

Sphere of Influence

Standard Disclaimer:

"So what's this one about?" asked Alyx.

Bob slid out from under the story. He had been tinkering with it and it showed, his hands were covered in letters.

"Ummm this one is different," he replied.

Alyx frowned. "But their all different," she said in protest.

Bob nodded and wiped his hands on an old rag. "Yeah, but this one is *really* different."

Catching the emphasis on the word "really" Alyx nodded uneasily, the last time Bob said something like that, he had sent a declaration of war to the governor of Washington state. Needless to say, the governor was not pleased to have the Emperor of the Known Universe declare war on him and he quickly surrendered.

"Can I do something different then?" asked Alyx hopefully.

Bob scowled. "I don't know, how different?"

"What about a hot tub scene with Snape? And maybe some toys?"

Bob's scowled deepened. "You've done hot tub scenes with Snape before!" he said in protest.

Alyx looked at him, her eyes alight with anticipation. "Yeah, but never with steam powered adult toys."

Bob looked at Alyx in fear. "Steam Powered? You do know that steam is hot?"

"Meh!" Alyx replied, dismissing the complaint. "I intend to use the newly invented cold steam."

"Cold Steam," Bob said flatly.

"Yeah it's all the rage," Alyx replied. "In fact with cold steam we don't need to even tell our readers we don't own Harry Potter. They'll be in too much awe over our steam powered adult toys."

"Or they'll be terrified out of their minds," Bob muttered.

"What?" Alyx said with a glare.

"Nothing, nothing at all," Bob replied. "You go work on your scene and I'll start the story for the minions."

Alyx nodded happily and skipped off the stage.

"Damn good thing I fixed it so her hard drive can't save Snape scenes," Bob muttered, then he turned to the minions. "And now, Sphere of Influence, a different sort of story."

Sphere Of Influence

From: The Boss

To: General Routing, all stations, all employees

Subject: Break-in.

Will someone explain to me how a bunch of school children broke into one of our most secure facilities and managed to set us back years in terms of research?

I go away for a few days and come back to chaos! The brains nearly got loose, and someone poked a hole in Uranus! I won't even mention the loss of the time pieces or the prophecy spheres. I want answers people, or so help me, I'll turn the lot of you into newts and start the department over from scratch!

Finally, will the person emptying the coffee pot in the lounge please remember to refill it? Is that too much to ask?

The Boss

From: S, Director of Security
To: The Boss and all employees.
Subject: Break-in.

Boss,

As you are aware, we had a breach in security a few nights back. We managed to trace the initial breach to a former member of this department. Augustus Rookwood (Codename: Woody; see Employee, former, Death Eater, Wanker) worked for us for a number of years before we discovered his divided loyalties.

Your predecessor was reluctant to resort to drastic solutions, therefore Rookwood was sent to prison with the rest of the Death Eaters. Additionally, security protocols were not changed as a cost cutting measure.

In order to prevent this from happening again I've taken steps to ensure that Rookwood will never be able to violate our security again. If we are asked to investigate, we'll simply claim the explosion was caused by a crack in Rookwood's magical core, which destabilized as a result of injuries received in the fight with the kids.

We'll also suggest to the prison authorities that they consider beefing up the wards to prevent core cracking in the future. It is a little known fact that the core cracking ward will suppress the Dementor's urge to procreate.

Finally, I have ordered the termination of the former Boss, his family, pets, neighbors and childhood teachers. We cannot be seen to take security for granted. This will send a message to all who might think that and cause them to rethink their position. We think.

Now as to the school children involved in the attack, we have multiple issues to address. Let's deal with them one at a time.

Subject Weasley, Ronald, codenamed Weasel, was attacked and partially merged with several brains during the fight. We are unsure as to what might result from such a merging. It had been thought that the brains would consume an individual's cognitive functions in a manner similar to a Dementor's Kiss. (See Appendix A, section 14, Kiss, Dementor, Kiss, Gorgon, Kiss, Rita Skeeter). However, there are some mitigating factors which may result in unanticipated effects. Additionally, our research into said subject reveals that a loss of cognitive abilities might not be noticeable with this particular subject.

Department R has been asking for a fresh Medulla Oblongata to experiment with. Weasel might make an ideal source of that. Plans are in progress to steal his and blame it on either Death Eaters, his twin brothers, or aliens.

Subject Lovegood, Luna, codenamed Loopy, was not injured, but her mere presence was enough to trigger a riot among our Snorkack population. Three handlers were severely mauled and two are unaccounted for. We presume they have been eaten, and in accordance with standard policy, have Obliviated everyone who ever knew of them.

Loopy is the planned offspring of agents L and Z. Unfortunately, agent L was killed while carrying out an experiment on Loopy. Since that point, we retired Z and shelved project Loopy. We will assign someone to monitor Loopy and, if necessary, take steps. Again, any steps taken might be fruitless, due to mitigating circumstances.

At this point we still believe that Loopy does not contain a transdimensional rift in her brain.

Subject Granger, Hermione Jane, codenamed Bushy. Bushy was seriously injured in the battle by Antonin Dolohov. While her injuries were serious, mitigating circumstances resulted in a flame cutting curse that warped around her vital organs, missing them entirely. She is recovering faster than expected and her healer is surprised by the minimal amount of scarring that is occurring. As a precaution, we have assigned an agent to observe her for the foreseeable future.

Additionally, we have noted that Bushy has grown more than a cup size in the past week. Is this an after effect of a distorted cutting curse or due to the mitigating circumstances? We don't know but we've seen similar growth in Loopy as well.

Subject Black, Sirius Orion, codenamed Padfoot. Agent Padfoot escaped an untimely demise due to mitigating circumstances. However, his trip through the veil and back has left him severely disoriented. He is currently in our infirmary in Kingston, Jamaica and is recovering. We expect to be able to debrief him on his trip to the other side in a week, perhaps two. Hopefully we'll learn the truth about Elvis once and for all from him.

Of the remaining students, only one is of any interest to us.

