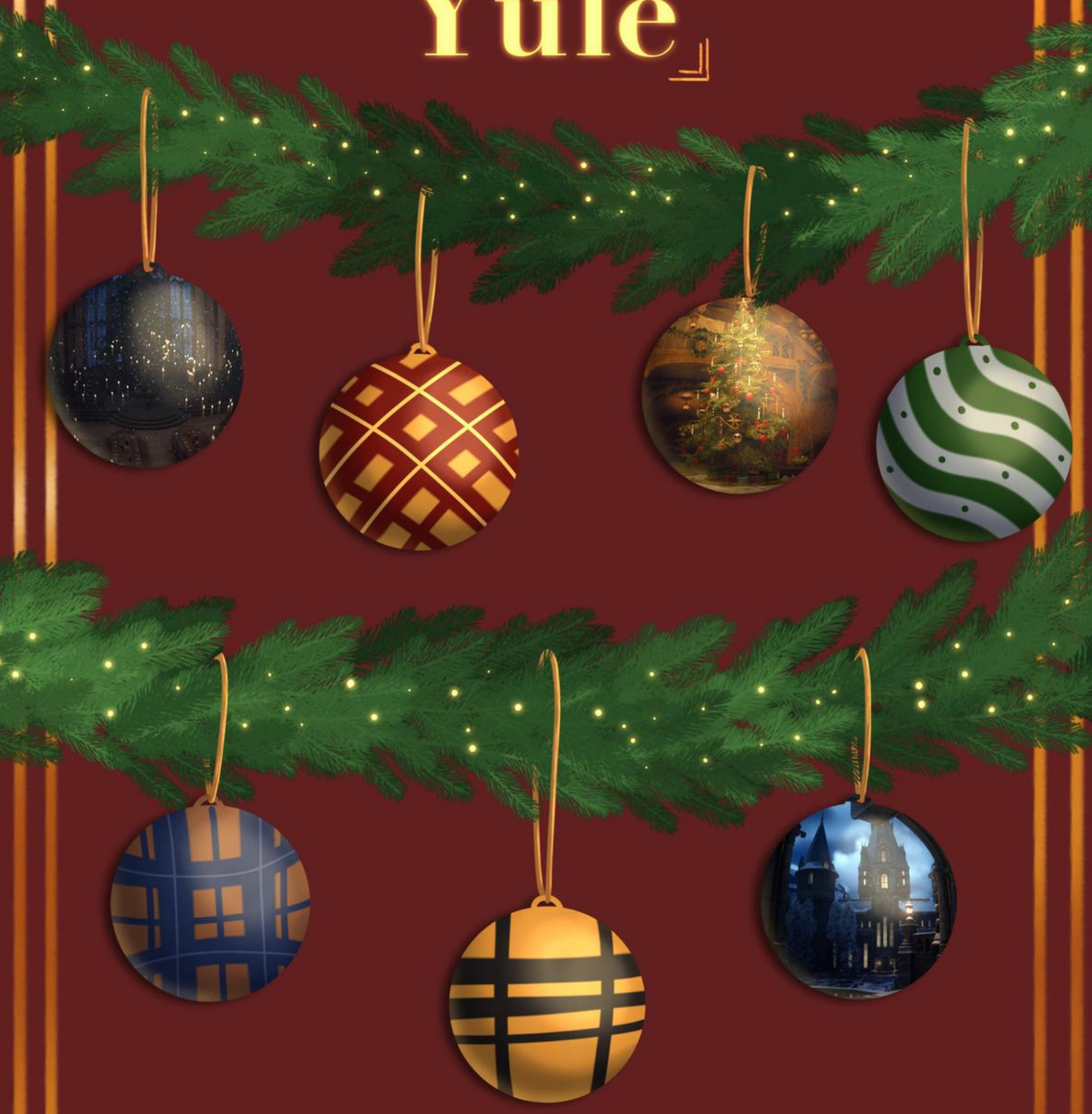
Hogwarts Legazine

Winter 2025

「Yule」





Hogwarts Legazine

The Legacy of Creation

"*Yule*" zine is a free and non-profit project
Organized by the moderators of *Hogwarts Legazine*
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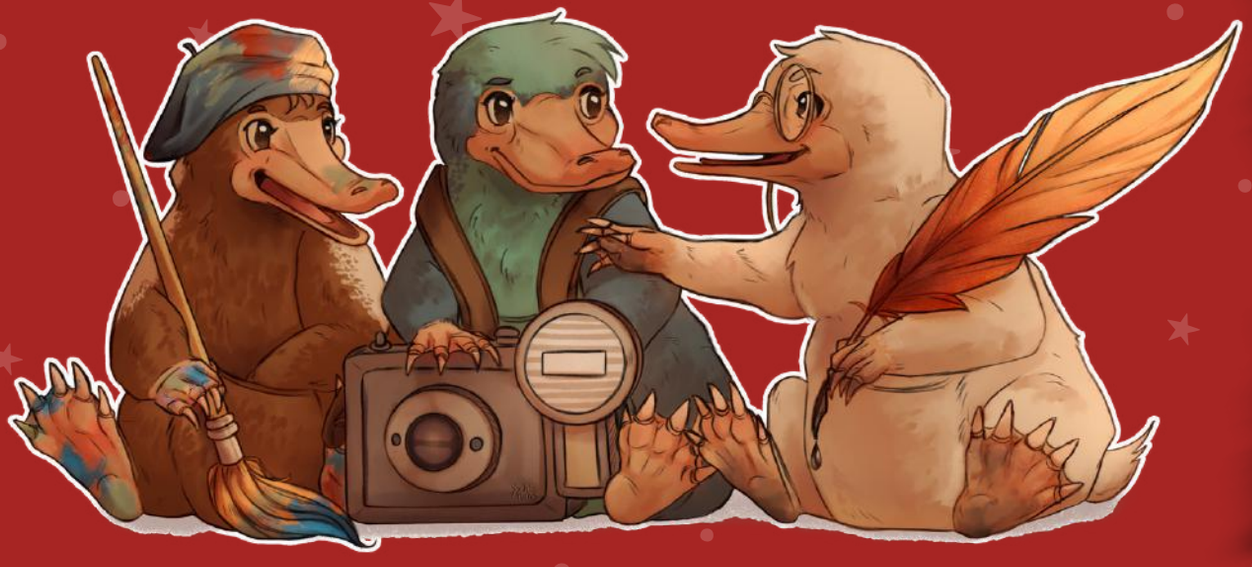
Welcome to "Yule", a non profit christmas zine

The festive season is finally there and for everyone's enjoyment, we have decided to explore this very special time of year: Winter. And more particulary on the " Yule ".

What does Yule mean to your characters? Could it be the most important moment in their lives? What do they decide to do? Whether they are accompanied or alone, each of them has a story that they keep deep within themselves, linked to Yule.

From the prestigious Hogwarts Yule ball to the majestic Christmas... Our Artists, Writers and Photographers put stars in our eyes and were creative ! Let's hope you will enjoy this little zine like we did !

Merry Christmas!



What is "Hogwarts Legazine"? What is our mission?

Officially announced on the discord server *The Croissant Lair* by yoshi_tsuno, the group was created on **16th April 2025** under the name of *Hogwarts Legazine*.

Hogwarts Legazine is a group where creative activities will be offered to all creators of the Hogwarts Legacy fandom. The community is full of talented creators in every possible artistic field, but many are still hidden away in the *ominous corridors* of fandom (Do you have the ref?).

And that's where the group comes in. By offering zines, the group will enable many creators to shine in the spotlight of the fandom and share what they hold dearest and most beautiful.

The zines will be organized around three main sections with their own rules, each headed by two creators:



ART

YOSHI_TSUNO & SPEEDY

MASCOTT : SCHRIMP



WRITING

SERAPHINA.BLOGGS & ZETA

MASCOTT : FONT



PHOTGRAPHY EDITING

UNVEILEDLEGACY42 & NIFFLERSNATCHER

MASCOTT : WELP

How to participate in a zine?

It's really simple ! Throughout the year, the moderators will be offering themed zines linked to the Hogwarts Legacy universe. You'll be able to take part in one or more categories, depending on what you want.

Here is how a project is routed:

- **Communicating the project on Discord, social networks & forms**
- **Reading of forms & Announcement to participants**
- **Creation of works by participants & checks**
- **Receipt of submissions by moderators**
- **Creating the final zine (Design)**
- **Final presentation of the PDF on social networks and website**

Deadlines will be set by the team in order to deliver the final zine in the best possible conditions. On average, **registration via the form will be open around 2 weeks**. Participants will then have around **a month to submit** their submissions.

Entry forms will be sent out via the moderators and Hogwarts Legazine's social networks. At the end of each zine, a PDF will be presented with all the contributions from our participants.

Hogwarts Legazine is above all **free**. We won't be selling any merchandise or printable zines for administrative reasons. This means that the PDF version will be completely free and accessible to everyone.

Now let's go to discover our creators' contributions for "**Yule**" zine !

Thornsunicorn
UNAUTHORIZED
YULE BALL





HorizontalDancer0
ICE SKATING IN HOGSMEADE





yoshi_tsuno

A TEARFUL EMBRACE



You don't choose where you come from, and blood doesn't def
past and your mistakes. But it is more courageous and wi

Charles de Tandail - From “ The Wolf That B



fine who you are. Yes, it's true that you have to remember the
se to know them in order to better understand the future.

Bridged them “, written by yoshi_tsuno (Ao3)

Before April

writeblood

I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

—

The oak leaves, once a swath of fluttering green greeting Hogwarts students in September, are gone. First it was their colour, changing times bleeding red in October. November saw the last of their innocence dry out. It is December in which they fall.

Anesidora, last to enter the Slytherin class of fifth-years, is the first to leave by staying. She stands next to her uncle, a statue while he and the rest of the staff herd students into the carriages. Sebastian just wants to touch her.

If he could offer his hand, his warmth, his scarf, she would break into a smile like she always does at the sight of him. But the carriage door shuts, the thestrals start walking, and Anesidora will soon travel through the floo system to spend the winter break in the home of Professor Fig and his wife.

