

Title: Hagrid and Dumbledore

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Summary: The story behind the special bond between Hagrid and Dumbledore.

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Audience: PG

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Warnings: Violence

Length: 16 pages

## Hagrid and Dumbledore

### Chapter 1 -- Expelled

“All in favor of expulsion...” said Professor Armando Dippet, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. He raised his own hand.

Ten of the teachers at the table raised their hands, though only two looked happy about their votes.

“Then it is decided...” declared Professor Dippet.

Professor Albus Dumbledore, the only teacher at the table to not raise his hand, interrupted. “Please let the record show that I stand officially in opposition to expulsion. As I have said, there is no evidence Hagrid had anything to do with the Chamber of Secrets. In fact, it is ludicrous to suggest it.”

“Yes, yes, Dumbledore, we have already been through this,” said Dippet sounding annoyed. “Yet a student has died, and Hagrid does not deny Riddle’s account of his apprehension... He had a *monster spider*, Albus. What else can we conclude?”

Dippet continued, “Are we expected to believe there are *two* monsters within the castle? Are we to believe Hagrid’s story that the spider *told* him it did not kill the girl? Preposterous! I want this whole Chamber of Secrets business behind us as quickly as possible. There will be no more discussion. As Headmaster, it is

ultimately my decision. I am declaring this inquiry concluded. Have Hagrid come back in to receive my decision,” Dippet said with finality.

Dumbledore got up from the table and left the conference room. Most of the other teachers would not make eye contact with him. But both Slughorn and Merrythought gave him disapproving looks.

In the hallway outside, Hagrid was waiting on a bench, hunched over with his elbows on his knees, his head hung low.

Tom Riddle was standing a short distance away leaning against the stone wall, looking up at the ceiling. He looked... board, as if his time were being wasted.

This made Dumbledore angry, but he did not show it. He went to Hagrid, placed a hand on his shoulder and said gently, “Please come back in with me, Mr Hagrid. The Headmaster has made his decision.”

Hagrid raised his head and looked at Dumbledore. Even though still sitting, he was eye to eye with him. Hagrid groaned, “Ya don’t have ta tell me, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir. I already know what’s cummin’.”

Hagrid slowly got up, as if it took a tremendous effort, and then followed Dumbledore back into the room. Dumbledore stood beside Hagrid and did not retake his chair at the table. Hagrid stood dejectedly, looking down at his enormous feet, his arms hanging limply at his sides.

Dippet spoke coldly, “Rubeus Hagrid, it is my decision as Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry that you be expelled forthwith for your serious misconduct, which has contributed to the death of student. In accordance with Ministry statutes, you are required to immediately submit your wand to me for destruction... Place your wand on the table.”

Hagrid trembled as he removed his wand from his robe pocket and placed it on the table in front of Professor Dippet.

Professor Dippet reached out, picked up Hagrid’s wand and, with no attempt at ceremony, immediately snapped it in two and placed the two halves back onto the table.

To Hagrid, the snapping sound signaled finality -- the end to all his hopes and dreams. His shoulders heaved and he began crying openly. Dumbledore placed his hand on Hagrid's back. Most of the other teachers looked away.

Professor Dippet spoke again. "Mr Hagrid, you are to pack your things and leave the school within the next hour. You are not to talk to any students." He then spoke to Dumbledore.

"Professor Dumbledore, as Head of Gryffindor House, you will remain with Mr Hagrid to ensure my instructions are carried out. Report back to me after he has left the school grounds."

Dumbledore nodded.

Dippet then said, "This meeting is adjourned." He and the other teachers got up and, without speaking, promptly left Dumbledore and Hagrid alone in the room.

Hagrid continued to cry, his great body heaving with anguish.

Dumbledore said gently, "Mr Hagrid, I believe you, and I am going to do what I can to help you."

Hagrid, still crying, looked hopefully at Dumbledore, but saw the pained look on Dumbledore's face and realized he wasn't talking about getting Hagrid back into school.