Subject Potter, Harry James, codenamed Powerhouse. Powerhouse first came to our attention shortly before his first encounter with Tom Riddle. As some might recall, Lily Potter brought him in for an evaluation of his magical core when he turned a year old. It was then that we realized his potential was nothing short of astounding.

To put things in perspective, the strongest measured wizard had a magical index of 1492. Powerhouse's numbers were so high, his first testers had to be Obliviated to relieve their panic. At nearly triple the highest known measurement, Powerhouse is without a doubt the strongest wizard we have ever measured.

The one and only attempt to bring Powerhouse in for further studies resulted in an entire snatch team being transfigured into goldfish. And in case you're wondering, yes the goldfish in the lounge are former employees of this department. Remember that the next time you let them go for a week

without feeding them!

During the break-in, Powerhouse was exposed to an experimental permanent luck potion. Normally, we allow employees to dose themselves by sniffing the vapors from the potion bottle. The use of the regular luck potion has resulted in a seventy five percent reduction in researcher fatalities. Unfortunately, Powerhouse didn't get a single sniff. The bottle was broken and he was splashed with most of its contents.

In simple terms, he received the equivalent of 128,867.5 doses of the permanent Luck Potion.

The employee who left the potion unattended obviously had their last dose of the potion run out since I ordered her pushed through the veil this morning. It will be interesting to see if she will repeat Agent Padfoot's feat of returning three days later.

In a nutshell, Powerhouse is our mitigating circumstance. The potion was not designed to be applied topically and our research department has theorized that this will result in a permanent luck increase for Powerhouse, as well as an irritating rash. Department R has additional things to report, which they will release in a memo in a few days.

We are continuing to monitor the situation, but are reluctant to assign any agents to watch Powerhouse. We await further instructions.

S, Head of Security.

From: The Boss
To: S, Head of Security
cc: All Department heads.
Subject: Powerhouse

Do you mean to tell me that you are afraid of a school age wizard? Granted, Powerhouse is powerful, but he's untrained and inexperienced. You, however, claim to have been the dueling circuit champion for fifteen years running before retiring.

Put someone on Powerhouse! If I find out you haven't done so, I'll demote you down to file clerk. I hear archives needs someone to sort through the files from the plague.

The Boss.

From: R, Head of Research
To: The Boss, S and all Department Heads.
Subject: Sphere of Influence

Boss, it is vital that no one is assigned to watch Powerhouse or any of his friends! To do so would endanger valuable department resources and we might not be capable of recovering from what would occur.

It's important that everyone understand that Powerhouse was liberally dosed with concentrated luck. While that in itself wouldn't be a problem, the potion used turned out to be an experimental version which had a permanent fixer mixed in, meaning the dosage he received will not simply wear off! We were working on this new version of the potion because of the high cost of creating the old version due to it's limited shelf life.

What does this all mean in simple terms? Powerhouse has become a source of luck for anyone entering his sphere of influence.

In short, if you mean Powerhouse no harm and he considers you a friend, you will have good luck. If you mean to harm Powerhouse, or by extension, anyone that he cares for, your luck will take an immediate turn for the worse. He is a walking, talking rabbit's foot! Rub him the wrong way and you will regret it.

As an example, I offer the following two memories to illustrate the effects. Please examine the memories as soon as possible.

The Research Department cannot recommend strongly enough that no one be assigned to observe Powerhouse or his companions!

MEMORY ACTIVATION SEQUENCE START

ID: Dursley, Vernon C. Uncle of Powerhouse.
Memory ID: 8745879

What follows is a memory dump taken from a muggle policeman after observing Vernon Dursley assault his nephew (Powerhouse). Our observer was watching using a pair of omnioculars from a concealed position on top of number 6 Privet Drive. Note the Omnioculars were set to see through the walls. (On a side note, when can we expect units capable of recording audio also?)

The policeman saw the obese man lift his fist to strike the teen again. The boy was on the ground, bleeding profusely from a cut on his forehead. He was dazed and clearly injured beyond the obvious head wound.

The policeman pulled his gun. "Stop and step away from the boy!" he shouted.

Then the unthinkable happened. He dropped his gun. Upon hitting the hardwood floor, the gun discharged once. The bullet missed everyone, thankfully, but it did hit the overhanging chandelier causing it to crash down on Harry's uncle.

The heavy brass lighting fixture was sufficient to daze the large man, but as if that wasn't enough, several of the light bulbs broke, exposing their electrical contacts to Vernon's scalp. While not quite enough to electrocute the man, it was enough to injure him and set his hair on fire.

Vernon roared in pain and the teen laughed weakly from his position on the floor. In an attempt to reach water and put out his fire, Vernon crashed through the plate glass sliding door at the back of the house, cutting himself severely.

At that point, Dudley started to come to the aid of his father. He took two steps down the stairs from where he had been watching everything when he slipped and fell. He wasn't injured in the fall, but the pocket of his pants was torn open, spilling several baggies filled with white powder at the feet of the incredulous policeman.

At this point our agent watched as several more muggle law enforcement agents arrived. Powerhouse was treated at the scene and transported to a local hospital, while both male Dursleys were arrested.

We have slipped a healer into the hospital where Powerhouse is and she reports that he will recover completely. She managed to cast several healing spells on him without his becoming aware of her presence and she escaped the locale without any ill effects.

Our agent on Privet Drive picked up with the following memory thread which occurred approximately 10 minutes after Powerhouse had been taken away to be healed. Note, the Dursleys had not yet been removed from the premises.

MEMORY ACTIVATION SEQUENCE START

ID: Moody, Alastor, No relation to Powerhouse.
Memory ID: 8745880

Moody scowled and slipped off his invisibility cloak. He had been watching the sequence of events from behind some bins outside of Number 7 Privet Drive. He was confused as to why Potter had been removed from the residence and he had every intention of approaching the house to remind Potter's relatives that they had to keep him confined.

He stepped into the street and started to walk across to number 4 when his peg leg got stuck in a manhole cover. Frowning, he reached down to wrench the leg free and never heard the truck until the horn blared.

In a total panic he apparated away, leaving behind his peg leg, and one arm which was crushed under the wheels of the truck.

