

Harry Potter



AND THE MYSTERY OF FANFICTION



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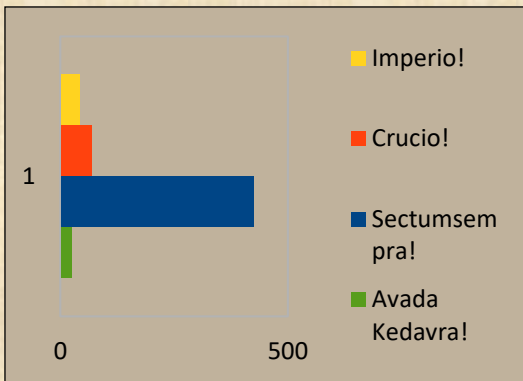
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DARK SPELLS



A research on dark spells within the Harry Potter universe must necessarily include three very (in)famous spells in particular:

1. *Imperio!*
2. *Crucio!* and
3. *Avada Kedavra!*,

better known as the Unforgivable Curses

(„The use of any one of them on a fellow human being is enough to earn a life sentence in Azkaban.“ - Alastor Moody / Barty Crouch jr. -)

In order to achieve comparability, the search tags „Imperio – Imperius Curse“, „Crucio – Cruciatus Curse“ and „Avada Kedavra – Killing Curse“ were all combined with the overarching tag of „Spells & Enchantments“.

This resulted in 42 hits for Imperio, 68 hits for Crucio and another 26 hits for Avada Kedavra, making the most extreme of the curses the one with the least amount of results. When all four tags were combined altogether, this delivered but 8 hits.

Another dark spell very famous to both readers of the Harry Potter books as well as the viewers of the movies, yet not too famous to the characters within the Harry Potter universe itself is 4. *Sectumsempra!*, depicted in the book version and movie adaption of the Half-Blood Prince. Befittingly, it was no other but said Half-Blood Prince himself, Severus Snape, who created the curse which was decades later fired upon Draco Malfoy by Harry Potter and severely injured the former, who then had to be cured by Snape, which eventually brought this sidestory full circle.

Finally, combining tags Spells & Enchantments with Sectumsempra delivered no less than 425 hits, making this by far the most prominent such dark spell in fanfiction.



COMMEMORATION OF THE FALLEN II

“*Cruci-*” Draco began to shout before being interrupted by Harry.

“*Sectumsempra!*” Harry yelled the spell whose effect he did not know as of yet.

Blood spurted from Malfoy's face and chest as though he had been slashed with an invisible sword. He staggered backward and collapsed onto the waterlogged floor with a great splash, his wand falling from his limp right hand. Slipping and staggering, Harry got to his feet and plunged toward Malfoy, whose face was now shining scarlet, his white hands scrabbling at his blood-soaked chest. *Directly quoted from Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*

Suddenly, Harry woke up soaking in sweat and with rapid heartbeat. A dream he realized, it had only been a dream. He was not in a Hogwarts lavatory dueling Draco Malfoy, this was the past. In reality, here and now, he was in his bed, home again after he had visited McGonagall the day before to make use of Dumbledore's pensieve.

“I didn't plan for *those* memories to come up again,” he thought bitterly and yet relieved at the same time.

It all came back now, Draco lying on the floor, covered in blood, Snape entering the lavatory, curing Malfoy and interrogating Harry. Today, of course, Harry knew exactly why Snape had been so curious about it all: he himself had invented the infamous curse.

Months of detention had been Harry's reward for the incident, and yet it was the only time he had deserved every little bit of it, he now thought retrospectively.

He disliked Draco, actually, at the time he even despised him with all his heart. And yet, he never would have used a curse like *that* on him knowing what its effect would be. On the other hand, Draco had attempted to hit him with the *cruciatus curse*.

Ginny, his beloved, had been the only one to defend Harry at the time, for exactly that reason. She was right, in a way, Harry thought, and still he never ceased to regret this episode and felt remorse for it still, after more than a year now.

