

Epilogue II

The End
Friday, September 1, 2000

Harry Potter looked out over the first students to attend the Royal Academy of Magics.

There were 147 impoverished 11 year old magical users eligible to attend. When only 51 had sent back their acceptances by July 31, Harry had extended the invitation to the 141 eligible students who were a year older. In the end, of the 288, 111 had accepted, 66 boys and 45 girls. Harry and Hermione intended to try harder to bring more girls in the next year.

There were just three Muggle-born eligible, and all three were attending. Nine of the twelve Magical children of immigrants who were eligible to attend either Hogwarts or the Royal had decided to attend Hogwarts, three the RAM. Of the other 42 students who were eligible to attend either school, all were going to be home- schooled or would attend an overseas school, except for three younger daughters attending the RAM.

Professor Flitwick had found six children who were part goblin. Hagrid and Remus had found three other students, two quarter- giants and a young werewolf, bringing the total number of students up to 129, 75 boys and 54 girls.

A few members of the magical establishment had privately grumbled about openly admitting a werewolf, the quarter-giants, and the part-goblins, of course. Since Harry had tracked down and killed the notorious werewolf Fenrir Greyback in the summer of 1996, and had killed a rampaging giant in Uzbekistan in 1998 with one curse, no one said anything openly.

Most of the magical establishment, in and out of the Ministry, had been shocked at the high number of impoverished magic users. (Harry, on the other hand, was surprised at the number, having expected twice as many. He wondered if the so called 'great book' was really working well, or if the population estimates weren't even lower than the Ministry claimed.) They had been mostly ignored for centuries, and many had jumped at the chance to send their children to a school of magic, and to get any sort of wand of their own.

The Royal Express had made its first run perfectly. All 129 children looked at him as he stood and walked forward. He was in a royal purple robe, and that was the color of the students' robes as well. Some of them looked a bit dirty, some looked ragged or hungry or wary. Some looked scared.

"Welcome!" Harry said. "Welcome, the first students of the Royal Academy of Magics! I am your Dean, Harry Potter. I would also like to introduce my wife, Hermione Potter, who will be with us most weekends, when she is not studying astronomy and astro- physics at Cambridge." Hermione stood and bowed, wondering what her mentor Stephen Hawking would think of all this.

"Some of you still need to be properly watched with wands. Miss Luna Lovegood here will be meeting with you after breakfast, tomorrow at Nine. Miss Lovegood will, for at least this year, also be joining us on the weekends, in order to allow some of the regular staff to rotate out for a rest." A few of the staff smiled at that.

"Over the next five years, our staff will grow. We will eventually have two or three instructors per subject. This year, of course, we start with one each, with one exception. The exception will be Potions. Professor Horace Slughorn is one of the world's preeminent potion brewers, as well as a long-time professor at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Over the next four years, he will be working on various experimental potions, and working to build up our stock of basic potions. He will then be teaching you Potions during your O.W.L. year."

Harry gave a twisted smile, thinking at how much flattery it had taken to get Slughorn to come. The old man still had lots of friends, however, and if he spoke well of the school, it would do the school much good.

"Now in order, our Charms professor, who just retired from Hogwarts, Mister Filius Flitwick; our Defense professor, Mrs. Tonks-Lupin; our Flying instructor, Miss Ginevra Weasley; our Herbology professor, Mister Neville Longbottom; our History professor, Mister Remus Lupin; our Literature and Writing Tutor, Mrs. Arabella Figg; our Living with Muggles Professor, the Honourable Mister Justin Finch-Fletchley; our Magical Traditions Instructor, Mister Bartimeus Crouch; our Muggle Maths and Sciences tutor, Mister Dan Granger; our Potions professor, Mister Owain ap Caradoc, who recently retired from the Ysgol; our Transfiguration professor, Mrs. Sirius Black, who will be back to being a Mister as soon as a prank wears off him; our Infirmary Matron, Madam Poppy Pomfrey; our Librarian, Mister Marcus Jackson; our Groundskeeper, Mister Willie Shunpike; and last but not least, our Caretaker, Mister Dudley Dursley. Most of the cleaning work in the castle is done by elves, but Mister Dursley is the person to contact if there's a problem with the buildings themselves."