Ominis grips his hand, as tight as any first year with their wand, while they wait at the train station. Sebastian squeezes back.

But the hour melts as quickly as ice in his mouth, and Sebastian is alone on his walk down to Feldcroft. There is a book in his bag and a sister waiting for him at the end of his path.

—

(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

—

“*The twins are stronger than you give them credit for. They'll recover, and with enough time, they’ll forget finding them there in that horrible basement.*”

Dark hours and even darker skies. Stolen advice meant for his uncle echo in Sebastian’s head. He didn’t feel strong in the days, weeks, months after his parents’ deaths. He felt rather acutely like a child. The way that children in their naivety never did unless they were met with the stark reality of their helplessness.

Child, orphan, boy. Brother.

Sebastian still has someone to keep him strong.

And he feels like a man when he enters the cold war of his uncle’s dwelling. He feels like a hero on the knife-edge of his quest to save the princess. He feels cold, all the hurt and pain suffocated by pure snow.

Anne is a sunset and barren trees. She is smiling before he fully enters the main room. For all that it may hurt, being reunited with one's twin is just *right*.

Her silent presence in the cottage is a comfort. Sebastian has learnt to appreciate the lack of someone screaming. Better yet, no longer is there the disapproving tension between him and Ominis. No longer the subtle strain of insecurity when next to Anesidora.

“How are you?” he asks his sister, who sits in her chair as if she were only an audience member to his grand play of life.

Her smile does not dim. Instead, she holds his gaze for a while longer. *I am fine*, perhaps she wants to *say*. *Ignore my sunken cheeks and muted demeanour, dear brother. Live happily and grandly.*

In this light of harsh shadow and provincial furniture, Anne looks something like a painting. The hand of fate drawing her out in the muggle style. Title: *peasant girl with consumption*.

Sebastian kneels down on the warm wood flooring so that he does not bend his back when reaching for her hand. The softest brush of memory touches his back. The last time Sebastian went to his knees was for his father, in punishment. Arms extended by his sides. Balancing books on his palms. Their parents were professors.

“Honestly,” Sebastian says quietly to Anne’s fingertips. “I’m not doing too well either.” And there is silence again, which is better, yes, than screams of pain, of anger. But it does nothing to smother a boy-child’s weeping.

—

‘My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

I never know what you are thinking. Think.’

—

Sebastian had once made the mistake of telling Garreth all about the matter. Garreth Weasley, who does not know anything but the overbearing love of his relatives.

After the stunned speechlessness and before the adolescent attempt at empathy, there is a throwaway comment, dry dark humour from someone who has never known shadow.

“I guess goblins take the old phrase ‘children should be seen and not heard’ quite literally.”

Jinxes have counter-spells and detentions are paid in full, but Garreth’s words still swim around in Sebastian’s head. It is a crowd of voices in there: condolences (“I’m sorry about your *motherfathersister*.”), lectures (“Dark magic cannot heal, Sebastian. I know this more than most.”), reprimands (“You were supposed to take care of your sister, boy.”).

Sebastian tells himself he still remembers what Anne sounds like.

His tea-time soliloquy is this: recounting adventures at Hogwarts and her surrounding area, gossiping about fellow students, bemoaning the simplicity of the professors’ coursework. He pauses here and there, hears her voice in his mind, her questions and teasing remarks, like practising lines in a play.

“Professor Howin has us taking care of bowtruckles. Not as cute as last year’s kneazles, nor are they as self-sufficient.”

Nor are their claws as sharp, I hope.

“They don’t have claws at all. They’re more like plants than creatures. Constance accidentally flicked hers because she thought it was a leaf and Hector nearly had his blown away on a windy day.”

Maybe Professor Garlick should be teaching how to care for them. Can you imagine it? ‘Class, these verdant creatures are sprightly custodians of the trees. They use their small forms to take care of the Wiggentree, just as we should use our large forms to take care of the earth.’

Sebastian chuckles. “Actually, Herbology is the more dangerous class out of the two. Professor Garlick’s curriculum is filled with fanged geraniums and Chinese chomping cabbages. I just might become a carnivore out of fright.”

Who knew you’d be such a scaredy-cat without me to drag you into trouble.

“Don’t worry about me though. I’ve been getting into plenty of fights and have only lost once.”

The tea tastes bitter. He’s let it steep for too long like usual. Anne shoots him an exaggerated look of disappointment for his crime. It feels normal and he should hate it. It had been unbearable at first, when a year before the snow had melted but Anne’s curse hadn’t. Spring brought to light the dead reality of her future. Summer was a constant sorrow, overfilled with her silent presence. Yet autumn was when Hogwarts began and as much as Sebastian tried to keep his twin in his thoughts, classes, social survival, and a few instances of mortal peril had given him distance from the troubles of his family life.

And Sebastian is stronger than anyone gives him credit for. He will recover from this loss and with enough time, forget finding his sister there in that horrible manor.

It feels like that time he was seven, sickly and stubborn with the fey chill. His mother trying to force a nasty tasting potion down his throat, him fighting for an hour not to swallow it. But nothing lasts forever and he took the medicine. He got better.

Anne will get better too. Sebastian knows it because he earned the knowledge of her cure through screams and scarred friendships.

He stays in the main room with his sister. A perusal of the area reveals not much has changed, besides an overflowing of books on the shelves. The winter sky has gone black. Sebastian feels as if he were on the edge of dawn.

—

Here is no water but only rock

—

There is something about the way an Auror walks that their footsteps announce themselves long before their badge.

Six years before, there once was a grumpy wizard with polished shoes who habitually visited his former work colleague. He sat in the kitchen's creakiest chair and noted the way his friend's incessantly loud nephew would suddenly quiet when catching sight of the two men.

It's the mark of a criminal to tense up at the presence of an Auror.

Sebastian is as silent as his sister when Solomon enters the cottage. His uncle starts at the sight of the twins in their corner. Slush falls from his cloak.

"So Hogwarts has had enough of you." Many arguments previously, the words would have come out half-teasing.

"It's the winter holidays."

"Aye."

Solomon looks Sebastian up and down, old training assessing a threat. It's a balancing act, broom cutting through air and feet on the wood, for Sebastian to act as mullish as expected of him but not too fiery that a fight will start. Not too noticeable that his luggage will be examined.

"While you're here, there won't be any backtalk. Nothing of the sort and no going on about cures or trying to get Anne to talk."

"Heard."

"You've never listened in your life," Solomon says. "I want your word that you're done with trying to find a cure."

He must be trying to bait Sebastian. Because how can he claim he doesn't listen, then give him an order? And what use is his word when his uncle thinks he can't be trusted?

But Sebastian swallows down his complaints like medicine. It will get better. "I give my word that I'm done trying to find a cure."

Anne, shocked, opens her mouth. He sends her a tight, confident grin, which does little to alleviate her. Sebastian already has the cure. He just needs to read through it.

But such books are meant for mindnights and private rooms. For now he cooks dinner with Anne, whose culinary skills have greatly increased. Without her wand, she does everything manually. The dough is kneaded with her hands and the carrots are cut precisely, each a quarter-inch thick. Sebastian just stands there in the kitchen like a straw dummy until Anne rolls her eyes and motions for him to light the oven.

The wind starts to howl a little after the table is set, everyone grimly consuming their dumpling stew without making eye-contact with their neighbour. It's what Headmaster Black wishes the Great Hall looked like. It's probably what Ominis deals with in his family, if one exchanges the howl of the wind with the screams of muggles.

Sebastian can't imagine Anesidora having such a dinner with her uncle and aunt, for all that she is reserved about their level of closeness. He can only imagine her in a warm room, smile like the sun as her two relatives dote upon her for her high grades. There would be laughter of the kind Sebastian once had with Anne, the kind they used to have with their parents.

And dark wizards are evil because they want pain and malice. They cast the cruciatus curse in order to hurt others, not to survive. Sebastian wants laughter. He wants love and for his sister to be able to laugh. There's no darkness in that.

Is there?

—

'My friend, blood shaking my heart

The awful daring of a moment's surrender

Which an age of prudence can never retract

By this, and this only, we have existed

—

His body is shaking uncontrollably. Sebastian doesn't think it's ever done that before. Each Slytherin dormitory has an ever burning hearth. Sebastian's body is cold and he can't see past his hand.

There's nothing to focus on except his dream. The screaming. The crying. It must be magic for him to still be affected. His mind passes over the actual feeling of the curse like a hand over the outside of fogged glass. No pain, just the thoughts he had inside that room.

Merlin. Merlin, no. Mum, please make it stop.

Is this what magic feels like?

And that traitorous thought when he was on the floor: *If this is what it takes to save Anne, then I don't want it.*

Spindly spider legs trail up his arm and Sebastian smacks the bug before he realises whose bed he is in.

"Sorry," he says softly and takes Anne's fingers, presses them to his lips. Predictably there is no response, but it doesn't take a twin connection to know what she's thinking. "It was just a bad dream. Professor Garlick's fanged geraniums were eating my toes."

Anne pinches his cheek, admonishment for lying to her. He can't tell the truth, not now, but he can leave a promise.

"I'll explain everything later. After you're cured."

Before she can grab him, Sebastian slips from the bed and leaves for his own room. It's cluttered with storage, although he's scarcely any idea what junk Solomon could accrue to feel the need to place it *here*. His luggage fits right at home, unpacked and ready to be whisked away on a moment's notice.

So strong is his snooper repellant charm that he misses the book upon first search. But he has it now. The bone-dry leather cracks under his tight grip. The magic of the thing hisses at him and he doesn't need Ominis to know what it intends: *this doesn't belong to you.*

Sebastian Sallow is the son of professors, holders of knowledge without title or land. He doesn't have rightful inheritance like Ominis, doesn't have almighty magic like Anesidora. On paper, Sebastian is nothing beyond the child of working men, a peasant.

But he has a twin. He won't let anything take that away.

He sneaks out of the cottage through his window. The cold claws at his exposed skin. There's a small garden shed he hides away in. The various tools, disused for the winter, make things cramped, but he has read in worse places. A warming charm and light spell are all he needs.

