

Advice (a Series of Parodies)

by Cat Feral

Each of J.K. Rowling's beloved characters puts his or her own spin on the famous "Wear sunscreen" column. We begin with Harry.

Harry Potter's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 1 of 17

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(The original column by Mary Schmich of The Chicago Tribune. June 1, 1997. It was mis-credited to Kurt Vonnegut via e-mail and became hugely popular.) Link below.

<http://www.chicagotribune.com/news/columnists/chi-970601sunscreen.0.4664776.column>

Harry Potter's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Learn the Patronus Charm.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, the Patronus Charm would be it. The long-term benefits of the Patronus Charm have been proven by many wizards in many dangerous situations, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. (And my own experience also recommends the Patronus.) I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You cannot appreciate the power and beauty of your youth while you're fighting the Dark Forces.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to talk sense to a Dursley. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindside you at 4 p.m. just when you've decided to share a victory instead of hogging the glory.

Do one thing every day that scares you. On days when you don't have Care of Magical Creatures, find a Boggart. Or a Dementor. Or try talking to a girl you have a crush on.

Play Quidditch.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours. During your teens this rule deserves a little leeway since everyone involved is just learning.

Floss.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. Besides, imagine how you'll feel if you're jealous of someone for months and then he dies.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. If you succeed in doing this, tell me how.

Keep your old fan letters. Throw away your old hate and "You're bonkers" letters.

It's always good to know a second language.

Don't feel bad if you don't know what you want to do with your life. Some of us don't get a choice.

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your bones. You'll miss them when they're gone, and they're a real pain to grow back.

Maybe you'll marry your first crush or your best friend or your other best friend's sister or the odd girl you only met this year, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have red-haired children or green-eyed children or half-Asian children or not-completely-human children or incredibly ordinary children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe you'll dance to the Weird Sisters on your 75th wedding anniversary, maybe your spouse will be murdered by the next Dark Lord to come down the pike. Whatever you do, don't congratulate yourself too much, or berate yourself either. Your choices are half fate, and mostly J.K. Rowling's. So are everybody else's in the Wizarding World. Unless this is fanfiction."

Enjoy your broomstick. Use it every way you can. Let me rephrase that – play a lot of Quidditch. Don't be afraid of it or of what curses someone might have put on it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Dance, even if everyone is staring at you. And if you're a Champion at the Yule Ball, they will be.

Read the directions. Failing that, make sure you're friends with someone who always reads them.

Do not read the Daily Prophet. It will only tell you that you're psychotic and sleeping with your best friends.

Get to know your parents. You never know when they'll be murdered or driven insane. This holds true for your godparents as well. Be nice to your siblings. You're luckier to have them than you know. They're your best link to your past and the people most likely to stick with you in the future. Of course, sometimes they're the people most likely to stick it *to* you in the future, but they're still family.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the people who were beside you when you faced certain death, uncovered the shocking truth, stormed the Ministry and, most horrifying of all, confronted puberty.

Live with hostile Muggles once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live with your best friend's family once, but leave before it makes you soft. Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Dark Lords will rise; politicians will try to discredit you; when teenagers are going through rough times the boys will scream at you and the girls will cry at you. You, too, will probably die young. If you don't die young, you will eventually get old, and then you'll fantasize that when you were young, dark wizards were easily defeated, politicians were noble, teenagers were stoic and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. Believe it or not, sometimes the old Headmasters know a few things. But don't completely trust the word of the people who love you. Sometimes it takes someone who hates you to tell you the truth.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you have a stack of gold in Gringotts. Maybe you'll win a lot of money in a Tournament somewhere. But neither one will last your whole life... unless, of course, you die young.

Don't mess too much with your hair – either it lies flat or it doesn't.

Be careful whose advice you buy, and make sure you know who's supplying it. Polyjuice potion can turn up in the most unexpected people and situations. Advice can be a way to save your life, shield you from truths you'd do better to face, make you look like a fool, salvage your love-life or send you to your death. No matter where advice comes from, think carefully before you either dismiss or follow it.

But trust me on the Patronus Charm.

Hermione Granger's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 2 of 17

The same graduation speech, from Hermione's POV.

Hermione Granger's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Read "Hogwarts – a History".

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, "Hogwarts – a History" would be it. I know that this is the day most of you leave Hogwarts, but believe me, the long-term benefits of "Hogwarts – a History" have been proven beyond any doubt, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own – admittedly brilliant – experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 40 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked. Who *cares* what your hair looks like from the back?!

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying free an enslaved race by wearing a button with a bad slogan. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you at 4 p.m. on some idle Tuesday when they suddenly start banning books..

Do one thing every day that scares you. Start with a troll and work up from there.

Read.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts... Ronald.

Floss. My parents are both dentists, so trust me on this one.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. I will always be top of our year and the best you can hope for is to come in second. Deal with it.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. The former are mostly well-deserved and the later are mostly motivated by jealousy.

Keep your old love letters. Someday, you may want to brag to your children that you once dated a legendary Quidditch star.

Stretch. It's good for your circulation, which in turn is good for mental clarity.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. Wizards and witches live a surprisingly long time, so try doing a little of everything!

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. You'll miss them when you can no longer squat down to get at the books on the bottom shelf.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Either way, don't give up your career.

Enjoy your mind. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Dance. It will shock the hell out of the people who assumed you wouldn't know how!

Read the directions. Read the textbooks. Read the newspaper. Read for relaxation. Some of you may begin to see a pattern here.

Do not read beauty magazines – at least not until you have run out of all other reading matter.

Get to know your parents. If you are from a Muggle family this is especially important. More and more, your world will take you away from theirs. Be nice to your siblings. They could get written out of the Canon later.

Understand that friends come and go, but books are forever. With a rare, precious few, you should hold on through thick and thin. This goes for friends and books both. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the people who put up with you when you were young.

Live in New York City once; they have an excellent library. Live in Northern California once; they have some really fine museums. Travel. But in case you have to wait for your Portkey, take a book.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Boys will always be stupid. Politicians will lie. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, boys had brains, politicians were noble and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. Remember that just because a teacher is unpleasant doesn't mean he wants to see you dead.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. What do you think you have a brain for? That goes for you too, Lavender and Parvati.

Don't mess too much with your hair or you'll be late to class. But go all out for the Yule Ball.

Be careful whose advice you buy; best to play it safe and stick with mine.