Dumbledore saw the brief look of hope on Hagrid's face. "I'm verry sorry, Mr Hagrid; I cannot get you reinstated, but I will speak to the Headmaster on your behalf. In the meantime, let us get you packed up. I want you to go stay at the Hog's Head in Hogsmeade for the time being. The barman will be expecting you. Do not worry about expenses; I shall take care of everything."

"Please, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir," Hagrid said, now just sobbing, "Ya don't need ta go ta any trouble fer me... I'll manage."

"Rubeus, listen to me," said Dumbledore, now sounding like a friend, "You have just suffered a serious injustice. You are in no fit state to make any decisions. Do as I say. Trust me. Let us go now and we can talk more about this later -- at the Hog's Head."

As he motioned Hagrid toward the door, Dumbledore, unseen by Hagrid, reached out and picked up the two halves of Hagrid's wand from the conference room table and pocketed them.

In the hallway, Tom Riddle was still leaning against the stone wall, now absently polishing his Prefect's badge on his robes. He casually glanced up as Dumbledore led Hagrid down the hallway.

Riddle did not smile, but Dumbledore could sense the unmistakable look of triumph in his eyes.

## Chapter 2 -- At the Hog's Head

"Rubeus, I have good news," said Dumbledore smiling kindly.

They sat at a table in the Hog's Head, which was empty except for themselves and the barman. Hagrid still looked extremely depressed. Dumbledore had found him at the table when he entered the inn. When Dumbledore had gone to the bar to order drinks, the barman told him Hagrid had had taken his school trunk to his room and then returned to sit alone at the table all afternoon. He had wanted Firewhisky, but because of his age, the barman had only given him Butterbeer.

Hagrid looked at Dumbledore but didn't say anything. He was clearly still very depressed.

"I have spoken with Professor Dippet about your situation. He was unaware of your personal circumstances and has agreed to my proposal. He is offering you the job of assistant to Mr Ogg, the gamekeeper."

Hagrid blinked several times and shook his head as if he were unsure of what he had just heard. "Ya mean... I can *stay*... at Hogwarts?" His words were unsure and tremulous.

"Yes, you can stay," responded Dumbledore assuredly.

Tears appeared in Hagrid's large dark eyes. He suddenly heaved himself up from the table to hug Dumbledore. He also unintentionally lifted the table up with his lap, upsetting it and their drinks. The barman scowled.

Dumbledore jumped back, upsetting his own chair, and barely maintained his balance when Hagrid grabbed Dumbledore's right hand with both of his own and shook it vigorously in appreciation.

"I can't thank ya enough, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir. Hogwarts is me home; I had nowhere ta go. I didn't know what I was goin' ta do. I'll do right by ya for helpin' me; I promise," Hagrid blubbered in appreciation.

"I know you will, Rubeus. I trust you. Ogg is a good man. He will teach you everything you need to know. I expect, in good time, that you will become Hogwarts Gamekeeper," Dumbledore said confidently.

Then in an advisory tone he said, "I know you are still a boy, but you look like a man. So people are going to expect grown up things from you. You may be teased by your former classmates, but I know you can handle it. In a few years, the students will not know what happened. I think this job plays to your strengths and interests, so it benefits both you and Hogwarts."

"I won't be lettin' ya down, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir," Hagrid said earnestly.

"I'm sure you of that," Dumbledore said with a confident smile. "But now we need to get going. You are to report to Ogg tonight. He already has your accommodations arranged; so, you will not even need to spend one night away from Hogwarts. You start work tomorrow. Now go collect your things and I will take care of the table and chairs."

Hagrid nodded and left the bar room.

As Dumbledore waved his wand and restored the table, chairs and glasses to their former positions and vanished the spilled drinks, the barman approached him and spoke. "Always sticking your nose into other people's affairs, Albus," he said gruffly.

"I am just trying to right a terrible wrong, Aberforth," Dumbledore said to his younger brother.

"Is this one worth it? He's none too bright and clearly abnormal."

“His heart is good,” said Dumbledore. Then he looked Aberforth in the eyes and said coolly, “I would have expected you, of all people, to have more sympathy for someone *abnormal*.”