He decided to stand up, there was no point now in trying to sleep again being haunted by these memories. On his way downstairs to the kitchen, he recalled another experience with dark magic when three years ago, the Moody-imposter Barty Crouch jr. had taught them about the unforgivable curses in their fourth grade. A few days before his 18th birthday, Harry was aware that he had encountered more dark magic than others in their



entire lifetime. “And certainly, enough for *my* lifetime, that was” he whispered into the night before drinking a huge load of pumpkin juice. This felt good and helped a lot, but the memories were not quite gone now. Instead, Harry began to remember the time when he himself used an unforgivable curse. Just a few months ago, he had successfully put Bogrod and Travers under the *imperius* in Gringotts.

And, worse yet, little more than one year and two years ago, respectively, he had attempted the *cruciatus* on Snape and Bellatrix. In a way, Harry was relieved that his attempts had been futile. It was one thing to use the *imperius* on two people, one of them being a Death Eater, in order to defeat Voldemort. It was something entirely different though to cast the *cruciatus* curse, even on somebody as vile and evil as Bellatrix and after what she had done moments before.

Again, he felt remorse. First for Snape, who had only done Dumbledore’s bidding, unbeknownst to Harry that terrible day. And then too for Bogrod, who unlike Travers was innocent, for all Harry knew, and might have gotten into trouble that day for helping him under the influence of *Imperia*.

“At least I never tried to murder someone with *Avada*,” Harry said to himself with a sentiment of but small solace.

„*Avada*,” he thought, “that’s what it all began with for *me*. And what it all ended with for *him*!” he recalled his lifelong fray with Voldemort, the murderer of his parents.

He decided that he would not go to bed again but stay up now, beginning this new day quite early.

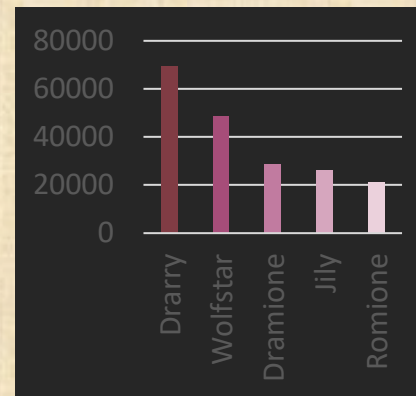
“Meeting George. Meeting Neville,” he read aloud the notes he had taken for his schedule today. The next two people he wanted to collect memories from for the pensieve project. As for George, Harry didn’t know yet how exactly to approach him, but he felt it was important to make sure that his twin Fred was remembered meritoriously.

And then Neville, who had led the resistance within Hgwarts last year and who, just like Harry, had cherished the lessons learned from Remus and admired their former DADA-teacher in their third year.

“He too will have a story or two to tell for future generations, and for Ted in particular...” Harry Potter said and looked forward to the next few days. They would keep him busy with collecting memories and gathering information for both, his project and the remaining dark wizard hunt he helped the aurors’ office with.



ROMANCE



In fanfiction, the *Harry Potter* universe offers a vast amount of possibilities when it comes to relationships between the different characters. The most popular ship is the one between Harry Potter himself and Draco Malfoy. Their tag makes up roughly 14% of the entirety of Harry Potter fanfics on AOB. When looking through the first 20 fanfics with the most hits, an important

plot device is the idea of resorting Harry into Slytherin or having the characters come back for an 8th year at Hgwarts after the wizarding war.

On the contrary, fics tagged under the pairing ‘Wolfstar’, Sirius Black and Remus Lupin, try to approach the scarcely discovered Marauders era through a jump back in time. Most fics with this tag place their characters into alternate universes with a more modern setting that wants to save beloved characters from their deaths in the original works. The ‘fix-it’ tag is a common occurrence for this particular ship. These findings can be found, almost identically, within the fourth ship of the Potter family, even though these two serve more as side characters rather than them being the main ship in a fic.

The relationship of Draco and Hermione is often presented as a fairly dark one, usually because of Draco taking on the role as a Death Eater. Many fics deal with more serious topics like mental health and feature a lot of content warnings in the tags, for example the very popular fic *Manacled* which essentially takes inspiration from *The Handmaid’s Tale*. Besides that, the loss of the wizarding war is a commonly used setting and plotline.

Lastly, Hermione and Ron in fifth place are a supporting ship, used together with most Draco/Harry fanfics. Many of them explicitly mention that Romione plays a minor role and is there to support the plot.



