

Chapter 3

27th of July, 1991
Privet Drive

Petunia Dursley's perfectly orchestrated morning was shattered by the abrupt ring of the doorbell. She nearly dropped her duster, a growl of irritation rising in her throat. Who in their right mind would disturb her peace at this hour?

"Harry! Get the door!" Vernon's roar echoed through the house, making the picture frames tremble. Petunia's lips curled into a tight, satisfied smile. Of course, Harry wasn't here to obey. She had sent him off on a fool's errand for biscuits, ensuring his absence for as long as possible. With a chuckle, she realized she'd have the pleasure of confronting the intruder herself.

She stormed down the hall, her muttered curses growing louder. She flung open the door, prepared to unleash her fury, only to freeze in shock. Standing before her was an elderly man who looked as if he'd escaped from a fantastical madhouse.

Petunia squinted, taking in the stranger's tall, thin frame, the long silver beard flowing down to his waist, and the deep purple suit adorned with stars and crescent moons. A matching hat perched jauntily on his head, completing his outlandish appearance. He looked like a wizard from a storybook, absurd and out of place in her perfectly ordinary world. Wait...he was a wizard from a storybook!

"Who...who are you? You...are one of the freaks!" she stammered, her voice trembling with a mix of fear and outrage.

She tried to slam the door, but to her horror, it refused to budge. It was as if an invisible hand held it open. Petunia pushed harder, her knuckles whitening, but the door remained stubbornly ajar. Then, with a slow, almost mocking creak, it swung open on its own. Petunia stumbled back, her heart racing. The old man stepped inside with an air of calm authority, his eyes twinkling with amusement. And there, standing beside him, was Harry, looking equally bewildered.

The man, utterly unfazed by the chaos he had caused, strolled into the house as if he owned it. He glanced around, his eyes lingering on the meticulously arranged furniture and spotless floors. Petunia watched in horror as he waved his hand, transforming his shoes into a pair of fuzzy pink slippers.

"Ah, much better," he said, wiggling his toes. "Comfort is key, don't you agree, Harry?"

Harry nodded, his eyes wide with wonder.

"Will...Will I be able to do that?", Harry asked, and the old man nodded.

Petunia could only watch in stunned silence as the man settled into Vernon's favorite armchair. He looked at Harry, a kind smile spreading across his face, then pointed at his slippers. "This, Harry, is a magical art called transfiguration. Quite handy for changing one's shoes, wouldn't you say?"

Petunia wanted to scream, to throw them both out, but when she tried to speak, no sound emerged. Her throat constricted, and her tongue felt heavy. Panic surged through her as she realized she couldn't utter a single word. Worse still, she felt an inexplicable urge to serve tea to her uninvited guests. Her body moved on its own, her feet carrying her to the kitchen as if they had a mind of their own.

"No," she thought, struggling against the invisible force controlling her. "This can't be happening."

But it was. Her hands moved with mechanical precision, boiling water, setting out cups, and arranging the tea tray. She prepared two cups of tea—one for the old man, one for Harry—her movements fluid and practiced, though her mind screamed in protest.

Back in the living room, the old man continued to speak, his voice a soothing cadence that seemed to mesmerize Harry. "There are many wonderful disciplines to explore at Hogwarts. There's Transfiguration, as you've seen, where you can turn a boring object like a doorstep into a delightful rubber chicken. Then there's

Charms, where you can make things float, dance, or even sing opera—handy for spontaneous household concerts. Potions, well, that’s like cooking but with a risk of explosions, and you can brew concoctions that do everything from curing a cold to making your enemy’s hair fall out.”

The old man took a sip of tea, smacking his lips appreciatively. “Ah, delightful,” he said, before continuing. “Herbology, where you get to wrestle with man-eating plants, and Astronomy, which involves staying up all night to stare at stars and planets—great for insomniacs. History of Magic is essentially nap time, with Binns droning on about goblin rebellions. Arithmancy is like magical math, making your brain hurt in entirely new ways. Care of Magical Creatures means handling creatures that can either cuddle you or eat you, and Divination is where you learn to predict the future using tea leaves, crystal balls, and your imagination,” Dumbledore continued, his tone becoming more pensive. He took a long, thoughtful sip of tea, his eyes momentarily distant.

"You know, Harry, my mate" he said slowly, "I may need to make some changes to the syllabus. Otherwise, we risk having generations of wizards who are, quite frankly, fucking illiterate. How can they write good essays if they stopped learning how to read, write, and do basic maths at eleven? And let's not even start on the inadequacies of homeschooling. The system has been flawed for far too long."

Dumbledore's voice grew more animated as he continued. "This is fucking outrageous! How the hell can we expect our young wizards and witches to handle complex magical theories or craft nuanced arguments in their essays when they can't even string a proper sentence together? It's like asking a goddamn goldfish to do calculus—completely fucking asinine! The previous administration, that incompetent fuckwit Dumbledore before me, was too busy jerking off to his own self-righteous drivel to notice the glaring problems. He utterly fucked up these essential aspects of education, and now we're stuck with a bunch of wand-waving, brain-dead morons who can't even spell their own names, let alone write a coherent essay."

Harry looked up at him, his eyes wide with curiosity and confusion. "What do you mean by the Dumbledore before you?"

Dumbledore froze, his expression briefly betraying a flicker of panic. Recovering quickly, he offered Harry a small, wrapped candy from his pocket. "Lemon drop?" he asked with a forced smile, the twinkle in his eyes dimming slightly.

Harry took the lemon drop, still watching Dumbledore closely.

