

Title: Loose Ends

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Summary: Explains what happened to Bagman and others; plus, a major reveal about the Dark Lord.

Timeframe: Six years after the Battle of Hogwarts in Book 7

Audience: General

Category: The Untold Story

Warnings: none

Length: 15 pages

## Loose Ends

### Chapter 1 -- Number 12 Grimmauld Place

“To Harry Potter!” exclaimed Mr Weasley enthusiastically, holding his glass of Firewhisky high in a toast.

“Harry!” echoed the rest, hoisting their glasses in unison.

Harry blushed. He would never get used to people celebrating him.

“Please,” said Harry, holding up his hands in a plea for restraint. “It’s only a housewarming.”

“As good a reason as any for a party,” responded George Weasley, slapping Harry on the back.

Mr Weasley’s toast had been in response to Harry thanking everyone for coming to his and Ginny’s party to celebrate completion of the total renovation of number 12, Grimmauld Place.

They were all standing in the new lounge, having finished a tour of the house, led by Ginny. There were Mr and Mrs Weasley, Bill and Fleur, Percy (wearing his usual black armband in honor of Fred), George, Ron and Hermione, Neville, Kingsley Shacklebolt and William Burke -- Harry’s boss and the new head of the

Auror Office. They were all holding drinks from bottles which Harry had expertly summoned from his best household stock.

With a wedding ring on her finger and her artful esthetic, Ginny had completely transformed the once dark and grim abode. It was unrecognizable. What had been late eighteenth-century *Dark Arts Dismal* (as she called it) was now classic mid-century revival. It was open, bright and simple. The long dark hallway was gone. The front door now opened directly into the large airy lounge, combining the old dining room and parlor. What had once been the drawing room on the floor above was now an open loft with a railing overlooking the lounge. The formally dark stairwell was now a series of open floating steps which allowed light from an enormous skylight to fill it with light. All the bedrooms were now open and bright with larger windows. And to top it off, the attic space had been removed to create an enclosed rooftop patio and garden with spectacular views of the London skyline.

Harry had electric power installed to replace the original gas lights and made extensive use of indirect lighting throughout the house. Mr Weasley was in heaven examining the outlets and plugs. When Harry showed him the electric service panel, Mr Weasley had practically swooned.

The piece de resistance was the new gourmet kitchen downstairs. Mrs Weasley's eyes popped when she saw it and she lingered quite a while after the tour had moved on.

Ginny's favorite improvements were the bathrooms. There was now a bath on every floor and an en-suite in the master bedroom.

There were only three things a Muggle would now find unusual about the house. First was an ancient tapestry of a family tree on the wall of the loft. Second was a very tall freestanding divider at one end of the living room directly across from the foot of the stairs. The living room side was unfinished red brick and mortar. It looked like the remains of an original wall. It was now the backdrop for a tall floor standing wrought iron wine rack. The stairwell side had two large panel doors with a prominent brass latch. The panels were brightly painted in primary colors with scenes of country life. Luna Lovegood had painted them as her housewarming gift for Harry and Ginny. The third and last unusual thing, but by far the most bizarre, were the heads of four house-elves mounted above the painted doors.

These three things were for the old and wizened house-elf, Kreacher, who had transferred his loyalty completely to Harry *and* Ginny. He still wore Master Regulus' locket around his neck, but it was now a symbol of Harry's loyalty to Kreacher. Harry and Ginny had given Kreacher his own modern elf-sized suite by combining the old pantry and boiler room. They had made up for the loss of storage space by simply installing modern kitchen counters and cabinets. Kreacher was delighted with the new kitchen and had even shown Mrs Weasley its Muggle marvels.

Number 12 was not the only improvement in the neighborhood. The Fidelius Charm on number 12 had been lifted; as had the charm making it unplotable. The sudden appearance of another house between numbers 11 and 13 had caused a minor sensation among the neighbors, but it was easily managed with a few memory charms. Ginny had taken on improvement of the green in the middle of the square. It was now resplendent with trees, flower beds and sitting benches. With a little 'encouragement,' the neighbors had joined in the improvement efforts. Doors were freshly painted, broken windows repaired, and trash picked up. The once shabby neighborhood was now respectable. House prices were on the rise and children could safely play outside.

Kreacher banged the dinner gong, and everyone made their way down to the kitchen.

Kreacher had outdone himself, pulling out all the stops. Everyone enjoyed a fabulous five course dinner. The guests showered Kreacher with praise with every course. Hermione was particularly effusive.