Aberforth’s face flushed, and he glared at Albus but did not say anything. Then he flipped the dirty bar towel he was carrying over his shoulder. He turned away and walked back behind the bar and busied himself, ignoring his brother.

At that moment, Hagrid returned carrying his large school trunk as if it were a satchel. He placed his room key on the bar.

Dumbledore said, “Good. I will walk you back. After you have completed your first week with Ogg, come see me in my office after dinner so we can talk.”

“Yes, sir, Professor Dumbledore, sir,” said Hagrid.

Dumbledore patted Hagrid on the shoulder and ushered him out of the Hog’s Head.

### Chapter 3 -- The Pink Umbrella

Hagrid poked his head around the partially open door of Dumbledore’s office and cleared his throat.

“Ah, Rubeus, please come in and sit down,” said Dumbledore cheerfully.

Hagrid looked at the rather spindly wooden chair in front of Dumbledore’s desk with real concern.

Dumbledore saw this and said, “Ah, let me take care of that.” He waived his wand and the chair transformed. It was now twice its former size and appeared to have a much more robust construction.

Hagrid smiled and sat down. He had a look of envy on his face at the magic just performed.

Dumbledore started the conversation. “Tell me, how was your first week?”

"It were fine, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir. Ogg's a fair man. Givin' me lots of responsibilities, he is," Hagrid said proudly. "Nothin' I can't handle so far. I'm learnin' loads, 'specially 'bout the creatures in the Forbidden Forest -- way more than 'n Care of Magical Creatures... not that I'm criticizin' Perfessor Kettleburn," Hagrid added quickly.

"Of course not," said Dumbledore pleasantly. "It sounds like you are *perfect* for the job -- as I fully expected." Then he paused, looked seriously at Hagrid and asked, "Any problems with the students?"

Hagrid looked down and muttered, "Nah, nothin' really. I hear some laughin' and see some pointin' sometimes. Couple of Slytherins tried ta hex me, but it didn't have no effect. Ogg ran 'em off. Mostly they ignore me. It don't bother me none."

"Good. I am glad to hear it," said Dumbledore sounding reassured. "But if something happens that concerns you, you can come to me. As far as I am concerned, you are still in *my* House," Dumbledore said kindly.

"Thanks fer yer faith in me, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir. I won't let ya down," Hagrid said with conviction.

Dumbledore had offered Hagrid help because he knew Hagrid would never ask for it. But now he would do something more to give Hagrid the help he really needed.

Dumbledore said, "Hagrid, please close the door and then come over to my desk." Hagrid did so and stood across from Dumbledore who was also now standing.

Lying on the desk between them was Hagrid's wand -- unbroken and intact.

Hagrid gasped and stammered, "Is that...? How...?" Then he stopped and just looked at Dumbledore, his eyes wide.

Dumbledore gave Hagrid a mischievous smile. "Yes, it is your wand, the one professor Dippet snapped in two. I too thought repairing a snapped wand was impossible. Ollivander confirmed it when I asked him about it. But here sits your wand as good as new. Unfortunately, *how* I did it must remain a secret even from you. But *that* I did it must also remain a secret -- between *us*. You must promise me."

“Oh, I promise, Professor Dumbledore, sir, I do,” said Hagrid earnestly. He looked longingly at his wand but did not move to pick it up, sensing Dumbledore was not finished.

“Good. You know you are not supposed to have a wand and are not, strictly speaking, supposed to use magic, correct?” asked Dumbledore.

“Yes, sir, Professor Dumbledore, sir.”

Dumbledore nodded. “So, then you realize you cannot carry your wand or show your wand to anyone, correct?”

“Yes, sir, Professor Dumbledore, sir.”

Hagrid wondered why Dumbledore would ask him this if he were going to give it back to him.

“What is your favorite color, Rubeus?” asked Dumbledore, surprising Hagrid.

“What?” said Hagrid, obviously confused.

“What is your favorite color?” Dumbledore repeated, now with a glint in his eye.

“Uh... pink, I think, Professor Dumbledore, sir,” said Hagrid, still confused.

