whatever had gone on, Kinman decided he would serve the job, the cause, better by disappearing right now.

The Wookie and Vurt senators both nodded, and moved forward to grab up the unconscious Force Users, slinging them over their broad shoulders one at a time, then following Garm out of the room, leaving behind the chattering senators. Already, the news that Sheev, the senator for

Naboo, had collapsed was making the rounds, and rumors were flying about why he too had been struck down by whatever had hit the Jedi. Both him and one of his aides, which was even more suspicious. One Force User being discovered among the Senate would've been a scandal.

Two? Two hidden so closely to one another? There were questions building, and Garm had to smile as he heard a few of his fellow senators already start to demand answers. "But I have to wonder what shape those answers will take when we discover them," he mused aloud.

Yarua chortled at that in amusement, his fangs bared as he looked over at the Senators aide and the senator himself on his shoulders. "I too am wondering the questions here. Hopefully, someone in the temple is still conscious from whatever happened," he said, his words first coming out in his own language and then from a small communication device on his belt.

However, this hope proved in vain. Not fifteen minutes later, the ground car stopped outside the temple where two temple guards, lay unconscious at their posts.

Moving inside, Garm and those with him, who had been bolstered by dozens of medical orderlies called in from across the district, fanned out quickly. The medical personnel began kneeling down next to unconscious Jedi bodies, finding more and more of them as they pressed inward and up into the temple proper.

It was only when they reached one of the floors devoted to training younglings when they found someone conscious. Several someone's actually, young students almost at or just over padawan age hurrying out of various classrooms. One of them turned, seemingly feeling the presence of the newcomers, and hissed out a warning, one that Garm was too far away to make out but which the Wookiee could hear relatively well. "-- Projecting. Those aren't Jedi, those are senators. They won't have mental shielding."

That, and the wary way the young Rutian twi'lek touched her lightsaber was enough to tell Garm and the senators this young lady was very much on edge right now.

"Young ladies and gentlemen, I don't suppose any of you can tell us what's been going on?" Garm asked, bowing from the waist towards the young Jedi, his most debonair smile on his face.

Garm was Corellian. A smiling charm was one of the things they were known for. That, liking fast vehicles and faster spaceships, and a certain willingness to bend the rules.

It worked, and the young Rutian twi'lek in the lead paused, looking over at her companions, all of them calming down a little. "Er, we don't know what happened Senator..." she began.

"Garm Bel Iblis, this very day made a senator for Corellia," Garm introduced himself. "I was afraid of that response, young lady. Two of your fellow Jedi fell unconscious during my welcoming party, as well as two others."

“Two others?” to Garms surprise, the young girl frowned only for a moment, before whispering to her fellows. One of them raced away, coming back with an equally young but powerfully built and tall Wookiee who blinked, and bowed towards Yarua respectfully before taking one of the bodies from his shoulder, followed by the other. “We can set them up in one of our meditation room senator...” the Rutian trailed off thoughtfully.

“Perhaps you should take it a little stepfather young lady,” Garm began, before wails interrupted him, dozens of voices shrieking nearby. The young woman winced, and several more of the younglings with her twisted around and raced over towards three doorways leading to what Garm supposed were classrooms.

“Er, I’m sorry about that. The Masters, all of them are out of it along with ever Knight in the temple, including my Master, Quinlan Vos. That means most of the Creshe Matrons and Patrons are also unconscious. Which means that...” the Rutian shrugged. “Well, there are babies and others to be watched.”

Garm blinked at that, then shook his head. “Well, in that case, perhaps we should reach out to the Senate and get some caretakers over here. I’m not a father myself, so I’m afraid I can’t help you there. Just as importantly however, I think that these two in particular need to be sequestered somewhere, somewhere secure. One way or another, we will need to get answers out of them, as to why and how they have hidden their Force abilities for so long. Judging by how the Gren Jedi speak of it, even being near a untrained force user is obvious to those who have been trained, so to find two in the Senate is...”

“Highly unusual, yes. It speaks of deliberate use of Force Stealth, if nothing else,” the young woman nodded in agreement.

At her orders, the two who were carrying the four unconscious people split off. The two High Council members were taken up to one of the meditation rooms, and the other two were taken down to one of the cells beneath the bedrock of the Jedi Temple.

