

# **harry potter**

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*Harry potter is intitled to J.K Rowling, not me, I just used her incredible idea to write a story based on the people in her novels. But basically, this is just a getting started chapter s, have fun reading*

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## 1 - one

*<There he stood, in the little room he could hardly remember, his nightmare of a life began in this small stuffy room. Unable to see past his own lies. Made up from deep inside. He vaguely saw the outline of her pail face, as she pushed him behind her. She had once loved him. A love that could not be broken by the most of evil spells.*

*And there in front of her, stood the man he feared most. A dark cloaked figure standing above her. An evil screech of laughter from inside him was all the little boy heard. He had a voice like that of a serpent. "You foolish woman, you think you can protect him from me?"*

*"Yes." She replied, with a tremble in her bitter voice. Barely able to make a sound.*

*The boy's image began to blur. The scene slowly was fading away into darkness. A quick wave of wind like the spray of the sea came upon him. >*

Harry awoke with a spring. Gasping for air. His clothes wet with cold sweat. His lightning bolt launched fast pulsing heat waves. He sat clenching it until the pain faded. He reached to his bedside table to get his glasses, and he put them on quickly. He looked around his room that was beginning to come back into focus, of course he was back at his aunt and uncles house. The Dursleys, who he despised, were his only relatives that could take him in, that *would* take him in. With a big breath, he came back to reality. Unable to sleep any more, he flung his legs over the bedside. When he stood, his clothes wrinkled on the floor, for they were many sizes too big. He walked over to his desk, where he always left his school books. And his wand.

He hadn't quite remembered the dream, he still had a mix of confusion and hatred for what happened to his parents. He would give anything to have them back.

But he was sure that it was Voldemort who had created his life of misery, and crushed his dreams as a child. His hatred towards him was unbearable. One day he was sure that Voldemort would come back again to get him, as he had already many times. And when Harry closed his eyes, he could see him plastered to the back of his eyelids. His green eyes glowing in the darkness of his cloak and his aged loveless face, emotionlessly facing his mother prepared to harm her and his father.

Harry gathered his wand from the table. "*Lumos*" Harry whispered to the wand. And at that time, the wand sprang to life and out of its tip jumped a beautiful white light. Harry could not sleep, so he spent this time reading his Dark Arts book. "*What are vampires, and how can we defend ourselves from*

*them?"* It didn't sound too interesting, but he was told to read it and to be prepared for a test when he got back to Hogwarts.

Hogwarts was indeed Harry's real home. He did not belong with the Dursleys. He had known it ever since he was old enough to remember. And of course, Ron wasn't coming to get him until the day after his birthday.

As Harry thought about Ron and Hermionie, he realized how much they meant to him, if anything did happen to them, he wasn't sure what he would do. Of course they were his family, and he only noticed how much they did mean to him after...

Harry spun around so quickly he almost fell off his chair. *What was that noise?* Harry thought to himself. There was a wisp of wind in the hallway. It must have been a window that had opened. As Harry reached for the door, and opened it, a wave of coldness came over him like an avalanche had hit him. The hair on his arms and neck prickled because of the temperature. His hands were beginning to go numb. It felt as though his brain was being frozen. He could not think. He could barely breath because his lungs were frozen shut, or so it seemed. It was hard for him to swallow.

As the hooded creature advanced towards him with ease, the cold only increased. *A Dormentor.* And as always he was prepared. The ministry of magic would be on his tail for this one. Underage wizardry was the worst possible thing Harry could do after the incident with his aunt in year 3.

*"Expecto patronum!"*

Nothing happened. There he stood blindly in front of the Dormentor with no escape while the coldness engulfed him.

"Think of a happy thought Harry" He searched his mind for the happiest thought he had.

Sirius! Well Sirius was his happiest memory, until that nightmare of a day at the ministry of magic.

Ron! Ron was of course his best friend. They had been through everything together. So Harry thought of Ron and Hermionie. The first day of school, when he had met them on the Hogwarts train. The first day of wizard school was his happiest day of his life.

He felt heat rain upon him, he felt love and happiness.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM"

read next chapter to find out what happens!!!