

Harry Potter and the Field of Dharma

Albus Dumbledore looked up inquiringly from his desk: “Professor Snape, you have something to say?” SS: “Yes, Dumbledore. Potter has once more intruded where he has no right to be.” AD: “What of it, Severus?” SS: “I would hardly trouble you if it weren’t necessary, since you have such a fondness for that boy. But you see, Harry Potter has gone out onto the Field of Dharma.”

AD: “That is not such a surprise as you imagine.” SS: “Another of your schemes Professor Dumbledore? It is so hard for me to keep track. Did you find Voldemort in a cup of soup this time? Or did he disguise himself as some sort of lozenge?”

AD: “Severus, I know where your sympathies lie. Voldemort is a very real danger. Am I paranoid? Perhaps. But many perished during the last war for lack of fear.” SS: “You must recall Potter from the Field, though I still suspect you had nothing to do with his being there.” Dumbledore nodded, and vanished.

AD: “Harry, what have you gotten yourself into?” HP: “Professor Dumbledore, you’re just in time! Ron and Hermione have been turned into lizards, and we’ve barely outrun the Kraken under the lake!” AD: “Does Professor McGonagall know where you are?” HP: “No, Professor, don’t tell McGonagall! She’s been threatening to expel me from Gryffindor!” AD: “No one is being expelled from Gryffindor. First, let’s take care of your friends.” Dumbledore waved his wand, and Ron and Hermione transfigured back into human form.

AD: “You know Harry, this is a very dangerous place you’ve come to.” HP: “You-Know-Who . . .” AD: “Yes, yes, he’s hiding somewhere around here. Very good, Harry.” Hermione spoke up: “Can you tell us about the Field of Dharma, Professor?” Ron interjected: “And how we can leave?”

AD: “All in time, all in time. I will show you something first, since you’ve come all this way. Expecto!” A vision of battle appeared on the field.

Hogwarts was under attack by dark wizards, while students and teachers defended the walls. Faces were indistinct, but suggestive. Ron winced as two red-heads were struck by curses. HG: "Is this a vision of what is to come?" AD: "You might say so. What may come, should I fail in my plans." HG: "How could you fail Professor? And how could we succeed without you?" AD: "Why do you say, 'without me'?" HG: "I'm not sure Professor. The words came out strangely. Who are the attackers?"

AD: "Voldemort's forces. Should I fail to prevent his awakening, he will return here, to ruin what he cannot control." HP: "Can we win this battle?" AD: "Yes. Though it would be terrible to ever see that victory."

Ron was weeping softly: "Were those my brothers, who fell just then?" AD: "Please, Ron. This is not what will be, only what may be. Have no fear or sorrow because of what I show you today." RW: "Why would you show me something so terrible?" AD: "I cannot control what you see. There are many things beyond my powers. Everything I give you three is only a roll of the dice."

HG: "Are you saying that defeating You-Know-Who will come down to chance?" AD: "Not chance, dear. Something similar but not the same. Some call it 'karma'." HP: "Can you control karma?" Dumbledore looked troubled: "Karma is not a thing to control. Nor is it a thing that controls. Karma is a great wave that flows through us. What it carries out, what it carries in: no man is wise enough to say. Yet to ignore karma would be a grave mistake."

RW: "Professor, this is a lot of nonsense, even for you! If you can't protect my brothers, just say so!" AD: "Certainly I could protect your brothers. I could apparate them to a cave in Moldova! I could hide them in a bucket in the Leaky Cauldron! But that would violate their Dharma." HG: "And what is 'Dharma'?" AD: "Dharma is right action, in accordance with the flow of karma." Ron whispered to Harry: "So helpful!" Dumbledore grinned imperceptibly: "Dharma is not a thing to be explained in words. Let me show you!"

The battle scene disappeared, replaced by a tent in a dark forest. The tent became transparent, and it was clear that Ron, Harry, and Hermione were inside. AD: "I fear greatly that your Dharma will take you here, on the run from Voldemort. You will be very frightened, and with good reason. 'Why is it necessary?', you may ask. Harry, a thread of fate runs through you, as you know. You are bound to Voldemort, bound up in his Dharma."

HG: "Professor, you just said 'Dharma' is right action. Are you saying

You-Know-Who follows right action!?” HP (incredulous): “And that killing my parents was ‘right action’?” AD: “Perhaps ‘right’ was the wrong word. Let’s simply call it ‘action’.” RW: “And all this wonderful action takes us into this forest? Where else?”

Dumbledore silenced them with a raised hand: “Obregato!” Death Eaters approached the tent silently. Harry, Ron, and Hermione were oblivious inside. Until curses shot through the thin cloth. All fell dead, and the image dissolved. AD: “That is where karma will take you if I protect Ron’s brothers excessively. The threads of fate are woven tightly. Together we spin them, and together we are bound by them.” HG: “Are you saying that danger must be distributed among many, or it will be concentrated too sharply?” “All things must be distributed among many.” HP: “What about my mark, my fate?” “Is your burden less than Ron’s?” RW: “What about the Death Eaters, Voldemort, the whole business? . . .” Dumbledore teared up, seeing Ron so affected: “All wounds will be healed in time. Yet that was not your question. You ask, why should there be wounds at all? Let me show you another scene.”

Hagrid’s cabin came into focus. Buckbeak was in irons, a moment from before they had rescued him. AD: “I show you the past now, for all that you have seen today is the past to come. What was accomplished by Buckbeak’s trial, his execution?” RW: “He wasn’t executed! We saved him!” AD: “Yes, him and others too. But he was executed nonetheless. Think, children.”

HP: “I needed to see my Patronus. If I hadn’t seen myself summon it, I would never have been able to summon it. Honestly, I’m still confused by the whole episode.” AD: “Quite right Harry. All that takes place, the consequences of Dharma, is for you to see, and to teach you.” HG: “Can’t it be added to the curriculum in a regular manner?” Dumbledore laughed: “Those books you love are only a snapshot of eternity. Or more like a Muggle picture, that lies still and flat. The past is alive, because it echoes through us . . .”

Ron looked sullen and bored. Dumbledore turned to him: “Ronald Weasley, have I lost your interest?” RW: “What do you want us to **do**, Professor?” AD: “I’m teaching you, like always.” RW: “What good is teaching if we don’t know where to apply it?” At that Dumbledore grinned: “Child, if I knew where to apply it, would I have adopted you three troublemakers?”