And trust me on "Hogwarts – a History".

Ron Weasley's Advice to Anyone Who's Listening

Chapter 3 of 17

It's Ron's turn.

Ron Weasley's Advice to Anyone Who's Listening

Wear sunscreen.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, sunscreen would be it. This is especially important if you've got pale, redhead skin like I do and can get burned just looking out a window. And I have some other advice, which I will dispense now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 40 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself and realize that, no matter how ragged or out of style your robes were, you looked *good!* And you'd be surprised how many girls actually *like* freckles.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to train for the Quidditch team by watching your hyperactive git of an owl. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you in the middle of the night when your best mate starts yelling that a huge snake just bit your Dad – and he knows because he was the snake!

Do one thing every day that scares you. In these times, that's not hard, especially with the people I hang out with!

Sing. Sing "Weasley Is Our King," for preference. But only if you're a Gryffindor.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. This sometimes means, don't be reckless with your mouth. It's amazing how a simple comment like "He's only going out with you to pump you for information" can offend some people.

Floss. My girlfriend's got a real thing about that.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. Sometimes you're the hero, sometimes you're the sidekick. The race is long and, in the end, the people you're most likely to be jealous of are the very ones you most want on your side.

Remember compliments you receive. Punch out Malfoy for the insults.

Keep your old comic books. Throw away your old homework.

Stretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. My brother Percy knew from the time he was ten what he wanted to do with his life and look how much trouble *that* caused in the end!

Get plenty of calcium, whatever that is. Some Muggle thing – supposed to be good for your bones.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children – in fact you'll probably have lots and lots of children and your younger kids will have to take all the hand-me-downs and – er – never mind. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe your wife will be henpecking you on your 75th wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, have a little workshop you can hide out in when you need to.

Enjoy your body. It'll stop growing sooner or later.

Dance, even if you feel a right prat doing it.

Read the directions. Especially you, Hermione, because I'll need to copy your notes later.

Do not read beauty magazines. Bloody hell, why would you *want* to?

Get to know your parents. You never know when they'll be gone for good. Be nice to your siblings. Just don't turn your back on them.

Understand that friends come and go, but there's a few you should hold on to forever. Work hard to bridge the gaps in talent, money and fame, because the tighter the brain wraps around your neck, the more you need the people who forgave you when you acted like a prat.

Live in Romania once, but leave before all your skin's burned off. Live in Egypt once, but leave before you get locked in a pyramid. Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Everything's expensive. Newspapers lie. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, newspapers were honest and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. And know when to duck.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. They have enough to do just supporting themselves!

Don't mess too much with your hair or if it started out red, it'll end up maroon. I hate maroon.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of hand-me-down. Dispensing it is a way of digging the past out of your closet, cleaning it up, darning the holes and passing it down one more time. Kind of like everything I own.

But trust me on the sunscreen.

Albus Dumbledore's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 4 of 17

Albus -- who probably did speak at a lot of graduations in his time -- speaks his piece.

Albus Dumbledore's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Wear warm socks.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, warm socks would be it. The long-term benefits of warm socks have been proven by Healers, mothers and old men with cold feet, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own intelligence and experience – although, between you and me, that is saying something.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. When you're done with that, enjoy the power and beauty of your old age even more. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, by the time you've attained a great age, you'll be wise enough to appreciate it.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to defeat the Dark Lord by eating lemon drops. And not nearly as much fun!

Do one thing every day that scares you. If nothing scares you anymore, you clearly haven't been paying attention.

Sing. Once you've risen to a position where you can get away with it, make up fun new words to a dull old song. Make everyone else learn it and sing it with you. Let them use their own favorite tunes.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours.

Don't lie to children. You'll regret it. And yes, leaving out important bits of information does count as lying.

Floss.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, it's only with yourself. And the student you were unable to turn from the Dark Side fifty years ago.

Remember compliments you receive. Laugh at the insults. Save your anger for the really important things. Then give it to 'em both barrels!

Keep your old love letters. Keep your new love letters too.

Stretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 what they wanted to do with their lives. I was one of them!

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. You'll need them when you have to storm the Ministry in the middle of the night.

Maybe you'll marry your Deputy Headmistress, maybe you won't. Maybe she's actually your daughter or granddaughter, maybe she isn't. Maybe she's a lover, a trusted old friend, your favorite former student or The One That Got Away. Don't let the fangirls' interpretations worry you too much.

Enjoy your body. Enjoy your wand. Enjoy the looks on people's faces as they try to decide whether you meant any double entendre in the word "wand". Enjoy your friends. Enjoy learning. Enjoy lemon drops.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your office. The looks on people's faces when they walk in and catch you at it are frequently priceless!

Read the directions, then figure out your own way to do it better.

Do not read beauty magazines. You're more attractive than anyone in them anyway.

Get to know your parents. You never know when they'll be gone for good. Be nice to your siblings – even the one with the goat fetish.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Better yet, keep in contact with all the old crowd. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography, lifestyle, and species because the older you get, the more you need the beings who knew you when you were young. And you never know when you may need to call them all together again.

Live in New York City once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live in Northern California once, but leave before it makes you soft. Live in Thailand once but leave before you get too addicted to the food. Live in Hawaii once, but leave while you still look good in a grass skirt. Live at Hogwarts once and you'll never want to leave. Trust me on this.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Dark Lords will rise. Politicians will turn on you. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, nobody was evil, politicians were noble and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. But don't trust them blindly. Believe me, we're fallible.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Half the fun in life is discovering what you do best and how to use it to your own – and everyone else's – best advantage.

Don't mess too much with your hair, but try to keep your beard combed.

Remember that death is the next great adventure. Remember that death is the *next* great adventure. Focus on this one for a while longer.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of nostalgia. And after your first century, you'll have LOTS of nostalgia!

But trust me on the socks.

Lord Voldemort's Advice to Young Death Eaters

Chapter 5 of 17

And now a word from the other side.

Lord Voldemort's Advice to Young Death Eaters

Learn the "Unforgivables."

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, a sound knowledge of the so-called "Unforgivable Curses" would be it. The long-term effects of "Unforgivables" have been proved by years of testing (just look at the Longbottoms!), whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own omniscience. I will dispense this advice now. You would be wise to heed.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. You'll have both a good deal longer if you serve me faithfully.

Don't worry about the future. We will win.