Sebastian reads Salazar Slytherin's journal covering his years at Hogwarts. It is a thing abandoned, just as the wizard abandoned the school, the other founders, the students.

All for what? There is nothing more important than a person's loved ones. Sebastian would never abandon his friends or sister because of silly moral stances.

So he reads until dawn and the next one and the one next.

—

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

—

There is a world inside him that his uncle and sister can't see. It's one of history and possibility. It speaks of power Sebastian realises he has hardly known, magic and blood. Rituals and artefacts.

In his dreams he drowns in pain, not always his own. Ominis's crying, Anesidora's screams. Anne's body, corpse-like in the night and swallowed by a derelict manor. And there is no graveyard in Sebastian's head because nothing has been buried. These sights walk around and around and around.

But there is a way out of this year long darkness. Sebastian has always held hope for that even when others deemed it a lost cause.

Look how you all were wrong! There is a way to save Anne!

Sebastian wants to scream it from the DADA Tower. He settles for grinning stupidly at his stew and mash.

"What's got you acting mad?" Solomon sneers, rather suspicious of a child being happy in his vicinity.

I just needed to be helped. That's all it took to find a cure. Sebastian says, "I'm simply remembering. When Anne and I went out today, we saw Mrs. Mag Raith in another one of her ridiculous hats." It's habit, the way he motions towards Anne as if she will back up his lie.

Solomon doesn't even look in her direction and he sure doesn't wait for her silence. He takes a bite of carrot.

“Hmm.” He swallows. “Her hats are... unusual.”

Sebastian glances at his sister, victory once again in deceiving their uncle. Anne’s face is graven, however.

What are you doing?

It won’t be only him. Sebastian needed Ominis and Anesidora to get the journal, he will need their help once again. A plan to ask them in a way they’ll agree to formed in his mind. If he times things correctly, he’ll have Anne speaking to him by April.

He says to Solomon, “Ever since she got them to speak, I’ve been wondering if the hats are wearing *her* instead.”

Solomon gives a light cough, no, that’s a laugh. The dining table is now birthing bed to the first ever Sallow-male bonding experience.

Sebastian smiles weakly, but is silent.

And that small Feldcroft cottage in a winter’s darkness is filled with secrets and his uncle’s laughter.

—

April is the cruellest month, breeding

Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

Memory and desire, stirring

Dull roots with spring rain.

—





seraphina.bloggs
LOVE WILL FIND
A WAY




Seraphina
Bloggs

Ragepuff
A MAGICAL NIGHT



(Left to
Hugo - @Izannessa, Blake - @Hufflefxck, Marion, Bob - @Mas
@Mass
Thank you all, find m



Right)
ssi_m00, Elsie, Torlin, Valko - @EstellaLenoir, Steve & Otto -
i_m00
y friends on twitter!

First Of Many Nights

Zeta

Lir Fitzgerald fiddled with his onyx cufflinks and smoothed down his midnight blue dress robes. Butterflies were fluttering all around in his stomach, and he wondered if this was how Mr. Darcy felt while courting Elizabeth.

He was about to check himself in the full-body mirror when he heard a small trill. He smiled down at his beautiful Siamese cat. Her big ice blue eyes stared up at him, not even meowing a little bit, but he understood what she wanted.

Lir stooped down and gently picked her up. “Just for a moment, Lottie,” he murmured, scratching the backs of her ears. She purred into his chest, nestling in his arm. He walked over to the mirror, and she curiously looked at their reflection. “What do you think?”

Lottie trilled in approval, and he rewarded her with more scratches before setting her on his bed. She laid down with her legs tucked underneath herself with her tail wrapped around, watching him with big, bright eyes.

“Wish me luck for a good night?” He asked her as he vanished any trace of fur on his robes. Lottie gave a tiny meow, and he chuckled. “Thank you. I’ll see you later tonight.”

Lir had to duck to walk out of his dorm, and then later when he went out the tunnel passage of the Hufflepuff House. After that, he was briskly walking at his full height, going up flights of stairs three steps at a time. He was incredibly thankful for his tall stature as he made it to the Gryffindor Tower entrance right on time.

He took a deep breath and self-consciously smoothed his dark blue hair back for the hundredth time. He could still feel some odd stares by students around him, but he ignored them the best he could. He knew he stood out: his strangely colored hair; his incredibly pale skin; and then his heterochromia with his right eye cobalt blue and his left eye indigo.

He considered putting enchantments to make his hair black and his left eye a matching blue, but...he didn’t want to conceal his true appearance. Especially when his belle of the Yule Ball knew how he looked and still cared deeply for him as he cared for her.

The portrait of the Fat Lady opened, and Lir leaned a little to see who was coming out. It was only a few students a couple years younger than him, and Lir held back a sigh. It’s not like she was late; the night was still young. He was just so excited and nervous. This was technically his first outing with her, and he wanted it to go really well.

Minutes passed, and Lir saw his peers like Eric Northcutt, Garreth Weasley, and even Cressida Blume leave. Then finally, his heart stopped as he saw her come out.

Miss Natsai Onai wore a maroon satin dress with short, puffed sleeves and a square neckline. There was an indigo satin sash that was tied around her waist with the long ends swishing with every step she took. Her black hair was styled with a left part with the majority swept to the right and all of it kept back into an elegant bun. An intricate headband made of several silver hibiscus was perched at her bun, and indigo patterns of hibiscus flowers on her dress perfectly matched it.

Her onyx eyes brightened as she smiled up at Lir. “Good evening.”

He naturally smiled back. “Good evening. You look stunning.”

“As do you,” she replied.

Then his eyes landed on the simple silver necklace she wore, where a wooden charm of a gazelle hung. His heart started to beat that much faster, and he met her gaze, seeing her smile grow as he put it together.

“I hope you do not mind I had your carving be an accessory,” she said with a tentative lilt in her voice.

“I do not,” he reassured her with a warmer smile. “I love it.”

She relaxed with a small sigh before beaming. “Shall we get going?”

“Yes, of course.” He offered his arm to her, and she slipped her own through before they walked together. To make conversation, he added, “That dress you’re wearing is beautiful.”

“Thank you. It’s a gomesi, a traditional dress from Uganda.” Natty looked up at him with a shine in her eyes. “I changed the colors of the floral pattern, though, to match with you.”

Heat started to rise in his cheeks, and he cleared his throat. “I should have thought further ahead and wore a color to represent you too.”

“No, it’s perfectly fine. You look amazing in blue.”

“Even though I am a Hufflepuff,” he lightly remarked, resulting in her chuckling.

“Yes, well, yellow looks go on you, too.” Then she hummed in thought. “I do wonder how you would look in scarlet and gold.”

Lir’s eyebrows furrowed. “I don’t see myself wearing Gryffindor robes anytime soon.”

Natty chortled. “No, but if we are courting...wouldn’t we exchange at least our scarves?”

“Ah,” he murmured as his pale cheeks pinkened a shade darker. “I do believe that is what one does in a relationship at Hogwarts, isn’t it?”

“Garreth did it with Imelda.”

“And Poppy does the same with Ominis.”

“A lot of romance in our year, isn’t there?” Natty playfully pointed out, and a small laugh escaped him.

“Yes, that is true. I imagine there will be many weddings to attend in the future.”

“Oh, yes, of course. Who will be married first is the question.”

“I am not a gambling man,” Lir started, “but I would guess Garreth and Imelda.”

“They are quite an excited couple.” Natty chuckled. “I cannot believe they tried to keep their relationship a secret at first.”

Lir looked at her with disbelief. “Them? Imelda, who had an obvious fancy on him, and Garreth, the young man that can talk in length about anything potion related?”

“That’s right,” Natty said with laughter in her voice. “I thankfully didn’t run into them while they were sno—”

“Please do not finish that sentence,” he gently interrupted with a grimace.

Natty laughed as merry as jingle bells. “The point is I could see Garreth being ready to take that leap and marry Imelda shortly after we all graduate.”

Lir considered the idea: proposing, being engaged, then marrying the love of his life. He’d thought of it before, involving the very lady by his side tonight, but only now did his heart surge with anticipation for such a future.

While it took him a long time in their school years for him to realize his feelings for Natty, he couldn’t fathom a life without her in it. He hoped this night would be the first of many outings they would have, even after they graduate. He knew Natty would quickly go into training as an Auror while he aimed for a well-to-do job at the Ministry of Magic, but he believed they would find time for each other.

Before they knew it, they were standing at the open doors of the Great Hall. From where they stood, they could see the dozen evergreen trees decorated with ribbons and ornaments. The House flags were gone and replaced with illuminated icicles that provided as much light as floating candles did. The enchanted ceiling above looked like a peaceful clear night sky with thousands of snowflakes harmlessly falling on the crowd below.

Lir watched Natty, admiring how excited and enthralled she looked with her bright smile and the gleam in her eyes that matched the stars themselves. He separated their arms but caught her hand before it slipped away. He made eye contact with her as he lifted her hand and brushed his lips against the back of it. He caught the blush in her cheeks and warmth rushed through him at the sight.

