

Harry Potter

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Submitted: March 18, 2005

Updated: March 18, 2005

I really can't think of a proper name for this story, but its a harry potter fanfic.

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Chapter 1 - On The Platform

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1 - On The Platform

I stepped on the platform nine and three quarters feeling the eyes of the many other witches and wizards follow me. My white hair making me an eye sore to many of the people that watched me. I pulled my hood over my braid and continued to try and find an empty compartment to share the lonely ride with. Once I found one I opened the door and dropped my bag inside. I thought about removing my hood but thought twice, it was best I kept a low profile till I got to the school, then I could find Dumbledore and tell him I didn't need help. I began to wander into memories of Rini and Mika, my two best friends.

A knock on the door told me I was going to have unwanted company. A tall black haired boy poked his head in. "Excuse me? May my friends and I join you?" I looked at him out of the corner of my eye and gave a polite nod. He opened the door wider to allow himself, another boy, and a girl in. The black haired boy sat next to me and the other two sat on the other bench. The girl looked at me as I watched the chaos that was going on outside the train. "Hello, I'm Herimone, this is Ron," she said motioning toward the red haired boy, "and Harry." She said as she pointed to the boy next to me. I nodded again. "What's your name?" I looked at her, "Koto."

She thought a moment, "Is that Japanese?" I smiled, "Yes, it means harp. My foster parents changed my name to Koto when they adopted me." Her smile faded just a bit. "Oh!" was all she could manage to say before I looked away. I should have just kept my mouth shut, I scolded myself mentally, I don't want her pity. "So you never knew your parents?" Harry asked. I turned to look at him. "Oh no. I knew them. I was taken away from them though." I turned away knowing he would now also feel pity for me. My hood slid back a bit and I quickly pulled it back in its original place. "It's kind of chilly, isn't it?"

Herimone nodded as I felt one of the boys look at me funny. The train started to move. I reached in to my bag and pulled out a portable CD player. "You know that won't work in Hogwarts, right?" I nodded, "It doesn't matter." Herimone gave me a baffled look but dropped the subject. I slipped the headphones on without moving the hood and turned up the volume nice and loud so I could fully fall in to my own little world. I listened to the soft notes of a violin and pretended to be normal, with blond hair instead of white. I leaned my head up against the window, closing my eyes and falling into the darkness and the open arms of a dream.

I was woken by a persistent tapping on my shoulder. My eyes fluttered open and I saw Herimone. I removed the headphones from my ears and was fully brought back to the real world. "We're almost to Hogwarts, you might want to change into your robes." I thanked her as she closed the door behind Ron and Harry. She turned to face the door, obviously thinking I would turn around and change facing the window. I took a deep breath and removed the hood. I changed quickly and heard Herimone ask if I was done. I took a deep breath. "Yes, I am."