Do one thing every day that scares someone else.

Sing. My praises.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Put them in the bin specifically labeled for the purpose. They will be useful in certain spells later.

Floss. I may need to use your teeth in a spell someday, and I'll be very disappointed if I find you haven't taken proper care of them.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Save your energy for revenge.

Remember compliments you receive, even if they were given under the Imperius. Keep a record of the insults, even if they were leveled by someone you may never be able to kill.

Keep your old love letters. Just be sure they're well hidden when the Aurors are investigating the deaths of your old loves.

Stretch a Muggle on the rack occasionally.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. I'll let you know where you'll be the most useful to me.

Get plenty of calcium. Your bones are another item I may need someday.

Maybe you'll marry; maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children; maybe you won't. I'll let you know when I decide.

Enjoy your body. If you lose it, use every means possible to get it back. I've had good results with the bones of my father, the flesh of my servant and the blood of my enemy.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room. But be sure you always go counter-clockwise.

Read the directions. Then burn them so no one else can ever gain your knowledge.

Do not read beauty magazines. If you need advice on your personal appearance, ask Bellatrix. Or Narcissa, if you like that type.

Get to know your parents. If you learn one of them betrayed the other, kill him and hate all of his kind forever.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to break them out of Azkaban.

Live in New York City once, but leave before the sudden increase in mysterious deaths is traced back to you. Live in Northern California once, but leave before what pass for witches out there infect you with their absurd "harm none" philosophy. Travel. It will help in any plans for world domination you may be brewing.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will philander. You, too, will get old. I won't.

Respect your elders. But only if they're Death Eaters and only if they are currently in my good graces.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Just kill them and take over their house.

Don't mess too much with your hair – bald is beautiful.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but don't be too quick to kill those who supply it. Advice is a form of immortality. Dispensing it is a way of leaving one's mark on the future. We have more effective ways.

But trust me on the Unforgivables.

Minerva McGonagall's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 6 of 17

Listen up and take notes, or feel the wrath of... The Tabby!

Minerva McGonagall's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Wear a flea collar.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, flea collars would be it. The long-term benefits of flea collars have been proved by both Healers and Muggle veterinarians, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own, admittedly vast, experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 40 years, when you catch teenagers talking about what a dried up old maid you are and speculating about whether you're a virgin, you'll look back and struggle not to laugh in their faces.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to keep Mr. Potter and his friends out of trouble by consulting Sybil Trelawney. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that hit you squarely in the chest just when you thought the worst thing that could happen this late in the evening was another shouting match with the Toad.

Do one thing every day that scares you. Facing a pack of Aurors who are unjustly arresting a friend or colleague will do nicely.

Sing. Whether you do it at the sorting feast or in the alley behind the fish market, it will do your soul good.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Tell off anyone who is reckless with yours. Or anyone who's reckless with the hearts of your friends, even if ~~is~~ a friend or with the hearts of your students, even if it is a student.

Floss. Oh and use those teeth-cleaning chew-treats. The Magical Menagerie has an excellent brand.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead; sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, it's only with yourself. And the occasional toad-woman, of course.

Remember compliments you receive. Dock points for the insults.

Keep your old tartans. Throw away your old "girly" robes.

Stretch. But try not to claw the furniture while you're doing it.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. Schedule an appointment with me on Career Advice Day, and we'll discuss your options and your strengths.

Get plenty of catnip. Be kind to your paws. You'll miss them when you have to return to human form.

Maybe you'll marry; maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children; maybe you won't. Maybe the love of your life will be murdered by Death Eaters; maybe he'll become the most powerful wizard in the world. Keep the fangirls guessing.

Enjoy your body, whatever form it's currently in. Use it every way you can – except on the back fence, so wipe those smirks off your faces, Messieurs Weasley.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room. The Yule Ball is good, too.

Read the directions. Mucking about haphazardly in my class will not be tolerated. Much of life is the same way.

Do not read high-class cat magazines. They will only make you feel smug about your superior points and markings.

Be nice to your Housemates. They're your best link to your past and the people most likely to stick with you in the future. Be nice to people from the other houses as well. Even to the Slytherins and even if you are a Slytherin.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Be ready to fight by their side against any odds – or to keep your head down and hold things together while they're gone if that's what's needed.

Live in New York City once. Live in Northern California once. Then go back to Scotland and thank all the Powers that there are still civilized places in the world.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will philander. Some people will always cheat at Quidditch. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, wands and cauldrons were reasonably priced, politicians were noble, Quidditch matches were played fairly, and students respected their professors.

Respect your professors.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you come from a wealthy, pureblood family. Maybe you can sit outside someone's door mewing plaintively until they take you in. But to be your own person – human or otherwise – you must eventually make your own way.

Don't mess too much with your hair or by the time you're 70 it will look 150. Just pin it up in a simple bun and go on with the business of the day. But make an effort to keep your fur glossy.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of nostalgia. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the litter box, cleaning it off, painting over the ugly parts and laying it at your feet, like a fresh-killed mouse.

But trust me on the flea collar.

Severus Snape's Advice To Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 7 of 17

It's Snark time!

Severus Snape's Advice To Hogwarts Graduates

Know your potions.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, a basic knowledge of potions would be it. The benefits of being able to brew a decent potion are clear and obvious, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own experience. I will dispense this advice now – to those who find it worth their while to **PAY ATTENTION**.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, who am I kidding? Unless you're one of the elite few at the top of the schoolyard food chain, your youth will be a wretched, humiliating time from which no one emerges unscathed so don't bother to hope for it.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to brew wolfsbane potion substituting oregano. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you at 4 p.m. on some idle Tuesday when the Dark Mark appears over your house.

Do one thing every day that scares you. Working undercover among Death Eaters will do nicely.

For the love of all that is holy, *don't sing!*

Be reckless with other people's hearts. Don't give other people the chance to be reckless with yours.

Snark.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Save your energy for serious grievances. You'll have enough of them, believe me.

Remember compliments you receive. Remember the insults as well. Be highly suspicious of the former and return the latter three-fold.

Keep your old tattoos. You can't get rid of them anyway.

Stretch. You'll need to if you're going to reach the ingredients on the top shelf.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. Even if you knew exactly what you wanted to do, it's likely that someone else *cough*QuirrellLockhartLupin*cough* would get the job.

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. You'll miss them after the Final Battle.