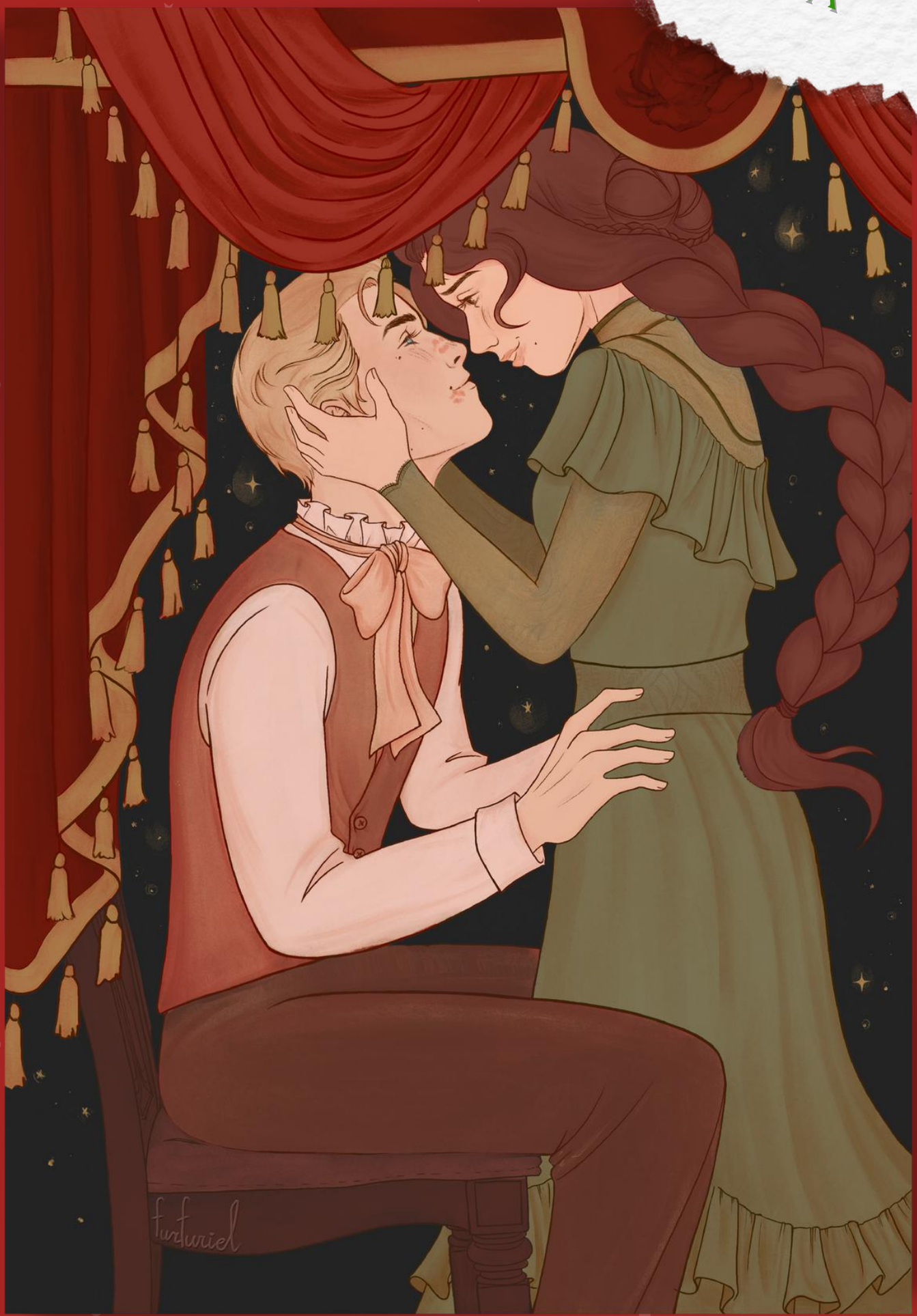
“Shall we?” He murmured.

“We shall,” she quietly answered.

With their hands interlaced, they entered, intending to make the most of this magical night. After all, neither of them could imagine being at the Yule Ball with anyone else but each other.



furfuriel
ROSA



Beauty Frozen in Time - Galen's Cold Creme

Written by: Ahriadne Wednesday Malfoy

Every winter we prepare by stocking food, ensuring its longevity through the cold months. Both young ladies, and young men must begin adopting a skin care regimen. Youthfulness won't last forever, so special care must be taken to prolong its life as the snow preserves our perishables. Modern creams and balms are filled with preservatives known to be harmful to muggles and wizards alike. If we look back in history it is clear that our Earth provides everything necessary when needed; It is up to us to make the most of it. That is why I took special care in searching through ancient alchemical codices that reflect knowledge of many creams we use today but in its original beauty; its unadulterated form.

I bring you a recipe created by the renowned physician, Aelius Galenous, during the 2nd century AD.

Galen's Cold Crème Cleanses the Skin of Impurities & Moisturizes the Skin.

Removes dirt, and products & provides the benefits of long lasting youthful glowing skin and hydration. Particularly during the cold winter months.

Ingredients:

- 4 oz of almond oil
- 1 ¼ oz. of white wax (or beeswax)
- 2 oz. of diluted rose-water (1:1 with filtered water)
- A few drops of essential oil of roses
- A small glass jar with a lid



Directions:

Prepare two heat-resistant glass bowls within a cauldron (or a pot; for my dear muggle readers). Fill the cauldron about a third of the way with water. Place your Almond oil and bees wax in one glass bowl, and your rose water inside the other bowl, simmering gently until all of the beeswax has melted.

Once everything has melted, remove both from the heat. Begin beating a small amount of rose water at a time into the almond & beeswax mixture. The mixture will form soft, fluffy emulsion.

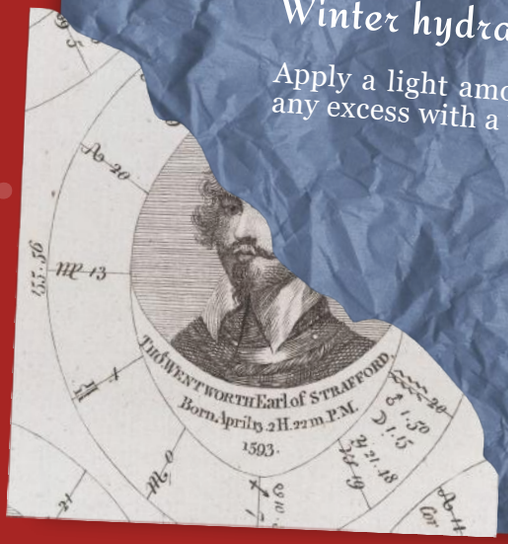
After adding all of the rose water, allow it to cool. When it has finished cooling, add it to your glass jar. Only after it cools, you may store it in an ice chest or cool cellar, out of the sun's rays to prolong its life. The crème will keep for up to 7 days; after this; discard and create a fresh batch.

Cleansing the skin of impurities & cosmetic powders:

Take a generous amount in the palm of your hands and work into your skin gently loosening cosmetic powders and other impurities. Wipe gently with a warm wet cloth. Wash your face in the washbasin with a gentle facial bar of soap. Apply a bit of the crème gently onto the skin. If too much is applied you may wipe with a fresh warm damp cloth.

Winter hydration:

Apply a light amount of crème to your face and wipe any excess with a warm damp cloth.





makiel selwyn
TENDER WALTZ



What Was Once



SharlotScarletFox

Rena was no stranger to life's sudden turns and unexpected events, making her adept at quick thinking and adjusting to whatever came her way. It's what kept her alive through countless goblin and poacher encounters. She reveled in the surge of adrenaline, the feeling of being completely alive during the fight, and the satisfying taste of victory after narrowly surviving a deadly encounter.

Still, she found that it was quite nice to have an event that was set at a predetermined date. It gave her and her friends ample time to plan and prepare accordingly, and they were all excited to attend this year's Yule Ball.
They went down to Hogsmeade to pick out their dresses weeks in advance, back when the ground was still void of the first sprinkles of the mid-December snow. Rena greeted Mr. Hill warmly, and he cracked a joke about seeing her here for something other than combat gear.

The girls picked Anne's room to get ready as two of her roommates left to go home early and the third one was getting ready in her friend's room up in the Ravenclaw tower.

"Where did you learn to do hair, Anne?" Poppy asked as Anne finished fitting the floral hairpiece between the connected braids that graced her head from either side. Her dress, a delicate tulle, was mint green and decorated with embroidery. It was fairly simple, and Rena loved the long-sleeved jacket in the same style that accompanied it.

"My mother would braid my hair all the time when I was smaller, and I started practicing on my friends before I got sick. It's comforting to do something with my hands. Sebastian never let me braid his, but he allowed flowers." There was a soft smile on her face, recalling the memory. Anne faced her now. "It's your turn, Rena."

She took the spot on the chair that Poppy occupied before and looked at her reflection in the mirror that they had conjured. The dress hugged her frame perfectly, and she still couldn't believe how fast she got attached to it.

It was the fifth dress she tried on, envying the other three. Natsai's dress was made by her grandmother, who sent it all the way from Ugadou via owl post. Anne immediately fell in love with the first dress she stumbled upon. With the pink skirt and the intricate purple bodice, she looked like she had just stepped out of a fairytale. Golden branches scattered across the dress and sat across the neckline, climbing all the way to the shoulder straps. Poppy found hers on the second try, complaining that the first dress she picked, creme in color, was made of a fabric that sat uncomfortably on her skin.

Rena picked at the top layer of her skirt, dreading going back out again. Dressing feminine wasn't an issue; like most girls her age, she did like dressing up nice in dresses and skirts when hanging out with friends or just wanting to look good and experiment with her developing style. However, this was a lot. Four dresses tried on and at least fifty that she looked at, Rena felt like she hadn't found herself in any of them. She craved the same feeling of fulfillment and wonder that she saw on Anne's face when she found hers.

Secretly, she also wanted this night to go perfectly, and didn't want to spend the entire night out of place in her own body.

She let out a long sigh, feeling defeated, and stepped out.

Natsai and Poppy, previously lost in conversation, looked up when they saw her coming. Poppy's mouth was agape, and Natty jumped to her feet.

"Merlin, Rena, that dress was made for you." She squealed.

Anne took that moment to return from the counter, her dress neatly packaged into a box with a purple bow on top. When she saw her, she gasped, almost loosening her grip on her package. "Look at yourself."

Heart swelling with anticipation, she walked over to the mirror. She was stunned by what she saw.

The dress was dark blue, the shade matching that of the Ravenclaw crest and robes. The skirt was set in layers, with glitter giving the illusion of a starry sky. The white tulle reached past the fabric covering her breasts in a way that it reminded Rena of waves tenderly brushing the shore or wings of faeries. Her favorite part was the waistline. An arrangement of little beads, designed like frosty blue flowers, spiraled along her shape.

Her appearance was less than perfect. She had a scar on her cheek and a purple bruise on her shoulder, wounds she sustained in battle. Ink dried under her fingernails from the lines she had to write for History of Magic. Braids that she usually maintained had stray strands of hair sticking everywhere as a result of a long and busy day of classes.

Yet, she still felt beautiful looking at herself.

"I think... I think I will take this one." She muttered, giving it a twirl.

