

# **My own Harry Potter story**

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*This story is written from my point of view and doesn't start at Hogwarts. And it starts with the forth book. My character isn't well, normal. Should I finish it?*

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**Chapter 1 - Changes and Secrets**

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# 1 - Changes and Secrets

"But mom I don't want to move to London. Why can't we just stay here?" I said poutingly.

"Because Gina I want you to have the best education you can possibly get." She was ticked, I could see it.

"But it's so cold in London, it has snow. And I'll miss the ocean. And besides I'm already advanced for my age, I've already taken my OWLS and my NEWTS and I'm only going to be a forth year!"

"We're moving and that's final." She said with a stern face. She had won.

I sighed and looked out to the beach, at the waves crashing against the shore. This was my home, I need the water, I can't just leave.

Two Months Later

As we drove to the train station I could feel the panic of starting at a new school sweep over me. The London streets misty with the morning fog.

"But what if they don't accept me. I'm not exactly the definition of normal. I just don't want to have to start all over again."

"You'll be fine. You know your cousin, and I'm sure he'll help you make lots of new friends." She smiled sweetly. After she had took me to the Quidditch World Cup and introduced me to Victor Krum she always seemed to remind me with her sly smile. As if she were saying 'I took you to something you were dying to go to, introduced you a world famous player, so you better do what I tell you.' And it worked.

"Sure mom, according to his letters he's 'Mr. Popularity'." I said in my most sarcastic voice.

"Maybe if you weren't so sarcastic you wouldn't be so nervous about making friends." I could tell that she was serious.

As we pulled up to the train station I could see kids running through the wall to the terminal on the other side. I got out and gathered my things. Part of me was hoping for some weird reason I wouldn't get through and we'd just have to move back to California.

But no. I ran to the wall and made it through to the other side without a single glitch.

After I hugged my mom goodbye I took a deep breath and walked onto the train. It was like a mad house, everyone scrambling to find theirs friends or a compartment.

I walked past each compartment looking for my cousin. "He better be on this train, or I swear I'm going to kill him." I thought to myself.

After about a hundred compartments and about a million confused stares I found him. He sat there holding his toad gazing out the window.

"Neville!" I shouted. "Why did you have to pick the compartment all the way in the back of the train?"

"Oh, sorry Gina I forgot that you were going to start this year. I kind of have a routine for the train ride."

I sighed and plomped down on the seat across from him. At least there wasn't anyone else there, I could just relax and think about my new school year.

I could hear voices coming towards the compartment. I thought nothing of it until the door of the compartment slide open, and three people walked in, two boys and a girl.

"Hello Neville," said the brown, bushy haired girl. "Oh who's this? Hello, I'm Hermione Granger." She said as she extended her hand towards me.

Then it dawned on me these must be 'The Golden Trio' Neville always talks about. And that means that the boy with the glasses must be... I snapped out of thought and back to reality.

"Oh, hello I'm Gina, Neville's cousin." I could see their surprise at what I just said. Neville and I looked nothing alike, I mean NOTHING. I have long curly brown hair and aqua-blue eyes, my skin is also darker from the California sun.

"Oh, well, nice to meet you Gina this is-"

"I know who they are," I got up and walked over to the red haired boy. "You must be Ron Wesley." He blinked in amazement. "Um, yeah."

I walked over to the dark haired boy. "And you must be the famous Harry Potter." I could see that they were shocked that I knew who they were.

"Oh sorry, Neville writes about you guys all the time. I kind of feel like I know you."

They sat down as we got acquainted. I told them about myself and they seemed to be amazed.

Hermione was intrigued by the fact I was so far ahead on my studies. Ron was amazed the I knew Victor Krum, who I met at the Quidditch World Cup. And Harry was amazed about how much I knew about Quidditch.

"I guess I'm going to be just fine." I thought to myself.

The train pulled up to the station and my heart began to race. What do I do? How am I going to be sorted? Will I end up alone in another house?

I walked with all of the other fourth years to the coaches. I could see that there were so many students all of whom seemed to know exactly what there were doing. I climbed into the coach and waited for what would happen next.

As I entered the Great Hall, I was amazed. It s so beautiful. The candles floated delicately around the tables as I walked up towards the professors, my mind racing.