Kreacher bowed very low each time, croaking in his bullfrog voice, "It is nothing. Kreacher only serves to please his Master and Mistress."

When they had finally persuaded Kreacher that they could not possibly eat another helping of his delicious sticky toffy pudding or flaming plum pudding, they began to reminisce.

## Chapter 2 -- Bagman Bagged

"Whatever happened to old Ludo Bagman?" asked Harry as George finished recounting his and Fred's attempts to collect their winnings from their bet at the 422<sup>nd</sup> Quidditch World Cup.

Mrs Weasley frowned at hearing the *full* story -- obviously for the first time.

Mr Weasley avoided her gaze and said, "The last I heard, he did a runner from the Goblins after the Triwizard tournament."

Bill Weasley snorted. Everyone looked at him. "I know exactly what happened to him and so does the Ministry. They hushed it all up in a deal to keep the Gringotts Goblins' neutral after Voldemort returned to power. That's why the top Goblins fled rather than support him."

No one flinched at hearing the Dark Lord's name. After five years, the abject fear it had engendered had finally worn off for most witches and wizards, though many would only whisper it. However, there remained some who would still not speak it.

Kingsley Shacklebolt, the Minister for Magic, asked cautiously, "Should I know about this?"

Bill shrugged, "Scrimgeour made the deal. He must have kept it close so Voldemort wouldn't find out."

"I was there just after they killed him," said Kingsley. "Fudge said Scrimgeour didn't tell them anything, even under the Cruciatu curse... They were after Harry's location."

"Fudge was there too?" asked Harry, sounding suspicious.

"They were about to kill him too. I was able to rescue him. Few people are aware of it, but Fudge is now the full time Ministry of Magic bodyguard to the Muggle Prime Minister, and doing a bang-up job of it," said Kingsley sounding quite proud.

"Fudge?" said Harry incredulously.

"We're going off track," said George. "What about Bagman?"

Kingsley leaned toward Harry and mouthed, 'I'll tell you later.'

Bill resumed speaking. “Well, about a month after Voldemort made his appearance at the Ministry, a newly hired Ministry witch opened an account at Gringotts. When they took her to her vault and opened it, they found a body inside.”

“Bagman, right?” said Ron, speaking for the first time since dinner.

Bill nodded. “The Ministry witch went into hysterics. I was called to calm her down. I contacted the Auror office right away and they sent Williamson. Gornuk wanted to hush it up, but it was too late. I think they got their vaults mixed up. Williamson reported it to Scrimgeour. It gave him bargaining power over the top Goblins. He made Williamson and the Ministry witch keep quiet and promised me he’d keep my family protected. As far as I can tell, he kept his word until he died.”

“What happened to Mr Bagman?” asked Hermione.

“I suppose he died of thirst,” Bill postulated, his brow knitted in thought. “There wasn’t a mark on him. He was pretty desiccated after a year. The vaults are extremely dry due to a standard spell... You don’t want customer’s things rotting away while under the bank’s protection. If the vault hadn’t been mistakenly opened, it wouldn’t have been opened for inspection for another nine years.” He paused and then finished. “Williamson had the body removed; I don’t know what happened to it.”

“Bagman is still listed as missing on the official records,” said Kingsley. “I’ll have that changed to missing and presumed dead since it’s been seven years now. I ask you all to keep this information about Bagman between us for now.”

“Poor Mr Bagman,” said Hermione sadly.

Ron and George both shook their heads and looked at Harry.

## Chapter 4 -- Rubeus Roped

Mrs Weasley spoke cheerily, obviously wanting to change the subject, “Who’s heard from Hagrid lately?”

“We have,” said Ginny and Hermione together.

“He said he misses everyone, but has completely settled in at Beauxbatons,” said Hermione. “He is in charge of the Magical Creatures Department but isn’t doing any teaching. He spends most of his time taking care of the flying horses -- apparently they have an enormous herd of them. But...”

Ginny cut in excitedly, “...the big news is that Madame Maxime is ...*expecting!*”

Everyone whooped. Even Kreacher grinned, which was quite a surprise. Mr Weasley proposed a toast to Olympe and Rubeus.

When the celebration subsided, Ginny added, “They can only guess at the delivery date, since it appears to be unprecedented. Giant pregnancies normally last almost three years, so they think it will be sometime between nine months and that.”

“Poor Madam Maxime,” sighed Mrs Weasley. All the women nodded. The men grinned.

“What about Grawp?” asked Neville.