Natsai and Anne just grinned while Poppy ran to capture her in a hug, making them all dissolve in giggles.

Anne's hands worked swiftly, carefully brushing out her hair and then starting on styling it. "You have so much hair."

"I know that's why they are usually in braids. More manageable that way." She shrugged.

"Stop looking down. Face forward." She chided, lifting her chin up.

Rena let out a small laugh. "Okay, Mom."

Anne went back to working with strands of hair, humming an unfamiliar yet pleasant tune.

Rena hoped Natsai was doing alright. She was on the committee tasked with overseeing that the Yule ball ran smoothly and needed to take a detour to the divination classroom since her mother was helping her style her hair. They could meet up before the celebration begins, but if any of them got stood up by something, they would at least get to see each other at the dance.

“There you go.” Anne’s voice pulled her from her thoughts. “Poppy, hand me that mirror.”

The hand mirror pressed into her hands so she could take a look at the back, and Rena was in awe of the work Anne did. The bottom half of her hair cascaded in waves, while the top half was pulled into a braid. She tied a silver moon to the top of the braid and multiple stars spaced out until the end.

“It looks beautiful.” She muttered, getting up to give Anne a hug. The other girl giggled and returned it in earnest.

“Now, let me finish doing mine, then we can go to meet the boys downstairs.”

Natsai’s date, a Ravenclaw boy whose name Rena struggled to recall that moment, was going to meet her in the divination tower after she finished with her preparations. Poppy was going without a formal date, since she didn’t care for the dancing and courting aspect of the ball and just wanted to spend an unforgettable night with some friends.

Ominis asked Anne to be his platonic date, making sure to get permission from Sebastian. He tried to play the part of the overprotective twin, but relented, saying that Ominis was the only boy their age he would trust to take her. Rena also gave her input and helped brainstorm some ideas of how to propose. He settled for taking her to Steeply & Sons for some pastries and tea, and asking her if she would like to go with him privately when they had returned to the castle.

It was an odd dynamic with the four of them. Ominis and Anne’s friendship was stronger than ever after the events of their fifth year, and they often hung out together starting their sixth year. Rena was often invited, and she went along with them whenever she had free time on her hands, even if she didn’t always feel like she fit into their small group.

She was still avoiding her twin. Anne was better at hiding her hurt than Sebastian, but Rena saw through the cracks when they appeared. On their birthday, her expression kept falling when she thought no one was looking, despite Rena’s best efforts to throw a party with all her good friends and make sure everything went according to plan. Sebastian would avoid them for days, or when he wasn’t too in his head, he would voice his torment outright.

Rena still spent time with Sebastian, just the two of them, or often with Ominis. They rebuilt, and their connection survived despite all that happened in their fifth year. Shared suffering became shared strength, and Rena would never trade their bond for the world.

So she had to juggle these two groups, making sure they are kept separate along with making time for Natsai and Poppy, who Anne learned to love spending her days with.

The one who really suffered from her split attention was Sebastian, who was stuck learning how to mourn the loss of his sister despite her recovery. She saw how it was killing him, having to pass by her in the halls, eat at the same table, share the common room and library, all while not being able to have one conversation.

She wouldn’t tell the girls, but it was she who ended up asking him to the dance instead of him.

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There was an increased poacher activity at one of the Thestral dens that Rena kept an eye on and Sebastian agreed to tag along to take them out. She was less worried about her own well being as she was capable of doing most of her missions alone, without breaking a sweat, but wanted Sebastian to have a change of scenery.

They have been friends long enough to where she could tell that he had been in his head for way too long and good friends don't let each other spiral. What was meant to be a way to help a friend, unfortunately quickly devolved into Sebastian getting on her nerves.

"Ominis is taking Anne to the Yule Ball," Sebastian said.

Rena, who had been talking about the locations of the camps she scouted days before and how many poachers she expected at each of them, was winded by the sudden change in topic. "I am aware. We were all in the Room of Requirement when the three of us spent hours discussing how and where he should ask her. Did you hit your head?"

He scoffed. "Of course not. I am happy for them."

"Are you having regrets?" She asked. They were coming up on one of the camps, so she cast the Disillusionment Charm on herself. "Besides, it's not even a date. They are going as friends."

"No, I am happy they are going together," he followed suit. "Didn't want her to go with someone I didn't know."

She didn't want to point out that there had been a lot of new friends and acquaintances that Anne had made since the year started, but didn't want to shove it in his face that she knew his own twin more than he did. So she stayed silent and moved on.

The two of them neared the camp, and Rena observed the patrol, trying to see if she had a long enough window of opportunity to take their executioner out first.

"Is Poppy going with anyone?" She jerked, surprised.

"Quiet down, you're going to get us caught." Rena hissed at him, directing her anger at where her eyes could see the terrain ripple in a way you only could if you knew what you were looking for. "She's not, but she doesn't want to. You are welcome to ask."

"I respect her, but no, I am not planning on asking her."

"Then what's your problem?"

"Well-" he hesitated. "Do you have a dat-"

His sentence was cut short when one of the poachers came to investigate the odd commotion, and Rena vowed to set fire to Sebastian's cape when they were done here. For now, she rolled into action, feeling the ancient magic course through her body and converge at her hand, then blasted the first poacher into pieces.

His sentence was cut short when one of the poachers came to investigate the odd commotion, and Rena vowed to set fire to Sebastian's cape when they were done here. For now, she rolled into action, feeling the ancient magic course through her body and converge at her hand, then blasted the first poacher into pieces.

Them being caught was slightly inconvenient, but they both made it out without any injuries. She disappeared into one of the tents to look for any letter or evidence of what they were up to. Rena flipped through meaningless correspondence until she stumbled upon a letter detailing an order for a client for some beasts. She stashed it in her pocket and left.

When she came back outside, Sebastian was looting some coin off one of the bodies, mercifully silent for now.

"You're being weird." She muttered just loud enough for him to hear.

He didn't respond at first, but stood up and walked to her side. "This seems to be a big deal for everyone, and I feel like it should be a bigger deal for me too. Nothing had really made sense since Anne came back. I'm trying really hard to put meaning into my days, but I am just lost."

"Sounds like you need to go to a certain ball coming up and just have a good time." Rena nudged him with her elbow.

"Now you're just messing with me." Sebastian huffed, annoyed, and for a split second Rena felt a strange fondness for him creep into her heart.

"Would you want to go to the Yule Ball?"

A mischievous smile crossed his face. "Rena. Are you asking me to the ball?"

"Prick." She huffed, cheeks heating up. "I mean, if you want- if you would like to go. As friends of course."

"A truly special place you chose to ask."

Rena looked around the now clear poacher camp. The leaves of the forest rustled in the wind, making the openings of some tents' flaps. They took out the ten people who guarded this area, with another twelve being at a different location. Her eyes lingered on a tree stump with many rings indicating its age, and an idea popped into her head.

Sebastian let out a curious hum behind her as she walked over and knelt down. She dug the itemized list of beasts that she had retrieved from the main tent and spread it flat on the stump.

There was a two week period in the spring, she must have been thirteen then, when her mother and father both had to leave on separate business trips. Her sister was still at Hogwarts, so her grandmother came to watch her for that time. She brought a book on origami with her, and the two of them spent time after school to fold animals, flowers and such.

Her fingers worked quickly, recalling the order of the folds she needed to do, and adjusted it to her liking.

Rena then got down on one knee and presented her hastily made origami paper ring to Sebastian. "Sebastian Sallow, would you do me the honor of coming to the Yule Ball with me?"

"As friends?"

Rena believed that even without a romantic relationship, the word 'friend' couldn't fully express the depth of his significance in her life. Instead she confessed, "You are one of the most important people in my life, and I couldn't imagine a world without you in it."

A strange look flashed across his feature and Rena was too embarrassed to pinpoint the exact emotion that overcame him. Sebastian let her slip the way too big ring on his finger. "Of course I would."

Despite the twin's strained relationship, Anne was ecstatic to hear that she and Sebastian were going together. She teased Rena mercilessly even though she fought pointlessly against the allegations, insisting that they were just friends.

She choked on those words when they got to the top of the stairs from the Slytherin dungeons.

The boys waited for them by the Kelpie statue that stood just before the Grand Staircase. Ominis wore a neatly pressed dress shirt, with sleek black pants and a Slytherin green tailcoat with silver buttons. He had a brooch of emerald pinned on his chest, and his golden hair was neatly slicked back. Everything about him was as neat as it could have been, and he stood tall while he chatted with his friend.

Sebastian was a little less neat in his black suit, which was wrinkled in some places, and his tie, while successfully tied, stood just a bit crooked. He left his hair as he usually wore it, fluffy and untamed, just how Rena liked it. He was giving his authentic self, and her heart skipped a beat when he smiled at her.

The idea that he could have gone to the ball with someone else left a sour taste in her mouth. She was acutely aware of her own jealousy despite them not being formally together. Everything in her life, her purpose, her friends, the knowledge of her abilities had stabilized over the past months and yet the unnamed 'thing' between her and Sebastian had remained turbulent.

Rena wasn't lying back at the poacher camp, she would tear this world apart if anything happened to him.

"Hey ladies, you're all looking great." Sebastian greeted the group, being cordial to Anne, which she was grateful for. Then, to everybody's shock, he took her hand, lifted it to his mouth and pressed the most gentle kiss to the back of her hand. "You look beautiful, Rena."

Speechless, she cast a glance at Poppy and Anne, who looked like they were both doing their damnedest to school their expressions. "You look great as well. Let's go find Natsai."

They headed off, Rena and Sebastian leading the group with the other three trailing behind them. At one point Anne jabbed her in the side, and Rena tried to play it off with a wave of her hand. She was flustered and did not want to talk about it.

Natsai spotted them first, waiting by one of the pillars at the entrance to the Great Hall. Her dress was crimson red with a slit up her leg. The neckline folded from a colorful fabric that Rena could only imagine was Natsai's grandmother's handiwork. Her hair separated into two buns that were neatly tied at the base by ribbons in a matching color.

She waved excitedly. "Over here!"

"Natsai! Where is your date?" Rena asked after the girls exchanged hugs and compliments. "If he stood you up, I will singe his eyebrows off during Crossed Wands. I am stronger than him, and he needs to know it."