Alastor Moody is a noted ex-Auror who topped the paranoid index in the late 70s before being forced into early retirement. He had been considered and rejected as a candidate for our department on several occasions due to his close working relationship with Albus Dumbledore (See Dumbledore, Albus, Codename Bombastic, Reference Sexual Partners and Deviations).

Investigation revealed that Moody splinched himself severely. We have Obliviated the truck driver, his family and his friends. We are now attempting to locate all of Moody's remaining pieces. Rumor that his head and torso are on display in a museum in Las Vegas might be correct, but accounting refuses to pay for an agent to travel there, since the last time we racked up that huge bill from the Yanks for destroying that hotel during our annual Christmas party. I don't think accounting trusts our field agents anymore.

We've asked the Yanks Department of Magical Research and Skullduggery to investigate for us.

It is clear to us in Research that Powerhouse is exhibiting a powerful sphere of influence and we strongly caution against getting too close to it.

R, Director of Research.

From: S, Director of Security
To: The Boss.
Cc: R, Director of Research.
Subject: Sphere of Influence

Boss,

As you can see from the memory loops distributed by R, getting too close to Powerhouse could be dangerous for our field agents. R insists that not only will bad things happen (See Bad Things, filed under Dire Threats and Hazards, type Class A, sub-section Lethal happenstances.), but they will impact anyone who attempts to cause problems for people within Powerhouse's Sphere of Influence.

At first we didn't believe that his reach was so great, but evidence suggests it's even greater than anyone suspected. We covertly observed Remus John Lupin, werewolf, issuing a directive to Bushy that she is not allowed to correspond with Powerhouse over the summer. She became angry and threatened to call the Aurors if he did not leave her place of residence.

Lupin appeared dazed by her refusal and unaware of the quickly approaching evening with the attendant full moon. Caught outside, he was tranquilized by Muggle Animal Control officers and sent to a zoo. There, a Muggle animal doctor seemed to feel that the intense aggression exhibited by the werewolf was due to an excessive amount of hormones in his system. Before the moon set, they performed an emergency castration on Lupin and injected him with heavy doses of hormone suppressants.

Needless to say, the Muggles were shocked when they returned the next and discovered a naked man in the cage who had recently been emasculated.

The muggles in question have been Obliviated and Lupin has been delivered to the Research Department for study. According to R, there is every chance that the muggles might have inadvertently stumbled upon the means of suppressing the aggressive tendencies of the Lycan population.

S, Head of Security.

From: The Boss
To: General Routing, all stations, all employees
Subject: Powerhouse and other problems.

All right, I understand the need for extreme caution in regard to Powerhouse. And yes, I did take into account the accident this morning where I lopped off one of my ears while shaving. R has made it patently clear to me that it never would have happened had I not been considering bringing Powerhouse in for analysis.

To those in Medical, I do appreciate your diligence in reattaching my ear, but must we use muggle duct tape? And how am I supposed to get this tape out of my hair? Contrary to popular rumor, my hair is real and not a toupee.

Finally, the issue with Powerhouse is still too important to ignore. Does anyone have any suggestions on how we should proceed?

Have we finished beefing up security in our facility? If so, how do we propose to test it?

The Boss

PS. When I find the person that left the eight week old tuna sandwich in the staff room fridge, I will turn you into a slug and feed you to an owl! That damn thing nearly bit off one of my fingers today!

From: S, Director of Security
To: The Boss.
Cc: R, Director of Research.
Subject: Security Testing.

Boss,

We have beefed up our security procedures considerably. In answer to your question, we have placed a second prophecy sphere into the Hall of Prophecies. This one is a fake, claiming to concern Lord Voldemort (codename: Snuggles), Albus Dumbledore (codename: Bombastic) and Elton John. (See John, Sir Elton. Muggle Entertainer, unusual eyewear). Our reasoning is that one of these people will attempt to access the sphere.

Since all employees now know that we've mined the hall with muggle explosives (see explosives, Research Paper 45356r-1983 titled KABOOM), and to use Brooms to access the room, we expect that the security of the room will be sufficient to keep unwanted eyes from accessing the spheres.

In the extremely unlikely event that any of these people do manage to obtain the false prophecy sphere, they will discover a prophecy designed to seriously mess up their plans. Thanks to the Research Department, we were able to force three prophecies into the sphere. The prophecy that plays will depend entirely on which person opens the sphere.

In the event of Bombastic, the sphere they will hear the following:

*The Lightning bolt will reign supreme,
Cream Puffs hold the key.
The cat will consume the Phoenix.
Woe unto the crab fishers in the time of winter.*

Yes, it's nonsense, but there are enough tantalizing references that Bombastic will spend years trying to decipher it. Snuggles will receive a similar prophecy.

*The snake must be wary, the Mongoose is close.
Fire will cleanse the snake heir,
Beware the fractured soul.
Look to the mirror to see your most dangerous adversary.*

Again this is mostly nonsense except for the last two lines, which are clear references to Snuggle's horcruxes (see Horcrux, Necromantic Rituals, Paths to Infertility, Impotency and Insanity.)

In the case of Sir Elton John breaking into the Hall and obtaining the prophecy, this is what he will hear.

*The Madonna has better knockers.
Gold will choke the prima donna.
Seek not the king of the lions
Lay instead with the sheep.*

Again this is part gibberish (See Gibberish, see defunct languages, ancient languages and extraterrestrial languages, Gibbernarian Culture, pre Druidic Cultures, Ancient Nomads and their sheep.) but we feel it will serve it's purpose to confuse and confound him enough to allow Phil Collins to make a comeback.

As to the other portions of the facility, we have enacted a number of lethal and non-lethal security measures. We plan on testing the individual areas one at a time as they come online.

Finally, to the person who left a suggestion in the suggestion box that we use Cornelius Fudge as a test subject, it is a nice idea and you win this month's turkey. Unfortunately, as tempting as it may be, we prefer to use subjects who will adequately challenge our measures.

S, Head of Security.