Ginny said, “Hagrid found an isolated valley for him in the Pyrenees which are relatively close to the school. He’s quite happy according to Hagrid. Not only that, Hagrid found him a *girlfriend*.”

There were more whoops and toasts. Neville said, “Wow.”

Hermione continued, “Hagrid and Maxime went back to the Urals and found a few giants who wanted to get away from the violence. Hagrid said there was only about half of the original lot left alive. Those that wanted out are now set up in Grawp’s valley.”

“We hope it’s a new chance for the giants,” said Hermione earnestly. Ron looked doubtful.

Percy noticed and said, “Ron, you could take a page out of Hermione’s book. Look at what she’s done to increase awareness of house-elf mistreatment.”

Hermione beamed and gave Ron an I-told-you-so look while saying, “Thank you, Percy. S.P.E.W. wouldn’t have gotten off the ground without your help.”

Percy nodded in acknowledgement and continued, “And look at what Lavender Brown has been able to accomplish for werewolf rights. There could not be a better werewolf spokesperson -- survivor and hero of the Battle of Hogwarts. She has dedicated her life to increasing awareness and tolerance.”

“We have you to thank, Minister,” said Hermione graciously, “for creating the Remus Lupin Memorial Chair on the Wizengamot.”

Kingsley nodded appreciatively. “Andromeda Tonks deserves all the credit for having the courage to take it. It’s easy to forget what it was like even five years ago. I’m sure Miss Brown will hold the chair herself someday.”

Bill had a strained look on his scarred face. Fleur noticed and asked, “What eez eet, Beell?”

“I just wish Greyback had lived long enough to realize that his last victim had defeated his evil philosophy,” Bill said with sudden anger.

“I thought Greyback was in Azkaban,” said Neville.

“He was,” said Burke. “Because he was so dangerous, he was leg shackled in his cell twenty-four hours a day. He was also forced to drink Wolfsbane Potion before every full moon. Losing his bloodlust drove him crazy. He killed himself by chewing off his left foot. He bled out. It was ruled a suicide, but I think it was a crazed attempt to escape his shackles because he had started on his right foot before he succumbed.”

Everyone looked nauseous, except Burke. Harry knew his boss was made of iron. He had seen a lot worse.

“Well, good reeddance I zay,” said Fleur with finality.

#### Chapter 4 -- Two Teachers

“Does anyone have a more pleasant topic?” asked Mrs Weasley.

Everyone looked at each other waiting for an answer.

Hesitantly, Neville spoke up, "I've been accepted to teach Herbology at Hogwarts."

Everyone whooped again amid a chorus of "Why didn't you tell us?" "Excellent!" and "You deserve it." All the women got up and hugged Neville. There was more toasting.

"I'll be starting this September. I'll be working for Professor Sprout. Professor McGonagall told me she wouldn't normally hire someone with less than ten years of experience, but Madam Sprout wants to retire after next year. She persuaded Professor McGonagall that I was the best Herbology student she ever had and to make an exception in my case."

"Well it's true, Neville," said Hermione matter-of-factly, "Everyone knows it."

This was greeted with a chorus of affirmation and several more toasts.

"Who else?" said Mrs Weasley.

Ginny said, "Well... I should probably wait and let her tell you herself, but I don't think she'd mind... Just like Neville, Luna has been invited by Professor McGonagall to teach Care of Magical Creatures at Hogwarts under Professor Grubbly-Plank, who plans to retire next year too."

This news was also greeted with cheers and toasts.

"There's more," said Ginny brightly. She winked at Neville, who blushed.

"Luna and Neville?" gasped Mrs Weasley.

Neville turned beet red.

"No. No. No." said Ginny very quickly, looking embarrassed. "But Neville played a key role."

Now, Mrs Weasley looked embarrassed too.

"No. Luna is going out with Rolf Scamander. Neville introduced them," said Ginny brightly. "It looks pretty serious to me."



“Scamander...?” asked Ron. “The bloke that wrote *Fantastic Beasts and... whatever?*”

“Of course not,” said Hermione tartly. “That was *Newt* Scamander. This must be his *grandson*, at least.”

“Exactly,” chimed Ginny. “He’s a magizoologist like his famous grandfather. But there’s more. He’s finally convinced Luna there is no such thing as the Crumple-Horned Snorkack.”

“No way!” exclaimed everyone who knew Luna well. The others laughed. Even Kreacher croaked from his station by the restaurant-quality eight-burner three-oven stainless steel gas range.