I could feel the eyes of the students on me as I got closer. I approached Professor Dumbledore, I recognized him from those silly chocolate frog cards Ron was showing me.

"Um, excuse me Professor Dumbledore, I was wondering if I was going to get sorted with the first years even though I'm a fourth year." I could feel my voice was barely a whisper.

He flashed a warm smile. "Why of course not my dear," his voice was very calming. "You will be sorted before the first years."

I could feel my heart stop. If I would've went last no one would be paying any attention to me, they would be focusing on the plates waiting for the food to appear. But no, I had to go first with the entire school watching.

"Attention everyone." Dumbledore said as he stood up. His voice brought a certain air of authority into the room. "This is Gina Vanlo. She is a fourth year and just transferred here from the prestigious Delicrox Academy. And she will now be sorted."

I could feel the blush rising on my cheeks. The empty stares of the students weren't helping either. A stool with a tattered faded witches hat stood in the middle of the floor. I walked towards it, my eyes focused steadily on it. I sat as Dumbledore placed that hat on my head. All I could hear was my own thoughts saying 'Gryffindor' over and over. Then as if out of nowhere a loud voice shouted "Gryffindor! I heard a loud cheer from the Gryffindor table and looked up to find everyone on their feet. Apparently while I had the hat on, Dumbledore had told the school more about me. But of course I couldn't hear them.

I walked back to the table and sat down among my fellow Gyrffindors. I could feel the eyes of the entire table watching me. After the first years were sorted and seated the banquet began. The room erupted with stories of summer trips, boredom, and other amusing tales.

Just then Dumbledore rose to speak and a hush fell over the hall.

"This will be a wonderful year at Hogwarts, we have a new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Moody."

No one in the Hall clapped for him, I could feel the tension building. Just then Dumbledore began to

speak again.

"And I am pleased to tell you the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place here at Hogwarts this year. We are hosting two other schools, Beauxbatons and Durmstrung, who will be arriving in October. And with that let us begin the feast."

Plates and cups became filled; the smell of food consumed the Great Hall, and once again erupted in noise.

I was about to take a drink of my pumpkin juice when two tall red haired twins walked up to me.

"Hey I'm George and this is my brother Fred. We're Ron's brothers." He said as he pointed to Ron, who was busy shoving a piece of pie into his mouth. "Yeah, well, anyhow, is it true that you're an elemental?" They both leaned forward as if listening very carefully to my answer. I could hear the hall quiet down as if they were listening too.

"Y-yes, I am." My voice filled with fear seemed to echo in the hall. What if they don't accept me?

"Really?" Hermione said as she leaned in towards me.

"Yes." Once again I could feel the blush on my cheeks.

"What element are you?" Harry joined in the conversation.

"I'm, um water."

"That's amazing!" Fred and George said in unison. Just then we were dismissed to go to our dorms.

A sigh of relief swept over me. As we all walked towards the dorm I was thrown one question after another. Like what's it like, can you learn it, and other things like those.

We approached the painting of a fat woman and I was waiting for something to happen. Then a voice shouted something. And the portrait swung open revealing a cozy little common room. Everyone's voices seemed intensified within the room. It felt like everyone was asking a billion questions at once.

"Come on Gina just show them something so they'll leave you alone," Neville said. "We all need to get some sleep."

"All right, can someone hand me that pitcher of water?" Harry handed me the pitcher. "Okay now I'm only going to do this once."

I placed the pitcher on the table in front of me and raised my hand. The water came out, formed a sphere, and floated above my hand.

I could hear the "ooooo's" and "aaaahhhh's" of my fellow classmates as I twisted the water into a ribbon-like form, letting it flow gently around my arm. Then in a quick motion I threw it into the air where it exploded into millions of tiny droplets spread across the room.

"Go ahead, you can touch them." I said with a smile on my face.

One by one each student touched the droplets, they moved from side to side, up and down, but they remained in the air. Then all at once I stuck my hand into the air and closed my fist. The tiny drops formed a sphere of water once again, then with a light toss, I threw it back into the pitcher across the room. The common room erupted in applause and shouts of "encore, encore!" I took my fake little bows and followed Hermione upstairs to the bunks.