From the hallway, the thunderous footsteps of Vernon Dursley approached, shaking the very foundations of the house. “Petunia, where the bloody hell are you?” he bellowed, his voice a mixture of irritation and bluster. He stopped mid-sentence as he barged into the living room, his face turning an alarming shade of purple.

Vernon Dursley was a grotesque spectacle, a caricature of human excess. His massive, flabby frame strained against the buttons of his shirt, each one screaming for mercy as they clung to the fabric for dear life. His pants were a tragic tale of elastic and polyester, visibly losing the battle against his bulging waistline, which spilled over like a grotesque muffin top. His face, perpetually flushed with the effort of simply existing, was framed by a mustache that quivered with barely-contained fury. His eyes, small and piggy, bulged out from his bloated face, giving him the appearance of a cartoon character perpetually on the verge of a coronary.

“What the fuck is this?!” Vernon roared, his fat jowls wobbling with each word. He glared at Dumbledore, then Harry, and even at the unfortunate armchair that had the audacity to host a wizard. “You! You freak! And you!” He pointed at Harry, his sausage-like finger trembling...then pointed at the sofa. “And this fucking furniture! How dare you let him sit on you!”

Dumbledore, utterly unfazed, lounged back in the armchair, a serene smile on his face. “Ah, Vernon. Delightful to see you. I see you’ve been keeping up with your exercise regimen. Or rather, the lack thereof.”

Vernon’s face turned an even deeper shade of purple. “You... you damn intruder! This is my house! You can’t just waltz in here and... and sit on my furniture! That’s trespassing! Home invasion! I’ll have you arrested, you old freak!”

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow, his eyes twinkling with amusement. “Arrested, you say? For gracing your... charming abode with my presence? My, my, Vernon, I didn’t realize you were so fond of the law. Though I must say, you seem to have broken a few laws of physics yourself with that gut of yours.”

Vernon sputtered, his fists clenching and unclenching. “Get out of my house, you deranged old bastard! Take your freakishness and shove it up your—”

Dumbledore cut him off, his voice still maddeningly calm. “Temper, temper, Vernon. Such language. And in front of the children, no less. But I suppose you wouldn’t understand decorum if it slapped you across that bloated face of yours.”

“You—” Vernon’s voice rose to a hysterical pitch. “You think you can talk to me like that? In my own home? I’ll—”

“Oh, do shut up, you pompous cunt,” Dumbledore interjected, now openly laughing. “You’re embarrassing yourself. And, honestly, threatening a wizard? That’s as effective as a teapot threatening a dragon.”

Vernon’s face contorted with rage, and with a bellow, he charged at Dumbledore, his arms flailing wildly. Dumbledore merely waved his hand, and Vernon found himself frozen mid-charge, hovering a few inches off the ground.

“Tsk, tsk, Vernon,” Dumbledore said, shaking his head. “Such a temper. I suggest you calm down before you give yourself a heart attack. Or worse, before you break another piece of furniture. Your weight alone is a crime against that poor sofa.”

Harry exploded with laughter, doubling over as the sound echoed through the room. Vernon spluttered, his face now a remarkable shade of purple, and like all imbeciles when language fails them, he decided brute force was the answer. With a roar, he charged at Dumbledore, arms flailing. But before he could reach the wizard, he was frozen midair, his limbs suspended awkwardly as if caught in an invisible vice.

Dumbledore’s demeanor shifted suddenly, the twinkle in his eyes dimming as he turned to Harry. He looked Harry straight in the eyes, and the room seemed to grow still. Harry, still giggling, found himself gulping in front of the suddenly serious wizard.

“Harry,” Dumbledore said, his voice low and steady, “I don’t know the full truth about how they’ve treated you, but I’ve seen enough.”

As he spoke, images from Harry’s childhood flashed through his mind—nights spent in the cupboard under the stairs, meals snatched away, cruel taunts, and the cold, dismissive stares from the Dursleys. Every moment of neglect and torment flickered before him, raw and vivid.

Dumbledore’s frown deepened, and he turned back to the Dursleys. Vernon, still floating helplessly, glared with impotent rage, while Petunia stood frozen in fear.

“It’s time for justice,” Dumbledore declared, his voice resonating with authority.

At the word "justice," a triumphant, almost absurdly heroic fanfare erupted from nowhere. Dumbledore’s suit began to shimmer and morph, transforming into a dazzling superhero costume. The purple fabric turned into a gleaming, star-spangled spandex suit complete with a flowing cape and an oversized “D” emblazoned on his chest. A golden mask appeared over his eyes, and his hat transformed into a majestic helmet adorned with a sparkling phoenix crest.

The fanfare reached its peak as Dumbledore struck a pose, one arm raised heroically, the other resting on his hip. Harry’s eyes widened in astonishment, and he couldn’t help but laugh again at the sheer absurdity of the scene. Even Petunia, despite her terror, couldn’t suppress a disbelieving gasp.

“Behold, the Defender of Justice!” Dumbledore announced grandly, his voice booming. “I, Albus Fucking Dumbledore, shall ensure that no wrongdoings go unpunished in this household!”

Vernon, suspended in midair, could only splutter incoherently, his fury now mingled with utter bewilderment.

Dumbledore floated over to Harry, his cape billowing dramatically. “Now, Harry, we shall set things right.”

With a flick of his wand, Vernon was gently lowered to the ground, still unable to move. Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled once more, but this time with a fierce determination.

“Justice shall be served,” he declared, and with that, he turned back to the Dursleys, ready to mete out the long-overdue reckoning.