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Enter the times in the Share section. No hour mark this time. Not even double-digit minutes. It can even fit one page! Balls to the wall, people!

- Peanut "Deez Nuts" Crunch (SonofMrPeanut)

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The Boy Who Lived

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. he was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbors would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

When Mr. and Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, grey Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work, and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley from his high chair.

None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good-bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls.

"Little tyke," chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out his number four's drive.

and
start
west

I can feel the heat closing in, feel them out there making their moves, setting up their devil doll stool pigeons, crooning over my spoon and dropper I throw away at Washington Square Station, vault a turnstile and two flights down the iron stairs, catch and uptown A train ... Young, good looking, crew cut, Ivy League, advertising exec type fruit holds the door back for me. I am evidently his idea of a character. You know the type: Comes on with bartenders and cab drivers, talking about right hooks and the Dodgers, calls the counterman in Nedick's by his first name. A real asshole. And right on time this narcotics dick in a white trench coat (imagine tailing somebody in a white trench coat. Trying to pass as a fag I guess) hit the platform. I can hear the way he would say it holding my outfit in his left hand, right hand on his piece:

"I think you dropped something, fella."

But the subway is moving. "So long, flatfoot!" I yell, giving the fruit his B production. I look into the fruit's eyes, take in the white teeth, the Florida tan, the two hundred dollar sharkskin suit, the button-down Brooks Brothers shirt and carrying *The News* as a prop.

"Only thing I read is Little Abner."

A square wants to come on hip ... Talks about "pod," and smoke it now and then, and keeps some around to offer the fast Hollywood types.

I didn't say which page the Table of Contents would take up. Next one's it, I swear.

0:00 - Bronycon 2014 (Opportunity of a Lifetime!)

1:54 - Bronypalooza (Twin Peaks)

2:41 - Dinnertime!

2:44 - ARF!

2:49 - Whisper....whiiiiiiispeeeer.....

3:00 - Panel Emporium (PANELS!)

3:46 - And now, our feature presentation...

Update: Actually, Time For a Very Important Announcement Concerning the Anthology Series.
Hope you're sitting.

5:32 - Goodnight, Sweet Princess.

6:00 - NAH! JUST MESSING WITH YA! SEE YOU ALL IN ANTHOLOGY 5!!!!

6:07 - yay.

I'm sorry.