

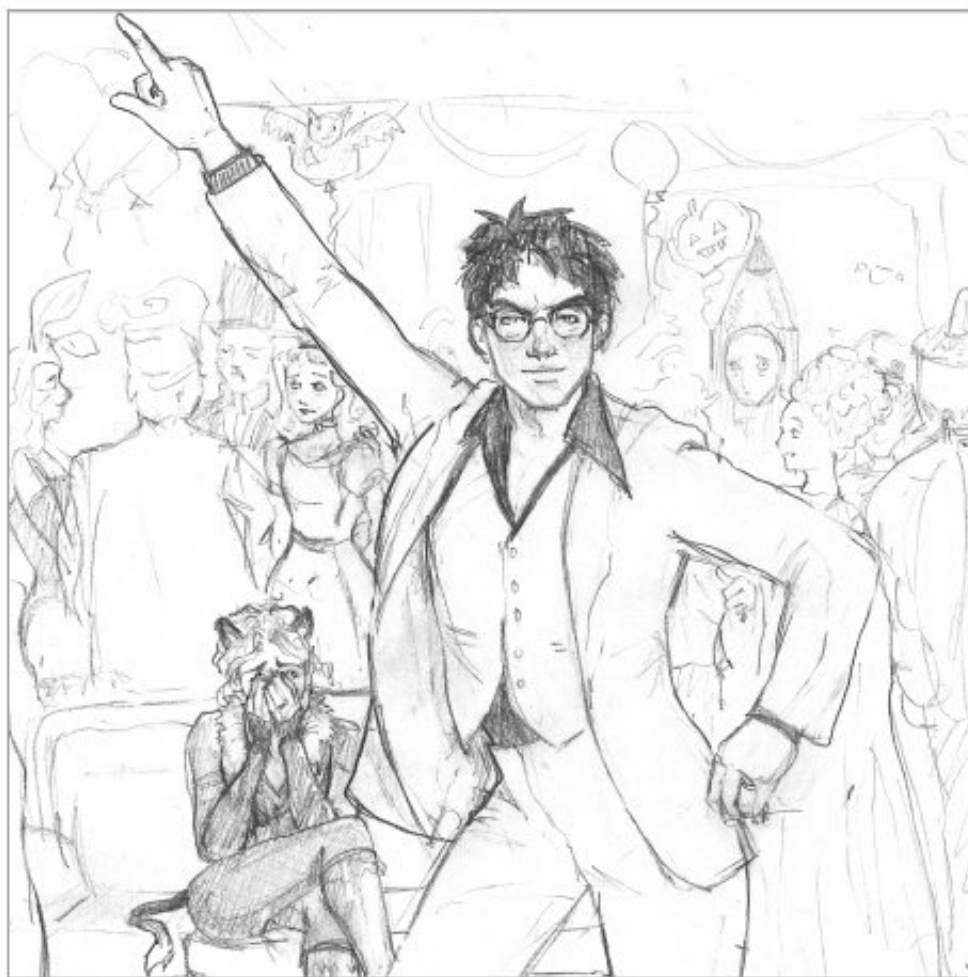
Shoebox Potter and the Deathly Hellos

So this one time we and our girlfriend Jojo (we call her Jojo) were getting our monthly pedicure with pure-gold nail polish, taking the Cosmo quiz and eating truffles, and all of a sudden she goes "Oh my god, girls, I have totally no idea what to do with this last Harry Whoever book and it's *destroying* me, I can barely get out of bed, I swear even tickling the cabana boy with a long pink feather has lost its charm. Would you two be babes and just write me a last chapter while I summon Alessandro to fetch us some more Mangotinis? And then I can, you know, work off that." And we said, "Oh Jojo, you charming scamp, of course we'll bail you out--*again*--but only if you give us the exclusive rights to reveal that last chapter to a select group of Shoeboxers, like, maybe a day before everybody else." Of course she agreed.

Seriously, what would that woman do without us?

NOTE: THERE ARE NO ACTUAL SPOILERS CONTAINED IN THIS CUT. UNLESS WE'RE READING ROWLING'S MIND AND WE DON'T KNOW IT. WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN THE WEIRD DREAMS, AND THE MANIACAL CACKLING.