Dumbledore chuckled at the notion. Then he waived his wand and conjured a pink ribbon out of thin air. He caught it as it floated down. He picked up Hagrid’s wand and wound the pink ribbon around it in a spiral so it was completely covered. Then he laid it back on the desk. He looked at Hagrid and winked.

Dumbledore pointed his wand at Hagrid’s ribbon-covered wand and flicked his wrist. Instantaneously, a pink umbrella appeared where Hagrid’s wand had been.

Hagrid looked at Dumbledore questioningly.

Dumbledore said, “Give it a try.”



Hagrid picked up the pink umbrella by the handle and, understanding what was expected, pointed it at a book lying on Dumbledore's desk while saying, "*Wingardium Leviosa*."

The book lazily floated off the desk.

Hagrid whooped.

"We'll, everything seems to be in order," said Dumbledore smiling.

"And it *feels* right too. Thank you, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir!" exclaimed Hagrid. "This is more 'an I dreamed of." Hagrid beamed.

Dumbledore could not remember ever seeing Hagrid so happy.

"But now for my *conditions*, Rubeus," Dumbledore said quite seriously.

"*Anythin'* ya say, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir, *anythin'*," he answered earnestly.

"You may not perform magic using this... *umbrella*... in front of anyone who expects you to follow the Ministry regulations on expulsion. This is a very simple but subtle rule. Do you understand?" asked Dumbledore.

"Uh..." said Hagrid sounding very uncertain.

"Let me put it this way. Only people whom you fully trust, only your closest friends should ever see you use it. And even for them, you are never to explain what this umbrella is or how you got it. Aside from that, all the usual rules restricting wand use also apply. An official inquiry into what this umbrella is would be very unpleasant for the both of us. Understand?"

Hagrid nodded his head and said, "Yes, sir, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir." This time he understood -- at least for the moment.

Dumbledore knew Hagrid was not the most cautious or conscientious person, but he figured he was worth the risk. "Please stop in now and then to let me know how you are getting on."

"Yes, sir, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir."

Dumbledore smiled and said, "Right then, off you go."

"Good night, Perfessor Dumbledore, sir."

Hagrid turned and left the room cradling the pink umbrella in his arms like a precious object.

#### Chapter 4 -- Twenty-Seven Years Later: The War Begins

"Rosmerta, I have certainly reached my limit, and likely far exceeded it, given the excellent oak matured mead you have provided for the occasion," said Dumbledore as he returned his now empty goblet to the bar and leaned heavily against it. "I think it is well past time for me to go."

"It's been *years* since you closed down the place with me -- in fact, probably not since before you became Headmaster, what... over twenty years ago," observed Madam Rosmerta.

"That long?" Dumbledore laughed. "Well, time certainly does have a way of getting away from you. Or, I could say I had simply conceded the honor to Rubeus, who has prodigiously exceeded my own appreciation for the spirits," he said winking at Rosmerta.

They both looked across the empty barroom at the back of a huge man, who had slumped over onto his table with his head down. He was either asleep or passed out, his large hand still clutching an enormous tankard.

"That's pretty much standard for Hagrid," said Rosmerta sadly. "I think he's lonely. He needs a girlfriend; but I'm not sure there's one out there for him."

"You never know," Dumbledore said optimistically. Then he forced himself away from the bar to stand fully erect and offered, "Do you want me to help you with him?"

"No thanks. I'll let him sleep until I've cleaned up and then just dump a bucket of water on him. He'll rouse himself and apologize at least twenty times on his way out," Rosmerta said cheerfully. "It's pretty much our routine."

Dumbledore chuckled and declared, "Well then, I am off. Good night, Rosmerta, and Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year to you too, Albus!" Rosmerta replied in kind.

The wind outside the Three Broomsticks was howling.

As Dumbledore moved to wrap his traveling cloak against the wind, the door to the inn got away from him and slammed closed with a loud BANG.

He shivered. It was very cold and dark. The sky was heavily overcast, but there was no snow in the air or on the ground. The street was deserted. Everyone was in bed, sleeping off their night of celebration.