Maybe you'll marry; maybe you'll show better sense. Maybe you'll breed excessively; maybe you're not a Weasley. Maybe you'll divorce at 40; maybe you won't last nearly that long. Whatever you do, don't berate yourself too much. That's my job.

Enjoy your body. For most of you this will be a solo effort. Use it every way you can. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own. This is rather sad when you think about it.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room. But be aware that if anyone sees you, you'll have to kill them.

Read the directions. Then follow them to the letter. Yes, I do mean you, Mr. Longbottom.

Do not read beauty magazines. They are written and published by idiots.

Get to know your parents. You never know when you'll find out something blackmailable. Be nice to the students of your own House. God knows, nobody else will.

Understand that friends come and go, but enemies are forever. Make every effort to survive, because the older you get, the better your chances of outliving the people who knew you when you were young.

Live in New York City once, so that wherever you spend the rest of your life you'll know that it could have been worse. Live in Northern California once, so that you'll know that New York City could have been worse.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will philander. Anyone named Potter is an arrogant jackass. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, politicians were noble and Potter... Oh, hell, Potter was always an arrogant jackass.

Respect your elders. If you can't bring yourself to respect them, know which ones to fear. If I haven't given you a good place to start in the last seven years, I haven't been doing my job.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Why should they?

Don't mess too much with your hair. It will only get greasy again anyway.

Be careful whose advice you buy and of how long you put up with those who supply it. Advice is a form of nostalgia and, as such, is a weakness we rarely have time for.

But trust me on the potions.

Hagrid's Advice to The Next Generation

Chapter 8 of 17

Don't be late to Hagrid's class today -- he has some really special advice for you!

Hagrid's Advice to The Next Generation

Keep pets.

If I could gi' yeh only one tip fer the future, pets'd be it. The benefits o' havin' pets -- t' yer mind an' body both - have been proved by both muggle scientists an' wizard healers, while the rest o' my advice has nothin' backin' it up but my own experience. Bit less chatter in the back there, I'll be dispensin' this advice now.

Enjoy th' power an' beauty o' yer youth. Oh, never mind. Yeh won't understan' th' power an' beauty o' yer youth till they're long gone. But trus' me, in 50 years, yeh'll look back at pictures o' yerself and remember how much possibility lay ahead o' you and how great yeh really looked. Yer not as overgrown or under-grown or fat or skinny or pimply or funny-lookin' as yeh think.

Don't worry about th' future. What's comin' will come. Worryin' is abou' as much use as tryin' t' stop a dark wizard by drinkin' ale. Although an ale does soun' pretty good about now... er...ahem. The real troubles in your life are like to be things that never crossed yer mind, the kind that blindsides yeh at 4 p.m. on some idle Tuesday when someone tells yeh yer big mouth may've handed Dark Lord the clue he was lookin' fer.

Do one thing every day that scares yeh. No, comin' t' my class doesn't count.

Sing. A couple o' ales helps.

Don't play aroun' with other people's hearts. Don't put up with people who play aroun' with yers. Pets won't do that t' yeh.

Yer teeth are important, so floss ev'ry day. Groomin's important too, so comb yer beard at least once a week.

Don't waste yer time on jealousy. Sometimes yer ahead, sometimes yer behind. And one day yeh come t' realize yer not really in a race at all -- 'cept maybe wi' yerself.

Remember when someone says summat nice about yeh. Forget when they say summat nasty. It's not easy and I don't always manage it either, but do yer best, that's all I'm sayin'.

Keep yer old love letters. An' yeh know, it wouldn't hurt t' study French, too.

Stretch. Don't worry, yeh won't end up as tall as I am.

Don't feel guilty if yeh don't know what yeh want t' do with yer life. Sometimes yeh can just fall into a good job right when yeh thought yer life was over.

Get plenty of calcium. The bigger yer bones, the more yeh need. ("Big bones" my...)

Maybe yeh'll marry, maybe yeh won't. Maybe yeh'll have kids, maybe yeh won't. Maybe th' love o' yer life'll leave yeh when yer kids are still little, maybe yeh'll go thuderin' into th' sunset, han' in han' and lie down t'gether like the legend my mother's people 'ave 'bout th' two old giants who became mighty mountains joined t'gether forever by a li'l range o' hills where... well, anyway... Whatever happens, don't congratulate yerself too much, or berate yerself either. Lot o' it's chance an' luck, and that's true fer all o' us.

Enjoy yer body. Use it every way yeh can. Don't be afraid t' wrestle trolls now an' then.

Dance, even if yeh have nowhere to do it but yer livin' room. There's advantages t' that. Last time a certain young Slytherin chap came peekin' in my window where 'e had no business t' be, I happened t' be dancin'. Haven't seen 'im aroun' since.

Read th' directions, 'cause some creatures are really tricky t' take care of.

Don't read beauty magazines. There's no interestin' creatures in 'em, just a bunch o' skinny girls wi' too much makeup on.

Get t' know yer parents. Yeh never know when they'll be gone fer good. Be nice t' yer siblings, even if yeh didn't know yeh had any. They might need yer help even if they don't know it.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Better yet, hold on *tàll* of 'em. Sooner or later yeh'll need 'em fer summat. And *they* might need summat, come t' that.

Live with Goblins once, but leave before yeh step on anybody. Live with Giants once, but leave before yeh get stepped on.

Accept certain facts o' life: Flesh-eatin' slugs will get into yer garden. Politicians will make yeh a scapegoat. Yeh'll get old like th' rest o' us. And when yeh do, you'll start thinkin' that when yeh were young, there weren't near as many slugs, politicians were noble and children respected their elders.

Respect yer elders.

Don't expect anyone else t' support yeh. But never forget who gave yeh a job so yeh could support yerself! Great man, Dumbledore, great man! Er... ahem. Anyway...

Don't mess too much wi' your hair. My mother's people believe it's unhealthy t' cut it.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient wi' them that supply it. Givin' advice is a way of fishin' the past out o' th' midden, wipin' it off, painting over the ugly parts and passin' it on t' somebody that can maybe get better use out o' it.

But trus' me on the pets.

Remus Lupin's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 9 of 17

Everyone's favorite werewolf has his say.

