

Adventures in Fanfiction

Last

TANGENTS



in

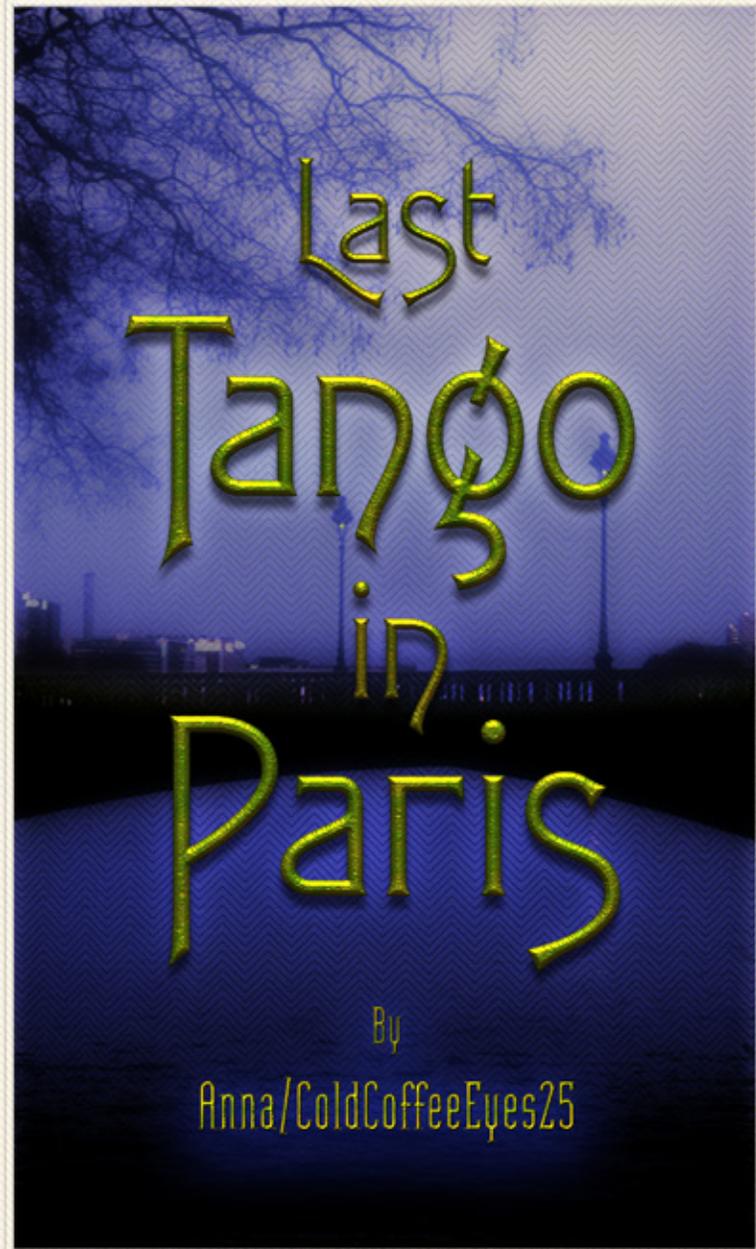
PAPERS

By Anna/ColdCoffeeEyes25

A RED HEN PUBLICATION



A Red Hen Adventures in FanFiction Edition
(Graphics version only)





man walked into a bar.

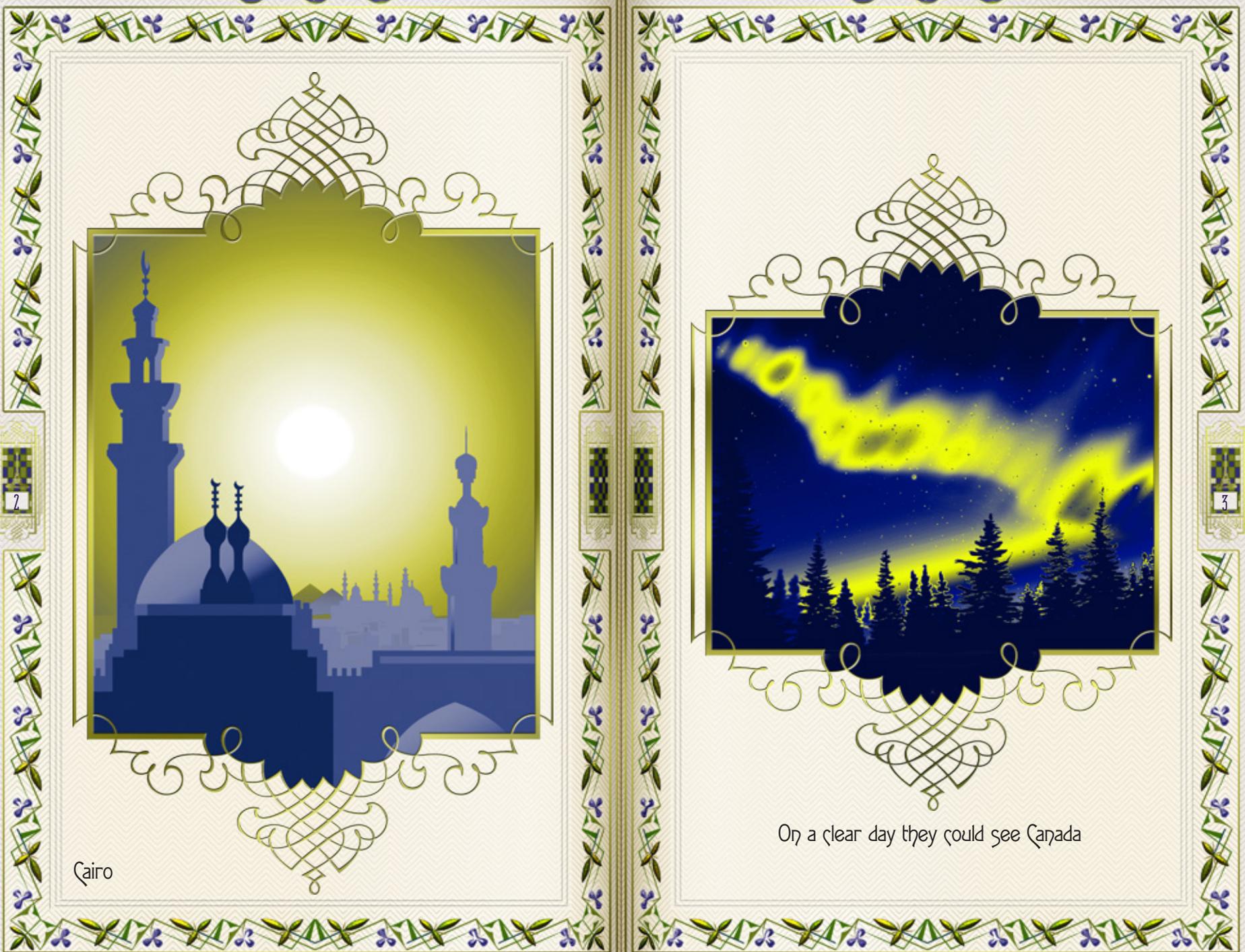
It sounded like the beginning of a joke, but it wasn't.