As Dumbledore walked out of Hogsmeade on the path back to Hogwarts, the wind in the trees sounded like the roar of ocean surf. He could not wait to get back to the castle and into his warm bed. Soon, he was nearing a small stone bridge that marked the halfway point between Hogsmeade and Hogwarts.

Without warning, ropes flew at Dumbledore from multiple directions. He reacted quickly, but not fast enough. His wand was only half way out of his robes when he found himself bound tightly from head to foot. His wand hand protruded through the ropes in front of his chest but his wand had fallen to the ground.

Four Death Eaters suddenly appeared before him -- having removed very good Disillusionment Charms. Dumbledore could also sense several others behind him.

One of those directly in front of him approached and spoke.

"Trussed up like a pig for slaughter," he said triumphantly. He illuminated the tip of his wand to show his face. It was Mulciber. "The Dark Lord thinks it'll be better to have you out of the way on his rise to power. I was hopin' to do you myself, you filthy Muggle lover, but he wants you for himself." He glared at Dumbledore inches from his face. "I'll bet now you wish you'd given the Dark Lord that teachin' job," he said derisively.

The others all laughed and jeered.

Mulciber then roughly pushed Dumbledore backward and he fell hard onto his back. They all drew close to lord over him.

In the light from Mulciber's wand, Dumbledore could see there were seven Death Eaters in all. He also recognized Lestrangle, Avery and Rosier but not the other three. The four he recognized had been Tom Riddle's followers in Slytherin at Hogwarts so many years ago. They were now his henchmen -- his *Death Eaters*.

"So he sends you to do his dirty work for him," Dumbledore said without any note of fear. "I am very disappointed."

Mulciber kicked Dumbledore hard in the ribs. Dumbledore gasped and coughed in pain.

"You won't be so glib after he's worked you over. You'll be screamin' for your mum," snarled Mulciber.

"Screaming for *death*, more like it," said Rosier. They all laughed again.

"NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!" The voice was loud, rough, angry, and... very close.

The Death Eaters all jumped, but not fast enough. A huge log crashed down on them, crushing two of them with one blow and knocking two others aside. Then an enormous man waded in among them throwing blows with massive fists. The face of another Death Eater was smashed in by one tremendous blow and another Death Eater was raised off the ground by his neck and throttled until it snapped. But now, three Death Eaters were battling back, firing spells.

The huge man used the body of the Death Eater he was holding by the neck as a shield. It had already been hit by several killing curses. The huge man bellowed and charged at the three standing Death Eaters throwing the body at them, knocking one down. The huge man then seized another Death Eater, spun him around, grabbed him under the chin and tore his head off, flinging it away with one brutal motion.

As he dropped the headless body and looked to continue his rampage, he was hit with two spells in the face that blinded and staggered him. Many more spells hit him and he fell to his knees with his hands over his eyes. He howled in pain, but then suddenly lashed out wildly with his hands trying to hit and grab anything that might be within reach.

But the two remaining Death Eaters stayed carefully out of reach.

Mulciber growled with intense anger and hatred, "Hagrid, you are going to regret the day you were born." He nodded at the other Death Eater and said, "Together..."

They both pointed their wands at Hagrid and said, "*Crucio.*"

Hagrid screamed in agony and fell forward onto the ground twisting and convulsing. The two Death Eaters laughed. One even danced a jig as he tortured Hagrid.

Then suddenly the dancing Death Eater was crushed flat to the ground as if smashed under the weight of an enormous invisible boulder.

Mulciber spun around with his wand ready to attack, but instead he burst into flames and his wand flew out of his hand. He kept spinning -- like a top, faster and faster, and the flames became a blowtorch. Then there was a bright red flash and embers flew in all directions. Mulciber was gone.

The last thing Mulciber ever saw was Albus Dumbledore lying on the ground, still fully bound with the one hand poking out of the ropes -- but now holding his wand. His face was fury itself.

Dumbledore waved his wand and the ropes binding him vanished. He stood up and rushed to Hagrid's side.