"He's just getting me drinks." Off to the side, she swore she could hear Sebastian mutter something about a woman after his own heart. "Come on in. I can't wait for you guys to see how the decor turned out. We worked hard on it."

Rena only knew that they went with a winter-like theme, still, it was a pleasant surprise to see the enchanted ceiling reflect the Aurora Borealis in stunning detail.

The four tables for the four houses turned into two, pushed to the very sides of the hall to give ample space for dancing in the middle, sported cyan tablecloths with silver glitter. They were packed to the brim with food: roasted turkey, towers of pastries and candies, and more options for sides that she could count.

Rena's favorite part had to be the fake white shrubbery decorated with small glowing lights and the illusion of snow falling and disappearing just above their heads.

As promised, they had a great time. The four girls ate and danced to their heart's content. Rena let Poppy twirl her around for one of the slow songs and then joined the other two to jump around for a popular pop song from a rising wizard band. An evening of joy and laughter was exactly what they needed to recover from the schoolwork and poacher tracking that they had been doing lately.

When they tired out, they sat at the corner of one of the tables and just chatted. Ominis and Sebastian joined them in this, and they got Anne to laugh at a joke Sebastian made. Even though it was just for one night, Rena could see how thankful he was to be spending time with his twin.

They were ready to call it a night and head back to the dorms when Sebastian approached her. "May I have this dance? Or do you only dance with girls?"

"Know your place," she joked. Behind him, Anne was giving her a nod of approval.

Rena took his hand and let him lead her to the middle of the dance floor, away from the eyes of their prying friends.

She didn't consider herself a good dancer, but did learn the basics when she spent a week with Ominis' family. Luckily, Sebastian led her in easy, repetitive steps that made her wonder where he learned to dance.

"You seemed to have fun out there tonight." He gave her a twirl. "I didn't know you knew how to do that."

"I have fun fighting poachers and goblins." She pointed out. "This is just a different kind of fun I usually don't have time for."

It's a good look on you. Not being worried about the world ending and all."

"Technically, it isn't ending anymore, but the fight is never over." She spun again, landing in his arms this time. "You asked to dance? Why?"

He hummed to himself, changing his pace with the new song that played. "I wanted to get you alone. Selfish reasons, I suppose. Did you mean what you said at the camp?"

"About asking you to the ball?"

"About what you said after."

Rena suddenly felt embarrassed about her bold declaration, but figured he deserved the truth. "You will always have a special place in my heart. I promised that despite the violence, it's still you. I don't think I will ever meet anyone more fit to match me in wit and battle. You're my best friend, and I hope no matter what life throws at us, we will always come back to each other in some way or another."

"You really forgave me for last year? That easily?" There was a tremble in his voice.

"I wouldn't call it easy. Give yourself some credit. You spent the entire summer proving to me and Ominis that you changed for the better. And now I had to watch you suffer for half of our sixth year because you chose to respect Anne's wishes of giving her space." His eyes widened in shock, but she wasn't done. "Don't look surprised, I could always tell."

Sebastian let out something between a sigh and a chuckle. "I appreciate you sticking by my side after everything. You didn't have to, and I've done some horrible things. I owe you and Ominis the world."

"The only thing you owe me is help on my history papers." She joked, but he didn't laugh.

Instead he leaned in, and for a split second, Rena thought he was going to kiss her. He didn't, opting for a lingering kiss on her cheek instead.

Sebastian's cheeks were as red as she thought hers were when he pulled away. "Sleep well, Rena."

Heart pounding in her chest, she watched him leave. Her fingers lingered where she could still feel the phantom touch of his lips against her cheek and hoped that one day they could be more than messy confessions of significance and soft touches with more meaning than they let on.



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THANK YOU





Speedy
FIRST
CHRISTMAS AS
MARRIED COUPLE





The Meaning Of Winter

Ahriadne Wednesday Malfoy



Dedicated to Sasha Cohen, my favorite figure skater of all time.
Ahriadne Malfoy, 15, performing a spiral.

It was winter, Mother and Father wanted the first winter on my feet spent on ice. I had just turned 1 the previous winter. As a pureblood Malfoy, my father expected great things from me, so as soon as I could walk well, he decided I needed to take on a new challenge.

Our lake behind the manor, just before the forest, had frozen over and on it stood a gracefully petite lady. She noticed us approaching, and as if by silent command of father's gaze, she began her performance. Music began to play, Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake, a classic also mother's favorite.

Slow and full of emotion, she began to speak with grace; not words. Painting a most beautiful moving portrait. She'd fly as the instruments sang. Her athletic ability unlike that of any other. And just like that I became obsessed with the artform; figure skating. She was far from perfect but her grace and beauty were undeniable.

Determined for more, I waddled my way across the ice to her and she caught my tiny body. There I began, every morning, practice. Sasha taught me all I know.

"I think she loves skating," said mother to Father.

"Good, it's settled then. Sasha will be coach; her mentor. From this point forward she won't be allowed to quit. She's to train unlike any other."

Father was always encouraging me to be the best it even helping me train. Mother made sure I had everything I needed scheduled to succeed.

Every morning they'd cast incendio upon the lake's surface; with a flash it melted. Then the cold breeze would freeze it smooth—I loved it! Mundane; perhaps, but to me it was everything.

And there I went: my tiny skates began to glide and before I knew it, I was speeding across the ice, dancing and trying my best to replicate the beauty I'd seen in Sasha and others before me. I pressed deep into the ice with the blades: inside edge, outside, forward crossovers, backwards, lean, stretch, always with a pretty pristine back. Slouching was forbidden! Toes pointed as soon as they left the ice, a ballerina on ice.

That's what I pictured; I pictured Sasha. The ice was an extension of her; she didn't fight it she alongside it.

I wanted to feel the music as she did. I landed my first jump, the waltz jump, then the flip. On the lutz I kept falling on my side. Then salchow; the axel was the hardest. Double jumps; “Your jumps are insufficiently high, again!” She gave me homework exercises. Jumping became yet another exercise to the list, along with weight training and stretching. Balance was important too. “It must look effortless!” On the ground and off it. I trained in every form I could. It all transferred over. Strength, agility, tailoring and tuning my instrument by listening to it. Whether through gymnastics, dancing, or figure skating—it all became my passion.

Then came the day of my performance. I took my position on the rink. The music led and I followed. My piece? Moonlight Sonata by Ludwig van Beethoven. The melancholic keys spoke to me and I spoke back with every inch of my body; it sang through me. I felt it through my veins; it left through my fingertips. Creating designs through the air and cursive on ice. It rumbled gently, and ever so beautifully beneath my skates, a rolling sound of calligraphy on parchment.

Steady, a spiral—perfectly controlled Sasha’s signature height in a perfect split. The crowd was impressed, but I was in love and nothing else mattered. Arabesque, another technique from her, which showcased my flexibility. Then the jumps I had so struggled with: barely caught the landing, though hardly noticeable. The spread eagles, Ina Bauer, arching my back as a swan would; a most elegant of moves. Footwork; immaculate, it brought me a rush—my heart racing with precise movements, I never had enough. I lived for the feeling of the ice beneath my blades, the cool air against my cheeks.

Then the final spin: camel spin, sit spin, layback into an arabesque; my personal favorite. And the pose at the end, elegance and timing was everything in it. I took a bow, courteous and grateful.

The crowd was cheering and I looked for my family and friends in the crowd. This was for them, for Sasha, and for the essence that accompanies me.

Every winter, I remember the day I met Sasha. The day that only fate knew about, and a day that I treasure. There is only one day I treasure more than this.




AMETHYST
AND
Emma



Ruby Wang
MULLED WINE








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WINDOW SHOPPING



Though the sunshine is a rare treat, the days are getting long
radiant and warm as the memories of shared enchanted po
And the cold castle corridors becon



ger as the spring grows closer. Yet nothing brings a smile so
opping candies by the fireplace on the night before the train.
ne empty. Until we meet again soon.

ZiwArt
I TRIED



UszatyArbuz

SPRINKLE IN A LITTLE BIT OF MAGIC





Yule

Queenhunter102

Blair held her dress up against herself as she swayed side to side "I still cannot belive mother bought me the dress" She said, twirling the long flowly dress, Brooke snorted "How could she not, you are her only daughter" she said, picking at her own dress her hands tracing over the small gold accents throughout the dress, Blair stopping swaying to look at Brooke "Brooke it is a prefectly fine dress, you only wore it once before" she said, as she carefully put her dress back onto it's hanger and over her mirror, "That is my point, I have already been seen in the dress I cannot be seen in it again" Brooke muttered.

Blair rubbed at her eyes, sighing "Brooke..." she muttered, she knew it was useless to try and convince her of anything different "I think we should go shopping, to find other accessories at Hogsmeade" she said hoping to ease her friends discomfort, She could hear Brooke crossing her arms over her chest "Yes I think that would be helpful".

"I think you should go alone, I'll join you later" Brooke said "I have a few letters to write" she said.

Blair pulled her cloak closer to her body as she attempted not to slip down the steps when William had caught her arm "Careful Blair, I don't think you want to be spending time in the infirmary" he said, as he guided her down the last few stairs "I would not, but it is far better than remaining in my dorms with Brooke" she said, as she gripped his hand tighter, William hummed "Ah, I see, trouble in paradise" he said, as her feet touched the ground.

"I wouldn't say that" she murmured, William gaving her a knowing look "Uh-huh" he said as he walked with her "Oh yes, I absolutely belive you" he said his words dripping in sarcasm, She shoved at his shoulder "I mean it, she's just...worried about her appearance is all" she said, she knew it was more than that, she knew that, William knew that, their whole friend group knew that.

William wrapped his arm over her shoulder "Where you going anyway?" he asked, as he pulled her closer "Hogsmeade, going to see ifI could fine things for the Ball" she said looking up atr him, William made a face of disgust "Don't say my little sister is going to the ball" he said, She nodded her head "Oh! Yes, Leander asked me" she said, squealing, William boked "Not Leander! There are so many better boys to go with" he said, as he put his hand in her hair and rubbed his hand making her hair a mess "Like who?!" she gasped, as she shoved at him a little harder as she turned to try and fix her hair.