Those who knew him well, or thought they did, would have been surprised to see him turn in at the narrow door, sparing a furtive glance in either direction before descending the steps from the street. It wasn't his kind of place, it wasn't in his kind of neighbourhood, and he was dressed entirely too well to be there.

It was also on the other side of the globe from where at least three witnesses would swear to the death that he'd been all day.

None of that mattered. He was here to meet someone.

The place was dingy and cobwebbed and poorly lit, illuminated only by some guttering, evil-smelling candles and a single bare lightbulb flickering over the bar. The man nodded to the bartender, a cadaverous skeleton of a man with sunken cheeks listlessly flicking a grimy rag down the bar's scarred wooden surface, and slid distastefully past the establishment's only two patrons — hunched figures with averted faces, swilling flecked liquid from dirty glasses. As he approached the deeper shadows at the back of the bar, he could just make out the blurred outline of a third drinker at the far table.



7



Cairo

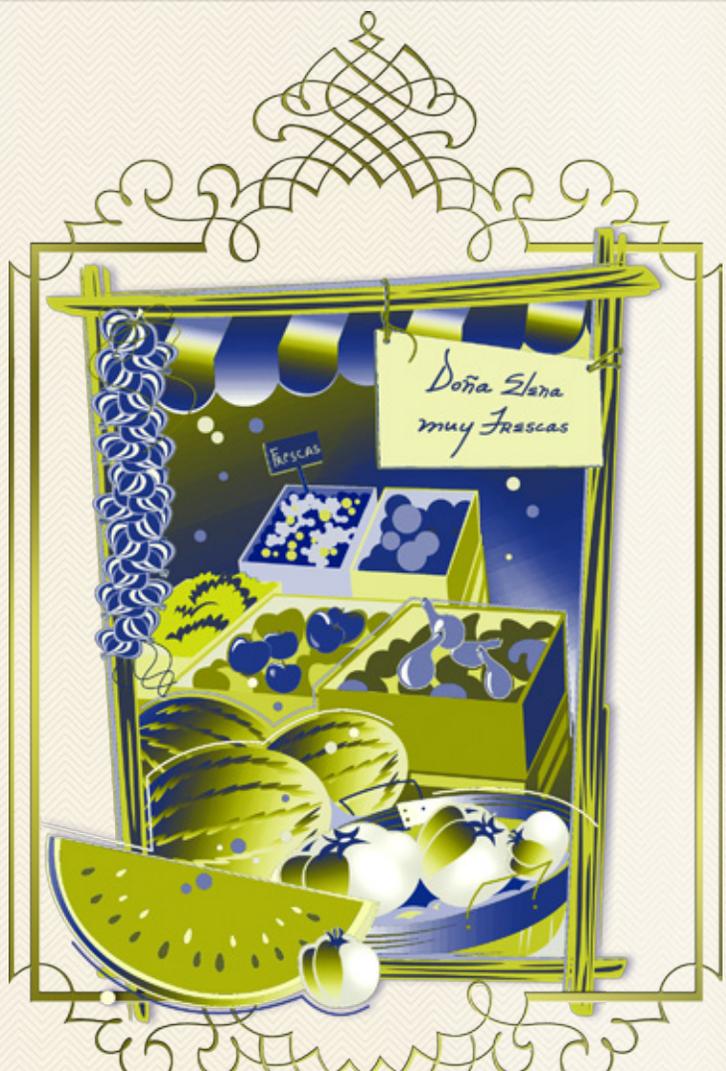