With that done, the woman looked lost for a few seconds, before a grim look passed over her face. “Senator, if I could trust you and your fellow senators here to reach out to find us some caregivers as you suggested? I will have a few of my fellow apprentices vet them as they arrive, and others to work with them. I... think I’ll also have two padawans like myself stationed to watch Senator Palpatine and his aide. Meanwhile, I think myself and at least one of your number need to start reaching out to Jedi across the galaxy or at least those they were working for. I don’t think whatever happened happened just here, whatever it was.”

“Sound thinking,” Garm approved, while Senator Bonteri stepped forward, giving the young girl a nod of approval. A mother herself, Bonteri knew that if her son was able to stand up and take charge like this, she would be very proud indeed. “But do you have **any** idea what happened? Is

this some kind of Force-based attack? Or some kind of catastrophe that will bleed over into the physical world?"

"It was a, a shift in the four senator. The entire force just... changed. I don't..." The young woman frowned a bit. "If I had to put it into words, it would be like an earthquake occurring. Then, as it settled down, i... it is as, as if the Force was a painting that had suddenly discovered color. I don't know how best to put it beyond that, only that it is still ongoing. The Masters, they are more connected to the Force than us, and it hit them far harder. All of us, we were knocked out too, but we started to recover almost immediately, starting with the youngsters."

"I see..." Garm said, more for something to say than the fact that he really did. Still, he shrugged his shoulders and allowed Bonteri to join the young woman as they moved off, heading further up through the temple towards the communication center. He stayed there, calling in more help from the rest of the Senate to deal with the unconscious Jedi.

OOOOOOO

Unaware of the mass of events, both physical and otherwise, their arrival had caused across this new dimension the youngsters found themselves in, the majority of the teens had slept through the night, bar the trio on watch. Well, Roger and Luna had both fallen asleep hours after the others had. Harry, his magic once more nearly buzzing inside him, didn't, instead staying up with Hedwig, his fingers slowly stroking through her feathers as they stared out into the rain.

Harry had often liked the sound of rain, but this storm was nothing like what he had seen before. It was like the sky had declared war on the ground, the rain coming down so hard and heavy the very air thrummed with it, to say nothing of the sheer amount of lightning he saw, the crashing of thunder in the distance. It was intense, and Harry just lost himself in watching. The power of it called to him, the primal nature of it almost tugging at his mind and magic.

Harry didn't know how long he sat there, but eventually, the night started to lighten. Very little in the way of light came through the storm clouds and the intense rain, but still some. Despite that, Harry made no move to wake up someone else to take over his post. Instead, he pushed through the strange amount of blankness his mind had inhabited most of the night, turning his mind away from the rain, to concentrate on what the future might hold.

I wonder, I wonder with how powerful magic is here what we will be able to learn from those books? I think Luna and I have proven we don't need wands, but is that going to be true across the board? Or will some of the others still need them. Better, what about those rune things that Miss Angelina mentioned? Harry had no idea what they were beyond a vague idea. And potions too, I wonder what kind of potions we could make, there at least I've heard the term before. Hmm... I know we gathered as much resources as possible, but I only followed like... half of the

stuff the others thought were interesting beyond the books. My fault I guess, as a leader I should know about everything we've got, right?

That thought still blew Harry's mind, and he shook his head. I still can't get my head around that, honestly. Anyone, well, really caring for me is still new to me. I knew Hagrid liked me because he liked my parents, and I know Hedwig loves me because I can feel it and I love her. Luna calls me her friend, and that's really nice. So is Hermione calling me her friend too. But I can handle that way better than people looking to me for, for leadership. I, I guess I stepped up, but now that we're safe, I have to wonder if Miss Angelina and Mister Roger should take over.

Harry was quite used to differing to authority, as doing otherwise would cause him to be punished, well, more than he would otherwise have been. Being the authority was weird, although of course he'd never had any thought of abusing it. Harry was much more comfortable fading into the background, though.

But... but are we really safe here? I mean, I haven't seen any animals out there, but there might be. And what about food? We've got some, sure, but how long will it last? And what about diseases and stuff? Neville gave us a spell to keep bugs away, but what about animal bites? Poison Ivy or the equivalent, and... well, heat exposure too. I remember fainting several times when I was out in the Dursley's garden. Oooh, and what about just the sun? UGH. My getting burned was way worse than fainting.