Remus Lupin's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Eat Chocolate.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, chocolate would be it. The long-term benefits of chocolate have been proven by healers, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. And may you live long enough to look back on it and say: "Those were the days!" The only thing sadder than watching the power and beauty of your youth fade is not getting to watch it.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve an Arithmancy equation by drinking butterbeer. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that sink their teeth into you at 2 a.m. on some sweltering Tuesday morning.

Do one thing every day that scares you. Actually, I have a boggart you could face later today, if you're interested.

Howl.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Or their livers. Or their throats. Just don't forget to take your potion, no matter what else is happening in your life.

Floss. This is especially important if you have big, sharp teeth.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Merlin, if all you have to worry about is who's doing better or getting more than you are, I want your life!

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. It takes a while to develop the right mindset, but you can do it.

Keep your old love letters. Keep letters from old friends too. You can enchant a shoebox to hold them all even if there seem to be far too many to fit.

Stalk. But try not to pounce.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. When in doubt, you can always devote your life to fighting the next dark menace. Sad to say, there will always be another one coming along.

Get plenty of chocolate. Did I mention that already? And tea. Tea is good.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have cubs – *er, children*, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe your pack will howl on your 75th wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, don't congratulate yourself too much, or berate yourself either. Your choices are half chance. So are everybody else's.

Enjoy your body. This will be easier for some than for others.

Dance, even if it's only with wolves.

Read the map, but always remember to wipe it blank afterwards.

Do not read "The Standard Encyclopedia of Dark Creatures". It contains a lot of misinformation, especially where werewolves are concerned.

Get to know your parents. You never know when you may need them to defend you against the Department of Dark Creatures who want to have you "put down".

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle because the older you get, the more you need the people who still liked you even when they learned your dark secret. (And sooner or later, everybody has one.)

Live in Liverpool once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live in Manchester once, but leave before it makes you soft. Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. No matter who you are, someone somewhere is prejudiced against you. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, people were more open-minded and children knew better than to pet strange dogs.

Don't pet strange dogs. Some of them bite. And some of them aren't dogs.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Just be glad if you can get a job.

Don't transform during the full moon or by the time you're 40 you will look 65. To avoid transforming, remember what I said about strange dogs.

Be careful whose advice you buy, particularly if it's coming from Mundungus Fletcher. Actually, be careful when you buy anything from Mundungus Fletcher. Selling it is a way of fishing it from amongst other people's belongings, polishing it up and getting it off his hands before the Aurors come for him, I'm afraid.

But trust me on the chocolate.

Sirius Black's Advice From Beyond the Veil

Chapter 10 of 17

If Sirius Black could speak from beyond the Veil, what do you think he'd have to say?

Sirius Black's Advice From Beyond the Veil

Stay away from veils.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, staying as far away from veils as you possibly can would be it. The disasters that can result from getting too close to the wrong veil have been proved by – well, *me*, actually – and the rest of my advice is based on my own experience too. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. Just wait till you see what twelve years in Azkaban will do to you!

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to improve your marks in Transfiguration by flirting with McGonagall. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that kill your best friends and blow up their house at 11 p.m. on some idle Halloween.

Do one thing every day that scares you. Have you met my mother?

Sing. If possible sing something insulting to a Slytherin.

Don't be reckless with other people's souls. Show a little gratitude to the people who refuse to be reckless with yours.

Floss. This is especially important if your life story is ever made into a movie.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Are you listening, Snivellus?

Remember compliments you receive. Try not to let the Dementors suck them out of your memory. Forget the insults. If you don't, you'll find yourself going over and over them until you start to think you deserved them. The Dementors will like that. You won't.

Keep your old love letters. Throw away your "heirlooms".

Wag your tail.

Don't feel guilty if you come from an arrogant old family with bigoted attitudes. Just walk away as soon as you're old enough and don't look back.

Get plenty of calcium. But try to get it from some other source than rat bones.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe your friends will have children, even if you don't. If they do, don't confuse your best friend's son with the best friend himself. You'd be amazed how easily that can happen!

Enjoy your tail. Wag it every chance you get. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. Just try not to knock too many small items off of end-tables with it.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your common room. Then again, why stop there? Dance everywhere you can, including the roof of the Astronomy Tower. The women will be standing in line!

Read the directions. Then figure out how to alter them to make the whole thing blow up in someone else's face.

Do not read beauty magazines. They will only make your teachers seem ugly.

Get to know your godchildren. You never know when they – or you – will be gone for good. Be nice to your siblings. Once they go over to the dark side ~~they're~~ gone for good.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle because the older you get, the more you need to hunt down the little rat bastard who betrayed you when you were young.

Live in London once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live in Hogsmeade once, but leave before it makes you soft. Live in Azkaban once, but – no. ~~Na~~ don't live in Azkaban! Ever!

Accept certain inalienable truths: Dark Lords will rise. Politicians will put you away without a trial. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, Dark Lords were few and far between, everyone got a fair trial, and wizards were kind to their house-elves.

Be kind to your house-elves. I wish I had been. (Merlin, do I ever!)

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you have an inheritance. Maybe you'll have wealthy friends. But having a career of your own will show those bastards who

called you a disgrace to their name that you don't need their tainted Galleons to get by! Er, sorry, got carried away there.

Don't mess too much with your hair. When it gets to be elbow-length dread-locks, cut it short.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is like a bone. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the trash bins, chewing on it, rolling around in the trash it came from, and then tossing it across the yard and waiting for you to chase after it and bring it back in your teeth.

But trust me on the veils.

Poppy Pomfrey's Advice to Everyone

Chapter 11 of 17

Been to the Hospital Wing lately? Madam Pomfrey puts in her two knuts.

Know your remedies.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, knowing your remedies would be it. The long-term benefits of knowing your remedies should be obvious to all, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own surprisingly extensive experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 40 years, when you find yourself back in the hospital wing with stiff joints, swollen ankles and stomach trouble every couple of months, you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now freely you moved, how much more quickly you healed how easily you digested the most bizarre combinations of foods, and how fabulous you really looked.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to re-grow bones by playing chess. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you at 4 p.m. on some idle Tuesday when two-thirds of the students stagger in carrying the remaining third on stretchers.

Do one thing every day that scares you. I've been the Nurse/Healer of Hogwarts for a long time and believe me, some of the injuries I see *still* scare me!

Sing. It's very good for your cardiovascular system.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours. You'd be surprised how many illnesses have their roots in depression and emotional turmoil so don't make my job any harder than it is.