3



On a clear day they could see Canada

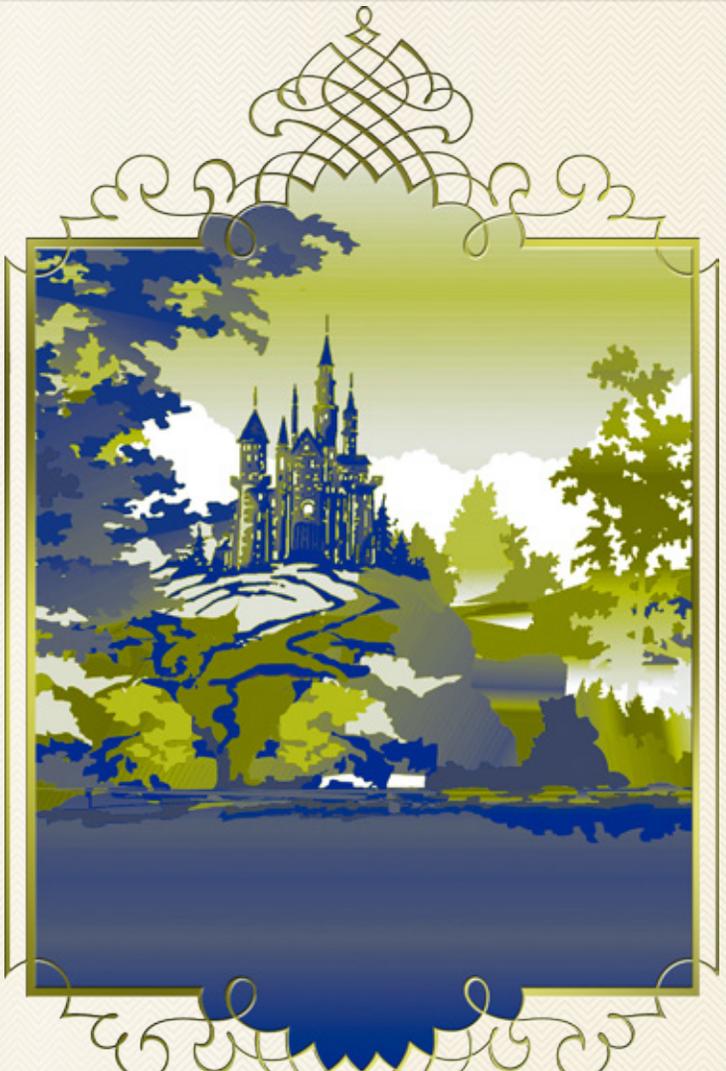


4



An open-air vegetable stand on the Baja Peninsula

5



Hogwarts



Joséphine Dessources



Hermione's
Parisian Terrace



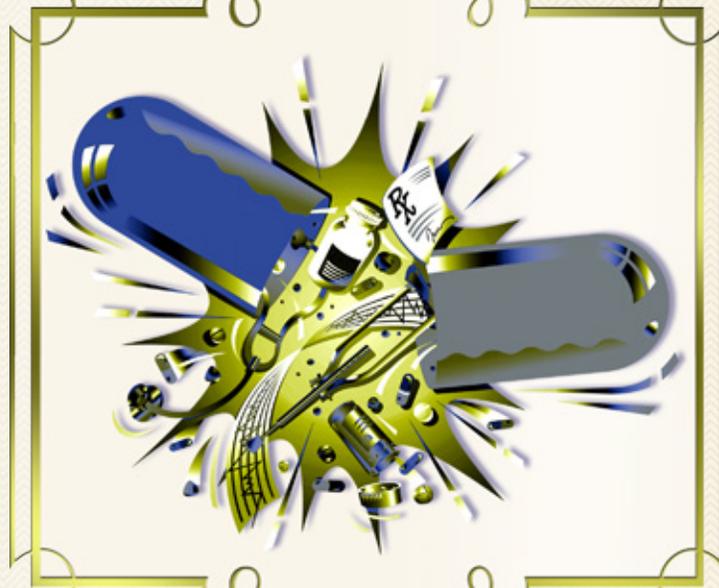
The return of
absent friends



Local Color



Neville Longbottom



Professional Challenges



12

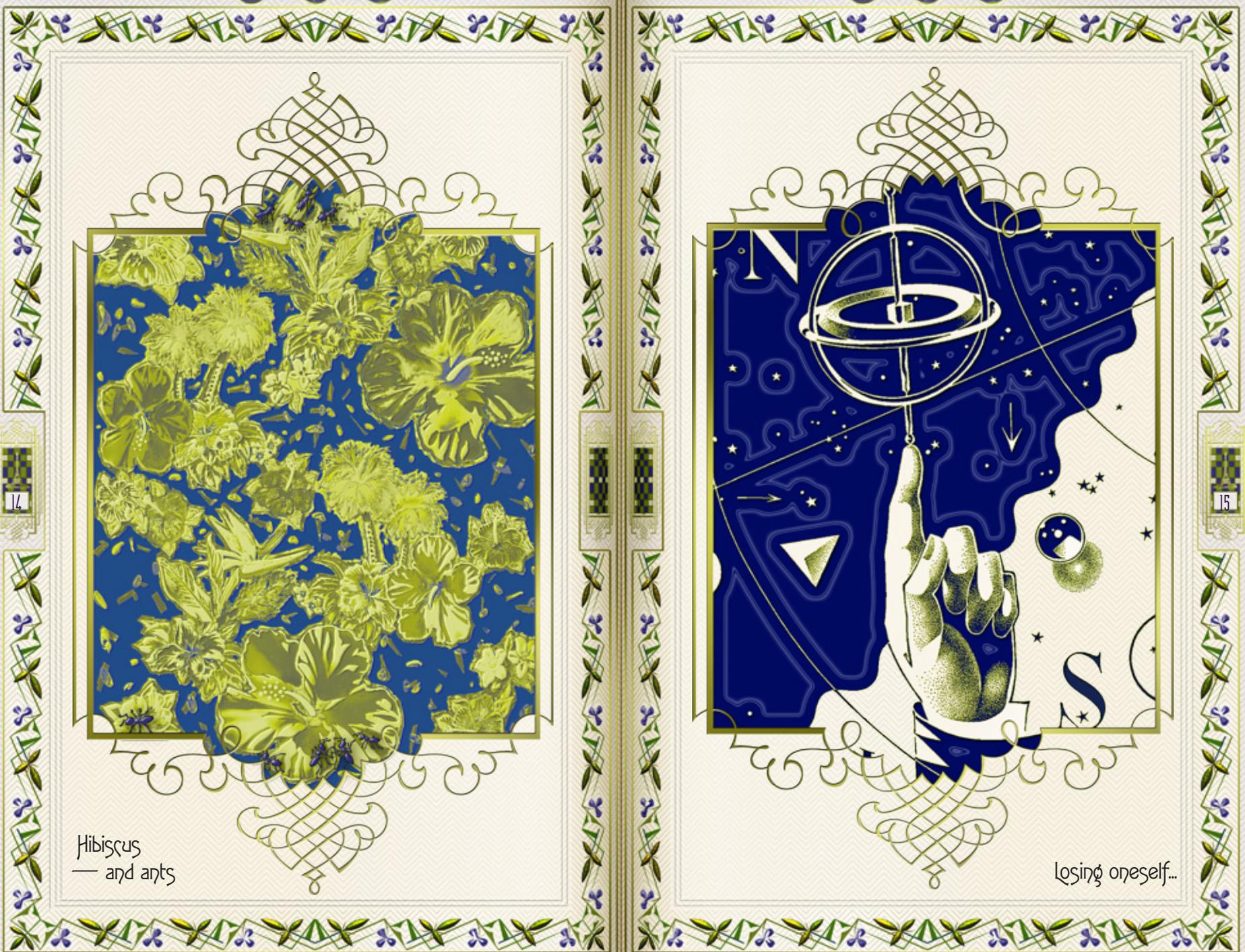


A hidden courtyard

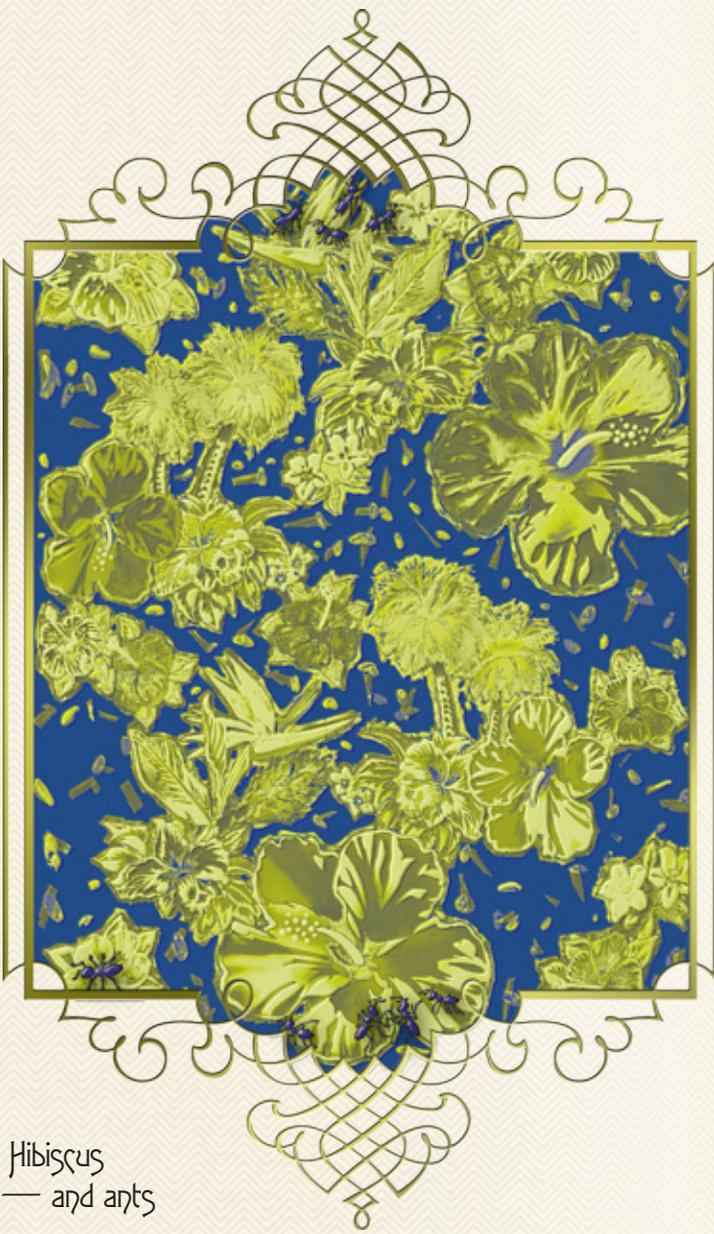
13



Salazar Slytherin



14

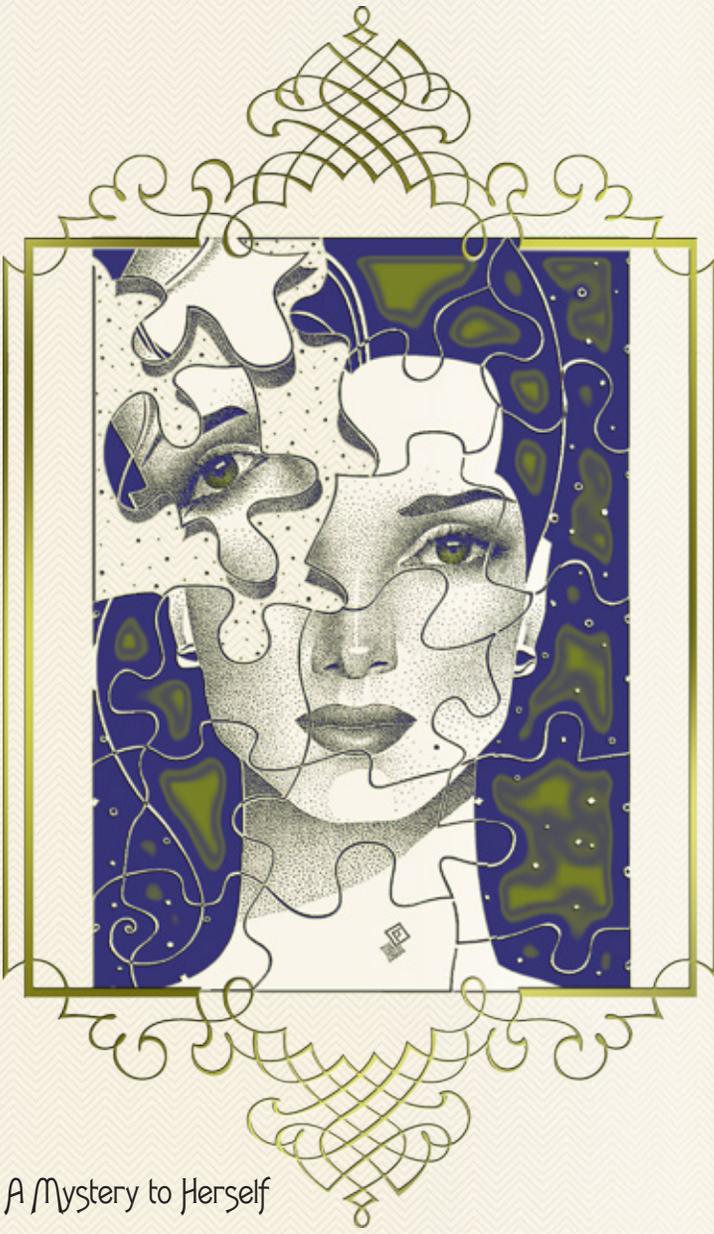


Hibiscus
— and ants

15



losing oneself...