LOVE IS IN THE AIR

Potions class usually tended to be quite a tumultuous affair, yet today's assignment took the chaos to a new level. Professor Snape, with a scary glint in his eyes that promised torture and suffering, announced that the students would be working in pairs, chosen by Severus himself, and their task would be to brew a Love Potion. While he assured the class that it wasn't nearly as strong as Amortentia, the potion still had a relatively potent effect and was thus not to be touched, or even worse, ingested, under any circumstances. Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy exchanged incredulous glances, realizing the irony of being paired together for such a task. While Malfoy's lip curled in distaste, Hermione desperately questioned what she'd done wrong to end up in this situation. Nothing came to mind that would justify Malfoy as a potions partner though, so Hermione was forced to accept defeat.

Reluctantly, they gathered their ingredients and set to work. The air was filled with tension as they bickered about measurements, stirring techniques, and the sheer absurdity of brewing a Love Potion in the first place. Or Snape's audacity to even dare and pair the two of them up for a project.

"Granger, you're going to ruin this potion with your incessant meddling," Draco sneered, eyeing her like he'd just stepped in dog poop.

"Malfoy, if you weren't so concerned with your hair and actually paid attention, we wouldn't be in this mess," Hermione shot back, her frustration palpable. Why Hermione had decided, in the heat of the moment, to attack his bloody hair was a mystery to her. Yet it seemed to obtain the desired effect as Draco's brows furrowed even more and he stomped his foot like a petulant child. As their argument escalated, Draco accidentally knocked against the shared cauldron filled with the finished Love Potion. The two of them watched with trepidation as the cauldron tipped over, spilling most of the liquid inside of it. The room fell silent as they both stared at the messed-up potion, realization dawning on Draco's face. A few drops had gotten onto his right hand that still held the ladle with which he'd stirred their concoction.



"What have you done, Malfoy?" Hermione exclaimed, panic creeping into her voice.

Draco, trying to maintain his composure, mumbled, "It's just a few drops. It's not like it's going to affect me." But it did. The effects were almost immediate, a dreamy expression crossing Draco's face. He started humming a jolly tune, completely unaware of what was happening to him. Hermione watched in disbelief as he twirled around the cauldron, completely entranced.

"Malfoy, snap out of it!" Hermione demanded, attempting to regain control of the situation and stop Draco from doing whatever the hell he was currently trying to attempt. Draco, however, seemed blissfully unaware of his surroundings. He approached Hermione with a grandiose bow, taking her hand and planting a dramatic kiss on it. The entire class erupted in laughter, and even the normally emotionless Professor Snape struggled to hide a smirk. For once, he was not very successful.

"Granger," Malfoy dramatically declared while coming even closer, "I have yet to meet a witch as remarkable as you. I can't keep it a secret any longer. I'm in lo-". But before he could end this horrible sentence, a strange look took over his eyes and Draco just stood in silence, watching Hermione as if she'd bewitched him.

To Hermione's horror and the class's amusement, Draco Malfoy started leaning forward ever so slowly. His awestruck expression started morphing into that of a lovesick fool, his lips puckering into a little pout. Yet before the idiot could make an even bigger fool of himself, a loud whack echoed through the classroom. The smack Hermione had just delivered onto Malfoy's cheek rivalled that of their third year, though now Hermione wasn't able to feel all that smug about the situation. But Draco Malfoy was absolutely bonkers if he'd thought that Granger would let this whole spectacle go on for any longer.

As the effects of the potion began to wane, thanks to the good smacking he'd just received, Draco gradually snapped back to reality. The colour drained from his face as he realized the extent of his theatrics. Hermione, torn between amusement, horror and embarrassment, couldn't bring herself to suppress a tiny smirk.

"Congratulations, Malfoy," she said dryly. "You've just provided the entire class with



the most entertaining Potions lesson of the year.“

Draco, still slightly dazed, managed to somewhat compose himself, at least as much as he possibly could due to recent circumstances, grabbed his bag and fled from the classroom. Hermione wasn't sure if she'd ever seen someone run as fast as he had in this precise moment.