From: R, Head of Research
To: The Boss, S and all Department Heads.
Subject: Sphere of Influence, further defined

It has become apparent by the 42% increase in the number of field injuries that many still do not understand the concept of SOI. To put it simply, Powerhouse is now a source of incredible luck. What kind of luck you experience is directly related to your intentions.

The "Sphere" does not represent a physical sphere. There is no real size limit, except to say that, for all intents and purposes, the sphere has no bounds.

For example, if your intentions were to harm Powerhouse, or by extension, any of his friends, you would be a recipient of very bad luck (See Bad Luck, Very Bad Things, Death and Dismemberment. When Bad Things Happen to Good People). Case in point, when the Boss suggested bringing Powerhouse in for study.

Sorry Boss, but the simple fact is that Powerhouse would probably take a very dim view of that action, and it's exactly why you lopped your ear off while shaving. (Note to Medical, next time you reattach an appendage, could you please make sure the appendage is properly oriented? An upside down ear is most unsettling.)

To date, we have recorded 12 cases of broken bones, six severe electrical burns, one overdose of something called radiation and three cases of sunstroke among our field agents. This is due to the fact that we opted to leave Powerhouse alone and have taken to trailing and observing his friends instead.

We need to back off our surveillance by another factor. It is already known that Powerhouse and his friends are being watched by Bombastic and his paramilitary organization. I propose that in order to lower the incidents of injuries to the few remaining field personnel we have left, we observe the observers instead. We can learn a lot about Powerhouse and company, and Bombastic's group and we will not subject our people to bad luck.

R, Director of Research.

From: The Boss
To: General Routing, all stations, all employees
Subject: Ear.

What? My ear is upside down? Why am I always the last person to learn these things?

The Boss

From: Agent K
To: S (my Boss), THE BOSS, R and all stations.
Subject: Powerhouse takes a powder!

As directed by S, I have been spending my time skulking around the muggle hospital where Powerhouse was taken.

It hasn't been easy, but I have been observing his movements, by not observing them. Since there was a known number of juveniles on the pediatric ward, I would check to see if the number fluctuated any during the course of the day, then I would obtain a listing of patients therein.

Pretending to be a muggle policeman, I made myself known to the staff, although they were confused and curious to know why I was so interested in Jim Parker, the boy who shared a room with Powerhouse.

Mr. Parker had been admitted to hospital with a severe case of tonsillitis. (See Muggle Diseases, common childhood ailments, television shows and twinkies) Normally, the police would not be interested in Mr. Parker. In order to relieve any suspicion, I had Mr. Parker's parents arrested by the muggles for treason.

Earlier today I was performing my daily check up on Mr. Parker when I noted that the bed opposite him was empty. One of the nurses (See Muggle Medical Personnel, Muggle Medical Terminology, Nursing, Breast Feeding and Adult behaviors), explained to me that Powerhouse was going to be sent to another facility, but before that happened, a charitable organization had stepped in and sent him on a trip to the magic kingdom.

Now, I'm confused. Why would a muggle charity send Powerhouse to the United Magical Kingdom in the Middle East? It is the only magic kingdom I am aware of.

Surprisingly, Mr. Parker explained to me that he was jealous of Powerhouse and that he'd always wanted to visit the magic kingdom himself. Aghast, I did the only thing I could think of. I Obliviated the boy and fled the scene so I could file this report.

Powerhouse is on his way to the UMK and once there he'll be out of our reach entirely!

Agent K, Field Agent, DoM.

From A, Head Archivist.

To: The Boss, S, R and all stations.

Subject: The Other Magic Kingdom.

There is a little known Magic Kingdom in the south eastern United States. The Kingdom first came to light about 50 years ago when the European Confederation declared war on them. Supposedly, the EC claimed the Kingdom was performing illegal experiments on animals and that such actions would risk exposure of our world to the greater muggle community. Since that time, all knowledge about the Magic Kingdom has been viciously suppressed by the EC and members of our own Ministry.

Rumor has it that they are ruled over by a mouse. Some believe that the mouse is actually an animagus, but at the last EC holiday picnic, they presented evidence that this is untrue.

Now, I know that by revealing this information I am subjecting myself to a mandatory Obliviation. Therefore, I hereby resign my position immediately. Anyone wishing to contact me, may forward any messages through Gringotts' Secure Mail Forwarding service.

A, Former Head Archivist.

From: R, Head of Research

To: The Boss, S and all Department Heads.

Subject: Agent K's last report.

It is with regret that I must report that Agent K is no longer capable of working for us. His last report moved him into Powerhouse's negative SOI. Agent K will eventually recover from his injuries, but his days as a field agent are, sadly, over.

In regard to his report, he was wrong concerning Powerhouse's destination. However, since I do not wish to move into the negative SOI, I will just say that Powerhouse has not gone to the UMK.

Finally, Boss, we have been unable to locate A. He gave our team of Obliviators the slip. On the other hand, we did manage to track down his parents and erased all memory of A's existence from their minds.

Since A's father was far down on the line of succession to the Muggle Royal Throne, we do not believe this will attract the attention of the muggles. If it does, we're prepared to Oblivate them as well.

R, Director of Research.

From: The Boss

To: Medical, R and S

Subject: Miscellaneous items.

Medical! I have confirmed R's assertion that my ear has been reattached improperly. Mrs. Boss is rather put out with the new look, therefore I have no choice. You are all transferred to our Panama Office, where you can help with our attempts to cross breed Mosquitoes and Vampire Bats. Pack your bags! Your portkeys leave at noon tomorrow.

Now, if I understand this Sphere of Influence thing properly, since we now know that Powerhouse is not going to the UMK, we should send a field agent to Alberta Canada, so that they will not have any impact on Powerhouse. What happened to the idea of watching his watchers? We could set some agents on them instead.

I am sorry to hear about agent K. He was a lot of fun at the office parties with his shadow puppets. I'll see what I can do about finding him an office position. I hear medical has some opening up.

The Boss.

From: S, Director of Security

To: The Boss.

Cc: R, Director of Research.

Subject: Bushy and Loopy observations.

In keeping with the advice of Research, I have assigned Agent J and Agent M to observe the people watching Bushy and Loopy.

