

Worth A Shot

Von -Yui-san-

Prologue

Alastor Moody found himself sitting in a full blown assembly, called out by none other than Albus Dumbledore himself. Most of these meetings – which seemed to become more regular during the last weeks – were attended by each and every witch and wizard the Order of the Phoenix had to name. Some of those were there when the first war started, others had just joined in mere months ago when Tom Riddle – or The Dark Lord, as his followers so joyously called him – was resurrected. Many were fearing what Dumbledore had to announce, since all they could think about was the start of yet another war with the dark wizard and his minions. All of them knew what that would mean and none were ready for bloodbaths and terror.

As Moody's eyes traveled over the faces of the other Order members he wanted to yell at them for being pathetic. They should have known the war would start soon after Voldemort was on the scene once again. But all they did was push dark thoughts far away, as if they would never come back. Foolish people! Most of them were present when Voldemort first came to hold lots and lots of power. Did they truly think times would change? Things would only get dirtier the second time.

On his right sat Nymphadora Tonks, Auror and his very own protégée and hopefully successor. He on the other hand sat to the right of Albus Dumbledore, head of the Order of the Phoenix, Headmaster of Hogwarts and a man with too many titles to count and name.

Uneasiness was wafting through the room like thick mist. Everyone was nervous, even though it was due to different reasons.

Moody himself didn't shake like a leaf, as Mundungus Fletcher was doing it opposite him.

Moody didn't babble on and on about stupid things like Tonks did.

He didn't clench his jaw or bite his nails as others. He sat stoically on his seat, looking at Dumbledore and waiting for him to start speaking. He knew what all of this was about. His electric blue eye was whizzing and spinning in its socket, trying to absorb every bit of possibly valuable information not only the house but the whole perimeter

– even the parts hidden by thick walls or musky, rotten wood – had to give away. He tried not to focus too much on that but rather on the people surrounding him. As a wizard with lots and lots of experience throughout years upon years of Auror services he could read people like open books. He could practically smell the emotions running through the room.

Fear. Nervousness. Restlessness. Terror.

Clothing rustled and Moody turned around just to see the Headmaster standing up. But before the man could even utter a word he was already interrupted. By none other than Arthur Weasley, patriarch of the Weasley family. Holding his wife's hand and having glanced at his oldest son beforehand he looked at Dumbledore.

"What is this all about Albus? Does it start already? The war I mean.", the balding man rushed.

Moody slowly shook his head. The fools should just wait. It wasn't as if the Ministryworker was the only one curious enough to jump the chance to ask. As soon as he had spoken, words, sentences and random cries were spreading across the table like flies on a hot day.

"Quiet!"

All noise ceased and everyone was looking expectantly at Dumbledore. He just stood there at the end of the table not looking angry or agitated or anything. Stoically he looked upon the members and took in the view of every single one of them. As he finally started speaking his voice was that of a true leader. Regal, yet severe.

"I think Arthur expressed the need of all of you to know what happens. Not only to us but to the whole of Magical Britain." Most of the table nodded at this. "As most of you already knew we will be moving young Mr. Potter over here, to Grimmauld Place. Who will be going to be the Advance Guard we shall be discussing shortly." He nodded and got the same reaction back. Even though he hadn't said anything they didn't know already they were assured by his voice alone. Steady, not wavering.

"As of now we don't have any news. The war might start soon, but we have no indication as to when it does. But as a preparation I've looked into texts old as Merlin himself."

That definitely got their attention. What could have been in those texts. What help could they give?

"They speak of help from unknown lands, far away from our civilization, of mighty warriors and ancient beasts."

Moody wasn't quite satisfied with the twinkle in Dumbledore's eyes as he talked. He hadn't yet said all there was to it. But the old man merrily smiled and leaned back slightly.

"How will that help us, Albus?", Dedalus Diggle questioned.

"Alas, how will it help us!", the Headmaster smiled and the twinkle only got brighter. "There might be a possibility for us to summon some of those fighters and use them for our goal."

"Albus!"

Minerva McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts, stood. Abruptly.

"We cannot just summon the unknown!", she voiced her concern.

Dumbledore only stroked his long white beard looked deeply into her eyes, calming her down somewhat. "They are not unknown."

Voices got louder around the table again. Moody fully turned and spoke in low, hushed tones.

"What are you on about?"

The old man replied in the same manner.

