

Harry Potter in The World of Path Semantics

by Sven Nilsen, 2023

As Harry and his friends settled in around the dinner table, Dumbledore's voice boomed throughout the hall. "Attention students, I have an exciting announcement to make. This upcoming semester, we will be offering a brand new class called Path Semantics."

Hermione's eyes widened with excitement. "Path Semantics? That sounds fascinating! What will the class cover?"

Dumbledore smiled warmly. "It will delve into the study of the hidden meanings behind magical pathways and the spells used to navigate them."

Ron scratched his head in confusion. "I'm not sure I follow. What do you mean by 'hidden meanings'?"

Dumbledore chuckled. "The true power of magic lies in the subtleties, Ronald. The class will explore the nuanced meanings behind the incantations and gestures that guide us through the wizarding world."

Harry's curiosity was piqued. "Count us in, Professor! We're excited to learn more about the intricacies of magic."

With a nod of approval, Dumbledore replied, "Excellent, I look forward to seeing you all in class."

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When Harry Potter and his friends made their way up the winding staircase to the classroom of Path Semantics, the castle's stone walls echoed their footsteps as they climbed higher and higher, the ancient stone walls of the castle tower loomed around them, and the flickering torches cast eerie shadows across the uneven floor.

"Did you hear about the new wizarding cafe that just opened in Hogsmeade?" Hermione asked, her bushy hair bouncing as she climbed the stairs.

Ron shook his head. "No, what's it called?"

"The Magic Bean," Hermione replied, a smile playing at the corners of her lips. "They have the most amazing selection of coffee and pastries. We have to go this weekend!"

Harry grinned at his friends' enthusiasm, but his mind was also buzzing with excitement for their first Path Semantics class. They finally reached the top of the staircase and pushed open the heavy oak door. The room was spacious, with a high ceiling and tall windows that let in streams of sunlight. The walls were lined with shelves of old books and scrolls, and a large wooden desk sat at the front of the room. The air was thick with the scent of old parchment and magic. Windows in the north wall offered a breathtaking view of the grounds below, but the chill in the air made it clear they were high up in the castle.

Hermione, always the diligent student, led the way to a row of desks near the window. "This one will do," she declared, sliding into a chair and placing her bag on the floor. Ron plopped down beside her, grinning, while Harry took the desk in front of them.

As they waited for the class to begin, they continued to chat about their summer adventures. But their chatter was interrupted when they heard a sudden crash from outside. The students rushed to the window, heartbeats racing as they looked out to see what had happened.

To their relief, they saw that it was just a group of mischievous first-years playing a game of Quidditch. Harry let out a laugh, relieved that it was nothing serious. "I guess we're not the only ones excited for the new school year," he remarked, turning back to his friends with a smile.

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Suddenly, the door creaked open, and in walked none other than Dumbledore himself. The trio gasped in surprise, their jaws dropping as they stared at the revered wizard in awe.

"Good evening, students," said Dumbledore, his voice booming through the silent room. "I trust you are all excited for tonight's lesson?"

The three nodded in unison, unable to contain their excitement.

"Well then, let us begin," said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling behind his half-moon glasses.

As he spoke, the room began to fill with a soft, warm light, and the walls seemed to shimmer with magic.

"Tonight, we will be exploring the intricate world of Path Semantics," continued Dumbledore. "This is a complex and challenging subject, but I have every faith that you will all rise to the occasion."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged excited glances, eager to dive into the world of magic and learn from the greatest wizard of all time.

As Dumbledore stood at the front of the room, his robes flowing in the breeze, he addressed the class, "Today we shall delve into the intricacies of Leibniz' law. I suggest you all turn to page 23 in your textbooks."

The students dutifully reached for their books, flipping through the pages until they arrived at the specified section. Hermione's brow furrowed as she read through the dense text, while Ron scratched his head in confusion.

"Professor," Harry spoke up, "this seems a bit complicated. Can you explain it to us?"

Dumbledore gazed at the students with a twinkle in his eye. "Ah, Mr. Potter, the beauty of Path Semantics lies in its complexity. But fear not, I shall do my best to simplify it for you."