Floss. I can repair your teeth, but you should take some responsibility yourself.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, you'll be back in my infirmary with broomstick blisters whether you win or lose.

Remember compliments you receive. Assume the insults are simply the pain talking.

Keep your old love letters. Occasionally, a patient's crush will turn into something darker and more dangerous and it helps to have all the evidence. (Merlin, I'm starting to sound like Alastor Moody!)

Stretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. I'll keep you alive till you figure it out.

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. You'll be kind to my nerves in the process.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, don't let Gilderoy Lockhart mend your broken bones! Or your spouse's broken bones. Or your children's broken bones. Or your grandchildren's... oh well, I'm sure you get the idea.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. But have it examined by a Healer at least twice a year. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own, so take care of it.

Dance. It's good exercise and safer than Quidditch.

Read the directions. Often the only difference between a potion and a poison is how much you swallow.

Do not read beauty magazines. Read health journals. The glow of good health is the best cosmetic there is.

Get to know your parents. Make sure you know their medical histories. When the sad day comes that they're gone for good, find out whether what they died of was hereditary. Be nice to your siblings. Occasionally, even in the wizarding world, someone needs an organ donor.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the people who can still take you to-and-from your appointments with the Healer.

Live in New York City once, but leave after you've observed a Muggle heart transplant. Live in Northern California once, but leave after you've observed a New Age spirit cleansing. Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Old people will overdose on sweets. Young people will take dangerous risks. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, old people ate sensibly, young people knew they weren't invulnerable and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. It will lower their stress level and help them live longer.

Don't expect your body to withstand everything you can throw at it. Maybe you have protection spells. Maybe you have natural resilience. But you never know when either

one might run out.

Don't mess too much with your hair or I'll just have to re-grow it for you.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of healing. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from death's door, disinfecting it, mending the broken parts and recycling it as an immunization spell.

But trust me on the remedies.

Percy Weasley's Advice to Young Ministry Hopefuls

Chapter 12 of 17

Want some advice from a former Prefect who may yet Achieve Power? Well, pay attention! He was Head Boy!

Percy Weasley's Advice to Young Ministry Hopefuls

Obey the rules.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, obedience to the rules would be it. The long-term benefits of working within the system have been proven throughout history, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own experience as a rising young official. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 20 years, you'll have achieved other kinds of power and won't miss your youth too much when it starts to fade.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to get any respect in the Ministry by announcing that you're a Weasley. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you at 4 p.m. on the day you came home bursting with the news that you got a promotion and your own father said... oh, never mind.

Do one thing every day that advances you.

Sing. Everyone loves the British Wizards' Anthem. (It sure beats that ridiculous school song I grew up with!)

Don't be reckless with other people's careers. Unless, of course, trashing someone else's career can advance yours.

Floss. A good smile is important for public relations.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. Make sure you're ahead as often as possible. If you're doing it right, you won't have *time* to be jealous.

Remember compliments you receive. Make a note of them. Find a way to mention them to others, but try not to sound either boastful or needy.

Keep your old love letters. But keep them well hidden, especially from your younger brothers.

Stretch. It's especially important when you sit at the desk all day.

If you don't know what you want to do with your life, shame on you. Time's a-wasting. The most successful people I know had a plan from very early in life and stuck to it. Get cracking!

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. You'll need to be on them a lot for brown-nosing.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. If you do have children, remember to congratulate them on their successes. Your choices are half chance. Theirs are pure hard work.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can, but always be alert for what people think of it. There are times when it will be the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Dance, and make sure you do it well. You'd be surprised how often a promotion may hinge on whether the wrong person jokes to your boss about your two left feet.

Read the directions, and be ready to shift the blame if they're not followed.

When no one is looking, read beauty magazines. You will want to keep up with the latest in appropriate robes for all occasions.

Get to know your parents. You never know when you'll have to disown them to save yourself, and it's always nice to have a few happy memories to take away with you. Be nice to your siblings, but don't expect any gratitude when you try to steer them away from "friends" who only you seem to see are bad for them.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to cover up for them if they begin to act strangely, and forgive them if they don't get your name right, because the older you get, the more you need the people who can promote you to a level where your children will never have to go to school in second-hand robes.

Work for Minister Fudge once – he'll leave before you do. Work for Minister Scrimgeour once – when he leaves, it will be time to step into his place. Achieve power.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will philander. You, too, will get old. And when you do, if you haven't managed to achieve a position of power and influence, you don't deserve to be respected as an elder.

Respect your elders. Well, the ones in power, anyway.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Some people can barely support themselves, let alone their remaining children, and yet they have the gall to criticize... er, never mind.

Don't mess too much with your hair or you'll get a reputation as a fop.

Be careful whose advice you buy, and know when someone is advising you against your own best interest. Advice is a form of power. Dispensing it is a way of putting the right words in someone's mouth, steering him toward the throne, putting him on it and then pulling the strings.

But trust me on the rules.

Rita Skeeter's Advice to Young Journalists

Chapter 13 of 17

You can read all about it in the Daily Prophet!

A/N: This one was written with considerable help from Tara Hawksthorne. Also from Dark Beta, but they were ~~all~~ written with her help.

Get a Quick-Quotes Quill.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, a Quick-Quotes Quill would be it. The long-term benefits of a Quick-Quotes Quill have been proven by my many articles and exposés in the Daily Prophet. The rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my long and successful career experience. Attractive blond Rita Skeeter will now impart to the masses a few gems of her many years of wisdom... erm, I will dispense this advice now. (My apologies, my Quick-Quotes Quill got away from me.)

Enjoy the power and beauty of the written word. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of the written word until someone writes something about you that either makes your career or destroys it. But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at minor incidents in your life and recall in a way you can't grasp now how easily they could be twisted to make it look as if you had done something heroic – or something despicable. You are not as boring as you imagine.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to get a scoop by covering Pureblood weddings. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that slam down on you at 4 p.m. on some idle Tuesday like a jar slamming down over a bug.

Do one thing every day that enhances your reputation. Exposing the unorthodox methods of certain Headmasters will do nicely. Yes, Dumbledore, I do mean you. Really, what were you thinking, hiring a half-giant to teach hundreds of young impressionable children?

Sing the praises of the Minister. Nothing ensures you a yearly byline like a bit of well-placed flattery.

Don't be reckless with other people's comments. Always put them in quotes so when the slander suit comes up ~~they~~ lied, not you.