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In his pimped-out magical hospital bed, surrounded by the many vases of pink roses sent him by well-wishers and sycophants, Harry lay chewing happily on a sugared donut. Sirius and Remus stood over him, surreptitiously holding hands.

"It's a good thing I was never actually dead, but only shifted temporarily into an alternate dimension where lollipops grew on trees and I lived in a giant Ice Cream Palace of joy with my pet unicorn, Fancypants, and my harem of curvaceous pastry cooks," Sirius was saying. He frowned. "Hang on, that was delightful. Why on earth--"

"We brought you back, you're glad about it, don't ask questions," Remus said sharply. "Look over there! A foil wrapper!"

"Shiny," said Sirius, mesmerized.

"I'm glad you're not dead, too," Harry agreed, through a mouthful of icing. "Because people who die in this world are really truly dead, forever and ever. I read that somewhere."

"Like Tonks," Remus said sadly. "Poor, poor dead Tonks."

They had a brief moment of silence for poor, dead Tonks.

"But what happened?" asked Harry, suddenly confused. "How did I get here in this hospital?"

"That's a long story," Sirius said wisely, "and one which we'll save for another time. Most importantly: *you hallucinated all those pictures.*" He made wiggly-fingered voodoo hands.

Remus elbowed him in the ribs.

"What pictures?" Harry said, brow wrinkling.

"Nothing! The...nothing, pictures. Of nothing," Sirius said quickly.



"You should be asleep, anyway," Remus said. Memory charms could give one a fearful headache.

Harry conked out immediately. Ever since he had defeated the Dark Lord Voldemort **WITH HIS BRAIN**, he was extremely susceptible to the power of suggestion.

"We should draw things on his face," Sirius said, gazing fondly at his godson, who was drooling a little.

"I can't imagine why Hagrid thought it would be a good idea to give him that shoebox," Remus said. "I

suppose he thought it would be a touching memento."

"Well, it is a memento of touching," Sirius said.

"But whatever happened to the giant squid?" Remus asked curiously.

"Well, you know," Sirius replied, "ever since he saved all our lives from the terrible danger, he's disappeared."

"Probably resting with the thestrals, now," Remus agreed.

"What I want to know is what happened to Snape," Sirius added.

"You stuffed him in the toilet, remember?" Remus said, heaving a long-suffering sigh.

"Yes, that was fun," Sirius said. "But I mean, was he evil, or good? Or what?"

"Who can say? The heart of man is full of contradictory impulses," Remus said thoughtfully. "It's reductive to categorize a human being as 'good' or 'evil' when we all have the capacity for both, don't you think? As the philosopher David Hume said, 'Heaven and hell suppose two distinct species of men, the good and the bad; but the greatest part of mankind float betwixt vice and virtue.'" He looked nauseatingly pensive.

"You're annoying," Sirius said.

"My question is," Remus said, ignoring him, "who died? I heard two people died. Important people, I mean, not supernumeraries like poor dead Tonks. For whom I cared deeply," he added, hastily.

"Well might you ask, young Lupin," Sirius said solemnly. "They were very important people, and their deaths have rocked the magical world to its very foundations. But the answer to that question will have to wait for another day, for those are sad tidings, and now is a time for wild celebratory jigs and mead-quaffing. Also, for donuts."