William laughed "Sebastion for one, Ominis for another or if you do not feel like a male companion and prefer a friend Natty or Poppy are also excellent choices" he said as he started listing a few of her classmates, "Sebastion and Poppy are never a smart choice for anything they're bound to get in trouble, Ominis is too squre-toed to have any fun and Natty...well Natty seems lost" she says, as she finally got her hair to sit properly again, turning back to face him.

William rolled his eyes "They're you're only choices, Blair" He said as they both walked into Hogsmeade "Don't say you're pulling the big brother card, are you?" she asks, as she loops her arm with his, "Not only am I pulling the big brother card, I will inform our eldest brother ofit" he said, as he let her drag him through the town "You are truly a pain?" she huffs, as she pulls him to Gladrags pushing the door open "And the only way to make me feel better is by buying me pretty things for the ball" she said, William rolled his eyes again "Yes of course sister".

She honestly could not remember the time she had actully enjoyed a butter beer, let alone laugh as much as she did, She was cramed into a corner, Hugo on one side and William on the other, she watched in amazement as Hugo was making little fire works "I know I shouldn't but, one must live on the edge a little" he said, as small colourful fireworks burst across the table "Hmm, and here we were thinking you forgot how to have fun" William said, snorting into his cup "Yeah, Yeah, I know, I know I can be rather Proud—" he said, before William cut him off "I wouldn't call it proud brother, I'd call it —" Willam was cut off by the table moving "OW HUGO!" he shouted.

"Language little brother" Hugo said, lifting a brow, as if daring his younger brother to defy him, Willam retreats then, sulking into his seat and his own butter beer, Hugo looks around the bar, taking a sip of his butter beer, before he turns to Blair "William says you're going to the Ball with Leander" He mutters between sips, Blair nods her head "Yes, he asked me to go" she said, as she gently twisted her cup in her hands, Hugo nodded his head "You want to go with him?" he asked, she nodded her head "I don't see why not, He's loyal and determined and always —" She said, Willima butts in again "He's arragant, he's a sore loser, he can be rude and always rather boastful" he says, Hugo shots a glare at William, before giving him another kick under the table.

"Then I don't see why you shouldn't go with him" he said, as he took another sip of his butter beer, Willam's jaw hit the floor "Hu! He's boring, amongst the other attributes that I had mentioned, he, he,he,he—" William began to stutter out, Hugo lifted his hand silencing him "And we shall let Blair her own choices, He seems pleasent enough when I've seen her interact with him" he said, as he down the rest of his butterbeer "You two better hurry, curfew will begin in a few hours best that we get you both back" he said.

She sighed as she followed after her brothers trailing behind them watching as they laughed, and she realised as she walked she was normally so wrapped up in Brooke, and her life and her drama, and what she want that she realised that maybe they needed a little bit of time from eachother, She could feel her eyes water as she realised that she needed to potentially put an end to her first real friendship, Hugo turned as if he could sense her distress.

He wrapped an arm around her shoulders "Did I ever tell you about what we did for Yule when you were young?" He asked, Blair shook her head "No" she said, as she looked up at him "Well, We used to go out to this little cabin, in France" He said, as he pushed his hand out in front of her as if encouring her to imagine the scene "It used to have the big bright candles that used to sparkle with different colours" William said, Hugo smiled "They did,father used to light the fire and make us sit as he told us old stories of his auror days" Hugo said as he rolled his eyes "Mother used to make us hot chocolate to help us sleep." Willaim snorted "All because mother took her out to some muggle show" Hugo shot William a look.

"Mother took me to shows?" She asked, Hugo nodded "Yeah, She wanted you to have the same experiences she had when she was young" he said, "Father was enraged when he found out" William sniggered "You know the whole family image" Hugo said, stopping outside of the castle doors, "Don't forget to light the candle" He said as he pushed open the door, Blair nodded "I know, I know, keep the nice things coming, I know" she said, as she walked inside, she marched her way in the directon of the Ravenclaw tower

"Blair!" William shouted, She turned as he ran to her "Your bags,for the bloody Yule ball" he said, as he thrust her bags into her hands.

"Hugo says its fine if you go out with Leander....even ifI don't like him" William said, rubbing her head



Snow Cold Friendship (Part 1 of 2)

Le Sphinx



September 1st 1902

The chatter in the great hall was somehow even louder than every other back to school feast this year. Students seemed jittery, for all were expecting this year to be the one Hogwarts would host the Triwizard Tournament. All houses were already vouching for a champion from their house. And the debates between house tables were already heated. Hufflepuffs were almost shouting across the hall to proclaim their prized quidditch keeper, the fierce Annika Winsmire, as the next Hogwarts Champion. Ravenclaws were all expecting Amelia Grayson to step in, especially with her special abilities and the events she was involved in in fifth year. They were busier trying to convince her to put her name in the Goblet than debating with the other houses. Slytherins were proudly defending Imelda Reyes as the obvious choice and she wasn't immune to the praise. And of course, they were debating with Gryffindors who were already chanting Garreth Weasley's name. Not to mention, this school wide debate had deep roots in house rivalry and Quidditch induced competition between three of these students.

However, contrary to Annika and Imelda who were basking in the praise, Amelia and Garreth appeared to be uncomfortable for very different reasons. Amelia seemed to be crushed by the pressure of all Ravenclaw students around her, nagging her about putting her name in the Goblet of Fire. She kept refusing, avoiding their eyes, hiding her own behind the messy silver strands of her hair as she stared at the table. Meanwhile, at the Gryffindor table, Garreth was unusually immune to his housemates' adulation. The redhead boy was too busy glaring expectantly at the professors' table. Every two minutes, he questioned Natty on why the Goblet of Fire in its casket was not placed in the center of the hall. Natty tried to reassure him every time but every attempt was useless.

The chatter and arguments were finally cut off when Headmaster Black stepped in for his speech. Black gathered his speech notes as Professor Weasley whispered something to him. All students' gazes were on him. Garreth leaned back from the table to see better. Both Natsai and Leander exchanged a worried glance, they had never seen their usually cheerful friend so tense. Natty placed a hand on his shoulder to show her support and she felt how stiff he was. Meanwhile, between the Ravenclaw and Slytherin tables, Amelia exchanged a questioning look with Sebastian, wondering what Black was about to announce. She noticed the headmaster had notes, he never used notes. Black had always improvised his speeches. Sebastian shrugged as an answer, he had no idea either. At last, always true to himself, the headmaster cleared his throat glaring haughtily at the students.

"Hum... Good evening dear students. My colleagues and myself are... enchanted to start this new school year in your company. We hope that this summer has been resourcing for all of you and expect you to commit fully in your schoolwork. I personally value hard work and encourage all of you students to focus on your studies.", Black went on and on about studying hard and not losing time with whatever he considers useless, in short his usual insincere blathering. From the Slytherin table, Sebastian made Amelia laugh by imitating Black's way of behaving. Making fun of their headmaster would never not be funny. Behind

her smile, Amelia was celebrating the small victory against Seb's crushing guilt. After spending last year pushing his friends away and drowning in self-loathing, the Slytherin boy appeared to have regained at least some joy. Amelia smiled fondly at his attempt at humor. Perhaps this last year of school would be easier between them.
Then finally Black was done with his usual speech no one listened to and marked a small pause. After a moment, the headmaster casually said:

"I have a small announcement to make."

When he said this, all the students turned their attention back to him. Garreth had a bad feeling about what Black was about to say and gripped Natty's arm so tight it hurt.

"Considering the recent events in our country involving the escape of several goblin prisoners in the context of the trials of Ranrok's followers, the Ministry, the Triwizard Tournament organisation committee and myself, have decided... to postpone the Tournament that was to take place in Hogwarts this year to next year. This is a measure of safety until the situation in the country is stabilised by the law enforcers."

There was a moment of stunned silence among the students, Garreth's face crumpled even more. Then Imelda stood up, her expression twisting with anger. "This is outrageous! How dare you?!", she shouted. Her outburst was followed by a whole racket of indignation from the students. Black helplessly tried to regain quiet over the hall but failed miserably. Garreth buried his head in his hands when he realised this meant he would not have the chance to participate at all, being in his last year of school. Beside him, Natty and Leander tried to comfort him the best they could, they knew how much the Tournament meant to their friend.
At the Ravenclaw table, Amelia let out a sigh of relief, knowing she was now free of her housemates' nagging. She was sitting there, calm and relaxed in the middle of the chaos that the Great Hall now was.

When she saw Professor Black could not get the students to calm down, Professor Weasley stepped forward using a voice amplifying spell:

"Silence everyone! We have one more announcement to make", she calmly expressed and all the students went silent.

"We understand your disappointment deeply as we also share it. However, I ask you to act as the bright adults to be you are and react calmly. And do not worry, we are working hard for you all to keep on schedule the most important Hogwarts tradition for the Triwizard Tournament, despite the tournament not happening. As you may know, every time Hogwarts hosts the tournament, a beautiful ball is organised for students to celebrate the Yule season. Be sure, dear students, that your teachers are hard at work to make this ball happen for you all. You may see it as a compensation for the postponement of the Triwizard Tournament. Details will be shared with you all soon. Now, now, let's all enjoy our back to school feast together.", Professor Weasley finished with a warm reassuring smile which seemed to ease the whole tension of the hall.



December 9th 1902

Now well in the festive mood, the Hogwarts grounds were covered in pure white snow, sparkling in the rare winter sun. The castle was decorated for the holidays, but the castle itself was not the only one to change. The atmosphere between students had drastically shifted now the Yule ball was getting closer. Excitement was in the air, as nervous awkward teenagers were asking each other out to the ball. Everyone was chatting about their outfits, their dates, rehearsing dances and daydreaming about the buffet.

In the middle of the hustle and bustle of the corridors, Amelia, Sebastian and Ominis were heading outside for a little walk in the snow after lunch. As usual, Amelia was leading the trio with a warm smile on her face at seeing everyone being just as excited as she was for the ball. Guided by his trusty wand, Ominis followed her, he seemed relaxed too though he was glad they were heading for a calm walk away from all the students. As for Sebastian... It seemed his mood worked in reverse of everyone's. The more students were getting excited for the ball and the holidays, the more he was closing himself to others. Not to mention, because of him, the subject of the ball had been implicitly taboo between the three friends.