“It’s true,” said Ginny serenely. “Plus, Rolf has convinced Luna to reconcile with her father. That’s why she isn’t here.”

Ron growled, “She can forgive him if she wants, but / never will.”

“Ron, it’s been five years,” chided Hermione.

“Don’t care. He should have gone to Azkaban” said Ron, crossing his arms.

“He was out of his mind with worry. You must realize that,” said Hermione trying unsuccessfully to change his mind.

Harry agreed with Ron but did not say anything. As the host, he did not want the situation to degenerate into a typical Ron-Hermione bickering session.

As Harry was about to speak up and change the subject, Mrs Wesley said quite loudly, “Have you seen the article in the latest *Witch Weekly* on Sybil Trelawney?”

As the only people who ever read it were witches of her age, everyone either shook their head or said no.

## Chapter 5 -- Trelawney Triumphant

Mrs Weasley continued, “Well... you all know Sybil left teaching and disappeared from sight, no pun intended, soon after You-Know-Who’s downfall. Firenze replaced her and Divination teaching radically changed at Hogwarts. It became more like philosophy, because even the centaurs had recognized their interpretation of the stars had been fundamentally wrong for over twenty years...” She took a breath.

Everyone wondered where this was going.

Mrs Weasley continued, “According to the article, Sybil went through a crisis of confidence after the Battle of Hogwarts. She abruptly gave her notice to McGonagall and left. But she really didn’t leave. In desperation, she had confided in Firenze, and he offered to guide and teach her. She went to live in the Forbidden Forest under rough conditions with the centaurs.”

Mr Weasley and Hermione both snorted.

“Just wait until I finish,” admonished Mrs Weasley. “Firenze was accepted back into the herd after the Battle because his decisions were recognized by the others as having being the correct course. But offering to teach a human the centaur ways of Divination almost caused another rift. It was only when they realized that Trelawney was so ‘unusual’ (and perhaps pathetic) that they agreed.”

Everyone was now interested to hear the end.

“Trelawney has emerged from her, as the article put it, ‘time in the wilderness’ with renewed sight. She doesn’t do tea leaves, palmistry, crystal balls or any of the usual methods. Instead, she just meditates and goes into trances from which she makes prophecies. She doesn’t even remember what they are. Someone must be with her to record them. They say she’s an even better Seer than her great, great, great grandmother, Cassandra Trelawney. She is in tremendous demand and making a *lot* of galleons.”

“She’s still an old fraud, if you ask me,” said Hermione determinately. “I bet she made it all up to launch her new... *business*.” Hermione said the last word with obvious sarcasm.

“I don’t think so,” said Harry, shaking his head. “I know for a fact she made two *real* prophecies, and I heard one of them myself. And she had no recollection of either one.”

Mrs Weasley chimed in, “Witch Weekly said they interviewed Firenze at Hogwarts, and he corroborated her story.”

Hermione goggled at hearing this, but did not say anything.

Ron smirked, “Hermione doesn’t like to be proven wrong, especially about Divination.”

Hermione glowered at him, but continued to hold her tongue.

“Well, good for Trelawney,” said Mr Weasley clapping his hands together once. “Can anyone top that?”

“I can,” said Kingsley. He had a sly smile on his face, like he had something no one would be expecting.

## Chapter 6 -- Voldemort’s Surprise

‘Kingsley telling secrets? This has to be good,’ thought Harry. He could tell everyone else was thinking the same thing.

“You are all people I trust. This does not leave this room. If it does, the Ministry will deny it. However, I believe you all deserve to know.” Kingsley paused, took a deep breath and then looked at everyone in turn.

The room was utterly silent. All eyes were on Kingsley.

“The Ministry has never disclosed what happened to Voldemort’s body and has refused every request to do so,” Kingsley began quietly.

Everyone seemed to lean forward so as not to miss a word.

Kingsley continued, “I don’t need to explain why; the reason is obvious.”

As Harry was thinking, 'I'm not sure it's a good idea to tell anyone, even us, where Voldemort is buried,' Kingsley said rather quickly, "Don't worry, the body is *gone forever*... We pushed it through the veil of the arch in the Death Chamber of the Department of Mysteries."

As everyone was absorbing this statement, Kingsley added, "But that is *not* the most interesting part of the secret..."

Ron said, "Woah... there's something *bigger*?"

Everyone else was wondering the same thing.

Kingsley nodded. It looked like he was suppressing a grin.