Feeling as if he maybe should be writing all that out, Harry frowned and was about to try and conjure something to write with and on when he paused. He felt as if someone was looking at him all of a sudden. It didn't feel like whoever it was, and he was certain it was a person rather than an animal, and further it felt more confused and sad than anything else.

Behind Harry in her makeshift bed, Daphne Greengrass had begun the somewhat halting, lengthy progress of waking up. She wasn't very much of a morning person at the best of times, and the physical and mental exhaustion of the day before had certainly not been the best of times. However even after her mind had come fully awake, Daphne stayed where she was for a moment, simply watching Harry from behind as he stroked his owl's head, before slowly pushing out of her sleeping bag to join him.

As she did, she noticed the other guard, Roger, was still asleep, and in fact was snoring. *Oh, that is so unattractive* she thought, amusement dancing through her mind, *although I'm not exactly surprised that I could sleep through it. Morgana knows that I dealt with that kind of thing from Tracy often enough.*

The thought of her best friend had Daphne pause in place for a moment, half crouched as she rolled out of her sleeping bag, before she pushed the thought of Tracy away. Of the fact Tracy's head had been crushed during the disaster, whatever had happened to the train. *Push it down,*

be cold, feel nothing. Only let it out if you are alone, and even then, do not cry. You are Greengrass, crying is for your enemies, business and social alike, she thought to herself, a mantra that she had been taught since almost the moment she had stopped teething.

But why though? a small voice in her head that remarkably sounded like Tracy for a moment, asked. *No one here cares about prayer pureblood nonsense, you don't have any enemies, not with that idiot Flint running off to get himself killed. According to Lovegood and Johnson, this is an entirely new dimension, so why not start new?*

For a few moments, Daphne just crouched there, struggling to think, the confusion that thought evoked, and the building sadness about Tracy's death rising within her. She eventually pushed it all down though, turning it into more chill ice within her mind, only to open her eyes and find Harry had turned to look at her. That caused her to start a bit, but Daphne nodded when he held a finger to his lips. And when he motioned for her to join him, she stood up and made her way over as she had planned.

For his part, Harry studied Daphne for a moment. Now that everything was settled down, he could take in her features more, thanks to four hovering lights that Roger had created during the night. They'd yet to go out, and Harry had wondered if they needed to be canceled or were permanent a few times throughout the night.

Looking at her now, Daphne reminded Harry somewhat of a documentary he had once put on when he was cleaning the Dursley's first floor. It'd been about Vikings, and it had sent shown several kings and queens and so forth. Daphne put him in mind of a much younger sort of Viking Princess, all cool control and penetrating stare with blonde hair and, well, an extremely pretty face.

Harry set such observations to the side as Daphne joined him, sitting down next to him on the other side from where Luna had slipped down to place her head in his lap. His legs were quite asleep by this point, something that had embarrassed Harry at the time, particularly with the amused food Hedwig had given. Daphne also looked down at Luna, one eyebrow raised, showing no reaction before she looked over at Harry then over the others whispering, "how long have you been the only one awake?"

"Since well before dawn. I can't, I don't think I'd be able to sleep really. My magic, it's buzzing too much, if that makes sense. It's no longer demanding I use it, but it is, its fueling me somehow I guess."

Daphne thought about it for a moment, then closed her eyes and examined her own magical reserves. This was a prelude to a magical discipline called Occlumency. As she had yet to become even a teenager, to say nothing of fully forming her own mind, Daphne couldn't use the full form, but she had been taught many of the stages leading up to it.

Now, she used that to examine her magical core and found it completely full. Indeed, it was almost bursting. She wouldn't describe it as buzzing, but she also noticed that she wasn't feeling very hungry just yet. Which, considering they'd only had snacks and even that small snacks the day before, was saying something. *Interesting.*

Daphne also noticed is that her hands and some other aches and pains were gone. Her magic had healed her, something that she nodded her head at thoughtfully. That was interesting, and something she was very thankful for, although she had no idea why. She said that aloud, and Harry shrugged.

"I wouldn't be able to tell you. I think, well, looking back on my life after I found out I had magic, I think my magic did a few things for me, helped me heal faster for sure. And... Well, maybe helped me regrow my hair when my relative gave me this horrible haircut." Harry paused suddenly, wondering why he had shared that first bit, before deciding that it had simply slipped out. The night of introspection and silent contemplation of the storm had put Harry in a very strange frame of mind before he started to think about the future and everything else when he started to see some sun through the storm clouds.