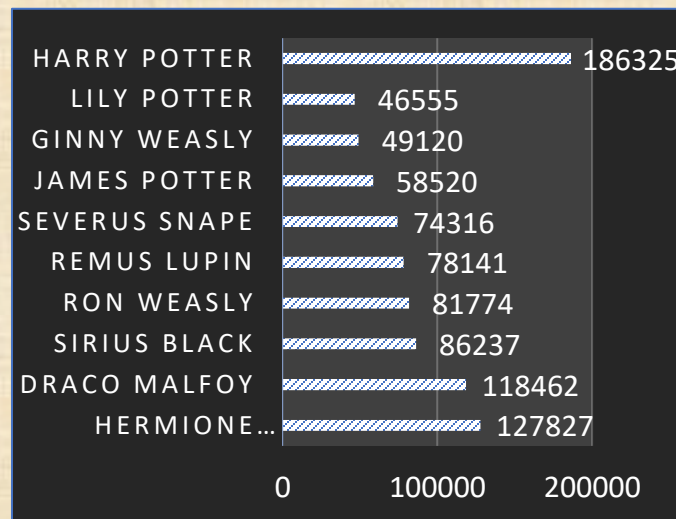
The incident became the talk of Hogwarts for weeks, Draco's almost-love declaration providing the hottest gossip throughout the four houses. And although the two of them continued to bicker and glare at each other in Potions class, Hermione couldn't help but secretly question whether or not there had been some truth to Draco's unexpected burst of emotions.

| PETRIFICUS TOTALUS | EPISKEY | AVADA KEDAVRA | RIDDIKULUS | FINITE INCANTATEM | ACCIO | NOX |

| LOCOMOTOR MORTIS | OBLIVATE | REPARO | PROTEGO | INCENDIO | APPARATE | SECTUMSEMPRA |



SIDE CHARACTERS TURNED PROTAGONISTS



When inspecting the 441,150 Harry Potter fanfiction pieces on the platform Archive of Our Own (AO3), it becomes evident that even though the franchise is named after the original main character Harry, fans don't necessarily include him in their writing. Harry Potter's

name appears in 186,325 (21%) of the total works available as one of the protagonists. This puts him at the top of the list of the top ten HP-fanfiction-Protagonists.

Closely following on second place is the character Hermione Granger with 127,827 stories implementing her as protagonist. Coming in at third place is Draco Malfoy with a current total of 118,462 fanfiction pieces centering around his character. As discussed in the romance-column, many of these stories feature both characters as a couple.

Another fan favourite seems to be Sirius Black. At this time, 86,237 stories feature Harry Potter's godfather. Remus Lupin and James Potter also appear in the top ten used characters for fanmade stories, often called the marauder tales. This subgenre of Harry Potter will play a considerably larger role when investigating the use of time in fanfiction in the respective column,

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DISCOVERY

Unbearably hot - was the first thing that crossed her mind. Once Hermione opened her eyes, she froze, staring at the six feet fire burning in front of her. Dozens of people gathered around her and the flames, chanting away and thrusting muddy pitchforks in the air. The grass underneath her feet still felt the same but as she frantically glanced around, she noticed in horror, that Hogwarts was gone. Not even one brick was left. Or hadn't it been built yet? No matter which was the case, Hermione found herself stranded in time.

"Burn the witch, burn the witch!" echoed in her ears, closely accompanied by the pulsing rush of her own blood drumming in her ears. Frantically, she patted down her cloak, not finding her wand. It must have slipped out earlier, she thought, when she was running from Ron and his never-ending questions. "Where did you come from so suddenly? How do you do that? Shouldn't you be in a different class right now? Where are you going?"

Now, with an angry mob inching closer and closer, she secretly wished that she'd answered at least one or two. But no, maybe she would have said too much, dragged him into this, when she barely knew what she was doing herself. What had McGonagall been thinking, handing such a device over to a third-year student? *What had I been thinking to accept?*

Instinctively, her hand flew up to the time-turner slung around her neck.

"What do you think you are doing?"

A man with a leather-like face, aged by hard work in the fields or mountains, stepped out of the flock and pointed his makeshift weapon at her.

"Lower your arms, witch, and prepare to die."

His voice was rough and cold, sending icy shivers down her spine. That was not at all what she'd signed up for when she started using the time-turner.