16

A Mystery to Herself



17

A cabin in Montana



18



Investigations in Egypt

19

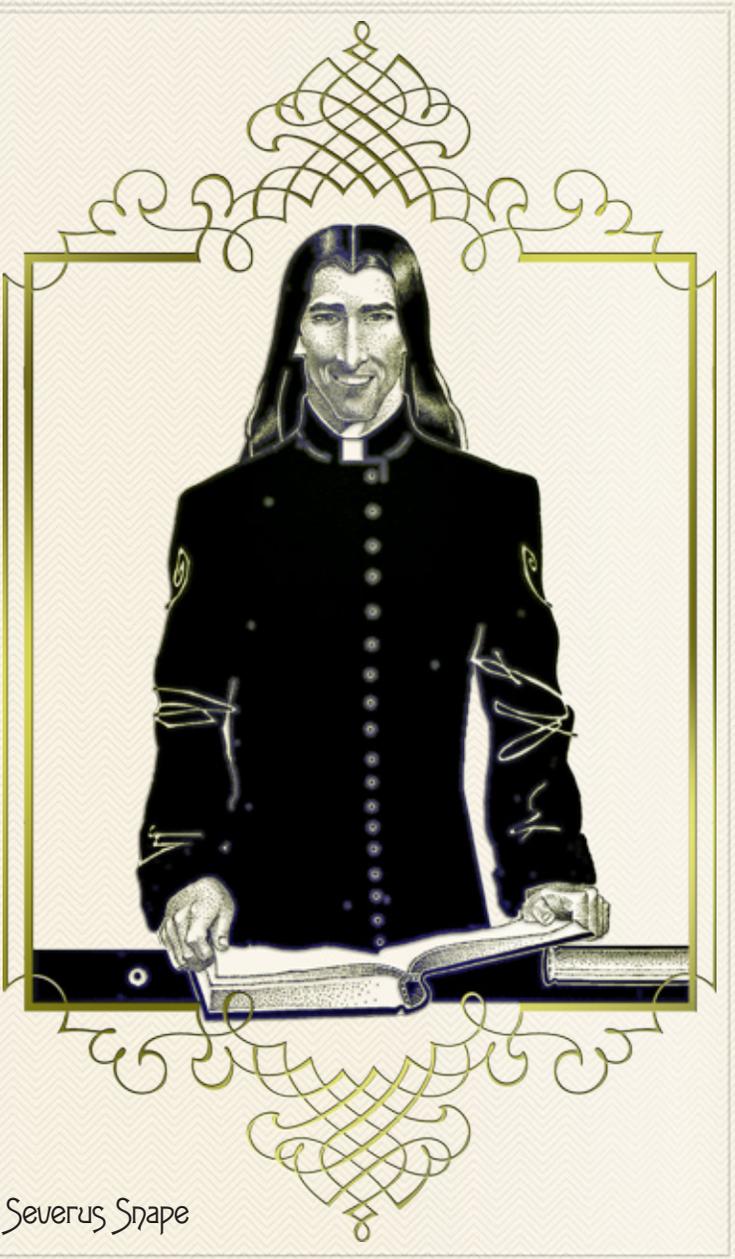


Mementos

Last Tango in Paris



20



Severus Snape

21



Severus's Home Office



77

A Tale of Lost Treasure



73

Dangerous Research



74

Gilderoy Lockhart



75

The way back