"We call that kind of thing *wylde* magic in my household. I remember when I had a *wylde* magic moment, it was the first time I saw my father smile when people beyond family were about," Daphne admitted, not commenting on what Harry had just let slip.

Instead, she looked down at Hedwig, raising a hand to stroke the bird's wings. Hedwig preened, enjoying the attention, and Daphne allowed a faint smile to appear on her face, her inner ice cracking just a little bit. "She's beautiful. Is she your familiar? I had a new owl myself, I called him Horatio, but he wasn't my familiar like this one seems to be for you."

Harry winced, the past tense Daphne used to describe her owl getting to them for a moment. "Er, I'm sorry," he said, almost automatically.

"For what?" Daphne asked, confused.

"I, I just I think all of this is because of me," Harry confessed. "I mean, well it doesn't take much thought, right? The Boy Who Lived comes to Hogwarts, and suddenly something like this happens with the Express?"

"You think someone did it on purpose? I had thought that myself. But if that is the case, it certainly is not your fault," Daphne answered crisply, her exceptionally dark blue eyes flashing for a moment as another feeling pushed through her inner ice, that of annoyance and anger, although the anger didn't stay for long. *It isn't as if I can take revenge on whoever it was personally after all.*

"It is altogether the fault of the person behind whatever happened to the train," she continued aloud. "Taking on any kind of guilt your self is stupid, Harry Potter. And I refuse to associate, let alone be led by someone who is stupid."

Harry twitched, almost flinching back away from Daphne, but her glare had him frozen as if she were a snake and Harry a particularly foolish meal. He could somehow sense she was being sincere, and in fact meant well, but the chill that she gave off was weird to deal with. Hermione was easier, even Luna with all her insistence of hugging him was easier than dealing with this extremely self-controlled young girl. Who, Harry's mind pointed out to him again despite his best efforts to stop it, was quite pretty, in a haughty, regal sort of way.

"So I will have no more about your feeling guilty, about something that someone else did because of your presence, Harry Potter. It is not a sin to be alive, it is not a crime to survive," Daphne continued, staring hard into Harry's eyes.

Something in her tone made Harry nod convulsively, knowing instinctively that she wasn't saying that just about himself, but about something deeply personal. He wondered what caused that intensity, but he could no more argue with it than he could stand against the tide. "Er, R, right."

"Good. Now, tell me about your magic yesterday. How were you able to use spells like that? They were well beyond what I would expect most adult wizards and witches to be able to do," Daphne changed the subject brusquely, almost as if she was embarrassed by the moment of intensity. "Without a wand to boot. You then were able to do the anti-bug spell with just your fingers."

Harry eagerly explained what he had been feeling from his magic since coming into this world. As if it had been behind some kind of wall and then had simply begun to flow out into him, buzzing with power. He explained how it was as if his magic wanted to be used, **wanted** to be called upon, and responded to his thoughts and visualization.

She listened, as behind them, some of the others began to stir. She listened, taking in what he said, then turned resolutely towards entrance to the cave. "Let me try it."

For several moments she stared, doing nothing, just staring, her brows furrowing.

Harry watched for a few minutes, then hesitantly said, "D, don't try to force it. Don't become frustrated. Just, just use your imagination, then, then reach in at push that image out."

Frowning a bit, Daphne nodded, then the image she wanted changed. She had wanted to craft something huge, like the golem that Harry had created, only for the image not stick in her mind. No, what she found there was ice. *An ice golem, then?* She thought, amused, the chill

within her mind and soul cracking just a bit at that. *Morgana, but Tracy would've loved that. A giant snow man, like that strange Frosty creature?*

A smile on her face, Daphne allowed her mind to go back to the time the two of them had seen that strange muggle show on the television at Tracy's place, then, just as the image started to take shape, something interrupted her. Out in the rain, there was a stirring, a presence.

Staring in that direction, Daphne ignored Harry becoming tense beside her as a roar reverberated out from whatever creature was coming towards their cave. That bellow woke everyone else, but before anyone else could move, even Harry, Daphne clapped her hands together in front of her, pushing them outward at the same time.