Floss. Nothing kills a moment of intimate confession faster than bad breath.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Get revenge. In print.

Remember compliments you receive. Twist the insults back on their source.

Keep your old love letters. When you become famous, the knowledge of what they wrote will scare the hell out of your old loves!

Stretch the truth.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. I'll come up with something that looks good in print.

Get plenty of calcium and be good to your hands; you'll appreciate them when you have to catch a crocodile to make a new handbag.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, find a way to make it sound juicy.

Enjoy your body. Deck it in bright colors. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. Without it, how would you ever carry your Quick-Quotes Quill around?

Dance around the real issues.

Read the directions, and be ready to pounce on anything that isn't made so clear and simple a two-year-old could understand it. You may be able to make a Safety Hazard article of it.

Read beauty magazines. I've found some of my best victims – er, *subjects* – that way.

Get to know your parents. Your autobiography will sell much better if there's a feeling of exposé about it. Be nice to your siblings. You don't want to figure too prominently in *their* exposés.

Understand that friends come and go. Never be afraid to sacrifice a friendship for a good story.

Live in New York City once, but leave once you've learned everything you can about hardball journalism. Live in Northern California once, but leave once you've learned everything you can about odd lifestyles and bizarre cults. Travel. There's always something to learn.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Heroes will have a dark side. Politicians will philander. People like us will make our living exposing the dark side of heroes and the philandering of politicians. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, heroes were perfect, politicians were noble, journalists could get by without muckraking and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. Practice saying that with a straight face.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Sharpen your mind. Sharpen your pencils. Sharpen your claws. It's all on you.

Don't mess too much with your hair. Once you find a brand of bleach you like, stick to it.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of confession. Listening to it is a way of separating the truth from the lies, wiping off the lies, polishing them up so they shine, and presenting them as truth for more Galleons than they're worth.

But trust me on the Quick-Quotes Quill.

Draco Malfoy's Advice to? Well, Everybody

Chapter 14 of 17

From the latest scion of the Noble House of Malfoy; words of *ahem!* "wisdom."

Know your place.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, an understanding of where you belong would be it. The importance of this has been passed down from generation to generation on both sides of my family from the time of Salazar Slytherin, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than what I've picked up on my own – and which is therefore excellent. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth as long as it's overshadowed by mine. But trust me, for someone who's not a Malfoy, you look fabulous.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but keep it to yourself. I certainly don't want to hear it.

Do one thing every day that scares you. If all else fails, offer to comb Granger's hair. No, *don't* wish! Down in back, there, Weasley!

Sneer.

Don't put up with people who are reckless with your heart. But know that anyone who is fool enough to let you be reckless with theirs is fair game.

Floss. But don't let it get out that you're using a dental treatment invented by Muggles.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. I'm a Malfoy. You're not. Deal with it.

Remember compliments you receive. Be assured that you deserve them. Remember the insults as well. If they're any good, you may want to use them yourself, someday.

Keep your old love letters. They'll make excellent blackmail fodder in a few years.

Stretch. Stretch out until you can reach whatever you're after.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. In fact, don't feel guilty about anything. It just gets in your way.

Get plenty of calcium. As a matter of fact, get plenty of *everything*. If you want it, take it.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Some of us are obligated to continue the family line, for others it's not that important. And some of you should do us all a favor and take a lifetime vow of celibacy, Granger.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. Enjoy using other people's bodies too.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your Manor. You can always instruct the house elves to applaud.

Read the directions, so you can explain them to your minions.

Do not read the *Quibbler*. It's a pack of Muggle-loving lies.

Get to know your parents. Know their weaknesses as well as their strengths. If they have the right attitude, they will be judging yours as well. Be nice to your siblings. It will help to put them off their guard.

Understand that friends come and go, but minions are forever. If they are expendable, never let them know it. People can turn on you for the oddest reasons.

Shop in Knockturn Alley once, but leave before the Aurors spot you. Shop in Hogsmeade once, but leave before you start seeing floating heads.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Mudbloods will get uppity. Politicians will change sides. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, Mudbloods knew their place, politicians were steadfast and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. At least those of proper bloodlines and correct thinking.

Expect to be supported. If you don't have an inheritance, you're not doing it right.

Don't mess too much with your hair. Face it, it will never be match for mine.

Be careful whose advice you buy, and be coolly aloof with those who supply it. Advice is a form of control, so if someone's advice has been invaluable to you, never let them know it.

But trust me on knowing your place.

Neville Longbottom's Advice to Hogwarts Graduates

Chapter 15 of 17

Here's the one we've all been waiting for: the OTHER Boy-Who-Lived finally has his say.

Learn to stand up to people.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, standing up to people would be it – and this often goes for your friends as well as your enemies. Nearly everyone agrees on the value of standing up to people, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own blundering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. I realize that, for some of you, that advice will have to wait until you grow out of your awkward phase.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to find a missing toad by eating chocolate frogs. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindsides you at 2 p.m. on some idle Monday afternoon when your potion explodes over half the room.

Do one thing every day that scares you. Many of you will find that scheduled into your classes at least three days a week.

Sing. If you can't, maybe your toad can.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. I'm still not sure how that would work, anyway.

Floss. Sooner or later, you'll need to grit your teeth in pain and it's just as well if they're strong.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead; sometimes you're behind. Sometimes you're flat on your bum, sometimes your stuck outside the portrait hole trying to remember the password, sometimes you're hanging from the chandelier by the back of your robe. Race? What race? Just get me down from here!

Remember compliments you receive. Forgive the insults. Sometimes "You're not in your father's league." just means "I don't want you to be worth anyone's trouble to destroy." Of course, "You're a prat, Longbottom," is a bit harder to rationalize.

Keep your old gum wrappers. Throw away your old Remembrall.

Stretch. It makes it easier to climb through the portrait holes.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. When the time is right, your true vocation will make itself known – often by wrapping a vine around your neck when you're not looking.

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. Don't let your classmates set them on fire.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll go mad at 25, maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary... and then everyone will say you're mad, but you won't care.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. Nobody ever died from a pratfall yet.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but on your partner's toes. If you're lucky and she's the forgiving sort, you might not get in till dawn!

Read the directions. Carefully. Then read them again.

Do not read beauty magazines. You want beauty, try checking out some of the girls in your class.