"You remember those rumors that went around in the Ministry about the guards they had hired at the beginning of the first war?"

As if Moody could forget. Tall men – at least he guessed they were men – standing night and day throughout the halls of the Ministry. All of them were giving off a frightening aura, not moving even an inch at all as if they were made of anything but flesh and blood.

All of them only stayed about two months in Britain and later returned home but right before they had turned their backs to them Moody got a glance at the face of one of them. And still he wasn't sure that they were human.

The Ex-Auror only nodded and positioned himself back into his chair, Tonks looking strangely at him but he ignored it and stared the others to the ground to shut them up. It only worked partly, but it didn't really matter as Dumbledore's raised voice drowned them out once more.

"At the beginning of the First Wizarding War the Ministry of Magic sent out his best Researchers to find a way to bring down Voldemort. They found a way. Or so they thought." Raised eyebrows greeted him and so he continued.

"Like me now, they got the books, scrolls, texts into their hands. Read about these mighty warriors. And with the consent of the Minister they got deeper and deeper into the matter. Finally they were able to draw out a summon. Unlike any other I might say. Alas, they had to rip dimensions, conquer nothingness and find the willing warriors."

As Dumbledore's tale proceeded Moody noticed how everyone else was either leaning further back in their chairs or propping themselves up on their elbows, keenly listening.

Like children listening to fairy tales. No one dared to interrupt.

"After a while they – again – stood before the Minister. This time with a contract."

"Wait – what?", Sirius Black had to butt in. Remus Lupin, sitting beside his old friend, could only shake his head. Troublemaker.

"They came with a contract. Not just some contract, mind you. If the Ministry was willing to pay, then the people the Researcher had found beyond the dimensional rip would send out some of their own and help us out. Of course the Minister was skeptical, who wouldn't be? But he willingly accepted not even hours later when hundreds of people were being killed off just outside the walls of his office."

"What happened then? I never heard anything about that.", Tonks asked.

Moody decided to speak up. "Some of those people came. I was still Auror back then, of course." At the incredulous looks of many he elaborated, "Don't forget that this was almost thirty years back!"

"As Alastor has said, some did come. Sadly as time dragged on the Ministry got wary of them. The contract hadn't stated what their particular jobs were and in the chaos they had forgotten that those warriors were filled with pride. After some nasty rumors, uncounted verbal attacks and finally one or two physical fighting they were ordered back to their own country."

Lupin didn't look really happy with where the story was going.

"What will happen now though?"

Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling madly by now and his smile had stretched even further.

"Alas! I myself have been in contact with the Leader of the village the Ministry had contact with all those years ago. After stating that I was willing to pay quite the sum and had nothing to do with the 'incompetent idiots' from back then...well..." Now he looked like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"Albus!" McGonagall yelped. Yes she actually did yelp. Not a sound you would hear often from her. "Don't tell me you *hired* some of them."

"Well actually I did.", he admitted sheepishly.

Severus Snape, normally the one to be quiet during those meetings, decided to speak. "What exactly will be their job?"

The Headmaster gratefully looked to the greasy haired Potions Master.

"First and foremost they will be guarding Hogwarts. Then, and I think all of us agree with this, they will help with Order business. Guarding to be specific. And last but not least they will also be involved in the matter of keeping young Mr. Potter safe."

There was a small outcry around the room.

"Can we trust them with students?"

"Students? The Prophecy!"

"As if Potter would need another ego boost by getting him his own safe guards."

This and more was heard for a minute or three until Dumbledore loudly cleared his throat.

"This is a matter I won't discuss further. They will arrive in a few days at the point we – their Leader and I – have agreed upon. Afterwards, and this is something I'm still willing to dispute about, they might stay here in the Ancient House of Black under Molly's care. If that is alright with you?"

The plump woman was unsure as to what to say so her oldest son, Bill, took it upon him to answer.

"Are they a safety risk to the family?"

Dumbledore shook his head.

"No. You probably won't even see much of them. As far as I know they will use their time at Grimmauld Place to adjust to the given circumstances. No harm will come to anyone residing within these walls." A low murmur of content was heard. "As long as -" Now a sharp intake of breath from Molly's side of the table. "Nobody will first try to harm them. But I think this point is given, isn't it?", the old Headmaster smiled and stood.

"With that the meeting is adjourned."

Moody stood firmly, nodded to most around the room and followed Dumbledore out of the house.

That actually might be worth a shot.