

Where is Ron?

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Another new year for Harry in Hogwarts, but Where is Ron?

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1 - Where is Ron?

WHERE IS RON?

Author: This is my first fanfic, so please review, ok?

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, well I wish, but that would never happen. .

1. Where is Ron?

Number 4 Privet Drive. Midday.

The sun was really blinding. Of course, I mean, it is mid summer, for goodness sake! The road was empty. Silence. No cars, you can almost hear the loud music from each house. Everybody was resting in his or her own comfort of home, but..... it always had to be a different story for young Harry Potter. While everyone else relaxed in this fine day, he just had to do something different. From when he was really young, when all the 2 years old toddlers being taken care by their parents, his parents was attacked by you-know-who. You-know-who tried to use the `avadra kedavra' spell on him, but that didn't work. It left a lightning shaped scar on his forehead that would really hurt if you-know-who is near or when he is really strong. Anyway, back to the point! He had to WORK in the garden in the hot, blinding midday sun. Of course, it is not because of his own will. Oh No! Of course not! All because of his apparently good-looking aunt, Aunt Petunia. More like Aunt Nastinia, if I could say. She told him earlier in the day that he should be grateful that he can live in the comfort of their home for 16 years and because of their kindness, they feed him, take care of him, shelter him, although Harry personally thought that he would be much better leaving somewhere else, but he is really grateful for what he has now.

`Well, at least I only got 2 weeks left for this nightmare to end, though. I am really worried. I wonder where Ron is. He hasn't been replying my letters' Harry sighed.

"Hey, little twat, are you almost finished?" The old, wrinkled, pointy chin woman shouted at him.

"Yes, Aunt Petunia, I almost finish!" Harry said. `She gets stressed easier these days,' Harry said to himself. `Mind you, she is always stressed out to everybody except his 200 pounds petit Dudley.'

Dudley is Harry's overweight cousin that is absolutely spoiled by his aunt and uncle. Apparently, his new nickname is "PETIT DUDLEY".

`I don't see anything PETIT in Dudley' Harry thinks. `These people must be really blind.' but he wouldn't say anything in front of his aunt and uncle. I think he likes his life too much; he wouldn't like to be murdered by them, would he?

"I am finished, Aunt Petunia," Harry shouted.

“HARRY, NO NEED TO SHOUT! CAN'T YOU SEE I AM WATCHING TV HERE?” Aunt Petunia shouted louder.

“But, I didn't even shout!” Harry said.

“Yes you did, you little twat, anyway, put all the tools away and tidy them up in the shed!” Aunt Petunia said.

2 WEEKS LATER...

‘Yes, today I am going to leave this house,’ Harry said checking over his stuffs in his trunk for maybe the thousandth time over the 2 weeks.

‘I hope Ron and Hermione would be there in the Station when I get there,’ Harry said.

He goes down the stairs and found that the house was empty.

“Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, Dudley, I am going now,” Harry shouted.

No answer.

‘Maybe they are gone to the mall or something, that's really unusual!’ Harry thought but he went out anyway so he wouldn't miss the train.

He ordered the cab and off they went to King's Cross Station.

Arriving in the station, he paid the cab and went in.

‘So, the train leaves at 11 exactly in Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$,’ he read his ticket carefully.

‘Here we go’ he said.

After about 5 minutes, he found the platform 9 and 10. He found out how to get to platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. He had to go through the wall in the middle of platform 9 and 10.

‘It's only 10:45, I think I will wait here until Ron comes,’ Harry thought. Harry knew perfectly well that his friend, Ron, would come just in time when the train leaves as usual.

Time went by. 9:50; 9:55, ‘where is he?’ Harry thought. ‘This is weird; I wonder whether he is already inside. I better check, just in case.’

So, he went through the wall and found himself in the platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. He jumped onto the train to one of its compartments, his usual compartment, but he couldn't find his friend anywhere.

“Hi, Harry, sit down!” he heard a voice of a girl. That must be Hermione.

"Hi, Hermione, how are you? How is your holiday?" Harry asked.

"Good, thanks!" Hermione said, "Have you seen Ron anywhere? I can't seem to find him!"

"I was going to ask you that question!" Harry said. "I thought you would know where Ron is. He hasn't contacted you by any chance, has he? He hasn't been replying my letter!" Harry said.

"No, I thought you were going to his house in summer holiday! This is really weird. He better come soon or he would miss the train!" Hermione said. Looking worried as ever.

"Yeah, he should!" Harry said.

Author: so, what do you think? Please review my first ever fanfic! .

2 - Still can't find Ron

WHERE IS RON?

Author's note: So, this is my second chapter of Where is Ron?

Disclaimer: see chap. 1 .

2. Still cannot find Ron!

Hogwarts Express. Afternoon.

Harry looked out of the steamy window of the moving train; looking up to the sky, hoping that he would see Ron or flying car. No sign of Ron.

'Well, obviously,' Harry thought to himself. 'Durrrr, Ron can't fly, can he?'