Yet, as they walked out in the crisp winter air of the Transfiguration Courtyard, Amelia felt cheerful enough on that day to mention it.

"Have you seen how excited everyone is! This ball is going to be wonderful, I can't wait! Though no one asked me to be their date yet...", Amelia dared say.

"Really? How surprising no boy asked out such a talented and kind witch like you. Don't you agree, Sebastian?", Ominis asked sarcastically, his tone almost sending a warning to his friend.

At Ominis's words, Sebastian stopped in his tracks, staring at the frozen pebbles of the path to avoid his friends' eyes. He remained silent for a short moment that appeared to last forever to them. He was struggling to find the strength in himself to tell them how he felt.
Finally, he quietly said : "I'm not coming to the ball. I'm sorry Amelia."

There was another heavy silence. Amelia was stunned, she had hoped to go to the ball with Sebastian. She even had her dress ready. She hoped that maybe now more than a year had passed, his guilt would have been lifted just a bit. Especially since they had spent all summer exchanging letters, and that Sebastian had seemed to open up more. But no, here he was, back to where he was after the events of 5th year, not allowing himself to be happy because of his crushing guilt. Ominis was surprised too but not as much as Amelia, his expression hardened. Right now, Ominis cared more about the effect this would have on Amelia than anything else.

"Sebastian...", Amelia started her voice soft and shaky. But the Slytherin boy turned his deep brown eyes to her and said:

"I know what you're going to say Amelia. That I'm allowed to have fun and I should not forbid myself to do this. But it doesn't change how I feel. I'm really not in the mood to go to this stupid ball, it's pointless. You go and have fun without me, I would just be a burden for you

That evening after class, Sebastian went directly back to his dormitory while Ominis decided to stay with Amelia. At this point, Sebastian only wanted to be alone, and Ominis had had enough of trying to help Sebastian. To him, the most important thing now was to try and alleviate the damage his best friend had done on his other best friend's heart. Amelia cried all evening in Ominis's arms in the Undercroft. The poor girl was exhausted from trying to be there for Sebastian when he had kept pushing her away for more than a year now. More than that, she was heartbroken because she could see Sebastian had feelings for her too. However, the Slytherin boy had done nothing but bury his feelings deep down because in his mind he did not deserve her and he was a danger to her. Everything in his life, since the end of fifth year, had been dictated by his crushing guilt. And his silver haired Ravenclaw friend had been there for him every step of the way, without success.

The worst thing for Amelia was the fact that she and Sebastian had spent all summer exchanging letters, while he was staying at his godmother's farm and she was at her grandparents in London. During this time, Sebastian had slowly opened up to Amelia and by the time they started their seventh year, he even admitted he was feeling a bit better. Yet here they were, with Sebastian acting back like he used to in sixth year. He was acting like none of the progress they made had happened. And it broke Amelia's heart, but at least she had her friend Ominis.



The week of the Yule Ball

The few days that followed, Amelia and Ominis barely talked to Sebastian. He seemed to avoid them, not because he did not like them anymore, but because he wanted to stop being a burden for them. As for Amelia, this whole situation had made her a bit depressed. She had been so excited about the Yule ball but now she knew she would not get to go with Sebastian as her date, she was not so sure anymore. She even told Ominis she was hesitating to go at all.

Once again in the middle of the heart tearing tension between Amelia and Sebastian, Ominis thought over and over about what he could do. So he tried talking to Sebastian but it was no use, his friend was in no mental state to have fun at a ball. “How can I have fun at a ball when my sister is still suffering? How can I walk among carefree students after what I did?”, he kept saying, Ominis was used to this by now.

So, after contemplating every solution he could think of, Ominis made his decision. One day, as they walked out of Astronomy class, Ominis took the opportunity that Sebastian left them again to go talk to Amelia. He walked down the stairs of the tower by her side, guided by his wand.

“Amelia, can we talk? There is something I have been meaning to ask you.”, he asked softly.

“Of course, you don’t have to ask for permission, I’m always here to listen.”, she answered, ever the kind hearted witch she had always been, despite how sad she felt.

Ominis smiled at her answer, realising he was now as close to Amelia as he was to Sebastian and Anne. He cleared his throat and said: “I know you’ve been heartbroken by Sebastian’s decision of not going to the ball because you wanted him to be your date. And that you are generally heartbroken with his behaviour because you love him. But I don’t want you to keep undermining your happiness because of him. Going to this ball seemed to make you so happy, and now you’re telling me you don’t want to go anymore. So, maybe Sebastian’s right in a way. You deserve to have fun without caring about him.”

Amelia listened intently, surprise etched on her face at her blind friend’s words. Ominis had never been the kind to be so open hearted like that, but he genuinely cared about his friends. After a moment of stunned silence, she stopped and adjusted her bag strap on her shoulder.

“What are you trying to tell me, Ominis?”, she asked, her tone warm but confused.

Ominis stood still as well when he heard the sound of her footsteps stop. He fidgeted with his wand and responded softly: “Well, I was wondering if it would make you feel better to go to the ball with me, as friends. I know how much this means to you.”

His silver haired friend stared at him with wide eyes for a few seconds, this was not a thing she had expected him to ever say. Finally, she smiled widely and despite Ominis not being one for physical affection, she jumped to hug him.

“Oh Omi! I could never dream of having a better friend than you! You’re the sweetest! Thank you for thinking about me, it means so much.”, she confessed as she hugged him tightly, almost holding back some tears. Ominis hesitantly hugged her back, he was not one for hugs, but from her it was alright. “So, what do you say?”, he asked with some hope in his voice.
Amelia pulled back from the hug, giving her friend some space. She frowned worryingly, she appeared to be a little embarrassed at the question she wanted to ask.

“Are you sure this will not upset Sebastian?”, she carefully asked Ominis.

“Of course not, he knows we are just friends and besides... I am sure he will be glad to know you are having fun. And honestly, let’s not care about what Seb thinks for once.”, Ominis reassured her.

“Alright then. I’d be glad to go to the ball with you Omi. Thank you so much.”, Amelia thanked him by placing a gentle hand on his arm knowing he could not see her smile. Over the years, she had come up with strategies to show him her emotions differently. It meant so much to Ominis that his friend was trying so hard to take his disability into consideration in how she was behaving with him, instead of acting like it was not there.

To be continued...

Annika Winsmire belongs to Rose (@cbtmdh on Discord)





Our contributors

Of course, It is important to introduce the creators who contributed to the creation of our first zine, because without them, none of this would have been possible.



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p.39

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Procreate, Unreal Engine



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Pinterest (amethystandemma)

p.46-47

Software(s) used:
Otis



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Bluesky (furfuriel.bsky.social) / Tumblr (furfuriel) / TikTok (furfuriel)

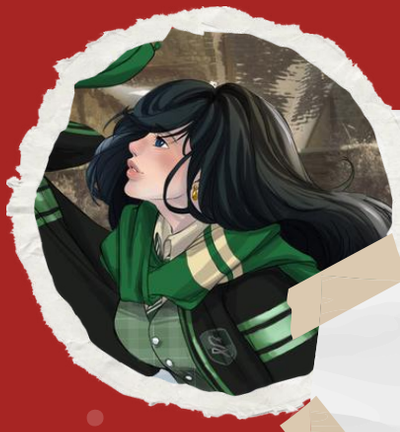
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Software(s) used: Clip Studio Paint



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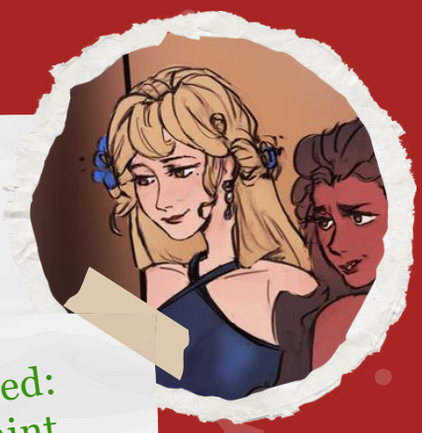
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1.405k words



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Tumblr (ragepuff) / X (ragepuff)

Software(s) used:
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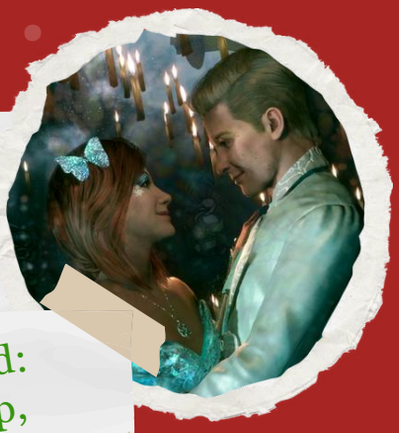
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3.928k words

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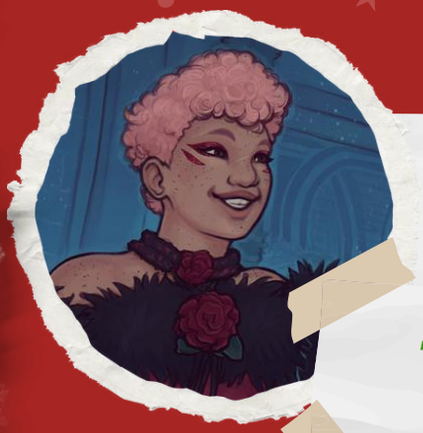
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SPHINX p.59-64

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2.759k words



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Software(s) used:
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2.767k words



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Software(s) used: Clip Studio Paint





The Hogwarts Legazine team would like to once again congratulate the contributors for their support and, above all, for their extraordinary work. We look forward to seeing them again in our future zines. And...

Will you be the next contributor?

We are already preparing the next zines, which will be organized by the Hogwarts Legazine moderators. Keep an eye out for the next owl and, above all, make sure no Niffler steals your registration form! Have good holidays !

See you very soon !
The Hogwarts Legazine Team





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