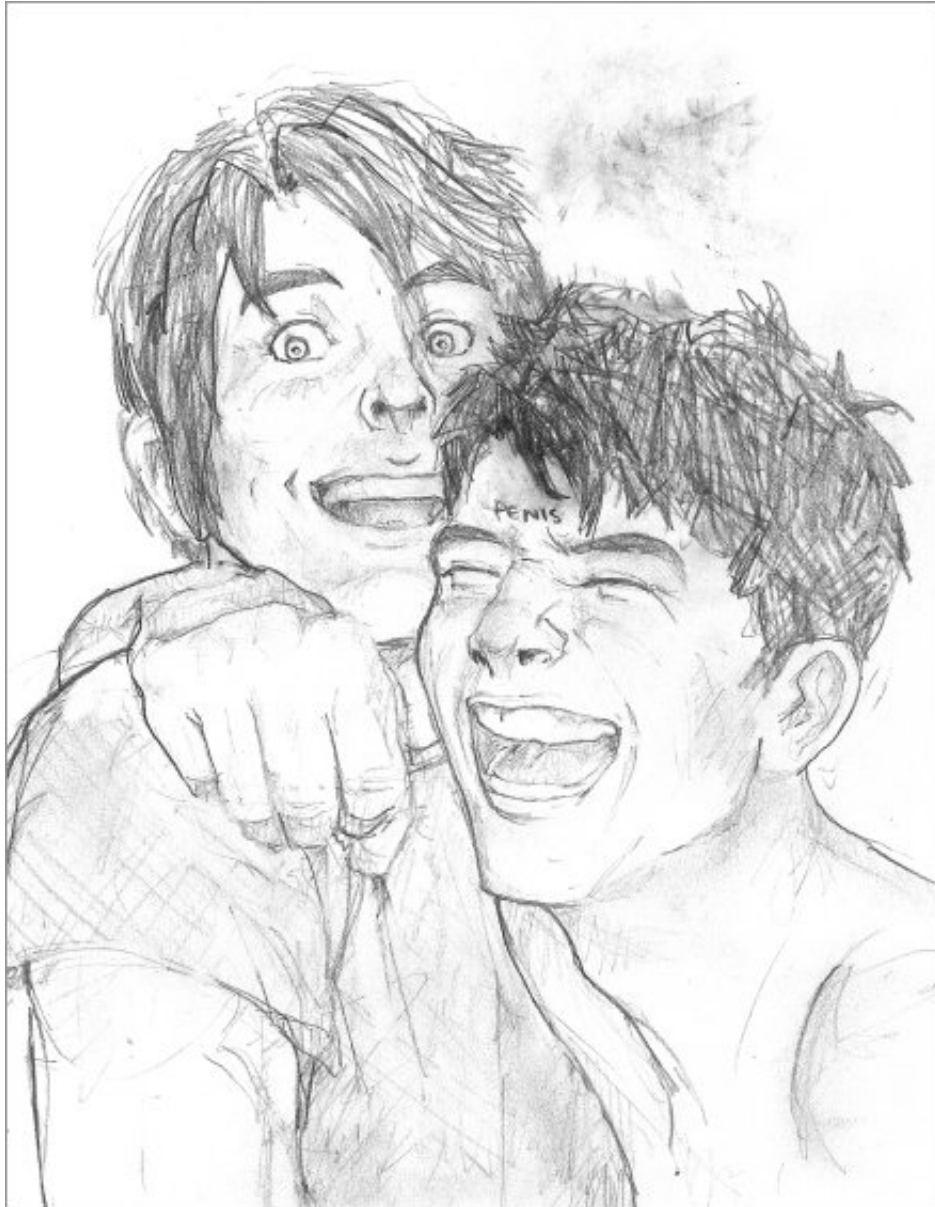
"Do you think one of his little friends died? What were their names? Herbert? Veronica? You know, it's funny, when you're a teacher, they all sort of blend together," Remus said. "One of them must have been offed, surely? I mean, what are the odds they'd *all* survive the hideous danger from which we all escaped so narrowly?"

"They are not good odds," Sirius agreed.

"Bzzznghhhh," snored Harry.

"He looks just like his father," Sirius said lovingly, whipping out a pen.


And from then on, Harry had five scars on his face: one real one, and four made of permanent magician marker.





Now say it with us, guys: LOL, JK.....ROWLING!

Feel free to post alternate-alternate Shoebox endings in the comments. Oh yeah: and enjoy the final book!

Note: There will be another part coming out, and soon, once everyone's digested book seven.


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Cowritten by  [dorkorific](#) and  [ladyjaida](#).



 [dorkorific](#) specializes in **Sirius**;  [ladyjaida](#) specializes in **Remus**.

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The handwriting of Remus J. Lupin, Severus Snape and James Potter is done by  [ladyjaida](#).

The handwriting of Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew and Lily Evans is done by  [dorkorific](#).

Don't worry; Peter won't be stupidified. **Trust us** on that one.

We would like to take a moment to thank  [windjinn](#) for leaping down the stairs with  [ladyjaida](#)'s bra on his head.

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