In an attempt to appease them, she mumbled, "There must be a misunderstanding. I am not a witch."

It physically pained her to utter these words, to simply give up the title she had worked so hard for all her life. With her fingers tightly clutched around the magical device above her chest, she tried retreating, without success. As she fiddled with the



time turner in one last attempt to get herself out of this mess, out of danger, she tripped over the strong roots of a tree. A tree she knew all too well. The whopping willow looked just the same as it did in her time and yet, there was no life in its twigs.

Hermione was only distracted for a second but it was enough. Enough for the livid stranger to grab her, enough for them to haul her over to the fire and tie her to a wooden stake until the flames licked up her boots.

"I wouldn't do that, if I were you."

Soft and raw, Luna's voice turned the heads of the crowd. Her wand in hand, a determined look in her eyes, she stood in the grass and smiled. Hermione's eyebrows shot up, when she realized that Luna's words were directed at her. The young witch lowered her wand and started walking. With every step she took, Hermione felt a dozen needles pricking at her skin and her vision fading.

At first, only the edges of the scene before her darkened but soon, more and more of the angry mob was swallowed by the unforgiving, growing blackness until the only thing she could see were Luna's friendly blue eyes.

"It's not very polite to visit one's mind without permission, you know?"

Hermione's eyes flew open as she snapped her head up from the library table. She must have fallen asleep and dreamt the whole thing. Using a time turner that frequently without proper instructions was bound to take a toll on her eventually.

Most of the library was vacant. Chairs had already been propped up on tables, a small horde of house elves were sorting stacks of books back onto their respective shelves. With a quick peek to the clock, she cringed. Almost ten at night. If Professor McGonagall caught her wandering the halls this late again, Hermione would be in big trouble. Carefully, she straightened out the pages of the book she'd slept on, silently scolding herself for crinkling the edges of the ancient paper. It took her some time to find the right shelf to return the book but she simply refused to add another chore to the endless list of things the poor elves were bound to do already.

When she'd placed the book on its rightful place on the already overflowing wood, she turned to sneak into her room but stopped in her tracks, when she noticed Luna sitting at her own desk in a corner. She was holding a copy of "A History of Witch Trials and other peculiar Traditions" and staring right back at her. Hermione thought about looking away as though she hadn't seen her and getting back to her bed before anyone noticed she was



missing. But the time it had taken her to read the title must have given her away because Luna put the book down and waved her over.

Each uncomfortable step was accompanied by the squeaking of floorboards.

“How long have you been practicing?” Luna asked, a wide grin lighting up her face.

“What?”

Hermione didn't quite follow. She didn't like missing the most important piece of the puzzle, let alone admit it.

“Legilimency! You seem to be quite good at it. I didn't even notice you were there until I saw your face.”

Was she still dreaming? Making this up in her mind as she went? Was the time turner driving her into madness already? Or hadn't it been a dream at all? But what Luna was suggesting was ludicrous. Hermione had read about legilimency, sure. But she'd never even tried to enter anyone's mind before.

“I haven't practiced at all,” she said slowly, “I must have fallen asleep and then-”

“Oh, that's interesting!” Luna cheered, “So you must be a natural.”

“No,” Hermione mumbled, “I don't think so. There would have been signs, wouldn't there have been?”

The blonde shrugged, grabbed her book and got up to leave.

“Maybe he can help.” She threw up her arm pointing at someone behind Hermione. “Anyway, I have to get to bed or I will miss my dream! Good night, Hermione.”

As she skipped out of view, dripping with joy, Hermione dropped her face in her hands. Even considering Loon- Luna's idea was enough to prove that she needed sleep. There was nothing that a hot cup of tea and a healthy dose of sleep couldn't fix. Maybe she'd use the time turner to sleep in, for once. There was no harm in that, was there?

“I don't like wasting my time,” a familiar voice grumbled behind her.

She whirled around, shocked to see the flash of white hair and pale skin framing a mildly disgusted looking face.

“So let's double check before I invest any in you.”

That was the only warning Draco Malfoy gave before he cupped her cheeks, stared into her honey-coloured eyes and dove into her mind.