Also, I think I can safely say that Bombastic's group has no clue that Powerhouse has left his home. Although I suspect that to change, if Moody returns from his splinching.

Loopy is being watched most of the time by Mundungus Fletcher (See criminal record 1378459-6, convicted for fencing, petty theft, exposing himself to muggles and muggle baiting). Fletcher spends the bulk of his time outside of Loopy's domicile, drinking and occasionally peering into windows.

On a side note, we know now that the design of Loopy's home was stolen from our research department and that it's really a giant energy collector. Has anyone figured out what X is doing with all that energy?

To date, Fletcher has broken seventeen bones and set himself on fire four times while watching Loopy. The most interesting injury occurred when a swarm of pixies attacked the drunken man for attempting to peer into Loopy's window while she bathed.

It strikes us as odd that Fletcher has not been replaced by someone else from Bombastic's group. Despite his missing feet, he continues to watch and report to Bombastic. On another side note we've observed that Fletcher seems to fall asleep everyday at the same time. That this seems to coincide with the arrival of a Snowy Owl has no bearing whatsoever on Powerhouse and we see no evidence that Powerhouse is in contact with Loopy at this time.

Now, Bushy is another story entirely. Bushy's principle minder is one Nymphadora Tonks, Auror and Metamorphagus. (See Metamorphagus, changling, list of historically successful hookers). Tonks has been given the designation of Clumsy by Agent J. (J asks and I quote. "How the hell did she become an Auror without sleeping with half the academy staff?")

Agent J does make an interesting point. According to her academy record, she is one of the clumsiest cadets they have ever encountered. At first we thought this might be due to her metamorphagus ability, which has been recorded to cause equilibrium problems. But now we're not so sure.

In the past three days of observing Clumsy, she had been in forty two minor falls, slips and accidents which, while resulting in some minor bruising, has failed to cause her any serious injury.

The research department have been alerted to the behavior of Clumsy and have advanced the theory that Clumsy is a natural source of negative luck, focused inward. It is unclear what impact Clumsy's luck might have when mixed into the more powerful SOI of Powerhouse.

At R's request, I have authorized a snatch of Clumsy for experimentation purposes. R says they will only need a week or two to run some tests on her, then she can be Obliviated and returned to her flat in Soho.

Doing this will also allow us to explore the inner workings of Bombastic's group further. Knowing who he'll pick to replace her will be interesting, to say the least.

As to Clumsy's principle, we have not seen any evidence of Powerhouse attempting to contact her. Although she does seem especially enamored of her new cellular mobile phone. We managed to briefly examine the list of her calls and while they all appeared to go to one place in Orlando, Florida, USA, we can only surmise that this proves she is not in contact with Powerhouse.

I like the idea of Canada, so I have dispatched Agent B to Alberta to keep an eye on possible Powerhouse activities there. Even if B does not find any information about Powerhouse, he should be there during the Dragon Boat Festival. As you may be aware, our Dragon Preserves have been unable to make Dragons board any kind of boat. If the muggles have solved this problem, we need to know about it.

S, Head of Security.

From: Agent B
To: S (my Boss), THE BOSS, R and all stations.
Subject: Powerhouse

After spending a week of fruitless searching for Powerhouse in Alberta, Canada, I decided to try a more indirect approach and alerted the muggle authorities in Orlando, Florida that there was a runaway teen in their area matching the description of Powerhouse.

To date, the Orlando Police have arrested sixty four teens and sent them to Alberta. In the process, they lost fourteen police vehicles, six police dogs and a lawsuit which resulted in the city of Orlando declaring bankruptcy.

Since that method obviously wasn't working, I finally decided that perhaps R was onto something and I opted instead to observe the person Bombastic sent to retrieve Powerhouse. Severus Snape (Codenamed Batman, see criminal file 156780-6, also Mafloy, Lucius, former lovers) arrived in the USA a few days ago. I picked up Snape in Baltimore, where he made landfall.

The US Department of Magic found some discrepancies in his passport and placed him in detention until they could be straightened out. Since Snape was in lockup, I was able to access his travel documents and discovered that he had been planning on heading to Orlando and their Magic Kingdom.

Obviously Bombastic knows where Powerhouse is.

Since Orlando is off limits to DoM personnel due to the problems with Powerhouse and the current war that exists between the Magic Kingdom and the Wizarding World, I left Baltimore, heading back to Alberta in case Powerhouse decided to show up there. Before leaving, I dropped a note to

the Yank Magical Centers of Disease Control about Batman and his hair.

Batman is now in full quarantine and totally bald, while his hair is being analyzed. The Yanks think it will take them a year or two to finish the analysis. Until then, Batman will be held in quarantine and kept sedated.

Respectfully, and awaiting further orders in Alberta,

Agent B

From: Sissy in legal
To: All Interested parties
Subject: Catalog!

A new version of the Frederick's catalog is now available and I can take your orders anytime. Men, pay attention to the bathing suits on page 42. Powerhouse has been seen wearing Cat ID 45343-RG and it's proven very popular with the ladies.

Sissy in Legal.

From: The Boss
To: General Routing, all stations, all employees
Subject: Proper Behavior.

I would like to once again warn all employees that soliciting is against department policy. You are all well compensated for your efforts and get regular discounts at our clinic. Therefore, selling to your fellow employees is not suitable behavior for agents of the Department of Mysteries!

That being said, Mrs. Boss would like to order from page 17, size 34C, ID 45422-BG, in black and in white. Also she wants one of those bathing suits for me, ID 45343-RG, size XL.

The Boss

From: Smith and Wesson
To: R, S and the Boss, and all field agents.
Subject: Research Results.

We are coming to the conclusion that we are being far too cavalier with Obliviating people. As you might be aware, we have been researching the long term effects of Obliviations and have reached some ominous conclusions.

First off, our primary research subject is suffering from massive memory loss, having been Obliviated only forty two times yesterday. Jim Wesson wanted to add his input to this memo, but right now someone is showing him how to tie his shoes, for the third time today.