Instead of the playful image she had in mind a moment before, all the cold within her, all her already cracking self-control flowed out in a wave of chill wind and ice. As the beast tried to charge into the cave, looking like a six-legged preying mantis with a very odd head, it was caught by the expanding cold front, its limbs freezing even as it was pushed backward by the ever-expanding ice. It shrieked, trying to smash its way out, but then Daphne clenched her hands, the image shifting in her mind. Suddenly the ice shifted form, slamming numerous pointed ice needles up into the creature.

Daphne stared at the creature, remorse for killing it going through her for a brief moment, before her emotions firmed. The thing had come to eat them after all, and no predator entered a fight without knowing that it could be their last. She finally nodded, then allowed her hands to relax back into her lap, breathing in a few times before she turned eyes on Harry, a smile flashing across her face for just a brief moment as her self-control faded away. "Well, that was fascinating!"

"True, even from back here it was fascinating to watch, my dear. But you're not exactly disproving your Ice Queen label," Blaize drawled. "Indeed, I think you just made your nickname permanent."

Daphne glared at her childhood acquaintance, then smirked slightly. Releasing all of that ice had... Well, it'd felt therapeutic in many ways. As if something which had been building up inside of her had just been given an outlet. As the others watched, Daphne raised a clenched fist, then very slowly raised her middle finger as she stared at Blaize.

Angelina was the first to break out into laughter, followed by the Weasley twins. Everyone else, even a appalled Hermione laughed, and blaze mimed shock. The laughter dispelled any concerns or fears that the others might've felt at the roaring of the monster which had finished the process of waking them all up, including Roger, who was staring at where the ice began just beyond where his feet had once been sticking out near the end of the cave.

“And you did that without your wand?!” Hermione suddenly exclaimed, staring down at where it lay in Daphne’s makeshift bed roll. Her eyes flicked from Harry to Luna and then to Daphne, before her expression firmed. “That means it wasn’t a fluke. We can all may be due magic without our wands here.”

“That’s right. I think, I think with magic, with all of us working together, I think we’ll be fine,” Harry said, trying to give a rousing speech, although to his own ears it felt more lukewarm than rousing. But his voice and tone firmed as he went on, counting points off of his fingers, his mind harkening back to what he had been thinking about before he felt Daphne’s eyes on him. “But there’s a lot of dangers here, and I think we all need to sit down and talk about how we’re going to deal with them. Exposure to the sun when it comes out, the heat generally speaking, I mean, even in this rain, you can tell it’s hot, food. Clothing is going to be an issue too, if we start moving around a lot, I mean, the pants and everything I was wearing it won’t last long if we move through jungle terrain and so forth. Neville told us about that spell to deal with bugs, we need more like that.”

“Agreed. We need to start getting organized this morning, I think,” Angelina said, standing up and moving over to one of the trunks. She wasn’t really feeling hungry, not really, but she knew that might well be a full feeling brought on by the background magic of this place. Magic could sustain them, but it would be a constant drain on their resources which would be better served in other ways. “Let’s all get some food in us, then we’ll need to set out some goals, plans and resources. Harry’s right, spells to deal with exposure and heat and everything else like that go first.”

“What about—” one of the Weasley twins began. From here, Harry couldn’t make out their features, as the two of them had taken a position at the back of the cave last night, and right now, their features were in shadow from the magical lights Roger had created.

“That big beastie out there?”

“Will its corpse—”

“draw in further predators do you think?” The second Weasley said.

“Considering it’s frozen over entirely right now I rather doubt it. Frozen meat like that doesn’t have any smell to draw in predators. Good grief, even its blood is frozen,” Luna observed. She had pushed herself up out of Harry’s lap and danced forward. Awake once more, the sheer magic in this place was making it exceedingly hard on Luna to feel anything but delight.

Now she was out in the rain, somehow ignoring the deluge that was coming down all around her, to stare at it quizzically. “Interesting that it got so close to us, although I could put that down to the storm, but that look in his eyes when it spotted us, not quite sentient, but certainly

very, very focused. Beyond even that of a normal predator... I wonder if it was using magic in some fashion. This whole place is so magical, I wouldn't be very surprised if there were species out there that did."

"Plants will also evolve to use magic in various ways, that's how we get magical plants in the first place," Neville agreed, causing Luna to beam happily over at him as she skipped back into the cave. That caused Neville to stutter in turn, but he held out a portion of his blanket for her to wipe herself down with, looking away politely as he did.