26

Catching up in Paris



27

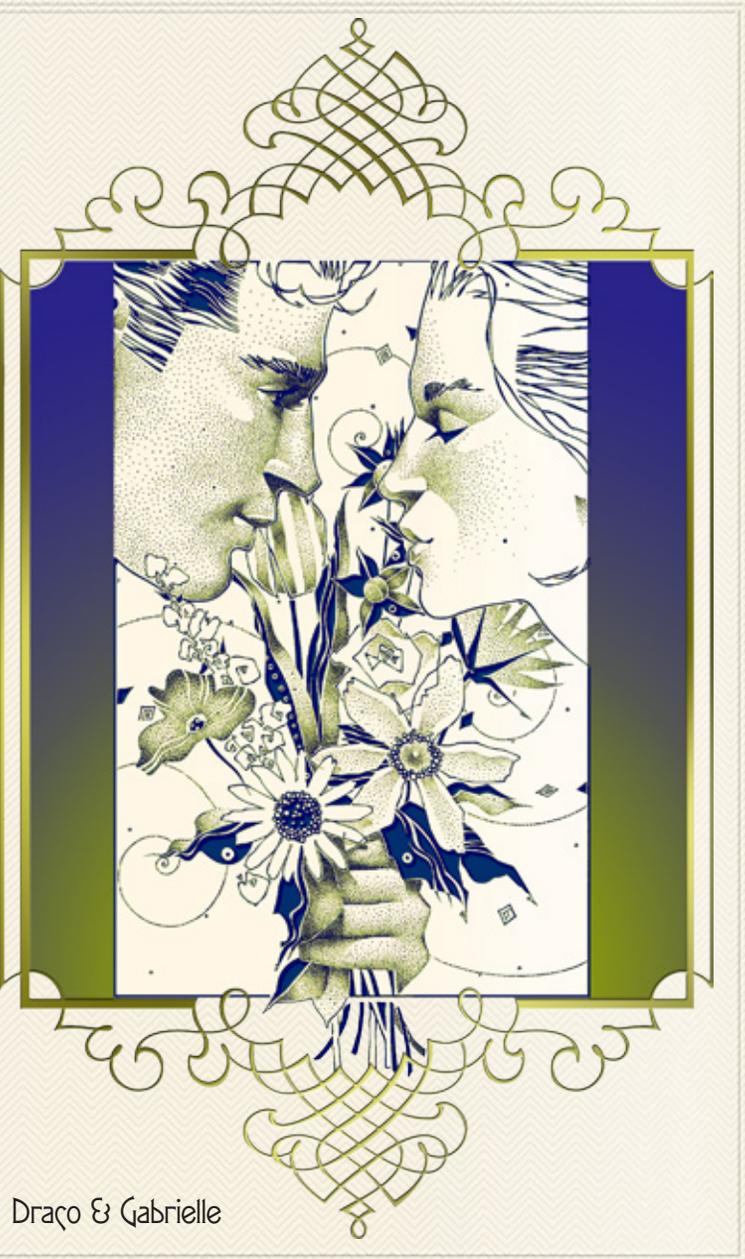
Catching up in London



Last Tango in Paris

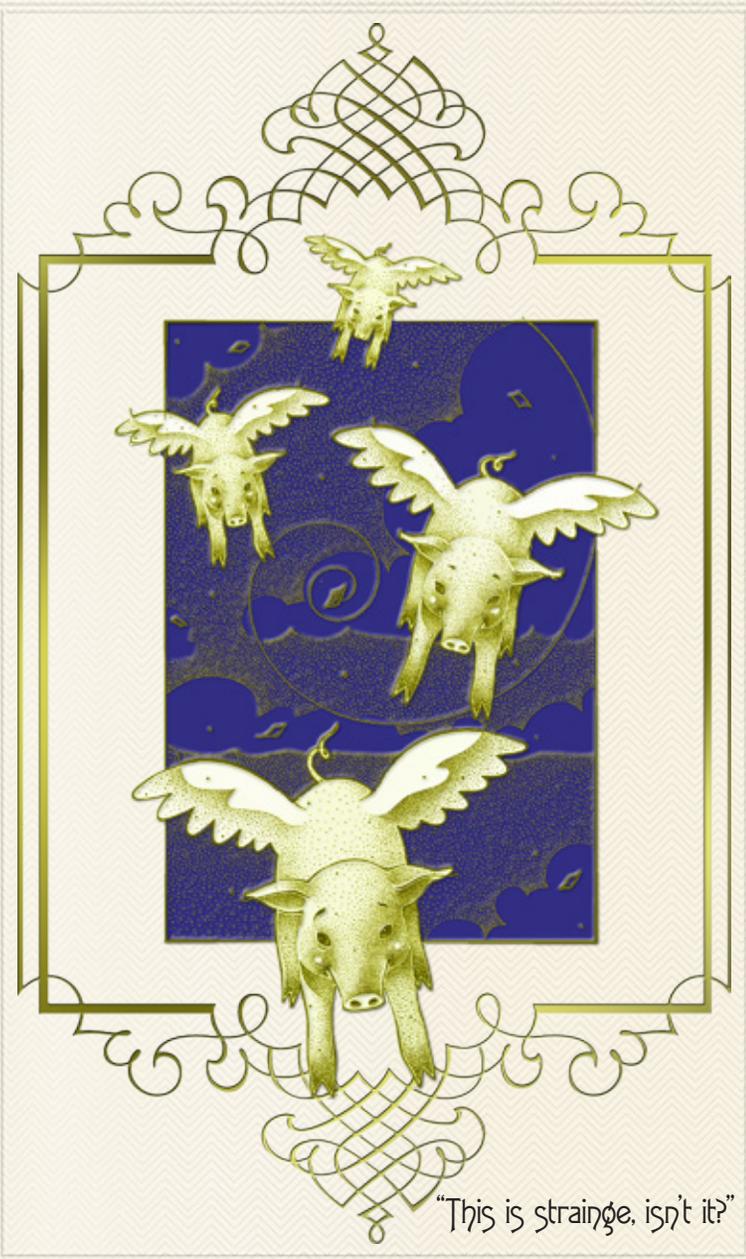


28

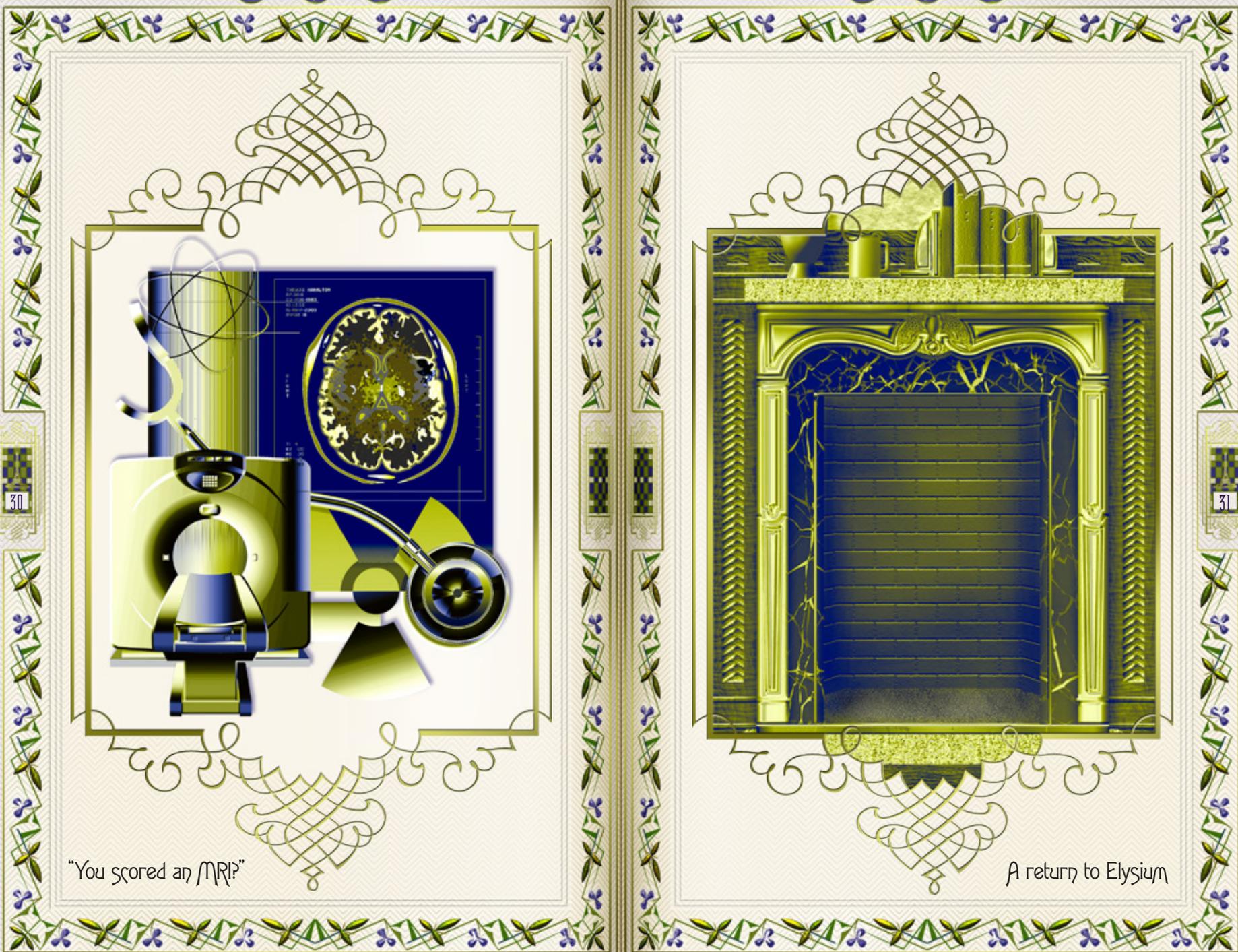


Draco & Gabrielle

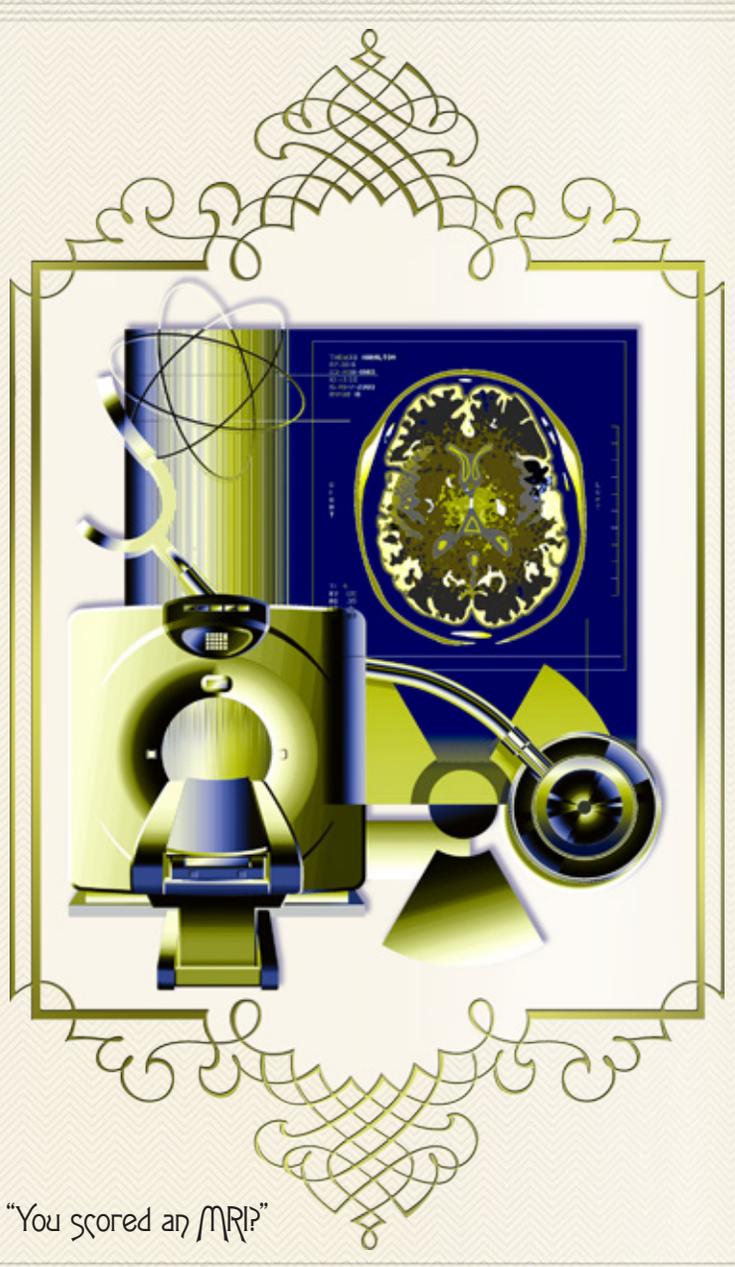
29



"This is strange, isn't it?"