In reviewing departmental records, we have determined that our research subject has not been subject to a record number of Obliviations. No, that record went to a group test we performed back in the early 1900s. The Gaunt family received more than 800 Obliviations within a single one week, because someone wanted to see if it was possible to wipe the human brain clean.

Apparently that test was a failure and the Gaunts were released back into the wild, seemingly unharmed. We did follow up with that family, observing them from time to time. But eventually, the program was closed down when it was decided nothing significant would come from watching them.

We recommend a reduction of the amount of Obliviations used, even if that means terminating the subjects in order to keep them quiet.

Smith and Wesson.

ps. Would purchasing approve a requisition for adult diapers? Jim's having a problem in that area.

From: The Boss
To: General Routing, all stations, all employees
Subject: Research Results.

While I commend the work and effort put into that particular research task I will remind everyone that we are paid extra per Obliviate by the muggle government. With that in mind, I have ordered the Obliviation of the research team.

Jim has been moved to a new department and been given some nice blocks to play with.

All departments are urged to work harder to increase the number of Obliviates performed each month.

The Boss.

From: Agent P
To: S , The Boss, R and all stations.
Subject: The Weasel.

Recording observations concerning Weasel are problematic. Said subject is currently confined to his family compound and guarded by members of his immediate family, as well as members of Bombastic's Order.

The most frequent guard is Molly Weasley, (Codename Howler, see Weasley, Molly, human reproductive rabbit studies) who seems to take a perverse delight in making Weasel perform mindless tasks.

To date, we have observed Howler watching Weasel for nearly sixty hours of de-gnoming the garden. When not watching Weasel, Howler spends her time cooking and attempting to brew Amortenia. We have observed her fail to brew this potion forty seven times in the past week alone. The one successful brewing was lost. She had been making some food, which was supposed to go to Powerhouse, but instead it was consumed by Bombastic and Madam Poppy Pomphrey (Codename: Oblivious, see new file 162r, see also healers that violate their oaths).

Howler kicked Bombastic and Oblivious from her house, expressing her intense displeasure at the loss of her special potion. Both were last seen entering the floo and disrobing at the same time.

Question. Has research finished their brain cleansing solution yet? Having witnessed a naked Bombastic, this agent feels the serious need to cleanse the images from his mind.

Despite the daily arrival of a snowy white owl, there is no evidence that Powerhouse is in contact with Weasel.

Interestingly, we have observed Howler breaking up a fight between Weasel and his sister (Codename: Sparkplug). As far as we can tell, they were fighting over some naked photos of Bushy that Sparkplug had taken during the past school year.

Howler was most angry with Weasel. Apparently, he has numerous such photos of fellow students and was selling them without sharing the profits.

Agent P

From: S, Director of Security
To: The Boss.
Cc: R, Director of Research.
Subject: Bombastic's Order

In light of our observations, we have managed to draw several interesting conclusions concerning Bombastic and his illegal militia.

Fact #1: Despite Fudge's posturing, the Order does not pose a threat his position. In fact, they are dedicated to maintaining the status quo. While the rank and file seem to believe that they are gathered to fight the oncoming darkness, the truth is, the upper echelon of the Order understand that without Snuggles, there would be no need for the Order to exist. Therefore, they are dedicated to ensuring that things remain static in the war, with neither side gaining an unfair advantage.

Fact #2: Either Howler's potion skills are extremely poor, or one of the methods by which Bombastic retains control over his people is via sexual blackmail. To date, we have noted Bombastic and Howler both engaging in acts of perversion with diverse members of the Order.

(On a side note, having reviewed the pensieve memories of our field agents in explicit detail, Sissy, would you please order for me Catalog ID 47383-WHP? Please include the extra batteries and the glow in the dark attachments. Please note, this qualifies me for the pink Miner's cap and the complimentary candle at a 45% discount.)

The Order meets every couple of days in a semi secure location protected by the Fidelius charm (See Camouflage charms and stealth, also see, flaws and breaking, torture techniques for secret keepers that work!)

Of course our curse breakers had the charm disabled in just under four minutes. I understand that Team 6 had an outstanding bet with Team 8 over who could break a Fidelius quicker. Team 6 has set a new record, but Team 8 vows they will break it. Anyone interested in betting on the competition should contact Willy in Maintenance.

The building being used by the Order is owned by Powerhouse and we think his SOL is heavily affecting those who meet there. Take Lupin, for example. He's been living in the house since we Obliviated and released him. It appears that he has been suffering from terrible nightmares, according to our inside agent.

We should note that, despite the fact that Padfoot has not died, in order to maintain the illusion of his death, the goblins have activated his will, passing the property and title of the family to Powerhouse.

We queried Padfoot about this only yesterday. He shrugged and replied that there are more important things in life, and that being selected as a judge for the annual wet t-shirt contest at Joe's Bar and Grill took precedence over Bombastic and his order.

Meanwhile, our inside agent has been hiding, disguised as a house elf. He sent along a message to the Research Department, requesting more nightmare potion.

At this point, we have a complete roster of Bombastic's Order and their list of suspected Death Eaters. It should come as no surprise that many

members of this department are considered as possible Death Eaters by the Order.

In order to further sow confusion among the Order, we have added new names to their list of Death Eaters, including forty two muggle Heads of State, four entertainers, three astronauts and a circus clown named Bobo.

R informs me that the Order's headquarters is starting to build an oscillating luck field. I'm not sure what he means by that, but if I know R, he'll explain it in minute detail until we're sick of hearing about it.

S, Head of Security.

From: R, Head of Research
To: The Boss, S and all Department Heads.
Subject: Oscillating Luck Fields and obscure and annoying factoids.

Despite S' denigrating comments, the Oscillating Luck Field is no laughing matter. We have confirmed that the field is resulting from a conflict imposed by Powerhouse's SOI and the smaller field generated by Clumsy.

This has resulted in some interesting side effects that were not anticipated.

First and foremost, Luck in this building is unstable. As a result of this instability, Howler's love potion has developed into a viral love potion. The odds of this happening were on the order of 1 in 43 thousand million.

