

# Harry Potter Spoof

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*Harry, Ron, and Hermione meet a 2nd year Ravenclaw...Will they discover the secrets she hides*

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# 1 - bump in the night...er....day

Harry raced down the hall. He was gonna be late for the Quidditch match. He was lucky it was Hufflepuff against Slytherin. Wood would be furious if it was their match. \*WHAM\*

“Owww!” Harry rubbed his head. “Oh! I’m sorry! Are you ok?” Harry looked at the girl he had just collided with. She lay on the ground, unconscious. “Oh shoot! Ummm....” He heaved the thin girl over his shoulder and carried her to the hospital ward.

“Will she be ok?” He asked the nurse.

“Yes. Thank you for bringing her here. You can go to the match, now.”

“Ummm....ok. Please tell me when she wakes up.”

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Harry walked down to dinner; Ron and Hermione buy his side.

“Shut up Ron! There’s no such thing as a polyfriggi-whatever!”

“Yes there **is** Hermione! It’s called a Polyfriggedoji!”

“UUGGGHHH! No...” Harry tuned out his arguing friends. Suddenly something caught his eye. It was a girl in Ravenclaw robes. She had dark reddish-brown hair that fell just past her shoulders.

“Hey!” Harry called. “Hey you!” He ran up to the girl and tapped her on the shoulder. She spun around so fast that she almost whacked Harry in the head. She starred at him blankly for awhile and then proceeded to look him up and down. “You’re Harry Potter!” She exclaimed, her face radiating with excitement.

“Yeah. And you’re the girl I ran into earlier today!”

“I ran into you! I’m so sorry!”

“No! I ran into you and knocked you unconscious!”

“Oh.” She said, the excitement fleeting from her face. “That wasn’t your fault.”

“Ummm...” Harry was puzzled by her statement, but he decided it wasn’t important. “What’s your name anyway?” He asked.

“Oh right! My name is Erika. Erika Dyson.”

"Nice to meet you, Erika. So....you're in Ravenclaw."

"Yup! Second year Ravenclaw!"

"One year behind us." Just then, Ron and Hermione joined them; still arguing.

"HERMIONE GRANGER!" Erika shrieked.

"Er...yeah"

"You're my idol! You know, like, everything!"

"Be careful. Her head might swell." Muttered Ron.

"Shut up Ron!"

"Heehee...Ronald Weasley. You're quite funny you know."

"Really?!"

"Careful. His head might burst!" Hermione giggled.

"HEY!" and with that the two started arguing again.

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"I see you got yourself a new girlfriend Potter!"

"Go away Malfoy!" Harry sighed.

Erika turned to face Malfoy. "Yes Draco, go away!"

Malfoy starred at Erika. "Dyson?"

"Yes Draco. Now get lost!"

"You can't talk to me like that. You wretch!"

"Erika, you know him!" Harry whispered.

"Sadly, yes. I grew up next door to him."

"I see you're still wearing that stupid band!" Malfoy scoffed. Immediately, everyone's eyes were fixed on the yellow band that stretched over Erika's wrist.

"You know why I have to wear it!"

"Yeah!" Malfoy spat. "Well, let me take it off and see if your bones still break!" He grabbed at the band, but Harry, Ron and Hermione stopped him.

"Harry, Hermione, Ron! I can handle him!" Erika pleaded. "You liked taking off my band. Watching me faint and be unconscious for days." Hermione studied the band. "*Gnortsevil*" She mumbled. "This is a curse. A rare curse." Hermione explained to Harry and Ron.

"You liked watching me collapse and break something. You thought it was funny! You're the wretch!" Erika hissed.

"You-you" Malfoy stuttered "I'd call you a filthy mug-blood..." Hermione narrowed her eyes. "But I don't know what you are! I didn't know your stinking parents!"

"Well neither did I!" Erika shouted. Ron, Harry and Hermione turned to Erika.

She looked down at the three of them. "Yeah. I didn't know my parents."

## 2 - confessions

"You didn't know your parents?!" Ron yelped.

"Ummm....yeah"

"But! How could you not know your parents?!"

"Ron! Leave her alone!" Hermione exclaimed, pulling on Ron's sleeve.

"No one knows who my father was. And my mum....Ummm...died."

"How?" Hermione asked. Erika struggled for an answer. Harry noticed how pain-stricken her face had become.

"It's ok....you don't have to tell us." He said, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"Maybe...maybe I'll be able to tell you later." She whispered, suddenly becoming very self-conscious of the warm hand positioned on her shoulder.

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"Hey Look! It's Weaslby!"

"Leave me alone Malfoy!" Ron mumbled, brushing Malfoy aside.

"UUUGGGGHHH! You're no fun, Weaslby..."

"Just leave me alone, Malfoy!" Ron grunted angrily.