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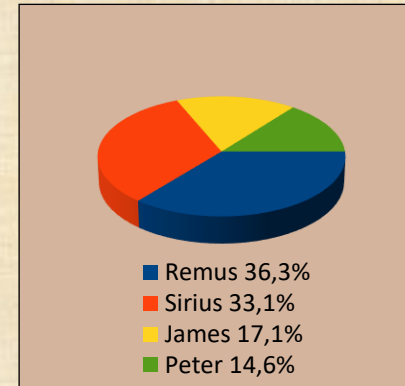


TIME

Three major tags were chosen for a research on Time within Harry Potter fanfiction:

1. **Marauders** (8,673 hits),
2. **Time Turners** (976),
3. **Pensieves** (283).

The tag **Time Travel** (4) delivered 8,369 hits, with that number being interestingly nearby the 8,673 of „Marauders“ before. Apparently, the phenomenon of time travel



and the Marauders go along very well in fanfiction. Through Harry's use of the pensieve, there is a precedent for this in canon (5: OotP).

Combining tags **Marauders** and **Pensieves** (5) listed four works only, which made this attempt an interesting one in that it is most useful for a qualitative analysis, rather than the more quantitative potential given the results of attempts 1 to 4.

Moreover, combining the tags **Marauders** and **Time Turners** (6.) resulted in just 33 hits whereas **Time Turners** and **Pensieves** (7.) in yet again four hits, just as combination 5 did earlier.

This observation is interesting, since combining the Marauders with Pensieves, which is indeed book and movie canon, is just as rarely a result as the combination of Time Turners with Pensieves, which one would expect to be unlikely as these two devices serve much different purposes and never interact with one another in canon.

Finally, another attempt was the combination of tag **Marauders** with one of these Marauders each: James, Peter, Remus and Sirius.

The latter two (famously dubbed as „Wolfstar“) are a much more frequent object of fanfictions with 57 and 52 hits, respectively.

The former two delivered 27 and 23 hits. If one subdivided the Marauders into pairs (Potter / Pettigrew, Lupin / Black), the amount of hits within each pair appear surprisingly even.

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COMMEMORATION OF THE FALLEN I

It was a hot July day at Hgwarts and the castle had just been restored to its former glory as a new school year lay ahead, the first in a new era.

Little more than two months ago, He-who-must-not-be-named had been defeated, this time forever. After the battle of Hgwarts, the castle lay almost as damaged and devastated as a ruin and it required the surviving professors' entire combined power and capability to repair and fix every little damage. Flitwick in particular performed true miracles. Now that everything was finished and but weeks remained before the new year, Harry visited the castle for the first time after the battle again.

"Potter," Mnerva McGonagall said, "my dear boy, it's so good to see you again. Although I had hoped for another decision regarding your final school year. Is there no chance I can change your mind in this?"

"Congratulations on your new position, professor headmistress! It's good to see you too. I considered a return for my seventh year, as did Ron. The ministries' decision to grant NEWT.s to all those who fought for Hgwarts was just as surprising as the aurors office's request for me to help them identify Voldemort's last remaining cronies. Ron and I will help them, I feel that this is a too important task to set aside and just the right thing for me to do now. Hermione however, she will return and so too will Neville and Parvati, for all I hear," Harry responded.

"That much I can confirm, all three of them sent me letters the past fortnight. But then what purpose are you here for, Potter? What can I help you with?"

"Professor, last year, Remus named me his son's godfather. He will grow up with his grandmother, not knowing much about his parents. They were close friends of mine though and knowing little to nothing about your parents is something I am all too familiar with. I collected these here memories of Remus and Tonks," Harry said, showing a number of small vials with silvery-glowing liquid inside. "With your permission, I wanted to use professor Dumbledore's pensieve to save these memories and also witness them I tried to obtain a pensieve myself, yet they seem to be pretty rare. And now, that Ted and some other children too will have to grow up as orphans, I thought maybe we could prepare this window into the past for a time when they will have grown up a little and start to ask about the loved ones they lost?"



Mnerva McGonagall looked at her former quidditch team captain, the 'chosen one', who looked so much like his father and yet had just the character of his mother. Touched and with a benevolent smile on her face, she pointed at the door to the hallway and said "Come Harry, my office is yours as long as you need it," and together they went ahead.