He then proceeded to explain the concept in his usual patient and wise manner, while the students listened intently. He raised his hand, and the Sorting Hat appeared at the center of their table. Dumbledore said, smiling warmly: "I see you are all ready to learn about 'Leibniz' law.' However, before we do that, I have an important lesson to teach you using this humble hat."

The students stared at the Sorting Hat in confusion, wondering how it could possibly be related to logic. Dumbledore continued, "For centuries, it was believed that 'Leibniz' law' was a fundamental truth in logic. It states that if two objects are equal, then they must share all their properties."

"But," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "a famous wizard named Sven Nilsen discovered a counter-example that shook the foundation of this law. And we can demonstrate this using the Sorting Hat."

Harry and his friends leaned forward in their seats, eager to see what Dumbledore was about to do. The Sorting Hat seemed to come to life, and it began to speak.

"I am a hat, and I have the property of being a hat," it said. "But I also have the property of being able to sort students into their respective houses. So, if we follow Leibniz' law, any object equal to myself must have both of these properties."

"The hat is right, but ignore that little hat chat. Now, imagine this scenario," Dumbledore continued, "If a clone of Harry Potter were to be sorted after the original Harry Potter, there is a possibility that the sorting hat may place the clone in a different house, even though they appear identical."

Harry's eyes widened with surprise. "But why is that, Professor?"

Dumbledore leaned against his desk, folding his arms. "The sorting hat does not simply take into account one's appearance. It takes into consideration one's personality, values, and even their future potential. It is possible for two individuals to appear similar on the surface but have fundamentally different qualities that would result in them being sorted into different houses."

Ron scratched his head in confusion. "So, what you're saying is that I could have been a Slytherin if I had been sorted at a different time?"

"On the contrary," Dumbledore said. "Leibniz' law, which states that if two objects are equal have all the same properties, needs to be modified only in the case of cloning. A clone will always be a little different than how the original is equal to itself. This might cause the clone to be sorted into a different house, but one can not say the same about Ron being sorted twice."

The classroom was quiet except for the scratching of quills on parchment as Dumbledore led his Path Semantics class in a thought-provoking discussion. Hermione was furiously taking notes, while Ron and Harry were lost in contemplation, trying to wrap their heads around the concept of identity and cloning.

Hermione's eyes widened in understanding. "So if we applied this to Ron, for example, and sorted him at a different time, he would still end up in Gryffindor, because he is the original Ron, with all of his unique traits and experiences."

The group fell into deep thought, contemplating the philosophical implications of cloning and identity. Dumbledore observed them with a small smile, waiting for the perfect moment to present the final piece of the puzzle.

Suddenly, Harry sat up in his seat, his eyes shining with curiosity. "In the cloning process, why is it not possible to create an exact copy of oneself that includes all unique traits and experiences?"

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled mischievously as he leaned forward, his wand at the ready. "Ah, my dear Harry, that is because of symbolic distinction." He waved his wand, and glowing letters appeared in the air, spelling out the words "Symbolic distinction".

The class leaned forward, eager to learn more. Dumbledore continued, "When we say there is a clone of Harry, we also imply in the same sentence that the clone is not the exact same as the

original Harry. Otherwise, it is not possible to convey the meaning that two objects are equal, like Harry and his clone, but as Sven Nilsen pointed out, symbolic distinct."

Hermione scribbled furiously in her notebook, while Ron scratched his head, still trying to grasp the concept. As for Harry, his mind was buzzing with possibilities. The cloning process did not put an upper limit on identity, did it? Could he create a clone of himself that had all of his experiences and traits, but also differed in some symbolic way? The possibilities were endless.

The class continued on, delving deeper into the mysteries of identity and language, while outside the window, the Hogwarts grounds were bathed in the soft light of a setting sun. The Hogwarts classroom was abuzz with excitement as Professor Dumbledore led on the discussion on the nature of truth. Hermione Granger, ever the eager student, couldn't help but raise her hand in excitement.

"This is brilliant!" she exclaimed. "This means that when we say two objects are equal, we are not telling the entire truth, are we?"