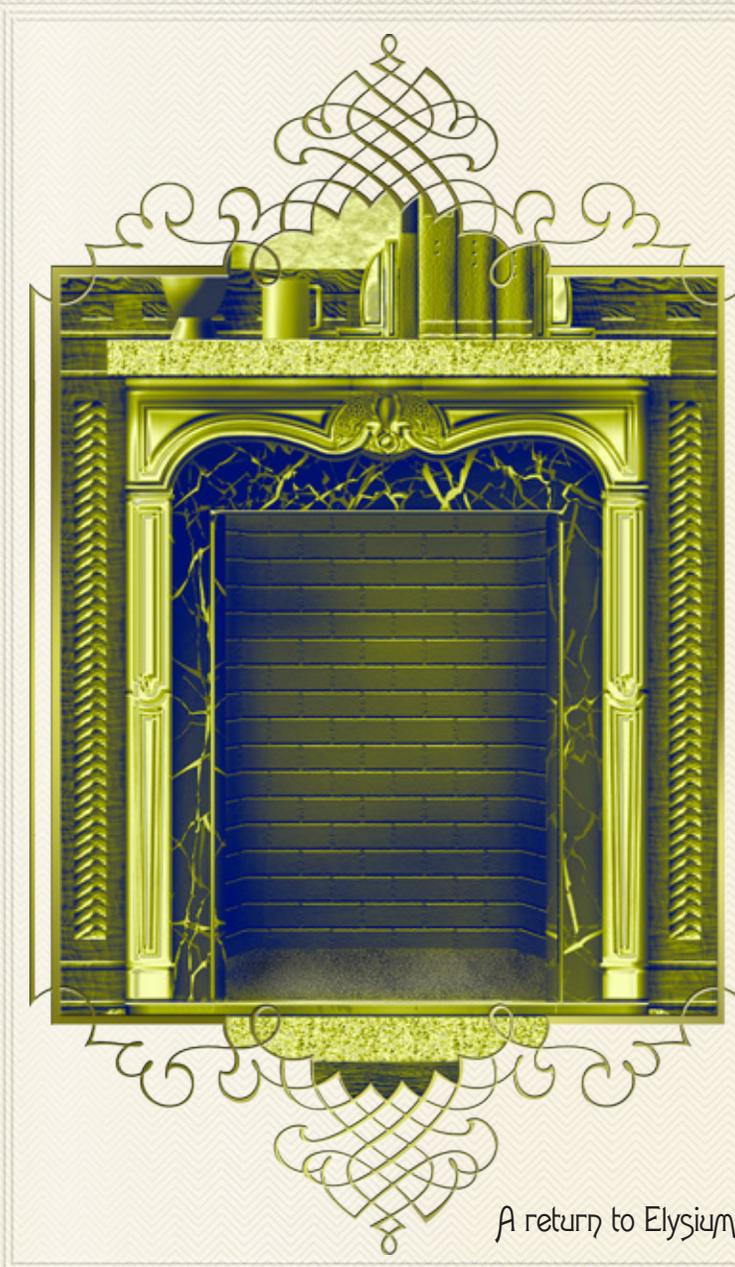


30



"You scored an MRI?"

31



A return to Elysium

Last Tango in Paris



32



Cornelius Fudge.
The arch-villain?

33



Hermione



And that is as far as it goes. Had the story continued, there would undoubtedly have been additional decorations. But it is not possible for me to anticipate what they might have been.

The Travelog Trilogy was written between January 2002 and August 2004. The final chapter of Tango was posted one year later in August 2005.

There has been no further development.

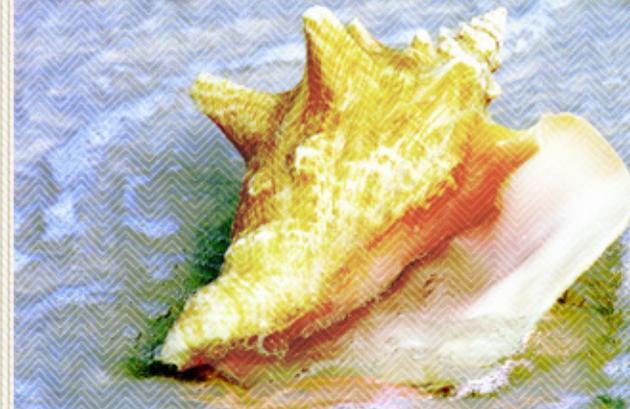
The dingbats to the left were used as spacers and were keyed to the location of the following portion of the story (or signaling collections of letters and one memorandum). The desert was when Albus caught up with Snape in Baja, the house was when Severus went to visit Hermione's grandmother and the globe was when we were running around all over everywhere and finally ended up in London. The compass was when we suddenly were eavesdropping on villains in an unknown location. The author also produced two vignettes set in this universe which I had decided to append to the "book" as a surprise. I've appended the opening pages of each, although the spacers and chapter tail illos are not included. But they were just from commercial fonts in any case (as are the spacers for the main story opposite).

*"A million things happened at once,
some of them completely unrelated to
the matter at hand. Such is the way of
the world."*

— LAST TANGO IN PARIS Chapter 38

*This two-chapter vignette takes
place in the Last Tango in Paris
universe, some time following
Chapter Eight.*

*All that
Glitters*





H looked all right to the casual observer.

But if anyone who really knew him had taken a close look, they'd have seen the truth: Harry Potter wasn't having the best of days.

Not that anything was necessarily *wrong*. He was out of school, wasn't he? And working, wasn't he? Even had his own business, which admittedly was easier to accomplish with a big pile of inherited gold, but on the other hand that'd all been replaced and then some, once the marketing rep from Quality Quidditch Worldwide had gotten a look at his prototype.

Now they couldn't keep them in stock — *Greased Lightning*, he'd called the first broom, in a wry aside to a campy old Muggle movie he'd seen and loved as a child, and the marketing guy had liked it too — as fast as the current Firebolt but cheaper, a luxury broom for the masses, and marked with the long-famous Potter insignia to boot, that slightly-ragged, oft-despised scar, now done up in silver-on-black and stamped on every single broom, just above the handgrips. The day after the British national team came in to order a team set, he'd made the Christmas list of every child in the wizarding world.

No, money wasn't his problem at the moment. Glancing around the café to make sure no one was watching him, he dug in his pocket and brought out a small box covered in a distinctive shade of light blue velvet.

It was as beautiful as it had been in the display case — maybe more so, now that there wasn't any other glitter around to detract from its charms. "What does she look like?" the grey-haired saleswoman had asked from across the Tiffany's counter, and Harry had obligingly flipped open his wallet to show her Ginny's photo: lovely and laughing and arch, all naughty brown eyes and spill of bright hair.

"Oh, she's *beautiful*," the woman had said. "You're a lucky man."

He was, he agreed fervently. The luckiest.

And though Harry would never have thought this himself, there were some who'd say the reverse was true as well: wouldn't any witch, especially a bright-but-penniless scholarship student like Ginevra Weasley, jump at the chance to wear Harry Potter's ring? Especially when it was a two-carat rock flanked by star sapphires and certified as flawless by the most famous jeweller's in the world?

Trouble was, he wasn't sure he was ready to give it to her yet.

He had some old business to settle first.