"Rubeus, are you all right?" he asked, his voice heavy with concern.

Hagrid stirred and lifted his head. "I... can't... see..." he groaned. Dumbledore could see many deep cuts and gashes on his face and body. Hagrid was covered in blood; but Dumbledore was sure that most of it belonged to the Death Eaters.

"I hope it's just a Conjunctivitis Hex," said Dumbledore. He waved his wand and asked, "Is that better?"

"Yea..., I can see some... now... a bit," Hagrid replied with difficulty. His voice sounded like he was in a lot of pain. "Sorry... I didn't... get 'em... all..."

Perfessor... Dumbledore... sir," said Hagrid sounding embarrassed despite his obvious pain.

"Rubeus, you saved my *life!* I am forever in your debt!" cried Dumbledore.

"It's nothin'... Least I could do... after all... yer done... fer me," Hagrid said, gasping with each phrase.

"Can you stand?" asked Dumbledore, sounding very concerned. "I need to get you to Madam Pomfrey right away."

"Nah..., I'm... all right," groaned Hagrid as he very slowly and with obvious effort got to his hands and knees and then with a final huge grunt, staggered to his feet. "Take more 'an... a couple o'... Death Eater curses... ta take me out," he finished, slapping his hands together to remove the dirt.

Dumbledore chuckled in admiration of Hagrid's toughness. "Right. Then, listen now... I need your help. There are things we must do -- some nasty things. This must remain a secret between us. A war has started tonight. A war we must *win*."

"I was foolishly caught off guard -- in more ways than one," Dumbledore said bitterly. "It started much sooner than I expected. Lord Voldemort was trying to get me out of the way, but you prevented that, Rubeus. I must put plans into motion and I want you to be a part of them."

"Rubeus, you will be the first member of a secret organization I will form to fight Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters. We will discuss this more later. For now, I must ask you to help me perform a bit of psychological warfare on our enemy -- I need to get into his head a bit."

Dumbledore paused, and then continued. "My reputation, my '*legend*', as it were, needs to grow." Dumbledore had a grim smile on his face, which Hagrid didn't see.

"Hagrid, gather up all the Death Eater's wands," instructed Dumbledore. "I need all seven -- such a magical number -- and therefore, the greater the effect." He pointed his wand at Hagrid and said, "*Oculus Felinus*."

"Woa!" exclaimed Hagrid in surprise. "I can see like... it's twilight...; though everythin's... gray."

“That will help you find their wands,” said Dumbledore. “I do not want us to be observed at the moment.” He performed a few other spells to ensure they would not be detected or disturbed.

While Hagrid collected the wands, Dumbledore used magic to excavate a great deep hole in the ground off the side of the road. He then levitated the remaining six bodies -- and body parts -- into the hole. Hagrid could not see what happened, but a bubbling and gurgling sound came out of the hole along with a thick cloud of steam. It only lasted about ten seconds and then dissipated. Finally, Dumbledore refilled the hole and cast a spell that made the fight scene by the bridge appear as if nothing at all had happened there.

When Dumbledore was done, Hagrid handed him the wands.

Dumbledore spoke, “No trace of those Death Eaters will ever be found. Only their wands remain. I shall send these wands to Lord Voldemort in the morning -- with my *compliments*,” he added grimly. “My message will be clear. I am sure he will keep his receipt of the wands a secret from his followers, but they will all know he sent seven Death Eaters after me, and none returned. This will help us in our fight.”

“Come, Rubeus. Let us get you to Madam Pomfrey,” Dumbledore finished.

They walked together back to Hogwarts. The cold windy night now seemed to invigorate them after their victory.

## Chapter 5 -- Eleven Years Later: The Boy Delivered

Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall were standing together outside number four, Privet Drive.

Professor McGonagall spoke, **‘But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?’**

**‘Hagrid’s bringing him.’**

**‘You think it -- wise -- to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?’**

**‘I would trust Hagrid with my life,’ said Dumbledore.**

The End

End Notes: The quotations in **bold** text in Chapter 5 of this story are taken from Chapter One of Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone, by J. K. Rowling.