"Raspberry jam!" McGonagall solemnly said to the gargoyle who then revealed the entrance stairway.

"Dumbledore's favourite jam now that's a password professor," Harry noted with a smile. "Oh was it now? That explains a lot, it was in fact his very portrait that suggested it, I did not feel very creative recently, after all we've been through this summer.

I shall ask Dippet's portrait next time or perhaps Severus."

They entered the headmistress' office and Harry was welcomed by a number of applauding headmasters, just like the last time he had been here few weeks ago.

"Professor," he spoke to a painted Albus Dumbledore, "with your permission and that of professor McGonagall, I'd add some memories to your pensieve, memories about Remus and Tonks. I wanted their son to have a way of getting to learn about them in a few years time. Some more orphans might benefit from this as well, if you were to grant it?"

"My dear Harry, you never cease to surprise others with that disarming kindness of yours. You have my absolute permission and my appreciation too!" Dumbledore responded with his hands folded as if in prayer.

"Thank you, professor. Young Ted will have something to come back to."

On his way to the pensieve, Harry stopped for a second, he had detected a phoenix' feather on one of the numerous shelves. Fawkes, who had left and never been seen again after his lamentation during Dumbledore's funeral, had saved his and Ginny's lives five years ago.

"That too," he thought to himself, "is a memory I should place in the pensieve", and so he approached the device.

"The room is yours, Potter, as long as you need it," professor McGonagall repeated and left.



Harry took the first little flask, the one he had received from Kingsley Shacklebolt, and poured the memories into the pensieve.

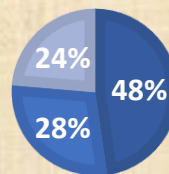
"Here we go", he whispered and dived down into the past.

"Gryffindoor!" Harry heard the sorting hat yelling through the great hall on a September night decades ago. A shy boy with a faint smile jumped down the chair as a much younger Minerva McGonagall retrieved the hat of his brown hair and he joined the applauding table of the house Harry knew his father, Sirius, Remus and Pettigrew had been in along with his mother. And right then, he recognized her. She had just been sorted into Gryffindor herself moments ago and was now the first to welcome Remus, who placed himself next to her.

Not far away, Harry recognized Sirius next with his long black hair and handsome face, he too applauded firmly for his future friend. One of the not-yet sorted children smirked knowingly, as if he perfectly knew that he would join them soon. James Potter stood in row just a meter or two ahead of a young black boy who could only be Kingsley, the man Harry had to thank for this memory, which was not only of future value for Ted, but slowly began to become a cherished experience for himself, Harry Potter thought delighted.

ALTERNATE UNIVERSES

- Canon Divergence
- Modern/Non-Magical
- Role Reversal



Alternate universe (AU) themes offer Harry Potter fanfiction writers boundless creative opportunities to explore different storylines and reimagine familiar characters in new settings. In order to shed light on the variety of stories, this research paper explores the prevalence and popularity of three primary AU tags— Canon Divergence, Modern/Non-Magical, and Role Reversal —within the Harry Potter fanfiction community.

The study examined three primary AU tags: Canon Divergence, Modern/Non-Magical, and Role Reversal. Canon Divergence, with 7,548 hits, emerged as a dominant theme, reflecting the widespread interest in exploring "what if" scenarios and deviations from the original series' storyline. Meanwhile, the Modern/Non-Magical AU, with 4,532 hits, showcased readers' fascination with envisioning the wizarding world in contemporary or mundane settings, offering a fresh perspective on magical characters in everyday life. Role Reversal, with 3,741 hits, revealed a significant interest in flipping traditional character dynamics and exploring the potential outcomes of altered roles and alignments.

Combining these tags with the overarching theme of "Alternate Universes" provided valuable insights into their respective popularity and narrative appeal. While Canon Divergence and Modern/Non-Magical AUs drew a lot of interest, Role Reversal turned out to be an exciting but relatively unexplored genre for fanfiction writers.

Alternate universe themes, including Canon Divergence, Modern/Non-Magical, and Role Reversal, serve as fertile ground for Harry Potter fanfiction writers to craft imaginative and thought-provoking narratives. The widespread appeal of these universe tags highlights the range of storytelling choices, within the fandom giving readers an abundance of intriguing possibilities to delve into and appreciate.