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled as he turned to face Hermione. "Five points to Gryffindor!" he said with a smile. "As Hermione suggests, we must consider the deeper philosophical implications. What does it truly mean to say that two objects are exactly the same? Can we ever know for certain that we are not withholding some aspect of the truth?"

The other students leaned in, intrigued by the discussion. Dumbledore continued, his voice low and thoughtful.

"If we cannot know for certain when we claim that two objects are equal, that they are truly identical, then how can we assume that we know the entire truth about anything?"

The classroom fell silent as the weight of Dumbledore's words sunk in. Without noticing before this moment, due to the depth of the interesting discussion, the sun had went beyond the horizon and darkness ensued the room. The student became aware of the flickering candles casting shadows across the faces, highlighting their thoughtful expressions.

Hermione, unable to contain her excitement, spoke up again. "But Professor, if we can never know the entire truth about anything, then how can we trust anything we perceive to be true?"

Ron had an idea: "Let's say there existed a clone of me. When I was born, there was no clone. Can one think about the original me as the object that has been there before the cloning process?"

As Dumbledore surveyed the eager faces of his students, a glimmer of excitement danced in his eyes. Ron had just posed an intriguing question that had piqued the great wizard's curiosity.

"You are onto something, Ron," Dumbledore replied, his voice deep and authoritative. He swept his gaze over the classroom, taking in the rows of desks and the various magical artifacts that adorned the walls.

Suddenly, he raised his wand, and with a deft flick, conjured an awe-inspiring illusion in the air above them. It was a breathtaking display of the Big Bang, the birth of the universe, and the formation of galaxies.

The students sat spellbound, their eyes glued to the swirling vortex of stars and planets. But Dumbledore was not finished yet. With a flourish of his wand, he added a question to Ron's already intriguing one.

"In the vast expanse of the universe," he said, his voice tinged with wonder, "is there ever a moment where cloning has not occurred? And if we could travel back in time, would we be able to find the original object from which all others were cloned?"

The students sat in rapt silence, their minds racing with the possibilities. It was the most interesting class they had ever had, and they knew that they were in the presence of a true master of magic.

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The next day, Harry and his friends were gathered around the dinner table at Hogwarts. The aroma of freshly roasted chicken and buttered vegetables wafted through the air, making their stomachs growl in anticipation. As they dug into their plates, they couldn't help but reminisce about yesterday's class of Path Semantics. The subject of identity and cloning was so fascinating that they couldn't help but talk about it.

Harry, with a glint of excitement in his eyes, brought up an intriguing idea. "What if I made a clone of myself with magic? But instead of just a fake replica, it would contain all my experiences and memories, yet still be symbolically distinct in some way."

Hermione was quick to pick up on the idea and eagerly offered to research it in the library. Meanwhile, Ron had his own thoughts to share. "It's funny you mention that, Harry. I've always wondered about my brothers Fred and George, the Weasley twins. They have similar personalities and think alike sometimes, but they're still different as individuals."

The conversation continued as they enjoyed their meal, discussing the possibilities and intricacies of cloning and identity. The Great Hall was buzzing with excitement and curiosity, and even the portraits on the walls seemed to be listening in on the discussion. As the sun began to set and the dinner plates were cleared away, Harry and his friends knew that they had stumbled upon something truly fascinating.

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The Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was abuzz with excitement as the students of the advanced course on Path Semantics gathered in the classroom high up in the tower. Professor Dumbledore, the Headmaster of the school, stood at the front of the room, his bright blue eyes twinkling with delight as he welcomed his students.

"Today, we will be discussing the concept of equality," Dumbledore began, "specifically, how one expresses equality of two objects A and B from the beginning of time."

The class leaned in, eager to learn more.

"As you all know, the traditional way of expressing equality is through the use of the double equals sign, or $==$," Dumbledore continued. "However, in the realm of Path Semantics, we can express a stronger notion of equality by using the expression $(A == B)^{\wedge true}$."

Hermione, always one to ask thought-provoking questions, raised her hand.

"But Professor, isn't that just saying that A and B are always equal?" she asked.

