

Hogwarts AC 196

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Peace Time Interlude

AN: Hab ich hier doch tatsächlich den Rest der bereits fertigen Kapitel noch nicht hochgeladen. Ts, ts...

Chapter 2: Peace Time Interlude

A few days after the decisive battle found a young boy with unruly, chocolate coloured hair in New Zealand, not far off from civilization, but not too close to the next town. The Wing pilot had started repairs on his damaged Gundam, but when peace agreements had been confirmed, he had just hidden the mecha so no one else would find it, and considered what to do next.

First, he would meet up with his fellow pilots and take it from there. They probably had more definite concepts of what to do, now that peace had been achieved. And they knew better how to blend in with civilians. Maybe he'd finally be able to show his human side, just like them. His friends...

He'd probably travel around for a while, being far too restless to settle down. Then, he might try to get some formal education, though being stuck in some boring school to learn what he already knew, did not seem too appealing. Maybe...

A beeping sound interrupted his thoughts and brought his attention to his laptop. 'Maybe I'll finally be able to leave that damned machine behind,' he thought grumbling, though nobody would have guessed this train of thoughts from his blank expression.

To his surprise he found a message from J, ordering him to meet him ASAP. Annoyed he declined, pointing out that his services were no longer required. Before long, a new message from the abhorred man popped up: "Services required for one last mission. Carry out mission and you are free to go."

Sighing Heero gathered his things. He knew he could not disobey, being too much the Perfect Soldier he had been trained to be. And if J promised to leave him alone after that... He could finally be free of the man who had made his life hell. So what did one last mission matter?

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As soon as he approached the lab where he was supposed to meet J, Heero knew something was wrong. His every sense told him this was a trap. Still, he could not ignore his orders - and J had promised, hadn't he? He passed a sloppy security check (so unlike J) and entered...

"There you are," J welcomed him with an insincere smile on his lips. "It's been a long time."

Heero said nothing, checking his surroundings for any hint as to what to expect, while J was looking him over from head to toe, a strange glint in his eyes.

"As to be expected. Still no people skills," J murmured, fully intending to let the young pilot hear this. It did get Heero's attention, though he showed no sign of acknowledgment.

"You see, this new mission is somewhat... special. To be honest, I don't believe you are fit for peace time society. You are nothing but a weapon." The boy felt like he had been punched in the stomach, but he kept silent.

"Therefore the mission actually consists of retraining, so you can achieve at least some semblance of humanity." Seeing his pupil open his mouth, J continued with more vehemence. "You are a soldier with no purpose in peace. You are actually a threat to the peace, as long as you're not reconditioned. As you don't seem to agree, you'll have to regard this as an order, soldier. Your mission is to be retrained. Did you think your *comrades* could help you get used to civilian life? Ridiculous! Do you honestly believe they considered you more than a tool for their warfare? You are a weapon, soldier! A killing machine. And as such..."

"No..." came the quiet reply. "I..."

"This is an order, 01. Insubordination will be punished severely."

Beneath his carefully void expression, Heero's thoughts were warring. No, he would never endanger the peace he fought for, he did not need retraining. He... had to follow his orders. What if J was right?

Before he could reach a decision, things were taken out of his hands. J kept coming closer, some assistants, he must have alerted, closed in from the sides.

Warily Heero backed away until his shoulders met with the cold wall. He could easily knock out the assistants, but he knew he could not fight J. Something in his subconscious made him unable to do so. So he remained where he was, transfixed to the spot, until J towered over him.

"So you want to do it the hard way... I expected that much."

And J plunged the syringe he carried with him into the crook of Heero's neck. The boy did not utter a sound nor make a move in his defence. The drug was custom-made to

famous for being the heir to the Winner fortune. Only a handful of people knew that he was the offspring of an old wizard family. Even less known was the fact that he had been one of the Gundam pilots, as all five had managed to keep their identities secret.

When the end of the war had been confirmed, the pilots 02 through 05 had dedicated several days to the search for their missing comrade. They could, however, only establish that there was no indication a Gundam had crashed onto Earth recently, which assured them 01 was alright. Apart from that, they could find no trace hinting to his whereabouts.

Knowing for certain, that they would not be able to find their friend, as long as he did not want to be found, they could only hope he would finally show up on their doorstep. With a good explanation, at that. In the course of their search, Duo in particular had become royally pissed at Heero's inconsiderate vanishing act. He had considered himself as the Wing pilot's best friend, but obviously his efforts hadn't broken through the other's Gundanium shell, after all. All the pilots felt like their friendship had been rejected. And it hurt. In the end, the four friends had decided to get on with their lives.

Quatre had resumed his formal education in order to be able to take over the family business. Trowa took up his work in the circus again, dividing his time between Catherine's trailer and Quatre's estate. Duo worked for Howard, but never managed to keep away from his friends for long - out of fear of losing them, too, as Quatre suspected. So it happened quite often that the three of them stayed at the Winner home together. Wufei, on the other hand, had gone off trying to find himself, as he put it. Although he travelled a lot, he regularly gave them a call, brief as they usually were.

Quatre was having breakfast with Trowa and Duo, who were once again visiting their second home, when his oldest sister Iria burst into the dining room, a huge grin on her face. "You'll never guess what I happened to find on the doorstep." Receiving only puzzled stares and no response, she muttered sulkily: "Oh well, you're so no fun..." With these words she handed out the owl-delivered letters embossed with the Hogwarts emblem.

Quatre's eyes lit up, while his friends' expressions remained confused. Of course, Quatre knew the meaning of this. His two oldest sisters had been the last members of the Winner family to be accepted to Hogwarts. They had still been living on Earth, when they turned eleven. The other siblings had always envied them, but now... Surely this could only mean one thing. His sister nudged him on to read the letter.

(...)

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

As this is the first time colonial students enter the school, the term begins one week early, i.e. on August 24th. The first three weeks will provide the new students with catch up lessons supported by older Hogwarts students acting as tutors. At the end of the third week their skills will be assessed in order to place them in the appropriate year.

All colonial students are expected to meet at the L1 Space Port on August 22nd, at 10.00 am. A group of teachers will collect them at Terminal B. On the 23rd, there will be a trip to Diagon Alley to acquire the necessary supplies. You find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

*Yours Sincerely,
Professor M. McGonagall
Deputy Headmistress*

"This is a joke, right?" Duo broke the silence. Quatre and Iria exchanged looks and prepared to explain everything to the two sceptical ex-pilots. "You know," Iria said, "maybe I should just show them..."

Iria usually refrained from using magic out of consideration for her siblings. So now she enjoyed being able to put her abilities to good use. After a practical demonstration including flying coffee mugs and tea pots turning into animated miniature Gundams, the magical newbies could not wait to hear more about the school and everything magic-related. Duo went virtually hyper considering the possibilities the use of magic offered. What fun it would be to attend Hogwarts, compared to the dreary normal schools. Soon, however, they were interrupted by a servant, informing them of a call on the vid-phone.

An annoyed-looking Wufei asked without preliminaries: "What kind of joke is this? Do you think it is funny to send me such a crazy letter?" Quatre just tilted his head with a smile. "Iria, I think another demonstration is due." And so the friends enjoyed another performance of Iria's skills, that left the Asian ex-pilot gaping open-mouthed and after which plans for a Hogwarts reunion were made.

The future looked a lot more interesting now. If only they had known how interesting things would become...

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AN: Wie immer würde ich mich über Feedback freuen...