Fortunately, the viral potion cannot survive outside of the building. Unfortunately, there is now a very good reason to suspect Minerva McGonagall is carrying Mundungus Fletcher's baby. I refuse to say what the odds for that was!

Carnal urges within the premises are up a whopping 800% and the corner drugstore is completely out of condoms. Willy in Maintenance is taking book on the pregnancies that will develop from this. If you want in on that pool, see Willy.

Putting the viral love potion issue aside, another side effect of the Oscillating Luck Field concerns Clumsy herself. We predict a 65% chance of her spontaneously combusting while in the building. Willy is also taking book on her combusting while having sex.

Finally, there have some minor effects outside of the premises. We've noted that the rotation of the Earth has sped up by 2.1%, shortening the days to 21 hours. And Ellen DeGeneres admitted she was only kidding about her sexual orientation, much to the shock of her wife.

I am concerned for our inside agent, but his transformation into a house elf seems to be protecting him from the effects of the viral love potion. We have forwarded him more nightmare potion and as he requested, magazines on naked mud wrestling of hairy men.

R, Director of Research.

From: The Boss
To: General Routing, all stations, all employees
Subject: Interoffice Betting.

You all do know about our rules about betting among the employees, right? I know I have been lackadaisical in enforcing them, since I won Mrs. Boss in an interoffice pool.

Please refrain from using department resources to maintain your gambling habits.

Now that I have that out of the way, Willy, I'd like to place 20 galleons on Team 6 keeping their record, and another 20 on Howler having another sprog.

The Boss.

From: Agent B
To: S (my Boss), THE BOSS, R and all stations.
Subject: Powerhouse

I want to officially state that Powerhouse's SOI, coupled with his power, does not bother me in the least. In fact, if I should ever meet the boy I will like him immediately, and probably offer him his choice between my wife and my daughter. Oh heck, he can have both!

That being said, Powerhouse continues to mourn for the loss of his Godfather in unusual ways. Rumor has it that he was consoled by the entire US Olympic Female Volleyball team. And if that isn't bad enough, the Magic Kingdom has renamed "Mister Toad's Wild Ride" to "The Marauders Ride Again!"

I understand Mister Toad is seriously upset and is considering legal action. A spokesperson for the Magic Kingdom dismissed the rumor, stating they have yet to see any legal filing. He went on to suggest that Mister Toad is just upset because they never made a movie about him like they did with the Pirates.

Also, I understand that the State of Florida (See Florida, American Conquered Territory, Sunshine State, Geriatric State, Miami Beach, State of Big Hooters) is seriously considering a change to the name of one of their largest highways to Padfoot Run.

All of this, I fear, is a result of Powerhouse and his SOI. But as I am up here in Alberta, I can't say for sure.

Finally, I think Bombastic's Order has really slipped a cog. I came across Sybil Trelawney up here in Alberta, and she told me in confidence that she was on a special mission for her snuggle bunny, Albus. He apparently sent her to retrieve Batman.

Batman is currently being held in a secure facility while undergoing medical torture... er... experiments... er treatment, by the Americans. Bombastic knows this, so why Trelawney is here is a mystery.

I slipped Trelawney some truth serum and a fertility drug, then questioned her intensely. It seems she is a big fan of the Quibbler and decided that Batman was really being held by the Canadians and not the Americans. She said, and I quote. "Look at all that plaid they wear! You know only true evil people wear plaid."

Needless to say, I Obliviated Trelawney, several times, then sent her packing back to Bombastic and the Order with the idea that she found Snape. She believes he has decided to leave the Wizarding World in favor of becoming a ballerina.

Agent B

From: S, Director of Security

To: The Boss.

Cc: R, Director of Research.

Subject: An Idea!

Agent B's report gives me a bit of an idea over how we can get some control over the Powerhouse Crisis.

Powerhouse is a strapping, handsome lad, nearly an adult! What if we got him laid? I'm sure one of us has a daughter that would be interested in sleeping with the Boy-Who-Lived.

This would give us an edge because we could control the girl who, in turn, would control Powerhouse for us.

Not a bad idea, eh? Am I good or what?

S, Head of Security

From: R, Head of Research

To: The Boss, S and all Department Heads.

Subject: Ideas come from the Research Department, not Security.

S, I think you're working with the short wand. Are you insane? Get Powerhouse laid? Didn't you read Agent B's report about Powerhouse getting it on with the entire American Female Volleyball Team?

Powerhouse doesn't have to worry about getting laid! He'll be luckier than a dozen rock stars put together. Additionally, your comments are probably enough to trigger Powerhouse's SOI against you. Have you filled out your will? Can I have your fancy pen and pencil set and your office chair? My chair is falling apart and I have always admired how you managed to blackmail the boss into signing that purchase requisition.

Finally, I firmly believe that if anyone is going to get Powerhouse, it will be a toss up between Bushy and Loopy. I would consider Sparkplug, except that no one, not even Powerhouse, wants to marry a woman that looks like their mother and Sparkplug looks so much like Lily Potter I have to wonder if she's glamourised.

And speaking of Powerhouse, his impact continues to echo through our world, despite his being far removed from it.

As you all know, Fudge (See Cornelius Fudge, Malfoy Lackey, sub-minion, greedy bastard) issued a pardon to all of the Death Eaters involved in the battle at the Department. This was especially annoying, as we hadn't finished interrogating the Death Eaters.

This morning there was a portkey accident at the prison and this one could have only been the result of Powerhouse's influence. I mean, really! Most regular wizards do not have the power to make a portkey that can travel intercontinental distances, and yet this portkey took the soon to be unhappy Death Eaters to Tycho. Where is Tycho, you ask? It's a crater on the moon (See Moon, satellite, Source of Lycan Trigger, owned by Bill Gates)!

Thanks to a freak accident, all of the Death Eaters that attacked our department are dead. They froze to death, with their eyeballs popped out and peeing blood. As an interesting side note, one of our researchers has volunteered to try to invent a spell that mimics what happened to the Death Eaters. We here in Research believe it might be useful in future Death Eater fights and at the annual Christmas party.