Get to know your parents. This isn't always easy. Learn to see the deeper meaning in the little things. Sometimes "I love you" can come in as simple a form as a gum wrapper.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the people who said "They're friends of mine," when someone said, "You don't have to sit with *them*."

Visit St. Mungo's, but leave before it makes you cry. Visit Honeydukes, but leave before the sugar makes you giddy. Explore.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Sooner or later it happens in every family, including yours. Spells uttered through a broken nose will go awry. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, it only happened in other people's families, what mattered was not the words but the feeling behind them, and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders. Unless their name happens to be Bellatrix Lestrange, in which case, forget about respect and just blast the bitch!

Don't expect anyone else to support you. If they can hang you out of a third-story window and then let you fall because of a damn meringue, you can't depend on them for anything! Er, sorry. Got a little carried away, there.

Don't mess too much with your hair. It's bad enough that the books and the movies can't agree on what color it is!

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of gardening. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the compost heap, pulling out the weeds, and letting it take root so it can bloom more beautifully next year.

But trust me on standing up to people.

Luna Lovegood's Advice to All and Sundry

Set your receptors on "Slightly Odd" and get ready for some advice from someone who's "been there." (We're just not sure where "there" is!)

Have faith.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, faith would be it. Whether it's in a religion, another person, yourself, or the Great Unknown, the benefits of faith have been proven, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. When someone tries to tell you that the power and beauty of your youth have faded, ignore them.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to catch a Crumple Horned Snorkak by chewing bubble gum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind. Well, no, I can't give an example. As I said, until they happen, they'll never cross your mind.

Do one thing every day that scares you. Or at least gets your attention.

Sing.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. The best people I know tell you up front when they want to be just friends.

Floss. Why are you looking at me that way? Even I am allowed to give ordinary, sensible advice occasionally.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. You are the only person in the world who can be you. And that should be more than enough.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. It helps to be a little bit... shall we say "abstracted"?

Keep your old bottle caps. They make great jewelry.

Stretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. If you have an open mind and a sense of adventure, the *Quibbler* can always use good people.

Get plenty of calcium. Not only is it good for your bones, but it helps to ward off Nargles... and believe me *nobody* will miss *them* when they're gone.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary, maybe you'll have to wait until you're reunited beyond the veil and see what kind of dances they're doing over there. Whatever you do, take time to congratulate yourself. Your choices are your own and therefore special.

Enjoy your imagination. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your common room. When your housemates look at you funny, invite them to join in. Even if they don't, at least you'll have made the effort.

Read the directions, even if you don't follow them.

Do not read the *Daily Prophet*. The *Quibbler* is *much* better.

Get to know your parents. How else will you recognize their voices when you hear them from behind the veil?

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. This is true for both your imaginary friends and the ones you may meet in the real world – the later are all the more precious for being the most rare.

Live in New York City once – I've heard they have alligators in the sewers! Live in Northern California once – they say that people from other planets sometimes land there! Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Governments will lie. Dorm-mates will steal your things. If you think for yourself, you'll be branded crazy. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, governments were honest, people left their dorm-mates' things alone, individuality of thought was admired and children believed in wonders.

Believe in wonders.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. In fact don't expect anything. Except the unexpected.

Don't mess too much with your hair. Hats are much more fun.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of news. Dispensing it is a way of fishing a old story from the Archives, updating it, changing the names, the places and above all, the ending and reprinting it for a reader who can get more out of it.

But trust me on the faith.

Dudley Dursley's Advice to Young Men Everywhere

Dudley Dursley's Advice to Boys Everywhere

(The original column was by Mary Schmich of The Chicago Tribune. June 1, 1997. It was mis-credited to Kurt Vonnegut via e-mail and became hugely popular. Link below.)

<http://www.chicagotribune.com/news/columnists/chi-970601sunscreen,0,4664776.column>

Learn Boxing.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, Boxing would be it. The long-term benefits of being able to hit harder and more accurately have been proved by every fighter since time began, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now. Word, from the Big D!

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, when you're my Dad's age, you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much you looked like a baby angel and how much you got away with as a result. You are not as fat as you imagine. What's so funny?

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve an algebra equation. What do you mean, "Where's the rest of that sentence?" The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that put a tail on your butt at a little after midnight on some rock in the middle of the sea.

Do one thing every day that scares you. If you can't think of anything, step outside with me for a few minutes.

Rant. Do it loud enough, and you'll get a recording contract out of it.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Why would you want to have anything to do with someone's heart anyway? Bloody Nancy-boy stuff...

Don't floss. A missing tooth makes a good warning.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Make sure you have everything there is to have. The race is long, and if you're doing it right, you should be able to walk away with the trophy whether you actually participated or not.

Remember compliments you receive. Keep a note of who leveled the insults. Then catch them alone later when you've got your whole gang with you.

Keep your old love letters. Keep your old broken toys. Keep your old books, even if you never read them. Keep everything you ever owned!

Lounge.

Don't feel guilty if you have a weird relative. Believe me, it can happen in the best families. Just make sure everyone knows you hate the little freak, and most people won't hold him against you. I'd like to see them try! What do you mean, "You wish"?

Get plenty of calcium. If you get more than the other bloke, you'll break his bones before he can break yours.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, but don't let the bitch walk away with any more than the bare minimum alimony.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. Feed it regularly.

Dance – and beat the crap out of anyone who laughs when you do.

Read the directions. Then bully someone into following them for you.

Do not read beauty magazines. I can point you to magazines with lots more naked bints.

Get to know your parents. It's easier to get around them if you know which buttons to push. Be nice to your siblings if you've got any. But beat the hell out of your cousins – especially if they're freaks.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few, you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the people who held your victims' arms behind their backs for you when you were young.

Live in New York City once, but leave when you've milked it for everything you can get. Live in Northern California once, but leave when you've milked it for everything you can get. Live in London once but leave when you've milked it for everything you can get. If you haven't spotted the pattern here, you must be *really* stupid.

Accept certain truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will expect you to know who they are. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, politicians did their jobs and left people like us alone, and children knew how to throw proper tantrums.

Throw proper tantrums.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Expect your Dad to get you a good job in his company where you can make a living shouting at people and passing it off as "management."

Don't mess too much with your hair. That's your Mum's job.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of fighting back. Dispensing it is a way of dragging the past out of the Dumpster, punching its nose, kicking its arse and teaching it not to mess with you again.

But trust me on the Boxing.