"Harry, are you ok?" Hermione asked, who had been watching Harry all this time; she was as worried as Harry. What could ever happen to their dear friend? This is really unusual. No sign of Ron what so ever. Ron would at least write a letter to 1 of them, or invite Harry for the last 2 weeks of the summer holiday.

"Excuse me, love, would you like to buy or have any foods?" asked an old lady with the food tray.

"No, thanks!" Hermione and Harry said at the same time.

"Hi, Harry Potter, how convenience! Guess who! The 'Boy who lived'. YEAH, YEAH, loser! We meet again, but this time you are not going to win! Mark my word!" a blond boy said evilly, "and mudblood, how are you? Nice to see you! I miss saying Mudblood in my summer holiday! You see, I don't have any friends what so ever that is a mudblood. I only have a pure blood friends and relatives!" he continued. "I..."

"Shut up, Malfoy, just because you are a loser and a coward, it doesn't mean that you could insult and use everybody and innocent people as your victim!" Harry interrupted. "Why don't you just get lost and find your daddy and mummy so you can tell them that Harry Potter had just insulted their baby!"

Draco Malfoy left without saying any more words. He left just giving them his usual insulting face that looked like it was saying, 'they are disgusting,' with his pointy nose pulled up and Harry personally think that Draco's nose got pointier and pointier every time.

"Hermione, are you okay? Draco's such a coward!" Harry said.

"Yeah, I am fine. Why can't he just accept the fact that I'm a mudblood? Also, I am not the only

mudblood here, am I? He can accept the fact that the rests are mudblood, so why can't he accept that I am a mudblood!" she said really softly, sounding like she was almost going to cry.

"Well, don't cry! No need worrying about him. We have more things to worry about! We still have to think where Ron could be!" Harry comforted Hermione while he was trying to find tissue from his trousers' pocket.

"Thanks, Harry! I feel much better now!" Hermione said and hugged him.

"Attention, children, start getting all your stuff ready! We are going to arrive in Hogwarts very soon!"

You can almost hear that everybody move and try to pack their bags and things at the same time after the announcement finished including Harry and Hermione.

"Yes, here we are! I hope we have a really nice calming time here! Not like what it had been for the last 5 years. Always, there is something going on! Anyway, I wonder who is going to be the Defence against the Dark Arts teacher this year! I mean isn't it very weird that all the Dark Arts teachers change every year! There is always something wrong with them!" Harry said and wondered.

"Come on, Harry! We are getting off now!" Hermione called him.

Everybody seemed like so excited to go back to Hogwarts, they were pushing each other to go out from the train first.

"WOW, people, one by one! Don't push!" Harry said.

But, nobody listened. They still were pushing them out of the queue.

"Year 1, queue up here!" Harry heard Hagrid's deep voice telling the Year 1 what to do. "Ah, Hogwarts, my home! I miss everybody here!" Harry said.

At last, Harry and Hermione got out of the train through the entire rampage when they tried to get off the train the same time like everyone else. They were looking all over the place to see Ron. They were hoping that Ron would show up and tell them that he was in another compartment and were waiting for them. There was no such luck.

"Come on, Children! Line up! We are running late!" shout Professor McGonagall to all the students, particularly Year 1. "Come on, no time to daydream! Move it!" said the Head of Gryffindor house.

Hogwarts Castle. Great Hall. Evening.

The sorting hat started singing his symphony, as he might say it. After he finished it, there was a round of applause from the students and teachers. Professor McGonagall got up from her chair, which was next to Dumbledore's chair. She started calling the name of the YEAR 1 students one by one.

After about 30 minutes, Harry felt relieved that she called the last person on the list. "Boy, I am glad this is the last person, if not I would dead because of starving" he thought.

“RAVENCLAW!”

There was a round of applause from the Ravenclaw table. Harry turned to see the girl. He didn't see the New Year 1 girl, but instead, he caught the glimpse of Cho's eyes. She seemed to be enjoying herself. She turned around. They caught each other's eyes. Cho was so embarrassed so she turned her head round to talk to someone else. Harry was disappointed. He was away with the fairy for a few minutes until Hermione nudged him.

“Harry, are you OK? Why are you daydreaming? Anyway, I haven't seen Fred or George or Ginny either. Don't you think there is something wrong? I think there might be a family problem with The Weasleys. I think we should talk to Dumbledore. What do you think, Harry?” Hermione asked without giving Harry the chance to answer her questions back.

“Yeah, I think we should talk to Dumbledore, but when?” Harry said, still looking at Cho.

“I don't know! Tonight?” Hermione said.

“OK, we will...” Harry said; but Dumbledore interrupted him.

“Mr Potter and Miss Granger, can you go to my office as soon as this dinner finish, please?” Dumbledore said in his deep, low voice.

Author's Note: So, what do you think? Please read and review! .

3 - Hope is in the air

WHERE IS RON?

Author's note: Sorry it took so long. I've been busy. So, I present you the third chapter for "Where is Ron?"