This is just one of the accidents that have befallen Snuggles and his band of merry masked men. One of his more legitimate business contacts, James Borgin, of Borgin and Burkes, was accidentally immolated while playing with a rare jar of contained fyndfire.

Additionally, Delores Umbridge (Codename: Croaker, see also Fudge packing, Fudge Minion, Fudge's third Mistress and Dominatrix. See also, Fudge and his list of sins, volumes one and two), has been abducted from St. Mungo's hospital. The only clues are the incredible number of centaur hoof prints in the room. A ransom note left at the scene demanded a dozen bales of hay, but so far no one has come forward offering to pay the

ransom.

In a situation like this, we'd normally take advantage of the chaos and send out a few teams to remove some of the less desirable elements in our society. However, given the circumstances, we did not dare to do so.

Having said that, I can only assume that it's Powerhouse's SOI that caused the three non-cancel-able termination orders that were sent out. S, if you're reading this, I suggest a holiday out of the country, immediately. As to the other two targets... er... poor innocent, undeserving individuals, we have no clue who they are.

That's all for the moment.

R, Director of Research.

From: S, Director of Security
To: R, Director of Research.
Cc: The Boss.
Subject: WHAT?!?!?

I hate you, R.

I just want to make that clear.

Now, as a mere precaution, I have filed several termination orders that will not be activated unless I meet an untimely demise. I don't think R wants to know exactly who they are filed for, but you might want to spend more time with your family and enjoy them while you can.

I am trying my best to get a handle on the Powerhouse crisis and you have to divert my time and department resources to defend ourselves from an unwarranted attack that you are blaming on Powerhouse! Why don't you just pin the blame on magic, for Merlin's sake!

Now, unlike some of us, I have been trying to get a grip on the current crisis. Even as this memo goes out, several things are happening, which can only be caused by the SOI.

Gringotts has announced that all branches of the bank are currently closed as they conduct an audit. Need I remind our esteemed employees that the last such audit occurred in 1231 and was an opening move in a Goblin Rebellion that resulted in the creation of the Spanish Inquisition? I don't need to remind you that no one was expecting the Spanish Inquisition!

We're not sure what caused the need for an audit, but one of our inside agents claims that Harry Potter's owl was seen arriving with a message for the Goblin leadership. Shortly afterwards, they locked down the facility and threw everyone out of the building.

As if that weren't bad enough, our dear Minister had to fan the flames. He apparently took exception to the lock out and sent a squad of aurors to Gringotts with the intent of forcing them to reopen. I'm told their heads are mounted on pikes, just outside of the doors, and that Gringotts has put up a billboard offering a one million galleon bounty for the heads of Cornelius Fudge and Albus Dumbledore.

And while all this is going on, Powerhouse has appeared as a celebrity judge on the Playboy channel's annual Nude Volleyball tournament! For someone who's put us on the brink of another goblin war, I don't think he's taking things very seriously.

S, Head of Security.

From: The Boss
To: General Routing, all stations, all employees
Subject: Staffing Changes.

Well, this is a first. Normally I have department heads trying to sabotage the budgets of other departments. But never have I had to deal with staffing changes of this magnitude.

S, our beloved Director of Security, was killed as a result of a mistaken termination order issued by Research. That department also issued two other termination orders, which have finally been executed.

For those that have been betting on the pools maintained by Willy in Maintenance, I strongly suggest that you contact his widow about getting your money back.

The second termination order was carried out against the entire Research Department. Yes, all of them. Memorial services will be held on Monday at the London Wax Museum for anyone interested in attending.

Needless to say, I am quite happy with the mini-fridge I appropriated from R's old office, along with S' fancy pen and pencil set and office chair. I knew when I signed that requisition I'd get my hands on that chair! My back hasn't felt this good since Mrs. Boss learned oriental foot massage!

As a result of the loss of the Research Department, I have commanded the activation of the backup Research Department (Department Two) and have their Director (Research Two) assuming command of Research. R2D2 will be available to answer your questions and will be spending the next few days reviewing current projects and planned projects. Please afford research enough time to get to your requisitions.

The situation with Powerhouse is approaching critical and frankly it scares the bodiddlies out of me.

From what I can gather, the Oscillating Luck Field at Grimmauld Place flipped when it should have flopped and most of the male members of Bombastic's Order are now pregnant. That kind of power is scary.

Rumor has it Snuggles is thinking of retiring to a chalet in Nice, now that all of his Death Eaters are gone. And if you believe the rumor, Bombastic has offered to be his roomie at least until his baby is born.

See what I mean about scary?

Anyone out there got any ideas?

The Boss.

From: Hannah in Human Resources

To: The Boss

Subject: Suggestions.

Wow! I never realized just how exciting this summer job would be, but after reading all of these memos I can only say wow! You guys rock! Who needs Muggle TV? Not me! I mean, I get to spend my days turning down death benefits to widows and orphans and reading about all this important shit you guys do!

Talk about a learning experience.

Now, I know I'm only a summer employee, but since you asked for a suggestion, why not just go to the source of the problem, rather than covering and hoping he won't hate you. He's a nice guy and his eyes are so dreamy!

That's my take on it. Oh, and if you haven't filled out your 401K9 forms, you have until the end of the month to do so.

Hannah in Human Resources.

Dear Hermione,

I got this wild owl post yesterday, offering me a job as the Head Unspeakable for the Department of Mysteries! Can you believe it? They seem to think that my coming to work for them would be the best thing for everyone. The old guy who spoke to me about the position offered me his wife to take the job. Honestly though, she was too old and I didn't like her red hair.

Things were really bad just before the end of term and I felt like my life had been cursed. I mean, how long can such bad luck go on? I may be wrong, but it seemed like my luck was definitely changing.

So, I'm writing to you, because (a) you're really smart, and (b) really cute and I think you'd make a fine Director of Research. Say yes and I'll give you a Mastery in any subject you want! Come on, 'Mione, come work under Harrykins. I'll make it worth your time.

Damn, I'm feeling lucky!

Love,
Harry

P.S. I'm going to put Luna in charge of finding strange animals. It's going to be a blast!

FINI