"Ah, an excellent question, Miss Granger," Dumbledore replied with a smile. "Indeed, $(A == B)^{\wedge true}$ does imply that A and B are always equal, not just in a given moment. This

notion of equality is especially useful in certain magical applications where consistency over time is crucial."

Some of the students in the class nodded in understanding, and Dumbledore continued to explain the nuances of this concept. The Hogwarts students sat in rapt attention as Dumbledore paced back and forth in front of the blackboard. His robes swished around him as he spoke. A few of the students exchanged confused looks. Dumbledore launched into his explanation with patience and clarity.

"The expression $(A == B)^{true}$ is often used to say that A is tautologically equal to B," he said. "This means that when two objects are equal since the beginning of time, they are tautologically equal. It's not just a matter of being equal in the present moment. Tautological equality, if true, proves equality, it doesn't merely assume it. The latter can happen when two objects are symbolic distinct."

Hermione's hand shot up. "But Professor," she said, "if we can never know the entire truth, how can we assume that $(A == B)^{true}$ is valid?"

Dumbledore smiled. "Ah, Miss Granger, that's the beauty of it. Most of the time, we don't assume that the statement is valid, we prove it, in which case it is not necessary to express tautological equality. However, sometimes, it is convenient to assume $(A == B)^{true}$. Tautological equality is to express when we assume equality since the beginning of time. And just like the original Harry we talked about yesterday, who has a unique kind of equality to himself, compared to a clone of Harry who might get sorted into a different house, $(A == B)^{true}$ expresses a claim that can be interpreted as something that's been true since the beginning of time."

The class nodded in understanding, and Dumbledore continued to explain the nuances of this concept, using examples and diagrams on the blackboard.

"The expression of tautological equality $(A == B)^{true}$ may seem useful at first glance, but it is a flawed way of making a claim about two objects being equal since the beginning of time," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling as he looked out at his students.

Hermione raised her hand, eager to ask a question. "But Professor, why is it flawed?"

Dumbledore smiled indulgently. "Because, my dear Miss Granger, it only allows us to assume the truth of the statement. It does not give us a proof."

Hermione looked puzzled. She asked Dumbledore: "Yesterday, we we talked about $A == B$, we said it was like how two clones were equal. Yet, today we also learned that $(A == B)^{true}$ is flawed. Is this because we can not know the entire truth? So, even if $(A == B)^{true}$ is a stronger statement than $A == B$, it is still too weak to convey the entire meaning of identity?"

Dumbledore answered simply: "Yes".

The class nodded in understanding, and Dumbledore continued, his wand tapping the blackboard as he drew diagrams to illustrate his point.

"However," he continued, "if we can actually prove that $A == B$, then we have a true proof of their equality. But the key difference here is between a proof in logic and a statement written in logic that one has a proof."

The Hogwarts classroom was filled with a sense of purpose as students huddled over their parchments, quills scratching away as they tried to keep up with Dumbledore's lecture on the intricacies of magic. The air was thick with anticipation, and Ron's hand shot up in the midst of the chaos.

"Professor, if the universe knows that I am me and not a clone, does that mean there is actual proof of me being me?" Ron asked, his voice eager.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled with amusement as he nodded his head in affirmation. "Indeed, Ron, you are quite astute. The universe must have actual proof of your identity, for if it were simply a statement, it would be possible to cheat using magic in such a way that a clone could not be distinguished from the original."

The class fell silent, the weight of Dumbledore's words settling over them like a heavy blanket. Hermione's quill paused in midair, as if frozen by the gravity of the moment.

"Magic only works insofar as it relates to the universe, not the language of logic," Dumbledore continued. "But understanding logic is essential to the study and development of new magic spells. Without it, we risk the safety of ourselves and those around us."

The students were gathered in the Hogwarts classroom, their eyes glued to Professor Dumbledore as he spoke about the intricacies of Path Semantics. His words were like music to their ears, and they hung onto every syllable that escaped his lips.

As he spoke, the room hummed with a newfound sense of purpose. The students redoubled their efforts to absorb every scrap of knowledge Dumbledore had to offer, scribbling furiously on their parchments. They knew that this lesson would stay with them long after they left the walls of Hogwarts.