"You didn't let me finish!" Malfoy yelled. "You're no fun without your Mud-blood friend!"

"Don't say that about Hermione!"

"Well I'm sorry you're in love with a Mud-blood!" Malfoy snickered.

"So what if I love Hermione!" Screamed Ron. Malfoy's mouth gaped open and Ron's hands shot up to retract the words that had just fallen from his lips.

"BWWAHHAAAAH!" Malfoy burst. "Weasley....hahaha...Weasley loves...hahha....Granger!"

"I-I do not!" He spat.

“That's what you just said!”

“No it wasn't!” he snapped as a brilliant red blush covered his face. Then he whacked Malfoy in the head and stomped off.

MEANWHILE.....

Hermione stood in the library, accompanied by a 3rd year Hufflepuff.

“Hermione! You know you love me! Just say it!”

“I'm sorry....but I don't love you.”

“What is there someone else?!”

“No”

“Cause if there is I swear...”

Hermione spun on the boy. She whipped out her wand and inched toward him, her wand uncomfortably close to his neck. “If you hurt Ron....”

“Ron?”

Hermione gasped. She couldn't believe what she just said.

“Who's that?”

“N-no one!” she stumbled, now turning pink. He gave her a questioning glance and started to talk, but it was too late. She had already fled from the library.

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THAT NIGHT AFTER DINNER.....

“So where have you been living?” Harry asked Erika.

“A foster home.”

“That must be hard....not being able to practice.” Ron said, concentrating on the fire.

“Oh I can practice. We are all witches or wizards there.”

“Oh look! It's a lover's congregation!” Malfoy laughed.

“What are you scratching at Malfoy?” Hermione questioned, still burying her nose in a book.

“What Weasley? You didn't tell her?”

“Go away Malfoy!” Ron shot, finally pulling his gaze off the fire.

“Granger? Did he not tell you how he really feels?” A crowd had now gathered. Both Harry and Erika could tell the conversation was making Ron and Hermione uneasy.

“We have to stop this” Harry whispered.

‘Right! How can I turn this conversation around?’ Erika thought. Suddenly an idea struck. She stood on the table and began to shout.

“Draco went out with a muggle!”

“Shut up” He called.

Seeing that she was getting the effect she wanted, she continued to rattle off Malfoy's embarrassing moments.

“Draco snogged a muggle!”

“Shut up!” He said more angrily.

“Draco wet the bed until he was nine!”

“SHUT UP!” He screeched. “You filthy little thing! I bet you don't even know how your mum died!”

“I do too!” she cried back.

“Oh yeah! I bet she was murdered, and you have no idea who did it!”

“Yeah well, she was murdered!” Hermione's eyes grew large, and she realized why Erika hesitated earlier. “And I do know who killed her!”

“Really?! Tell me!”

Erika staggered backwards with a look of shock on her face. Then she cried out with tears streaming down her face, “LORD VOLDEMORT!”

### 3 - LORD VOLDEMORT?!?

Harry fell over in shock. Ron gaped. Hermione shot her hands over her mouth and gasped. Erika fell to her knees as tears streamed down her face. No one moved. Then Malfoy moved toward her, hesitated, and walked off. Hermione was the next to move. Quietly she walked towards Ron. She pushed up on his bottom jaw causing him to snap out of his trance. Next she helped Harry to his feet and straightened his robes. Finally, nervously, she walked to Erika. Laying her hand on the shaking Erika, Hermione whispered "Erika?"

Erika shifted out from under Hermione's hand. Harry knelt on the floor and put his hands on her shoulders. She looked into his eyes. He stared at her and finally managed to breathe "L-lord Volde-voldemort killed your mother?"

She nodded.

"How?"

"Well..." she began to explain, "see my mother opposed you-know-who....and while she was pregnant with me he attacked her. She died instantly, but they managed to save

me. But I was cursed. I was lucky she was in her 9th month...."

"9th month?"

"Yes Ron. The gestation period of a human being is 9 months." Hermione said sourly.

"I knew that!" Ron argued.

"So....your saying you and I are the only one's who survived you-know-who?"

"Not really Harry. I wasn't attacked, not like you were."

"But you were sort of..."

"No! I wasn't attacked Harry! But because of that man...because of Lord Voldemort...without this stupid band I get really hurt!" Erika screeched.

"It's ok." Hermione reassured.

"Yeah. At least you're ok." Harry whispered as he hugged Erika. She smiled.

"I'm glad I met you three. I know everything will be ok when I'm with you!"



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Harry lay in his bed that night awake. He couldn't sleep. He was thinking of poor Erika....cursed for life. He closed his eyes tight and thought hard. Suddenly he sat up and looked around.

“One day I will end you Voldemort! I'll avenge my parents! And I will avenge Erika and her mother! One day you will pay for causing everyone pain!” with that he fell asleep.