"The body we pushed through the veil was... *female*."

It took a heartbeat to sink in, then everyone gasped, even Kreacher. This was followed almost immediately by a cacophony of exclamations and questions.

Kingsley held up his hands for silence, saying, "Please, one at a time; Harry, you first."

The rest became silent and looked at Harry, understanding he had earned the right to ask the questions.

Harry gathered his thoughts. He did not want to go off halfcocked, no pun intended. Finally he said, "I have to assume there was no possible mistake in identification..."

Kingsley shook his head and said, "No mistake. And we know from Hogwarts school medical records, Voldemort was male as a student."

Harry continued, "Transfiguration? Metamorphmagus? Surgery? Polyjuice Potion..." He tried to think of other ways to account for it, though the last one was not very likely.

"I was there when Voldemort got his body back in the graveyard," said Harry now shaking his head in confusion. "Wormtail provided his own hand, then some bone from Voldemort's father's grave, and finally took my blood to bring him back."

Harry paused, his mind racing, “Could the bone have been from his mother... or maybe the magical protection my mother gave me...” The thought that Voldemort was restored to a female body because of his mother’s protection revolted him. But then he had a sudden insight.

“No, wait,” said Harry with certain realization. “Voldemort already had a rudimentary body. Wormtail was carrying it and lowered it into the cauldron of potion before adding the other bits. I didn’t see its sex then... or when *he* came out. Voldemort had his back to me before Wormtail robed him. I only saw his outline. I just assumed he was a man... That must be it. The rudimentary body had to have been female.”

“Very good,” said Kingsley.

Burke nodded approvingly.

“Burke is the only person other than I who knows this part because I had him conduct the test personally and held him to secrecy,” said Kingsley. “We took a tissue sample from Voldemort’s body because of the ‘situation.’ Burke performed a head-only Polyjuice test in the Magical Law Enforcement lab. I must say we were astonished by the results.”

Then Burke said, “My head took on the appearance of a young woman who looked a lot like Bertha Jorkins.”

Harry’s jaw dropped. He looked around. Everyone was agape except for Kingsley and Burke.

“Albania,” said Harry softly.

“Exactly,” said Kingsley. “Bertha Jorkins went missing in Albania. You heard Voldemort say he killed her there. He must have used her body in some way to regain the rudimentary body that Wormtail brought back to England.”

“Why do you think Bertha’s rather than Voldemort’s head appeared in the lab test?” asked Harry.

Kingsley shook his head and said, “We can only guess. If Dumbledore were still with us, I’m sure he’d have the best explanation. Burke and I think it was the extraordinary Dark Magic and Voldemort’s soul that created his outward

appearance, but fundamentally, at the base level, his body was Bertha Jorkins. The bone that was added was just calcium and yours or anyone's blood is sexless. However, Voldemort also received some of Wormtail's flesh. We think that probably accounts for the fact that the face we saw was only similar to Bertha's and not exactly hers."

"It eez oorrible!" exclaimed Fleur. "I oope ee eez burning in ell."

## Chapter 7 -- Ginny's Delight

Fleur's outburst broke the tension and allowed everyone to express their disgust, which went on for several minutes.

Finally, Mrs Weasley looked at Mr Weasley and gave him a nod.

Mr Weasley spoke. "Thank you, Minister, for trusting in us... Well now, I must say I don't think anyone is going to top that. I suggest we call it an evening and let Harry, Ginny... and Kreacher... enjoy their beautiful new home."

There was general murmured agreement and they all started to get up, when Ginny said loudly over the scraping of chairs, "I think I can."

Everyone paused and looked at her, waiting.

Ginny winked at Harry, and he grinned at her.

"I'm... *EXPECTING!*" she shouted.

She jumped to her feet with obvious delight and began twirling with her arms above her head.

Mrs Weasley shrieked and rushed around the table to embrace her. Everyone else was cheering. Ron, George, Bill and Percy were pounding Harry on the back.

Kreacher rushed to the table with a dozen open champagne bottles and was magically filling champagne glass which he conjured with a snap of his fingers.

The party was back on.

The unsettling revelation about Voldemort had already retreated from the forefront of their minds.

Mr Weasley started the toasting and the next day nobody could remember when the celebration had finally broken up.

The End

End Notes:

For the complete untold story of Voldemort's return, check out [Secrets and Lies](#).

For more about William Burke, check out [Beyond the Dementor's Kiss](#).

For the untold story of Cornelius Fudge, check out [Imperius Maximus](#).