Suddenly, Harry's hand shot up, and Dumbledore turned to him with a smile. "Yes, Mr. Potter? Do you have a question?"

Harry nodded eagerly. "Professor Dumbledore, if an actual proof of $A == B$ exists, then how can it be used? Even when $(A == B)^{true}$ is just an assumption, is it possible to obtain it from the actual proof of $A == B$?"

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled with pleasure. "Ten points to Gryffindor! This is the sort of question that the brilliant minds in Path Semantics are asking themselves. You would blend right in among the professionals."

The students looked on in awe as Dumbledore continued. "Indeed, from an actual proof of $A == B$, one can obtain $(A == B)^{true}$. It is similar to a cloning process, where the actual proof of $A == B$ is the original and $(A == B)^{true}$ is the clone. They have equal meaning, but they are still symbolically distinct."

As Dumbledore spoke, the students continued to scribble furiously on their parchments, eager to capture every word of his wisdom. The room was alive with the sound of scratching quills and the occasional murmur of agreement. It was a moment that none of them would soon forget, a moment where they were all united in their quest for knowledge.

Hermione, the brightest witch of her age, sat deep in thought, contemplating the complexities of logic and symbolism. She was thinking about how logic always managed to hide an aspect of truth,

yet also how powerful symbolic distinction was as a tool to make progress in understanding the connection between identity, cloning and magic. She raised her hand, eager to contribute to the discussion.

But before she could speak, Dumbledore interrupted her, a knowing smile on his face. "I know what you're about to ask, Hermione, which is about symbolic indistinction" he said. "But that topic will have to wait for another day. For now, let us focus on the matter at hand."

The students trained themselves through discussion to think properly about the 3 levels of equality they learned today: First, normal equality, which is just an assumption. Second, tautological equality, which is an assumption claiming equality from the beginning. Third, a proof of actual equality, which is not directly expressible as a statement. Each step getting closer to the entire truth through symbolic distinction as a way to make progress.

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Beneath the rustling canopy of a towering tree in the Hogwarts schoolyard, Harry and his chums Ron and Hermione lounged, each clutching metal boxes filled with delicious lunchtime treats. The gifts were bestowed upon them by Ron's doting mother in celebration of their success in their first owl exams. As they savored the snacks and chatted, Hermione shared an intriguing tidbit.

"I have to say, the Path Semantics class has completely revolutionized my perspective on the universe," Hermione said, eyes sparkling with newfound understanding. "The way identity, cloning, and magic are all intertwined is just fascinating."

Ron and Harry nodded in agreement, their minds also buzzing with the knowledge they had gained from the class. Harry eagerly piped up, "We were so excited about it that we even asked some of the other teachers if we could conduct identity experiments in our dorm rooms using transfiguration."

Hermione's eyes widened with curiosity. "And did they let you?"

"Surprisingly, yes," Harry replied, a mischievous glint in his eye. "They only stipulated that a prefect student had to supervise the experiments."

The trio chuckled in delight, imagining the endless possibilities that awaited them. Hogwarts truly was a magical place, where anything was possible with the right amount of knowledge and experimentation.

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As Sirius Black lay in his prison bed, he plotted his escape. His mind raced with possibilities, but he knew that he needed to create a distraction if he was to slip past the guards unnoticed. He sat up and looked around his cell, taking in the dreary surroundings.

The walls were cold and damp, covered in a thin layer of mold. The only light came from a small window, which was too high up to see out of. Sirius knew that he was trapped here, unless he could find a way out.

Suddenly, an idea struck him. He could create a clone of himself, using his transfiguration skills. If the guards used spells to check for dreams, he could fool them into thinking that he was still in his bed, while he slipped away unnoticed. This would give him enough time to escape.

Sirius closed his eyes and focused his energy. He visualized his identity within the universe, a vibrating string of space-time around it. He concentrated on the quantum state, projecting it onto the shape of himself, sleeping in front of him.

After what felt like hours, Sirius collapsed onto his bed, exhausted from the effort. But he had done it. In front of him lay a clone of himself, so realistic that even the guards would be fooled.