I'm glad that Luna doesn't have anything to show at the moment. If I had done that, in my nightclothes, I'd be giving these boys a bit of a show, Angelina reflected, handing out some snacks to the others. "Good points both of you, but that kind of thing we'll have to roll with as we run into them. Planning in terms of defensive spells and overall goals now I think, as well as further organizing our library and everything else we gathered."

The others all nodded, with Harry the only one to wave away food, only to twitch as Angelina gave him a glare and forced a packet of Sugar Quills and a chocolate frog on him. "Eat," she ordered. "You might not think you're hungry, but you shouldn't rely on your magic to keep you going all the time."

Somewhat cowed Harry nodded, before twitching as he looked past her towards the unconscious form of Angelina's friend. That young lady hadn't stirred since Harry had first seen her, but she did so now, one hand rising to her forehead.

"Ugh, did Charlie sneak a dragon in and let it just tap dance on me or something?" she groaned, and to Harry's surprise, her black hair flickered to white and blue.

Angelina and Roger moved over to her, kneeling down next to her. "Tonks! You're finally waking up, huh, lazy girl," Angelina said with a giggle.

"Angie, you might be queen lioness, but if you take that tone with me again when my whole body feels like someone set me up as bludger practice, I'm gonna---" the older girl's voice trailed off for a second, as seemingly everything that had gone on with the train crash came back to her. "So that wasn't some really weird dream was it? The train, everything went---"

"Sideways and through dimensions," Luna supplied cheerfully. "The Portentous Pollywaddles were right as always, although even my father and I didn't expect the scale of this disaster."

"... You're a lovegood right? Think I've seen you once or twice over at the Burrow," the girl murmured.

"And you are Nymphadora Tonks. I've heard Miss Weasley talk about you a time or two. Don't worry though, I always prefer to make my own impressions of people," Luna said, still smiling happily.

"... Good to know." Tonks said at last, after staring at Luna for a few seconds, before deciding that she really didn't want to dive too deeply into what Miss Weasley, who hopefully she would never see again, had said about her. *Merlin, it wasn't as if I dumped Charlie, Charlie dumped me to work with dragons! What did she think I should've been doing more to attract him or something? Screw that!*

She then glared, her eyes flashing red along with her hair. "And don't call me that name. Just Tonks if ya know what's good for you. Your Lovegoodness won't save you from my irritation, got it?"

While Luna nodded, Tonks looked over at Angelina. She could remember stopping in to talk to the young girl, who had, despite only going into her third year, had come to run the female side of the Gryffindor Tower. Then she remembered something had happened in the train, and then...nothing. "So what's the prognosis?"

"You took a bad hit to the head, which is no longer bleeding thankfully, I don't think you'll need stitches, but you might have a concussion," one of the Weasley twins, George said, for once forgoing their doublespeak.

"Don't worry though, we're all safe so you should have time to recover," Angelina added. "Here, have some chocolate frogs, and we'll start filling you in on everything." She winked over her shoulder at Harry before turning back to Tonks. "Starting with how Harry Potter over there really is as big a hero as some of those storybooks about him say she said teasingly.

Harry blushed, stammered, and held up his hands as if to protest, but Tonks heard none of it. Instead, she simply stared at her cousin, realizing that yeah, this was to be Harry's first year in Hogwarts going through her. Before, that hadn't really registered. Tonks had been looking forward to being head girl, planning to kill it on her tests and graduate. Now though, staring at his small, spare frame, she found herself a little bemused, and really guilty that the thought of searching him out hadn't ever occurred to her. "Er, Wotcher, Harry. Already leaning into the G in your Gryffindor in your blood, huh?" She tried, causing Harry to twitch, then shrugged his shoulders looking away.

Sensing something was up with her older friend, Angelina stuffed a chocolate frog into her mouth, then looked over at the others. "So, where do we begin?"

End Blurb

There you have it guys. The first two scenes would be added into the first chapter I think, maybe between when Harry and the others beat off the rancor to the scene where they start to go through the train. The other scene I'm not sure about, I might put tack it onto the end of the chapter, but I think it would also do as well to start a new one. Regardless, it's part of this blurb for now. I hope you all enjoyed it, and remember guys, if you want to see this fic get attention sooner, FILFy and Magic both need to be finished first.