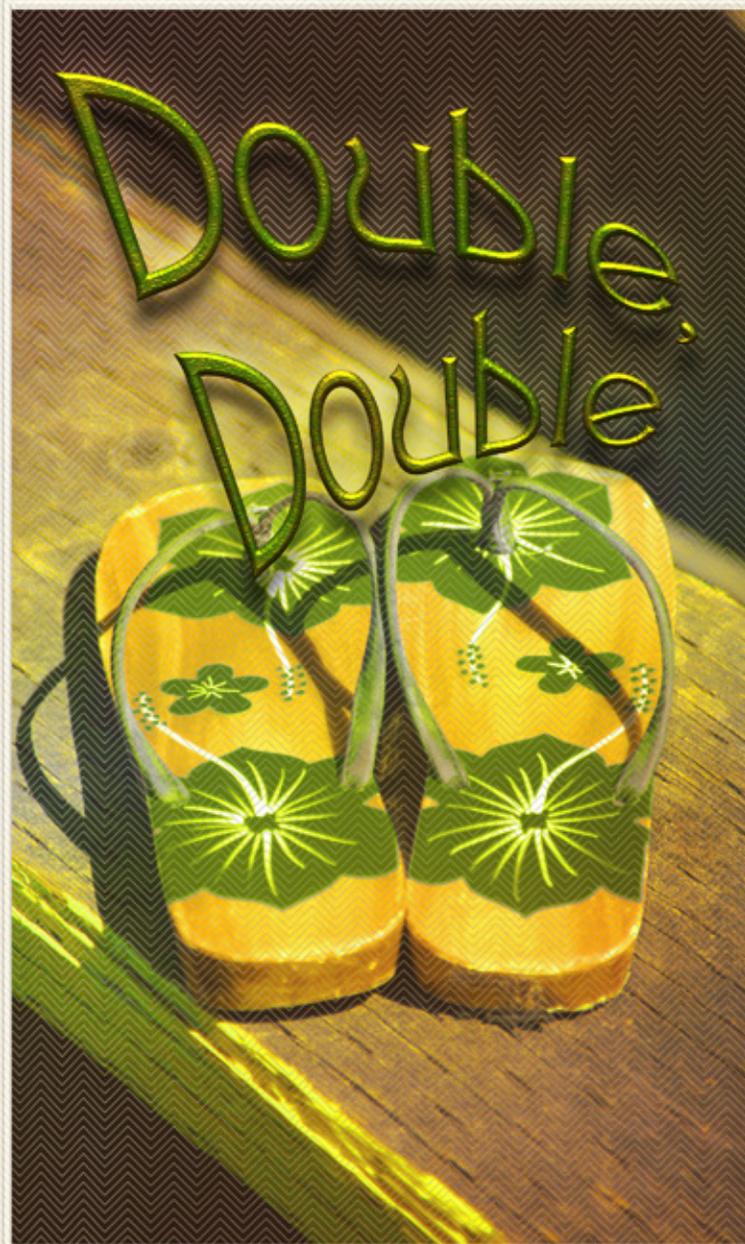


Where Sybill Trelawney had gone after she left Hogwarts was anyone's guess; speculation, of course, had run rampant, but Harry — who was maybe better-informed of the truth than anyone else who'd known her, with the possible exception of Snape — had kept his opinions to himself. It had been a month and a half before Dumbledore had come up with a replacement professor of Divination; in the meantime, Harry had taken to haunting the empty classroom after hours, slipping through that invisible doorway on which no one had yet changed the password

"Oh, you name it, I've been dressed down for it. Sunbathing on the lawn. Wearing shorts under my robes. Braiding ribbons into Albus's beard — when he's the one who wanted me to do it in the first place!" She shrugged and took a gulp of her drink. "None of which," she said, "compares to what happened in Hogsmeade a couple of months ago."

— JOSÉPHINE DESOURCES Chapter 18

Another vignette which takes place in the Last Tango in Paris universe, between Chapter Eight and Chapter Thirty-Seven.





He first saw the Goddess at two o' clock in the afternoon on a hot Saturday in July, pushing her way determinedly into the shop and deftly sidestepping the green slime fountain as if she'd been forewarned about it. Probably she had, come to think of it; it was time for a new welcome mat, Fred thought, and scribbled a note to that effect on the pad by the cash register. That'd make a good weekend project.

Something with ice cubes, perhaps. Or an orangutan.

She was wearing an orange maillot bathing costume and a carelessly tied tropical-print sarong that brushed her ankles but left one shapely leg bare nearly to the hip. Gold hoops swung at her ears. Her toenails were lacquered hibiscus pink.

She looked edible. And, more to the point, annoyed.

"Need help?" Fred asked. She frowned at him and readjusted her bandeau, a thin piece of stretchy orange spandex struggling to hold back a relentlessly tousled mane of dark braids. Gold bangles rang on her wrists. She smelt of coconut, Fred noticed, and tried — with only partial success — not to follow the deep vee of her neckline with his eyes. If she noticed his down-drifting gaze, she chose to ignore it.

"I want to speak to the owners," she said, and Fred's mouth went dry.

He wasn't fazed by much; generally speaking, he was as good at reading people as he was at selling them things — even things they didn't need and weren't, for that matter, particu-

larly aware that they knew they wanted. But he was having a hard time putting this woman into a category.

Oh, some elements of it were standard enough — the perturbed look on her face and the slightly-squashed Verita-Pop she'd just produced from her bag put her squarely in the Annoyed Mother of Luckless Customer camp. Nor was he particularly surprised that she was complaining about the Verita-Pop; sweets that forced one to tell the truth would be disconcerting even without the Amplification Charm George had added to the mix... not to mention the bug they hadn't worked out of the formula yet.

Though possibly she hadn't come across that yet. Sometimes if you didn't finish the whole thing... well. He'd worry about that later.

On the other hand, spending his formative years under the capably calloused thumb of Molly Weasley had given him a number of firm ideas about the proper shape, wardrobe and general appearance of mothers. And even if this woman had fit any of those criteria, even remotely — which she most certainly didn't — she didn't look nearly old enough to have children with pocket money. If anything, Fred thought he probably had a couple of years on her.

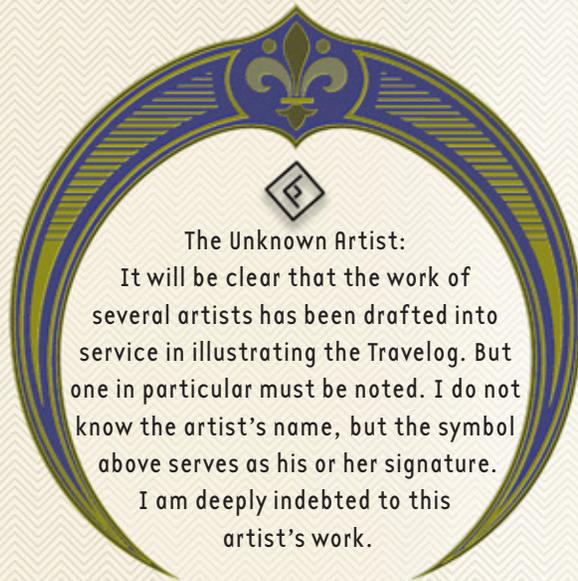
"Well, you're half-lucky, then," he said, summoning his most winning smile. "You're speaking to Proprietor Number One. The other one's just gone down the street for a minute. He's picking up our sandwiches." He offered her his hand. "Fred Weasley, at your service."

She looked at his hand but didn't take it. Was that a glimmer of amusement in her eyes? "I'll keep that in mind."

"Sorry," Fred said. "I didn't catch your name."

"That's because I didn't give it to you." The bandeau was slipping again; she tossed her head back irritably. "I'm Joséphine

Colophon



The layout and formatting of this document was created in Adobe InDesign. Illustrations/decorations were, almost entirely, constructed utilizing commercial clip art from Dynamic Graphics(now Jupiterimages) of Illinois, and the incomparable Marwan Aridi, modified in Adobe Illustrator, Macromedia FreeHand and Adobe Photoshop. Cover was created in Adobe Photoshop.

Fonts used are: the Triplex family, from Emigré foundary for body text. Titling and chapter headings are set in Cassady & Greene's Fletcher Gothic. Chapter initials and pagiation are set in Fontek's HelioType. Various script fonts have also been used. Most of these from P22 foundry. Among them, P22 Dearest, P22 Hopper, P22 Monet, P22 Rodin, and P22 Vincent. Also Used is STILL From enStep and Miss Fajardose Pro from Sudtipos. Dingbat fonts used are Fontek's DF Organics, DF Celebrations. PF HouseholdItems, and PF Transportation & Travel have also been used. The alert reader will also have noted that Verdana has been used in this project.

Special mention should probably also be extended to Jack Davis and Linea Dayton for their efforts in producing The Photoshop 7 One-Click WOW Book.

Title page photo of the Pont de Sully by Textualsphinx.

Graphics design by J. Odell (J0del@aol.com)