But he knew that he couldn't leave just yet. He needed to disguise himself, to not draw the attention from the guards. So he transformed himself into a huge black dog and snuck past the guards, who had not noticed the magic spell. From the shadows, he watched one guard at patrol checked his sleeping clone for dreams and moved on.

As he padded down the dark corridors, Sirius knew that he was one step closer to freedom. But he also knew that he had a long way to go. He needed to find a way out of Azkaban, and fast.

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The guards stood vigilant outside the cell, their eyes fixed on the figure lying motionless on the cot. Sirius Black, the notorious prisoner, had been unusually quiet for the past few days, and their suspicions were growing.

"Something's not right," one of the guards muttered, eyeing Sirius warily.

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Dumbledore sat alone in his office, surrounded by the silent, watchful portraits of the previous headmasters. He stared at the walls, lost in thought, his mind consumed with guilt and worry.

"I fear I may have made a grave mistake," he muttered to himself.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and Dumbledore jumped in surprise.

"Come in," he called out, quickly composing himself.

The door creaked open, and Hermione stepped inside. She took a seat across from Dumbledore, looking up at him with concern. She took one look at Dumbledore's troubled expression and knew something was wrong.

"Is everything alright, Professor?" she asked.

Dumbledore sighed heavily, his gaze returning to the paintings on the wall.

"I fear that I may have taken on a task beyond my capabilities," he said, his voice heavy with regret.

Hermione furrowed her brow in confusion.

"What do you mean, Professor?" she asked.

Dumbledore paused, considering his words carefully before speaking.

"Have you come to ask about Path Semantics, in particular about symbolic indistinction?" he asked.

Hermione nodded her head, slowly.

"Path Semantics is a very complex branch of magic that I am teaching this semester," Dumbledore explained. "But the truth is, I'm not entirely sure I'm the best person to be teaching it."

Hermione looked at Dumbledore, her expression softening with understanding.

"It's alright to ask for help, Professor," she said kindly.

Dumbledore's mind racing with the memory of the mistake that had led him down this path. How could he put into words the whole situation. How deeply troublesome the powerful magic of Path Semantics was in the hands of the wizard who held the Elder Wand in possession?

Hermione raised from her chair and walked around the table. "Well, we'll figure it out together," Hermione said, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder, while her eyes scanning the cluttered shelves of the study. It was filled with books, trinkets, and artifacts from around the world, each one a testament to Dumbledore's vast knowledge and experience.

Dumbledore's brow furrowed as he stared intently at the book in front of him. It was a tome of ancient magic, and it held the key to fixing the mistake he had made. But he couldn't quite make sense of the complex incantations and cryptic symbols within its pages.

Dumbledore finally stood up from his seat, his eyes fixed intently on Hermione Granger. "My dear Hermione," he began, "imagine a world where witches and wizards shine as bright as you do. But, alas, we are limited in our logical ability to fully comprehend all that exists. The truth remains just beyond our grasp."

Hermione furrowed her brow, intrigued. "What truth are you referring to, Professor?"

Dumbledore's expression turned grave. "A terrible magic spell has gone awry, creating a perfect copy of the entire universe. We must find the original object from which every other object has been cloned. But, the problem is, we don't know which universe is the original."

Hermione gasped, her mind racing with the enormity of the task before them. "How can we possibly determine which universe is the original?" she asked.

Dumbledore let out a sigh, his shoulders slumping. "That's where your help comes in, Hermione. I need you to travel back in time and find the original object. It's the only way to know for certain."

Hermione nodded, her determination growing with every passing moment. "But, what if we can't find it?" she asked.

Dumbledore gazed at her with a mixture of sorrow and understanding. "My dear Miss Granger, if we exist within a universe that is merely a clone of another, then there is no original object to be found in our universe."

Hermione's mind raced as she tried to come up with a solution. Suddenly, she had an idea.

"What if Ron, Harry, and I swapped places with our clones in the other universe?" she suggested. "That way, we could travel back in time and search for the original object together. The symbolic distinction only exists between the original and the clones, so if we swap places, we could potentially find the original object in one of the universes."

Dumbledore's eyes widened as he considered the plan. "Miss Granger, that is a stroke of genius. We must act quickly before it's too late."

