

Prologue

Dumbledore sat behind his large desk. His gaze was focused on the letter he now held in his hands.

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

I am sure you are quite surprised to be receiving a letter from me. Well it has come to my attention that you are in dire need of a new Charms teacher. As I was quite advanced in the subject I offer my services to you and Hogwarts. My husband, would love to be able to take over the Defense Against the Dark Arts subject as well.

Normally I would come ask you this but due to certain circumstances we are unable to do this. We still have not forgiven you for what has happened but we are willing to aid our former home.

The only request that we make is to allow our children to be able to attend Hogwarts. We will be in contact. Hedwig, my son's owl, is the only one able to reach us. She will return within a week to pick up your message. I suggest you refrain from trying to track her or us in any way possible. We do not hold you in such high esteem as we once did. We are more then willing to teach at the school.

*From,
Lily Potter*

He reread the letter over and over again. Was it true? Were the Potters actually alive and well? He thought to himself. If so then I have a lot to atone for.

Dumbledore sighed heavily as he began to fill out his letter for them.

Dear Mrs. Potter,

I am quite shocked to be receiving this letter from you. It was said that none of you ever made it out of the house that Halloween night. This news is quite a shock to an old man such as myself.

I suppose that means Mr. Black and Mr. Lupin are with you as well? If that is the case then this does not surprise me in the least. I am sorry to say that I had no idea what was to come of the situation at hand.

It would be an honor to have you and your husband teaching at our school. It would also be a pleasure to have your children here as well. I will speak with Minerva as soon as possible about getting your quarters set up immediately. As you already know, the train leaves on the first of September. I am also aware that you probably know the criteria needed for each child. If not, then I will be sending all seven letters for each year just to be sure. I hope to see you all soon.

*Sincerely,
Headmaster Dumbledore*

With that done, he gathered the letters for each school year and proceeded to tie them together for Hedwig to take when she returned. He removed his half moon spectacles from his face and placed his face in his hands.

Just then, Professor McGonagall swept into the room.

"You asked me to come?" She asked as she took a seat.

"Indeed, I did. I have just received a very interesting letter," he said as he held up Lily's letter for her to read.

She quickly took the letter and scanned over what was in it. Her eyes grew wide as she realized exactly who had sent this letter.

"But they are dead. How can this be?"

"Apparently, a lot more happened that night than we were told. Lily and James seemed to have escaped with their son and have moved out of the country. Wherever they are, they have kept well hidden."

"What does she mean by not trusting you?" McGonagall said in a stern voice.

Lily had always been a favorite of hers. In all of her years of teaching, she had never seen a student with so much potential as she had with Lily. James was always quite good at Transfiguration and he had bested Lily a few times through out their lives at Hogwarts.

"That is a matter for another time," he said sadly. "They are coming to fill the post of our Charms professor and Defense Against the Dark Arts."

"Severus will not be happy about that. He has wanted that position for years. He also never got along with James if my memory serves me correctly," replied Professor McGonagall.

"It does and there is little I can do about that now. I have already accepted them at their new post. They will be bringing their children along at the start of this year's term."

"I see, I shall get to work on their quarters right away," Professor McGonagall said as she left the room. She descended the stairs and turned down the hallway.

It was fifteen years ago that Voldemort had attacked the Potter residence. They thought the entire family had been killed that night. Sirius, Peter, and Remus had disappeared that night, but not before the entire world knew that Peter had betrayed two of his friends. A letter had been waiting for her when she had returned home that night. It detailed the events that had more than likely occurred that night.

For the first time during that war, she had spent the entire night crying. She had gotten close to the two of them and had even been there when they were married. It had really hit home for her to lose them, all of them.

Alice and Frank had been devastated. They had taken their son with them to Hogwarts the night their house was attacked. The three had gone to speak with McGonagall that night about what they could do to preserve Lily and James' memory.

They had been lucky. When they returned home, they took their belongings and fled. No one really knew where they had gone to, but had returned when Neville turned eleven so that he could attend Hogwarts. Alice became one of the healers that worked in Hogwarts with Madam Pomfrey, and Frank was the professor for Ancient Runes.

No one had seemed to be the same after that. The war still raged on though. Voldemort seemed to be worse than ever. It seemed as if all hope was gone. That was, until she had read Lily's letter a few moments before. Wherever they had hidden for the last fifteen years, they were now deciding that it was time to face destiny.

Minerva was no stranger to the prophecy, having been told to her by Lily in that letter. It seemed that their son, who had been attacked that night along with them, was now returning to destroy Lord Voldemort. She could only hope that they knew what they were doing.