Disclaimer: see chap.1

3.Hope is in the air

The corridor leading to Dumbledore's office, Hogwarts, Almost 8pm

"Well, Harry, do you think Dumbledore know about Ron and his family?" asked Hermione in a really soft, almost like crying. Harry thought he heard a sob after that sentence.

"I don't know, Hermione. I just hope they are all right!" Harry answered in quite, deep voice. They remained silence until they reached the gargoyle outside Dumbledore's office guarding the place. "Here we go!" Harry said to himself.

"Lemon Sherbets!" Harry said. The Gargoyle moved out of the way and let Harry and Hermione go on the stairs that would lift them up to the headmaster's office.

"AH, Harry, Miss Granger, welcome! Please, sit down. Would you two like a cup of tea? I think you should!" said Dumbledore pouring out the tea to 2 cups without waiting for Harry or Hermione to say yes. "Here you go!" He looked as tired as ever and he looked older than he did. His right hand, Harry noticed, was lifeless. He had to hold

"Thank you, professor. Professor, what happen to your right hand?" Hermione said. She sounded really concerned.

"OH, YES, I would tell you but we haven't got the time to discuss about it, I was going to tell you about Mr Ronald Weasley . Don't worry about me, I am fine, but I am really concerned about Mr Weasley," Dumbledore said, Harry and Hermione exchanged look with nervous shown in their eyes worried with what Dumbledore would say next.

"He is alright, isn't he, professor?" Hermione said nearly burst into tears. "Oh, please, tell me that he is alright!"

"OH, Miss Granger, I would love to say that they are alright,but....." Dumbledore stopped and choked. There was a long silence filling the ancient room, filled with many moving photos hung on the wall, and lighted with only candles but it seemed really bright in there. Harry didn't want to hear what Dumbledore had to say next, but he asked, " What happen, Professor?" Harry asked.

"I am afraid to say that Mr Ronald Weasley and his whole family have been captured by the Death Eaters and taken to Voldemort. I went to visit them in The Burrow 2 weeks ago, I saw the sign of the Dark Mark over The Burrow," Dumbledore said, in his deepest, most tired, and concerned tone Harry ever heard. Harry and Hermione knew that this is going to be really bad.

Harry turned his head around to see Hermione. She burst into tears, shouting, "No, it can't be. It is not happening. I mean, what has he done wrong? What have Ginny, Fred, George, Molly, and Arthur done wrong? WHAT? Please, tell me! I will take their place instead. What can we do to help them professor? I'll do anything!" Hermione shouted. This was the first time Harry had seen Hermione in this awful state.

"Thank you for your kind offer, Miss Granger. I know this is a shock to you and I am sure that they would appreciate your concern. Unfortunately, we can't do anything at the moment, and we have to wait until the further notice, but I would get back to you for your help. Meanwhile, would you like me to call anybody? Call your parents?" Dumbledore asked. Harry could tell that he is not only concerned about Ron, but also he is really worried about Hermione and he seemed like he didn't expect Hermione to do what she did. "Let me call Minerva, I'll....."

"Don't worry, Professor. I am OK; Can you excuse me to go to bed now? I think I need to rest," Hermione interrupted.

"Are you sure? Do you want me to take you there?" Harry said worriedly.

"No Harry. I am all right. It is just a big shock and I think I need to rest. Good night, Professor, Good night Harry," Hermione said lifelessly. She walked to the door without any words, and the room felt silence once again. Harry never felt like this before. This is the long time he had remained silence.

"Shall I go as well, then, Professor?" Harry asked.

"No, I am afraid you should stay. I have things to tell you and warn you about this situation," Dumbledore said anxiously, "Harry, this is not a joke. This is a trap. Voldemort is using your best friend because he knows you will come after Ron and his family, and you can meet Voldemort and duel with him. In the meanwhile, we can't do anything at the moment, and have to wait for some more signs from Voldemort. We don't know where he is yet. We will in the near future hopefully. In the meanwhile, you have to have lessons with me again. You have to come every Monday after dinner."

"OK, thank you professor. I'll see you tomorrow. Now, can I go to bed now? I am too tired to think about anything," Harry said.

Oh, yes, of course, good night, Harry, and don't worry about anything. We will sort it out," Dumbledore said.

Harry walked out of the office and thought, " How could he say that I shouldn't worry. I mean, it is my friend he's talking about. Ron, my best friend. He must be joking." Harry walked along the long corridor. 5 minutes later he arrived in front of the Gryffindor House's door to common room.

"Password, please," the Fat Lady asked.

“Galleon,” Harry said hopelessly and with no energy what so ever.

“OK, but cheer up,” The Fat Lady said. “Children these days. They are so miserable.”

Harry walked to his dormitory, and saw Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas sleeping on their bed soundly. He changed to his pyjamas and lied on the bed. He turned his head around, and saw Ron's empty bed.

“Ron, I will find you and I will rescue you before too late. Oh, God, just please, let Ron and his family be alright,” Harry prayed and went to sleep a minute later.

Author's note: Hope you enjoyed the 3rd chapter of “Where is Ron?” Please read and review. .