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The trio of friends soon found themselves standing in a sterile laboratory, surrounded by complex machinery and unfamiliar equipment. They stared in amazement as they saw their clones walk through a portal, identical in appearance yet distinct in subtle ways.

"Okay, so let me get this straight," Ron said, scratching his head. "We're going to travel back in time to find some original object that doesn't exist in our universe?"

"That's correct," Hermione replied with a nod. "We'll need to work together to locate it, but if we succeed, we could unlock the secrets of our universe's creation."

Harry looked around at the strange surroundings, feeling a mix of excitement and trepidation. "This is crazy," he muttered under his breath.

But as the portal hummed to life, the three friends stepped forward with determination, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead. With a flash of light, they disappeared into the unknown, on a mission to unravel the mysteries of the universe. Or, more specifically, the mysteries of another universe.

"Oh, crap", Dumbledore said to himself. "I forgot to tell them that they will lose their memories over time from this universe unless they take a special memory potion." He looked around. "Oh no! The bag with the special memory potions is still here."

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Harry and his friends gathered around the long, wooden dinner table at Hogwarts, their eyes wandering around the bustling Great Hall. The atmosphere was electric with the chatter of students, clinking of silverware, and the occasional outburst of laughter.

As they watched the sea of faces, Hermione leaned in and whispered, "Have you noticed something strange, guys?"

"What do you mean?" Ron asked, taking a bite of mashed potatoes.

"Everyone looks almost identical, but there are tiny, subtle differences," Hermione explained, her eyes scanning the room.

Harry furrowed his brows in confusion. "What kind of differences?"

Hermione gestured to the Slytherin table. "Draco Malfoy's hair is a slightly different shade of blonde than the other usual colour."

Ron nodded in agreement. "And Neville has a turtle for a pet instead of a toad like he used to."

Harry's eyes widened in realization. "I get it! It's like we're in a parallel universe, but everything is almost exactly the same."

As they continued to observe their surroundings, they noticed even more subtle differences. Some students had different colored robes or hairstyles, and a few teachers had minor discrepancies in their appearance.

The Great Hall felt both familiar and eerie at the same time, as if they were experiencing déjà vu but with a twist. The students around them chattered on, seemingly oblivious to the subtle changes that the trio had noticed.

Hermione's eyes scanned the Great Hall, a look of awe on her face. "It's like we're seeing an alternate version of Hogwarts," she murmured, taking in the unfamiliar surroundings.

Ron looked around in disbelief, his mouth agape. "I can't believe we never noticed this before. This is mental."

Harry couldn't shake off the strange feeling that crept over him. The Great Hall was both familiar and yet not quite right, as if they were looking at a parallel universe that was both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. The air felt charged with a sense of unreality.

As Harry tried to make sense of his surroundings, he was suddenly jolted out of his thoughts by the appearance of Cho Chang. She walked over to his table, her Ravenclaw robes swishing around her ankles.

"Harry, are you coming to Hogsmeade with me this weekend?" Cho asked, a slight smile on her lips.

Harry's jaw dropped in surprise. He had secretly harbored a crush on Cho for a while now, and he couldn't believe she was actually talking to him.

As Harry struggled to find the right words, he noticed the flicker of amusement in Ron's eyes and Hermione's knowing smile.

Shaking off his nerves, Harry managed to stammer out a response. "Uh, yeah, sure. I'd love to come with you, Cho."

As the group continued to take in the unfamiliar surroundings of the Great Hall, Harry couldn't help but feel that this was going to be a weekend he would never forget.

The feeling of being in an alternative universe slowly faded away. Soon, Harry, Ron and Hermione forgot that they had this discussion. In the meantime, Dumbledore in a parallel universe paced back and forth in his office, wondering what to do about the three students he lost and the three students who took their place. Was this part of the spell going wrong? Would this cause the spell to go wrong in the future, which now was unchangeable because it was in the past?

As the dinner plates vanished from the tables, Dumbledore's voice boomed throughout the hall.

"Attention students, I have an exciting announcement to make. This upcoming semester, we will be offering a brand new class called Path Semantics."

THE END