CROSSROADS OF DESTINY

A MODERN ENCOUNTER

In the heart of rushing New York City, Hermione Granger confidently made her way through the streets purposefully walking towards her destination while her heels clicked against the pavement. She was dressed in attire exuding an air of determination as she skillfully maneuvered through the throngs of people. Her mind was already occupied with the tasks and deadlines of the day.

As Hermione turned a corner, she accidentally bumped into someone coming from the direction causing her papers to scatter across the sidewalk. Letting out an exasperated sigh she quickly knelt down to gather her belongings while apologizing to the person she had collided with.

A familiar voice drawled, "Watch where you're going". Hermione looked up to find Draco Malfoy standing in front of her with a mix of annoyance and amusement, on his face.

"Malfoy," Hermione greeted coolly clearly annoyed as she hurriedly collected her papers.

Before Malfoy could respond another voice interrupted them Harry Potter stepped forward with a grin on his face. Said apologetically "Sorry, about him Hermione. He's always been a bit difficult."

Hermione couldn't. Smile when she saw Harry feeling her irritation fade away, in the comfort of his presence.

"Thanks, Harry" Hermione said gratefully as she straightened up accepting his help. "I really appreciate it."

While they gathered her papers Hermione couldn't shake the sense of familiarity that washed over her. It was like they had known each other in a life their paths crossing in ways she couldn't fully understand.

With a gesture of gratitude Hermione said goodbye to Harry and Malfoy her mind returning to the task at hand as she continued on her way.

That day as Hermione settled into her office at one of the city's law firms, an uneasy feeling lingered in the back of her mind. Something about her encounter with Harry and Malfoy didn't sit well with her, there was an aspect that eluded explanation.



Throughout the day Hermione found herself lost in thoughts, about their meeting. Her mind kept revisiting the connection she felt with both Harry and Malfoy. Their interactions held a familiarity beyond chance it hinted at something connecting them. Feeling an unease Hermione couldn't resist the urge to investigate further. She opened her laptop began scouring the internet hoping to find some answers regarding her encounter.

To her surprise Hermione stumbled upon a series of news articles that detailed the adventures of a known trio of troublemakers—Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy and their mysterious companion, Ron Weasley. According to these reports the trio had been involved in high profile incidents with their names linked to everything from espionage to organized crime.

As she read on disbelief washed over Hermione. How could the Harry and Malfoy she had met be the individuals described in these articles? What did this mean for her involvement, in their lives?

Determined to uncover the truth behind their personalities Hermione made up her mind to confront Harry and Malfoy about their pasts. However, as she delved deeper into their world Hermione found herself entangled in a web of suspense and peril beyond anything she could have imagined.

With every revelation she uncovered truths that had the potential to disrupt her perception of reality. It compelled her to confront the aspects lurking beneath the surface of the city she called home.

Ultimately Hermione's quest for answers took a turn leading her down a path filled with challenges. This journey forced her to question everything she believed about herself and the world. As she delved deeper into the darkness, she gradually grasped that certain secrets were best left undisturbed as they had the power to consume her entirely.

Despite the chaos and lack of certainty one thing was crystal clear; the connection between Hermione, Harry and Malfoy was solid. As they confronted the challenges that lay ahead, they would support each other. Remain united, in their resolve to uncover the truth and shield one another from the looming darkness.



BEHIND THE SCENES

Collectively, as a group we decided to use this zine as an opportunity to investigate different aspects of the vast collection of Harry Potter fanfiction. Each of us focused on one particular concept or genre and looked at the texts on fanfiction websites, especially Archive of Our Own (AO3). There, we took a closer look at the most popular tags and connected tropes to put in a comprehensive graph.

After discussing the data, each of us worked on a little fanfiction-snippet resembling the main theme(s) of our respective topics. Each of our own works is supposed to represent a „window“ into that particular aspect of fanfiction.

To accompany the texts in our zine, we created graphs, corresponding to each topic. Selfmade coat of arms were used to present each topic on the table of content and another coat of arms was created to symbol the Hogwarts houses on the cover. As page borders, we chose to write down spells and curses used in the „Wizarding World“.



Used to create coat of arms

The Creators