Harry smiled to himself, thinking of the financial crash of Grunnings in 1998, which had wiped out all of Vernon's investments as well. Dudley, unemployed, had owed a fair amount to drug dealers, and was happy to take anything his cousin had offered him to get away from them.

Harry had been forbidden to offer jobs to any current members of the teaching staffs of Hogwarts, Tara, or the Ysgol. Flitwick had therefore retired in 1999 so he could start teaching here in 2000, as had Professor Caradoc. Harry had been pleasantly surprised that Mrs. Figg had been a school teacher before retiring to look after him. Marcus Jackson was a werewolf, while Stan had recommended his older brother for a position. Madam Pomfrey had merely said, 'Who else could take care of YOU, Mister Potter?'

Dan Granger had to take time off from his practice, as a patient had panicked and crushed his index finger, which had gotten a very nasty infection. He would be alternating weekends, spending every other one in Norwich, which Emma came here to be with him on the other one.

Tuesday, September 1, 2020

"Welcome, to the start of the twenty-first year of the Royal Academy of Magics," Dean Harry Potter said. As the Dean looked out over his school, he beamed. Of the 153 eligible poor wizards and witches, he had, for the first time, all of them. Adding in the other students, including the four Muggle Born, and there were 183 in the class. There would be a total of an even 750 students spread over the five years of students, the highest number ever.

As Harry talked on, he also thought of those missing: Barty Crouch and Horace Slughorn were gone, and Flitwick had retired at the end of the previous year. Alastor Moody had come and gone,

as had Albus Dumbledore, who had taught O.W.L. Transfiguration and First year Potions for ten years before dying two summers before.

The students who had gone on to Hogwarts (and over 80% of the Royal's students qualified to attend their last two years at Hogwarts, and nearly all did so) had shown that their O.W.L. scores were no fluke. Hogwarts had been forced to hire on more teachers and spend more class time with their students, not that any of the teaching staff complained, just the Board.

As of yet, there were no signs of any Dark Lords, but Harry knew that one would come, sooner or later. He hoped that he would not be called upon to take care of the problem when one did arise. He did expect his former students would be in a better position to resist the urge to join any Dark Lord than the still-divided students of Hogwarts -- for the RAM students were housed separately and the Houses still divided the students.

The Ministry was still fairly inefficient and at times even incompetent, but at least it seemed fairly honest. Elves were technically free, although sporadic reports of elf abuse were still reported. There was still a great deal of discrimination against those with Muggle or mixed-species backgrounds, but it was all personal, not Ministry-sponsored.

Harry finished his opening remarks, started the feast, and sat next to Hermione, who taught First year Transfiguration, Fourth and Fifth year Astronomy, and co-taught a Fifth year tutorial on advanced maths with the Arithmancy instructor. He followed her line-of-sight and saw it was trained on their third of four children, just starting her First year.

It had taken some persuasion, but the Royal had been allowed to extend invitations to children of those who had attended the school, even if their other parent had attended one of the other three magical schools, or if their parents were on staff. Still, Lily Emma was their first child not to attend Hogwarts. Her best friend, Remus and Dora's youngest, Ted, was attending, and all of their children attended the Royal.

Next to Hermione, Luna was also looking at her second of two children. All three looked much like their mother, and so none knew (other than Hermione of course) that they were Harry's. Luna had taken her mother's maiden name, and now ran Ollivander's, although Mr. Ollivander still made wands in his semi-retirement.

Harry smiled as he heard laughing down the table. Who would have ever guessed that Dudley would actually enjoy working, and working at a magical place at that? Let alone fall in love with the older Squib sister of one of their early students? Now installed as Housekeeper, Fran Dursley was the only person Harry knew who was more naturally happy than Luna. He rather supposed she needed that good a sense of humor to love Dudley.

Yes, things were far from perfect in wizarding Britain. Harry's life was of course far from perfect.

But they were much better.