My trunk was in front of the bed next to Hermione's, I unpacked my things and got ready for bed. A great sense of happiness swept over me as I lay down in my bed. I've never felt so accepted in my whole life, and it all happened on my first day.

As I walked to the Great Hall for breakfast I could hear people still talking about the banquet last night. Everyone was talking about who would be chosen to represent Hogwarts in the Triwizard Tournament and about the new Professor, Mad-eye Moody.

When I entered the Great Hall I went to the table as the owls with the morning mail arrived. Everyone was looking at his or her schedules. A large owl soared over Neville and dropped a package onto his lap, he always forgets something. A large eagle flew over to the Slytherin's table and dropped a package onto a blonde boy. I looked up looking for Marina, my white owl. She isn't hard to spot, she's completely

white but the tips of her wings are a deep ocean blue. There was no sign of her.

After breakfast we made our way to Herbology. Neville seemed particularly excited, probably because he loved Herbology, it's his favorite class.

I went up to the Professor, Professor Sprout, and introduced myself and she placed me in between Neville and Ron. After we completed the disgusting task of squeezing pus from a bobotuber and bottling it, the bell rang it was time for our next class. I followed everyone to a small cabin near the Forbidden Forest, I was a little uneasy about being that close, but everyone else seemed fine. A tall giant-like man stood there waiting for us, I assume he's the teacher.

"Mornin' Harry, Ron, Hermoine, and oh, who's this?" He looked to me.

"Morning Hagrid, this is Gina, she just transferred here," Harry said as the other students arrived.

"Oh yes, I remember yer from the banquet las' night." He smiled warmly. "Well welcome ter Hogwarts."

"Thank you, Hagrid," it felt odd calling a teacher by their first name.

"Mornin' class. I have a special treat for you today." His loud voiced echoed. "Blast-Ended Skrewts. They on'y jus' hatched. Yer be able ter raise 'em, won' that be fun?"

The whole class stared at Hagrid not sure how to react. No one seemed to want to handle the creatures, but I figure we'll have to do it eventually.

"See that, ther not so bad. Gina go ahead an' pick it up."

After holding the Blast-Ended Skrewt for a while one by one they other students began to pick one up for themselves. Just then I noticed the same blonde boy from the Great Hall this morning, staring at me. His blue eyes seemed to look right through me, I looked away.

I could sense that he was walking towards me and instinctively I started to reach for my wand. Then he tapped me on the shoulder.

"Hello, I'm Draco Malfoy." He reached out his hand, grabbed mine, and held it as if he were going to kiss it.

"Hi, I'm Gina." I could feel the stares of the other students and so a blush steadily rose on my cheeks.

Then he raised my hand to his lips and kissed it lightly.

"I know who you are, I was paying very close attention to you at the banquet last night. I didn't get the chance to introduce myself so I wanted to do it now." I was lost in his eyes, they felt as if they could see into my soul, I didn't even realize that he was still holding my hand.

I could see the skeptical looks of the other students through the corner of my eyes, they were practically staring at the two of us. Then as if from nowhere Hermoine came up and grabbed my other hand and pulled me away.

With that I seemed to snap out of a trance, not even remembering where I was. I looked back at Malfoy, who was scowling angrily at Hermoine, but she didn't even look back. apparently the bell had rang to go to lunch. She dragged me all the way to the Great Hall without even saying a word. With Harry and Ron trailing behind us occasionally looking at each other nervously.

As we entered the Great Hall my mind was filled with a million questions. Why had she dragged me away? What did I do? Did it have to do with Malfoy?

We sat down, Harry and Ron across from us. Each one looking at Hermoine, who was snaring at Malfoy who had just sat down at the Slytherin table. He smiled at me and I waved back at him and Hermoine flashed me an annoyed look.

"Hermoine, what's your problem? What did I do? Do you have a problem with Malfoy? Can you just tell me."

"Where do I even start, Malfoy is the snottiest, meanest, most horrible boy at this school." She seemed relieved after she had said that.

"She's right Gina, Malfoy is well, think of the worst person you've ever met and times it by a billion.

That s only half the person Malfoy is." Harry said with an assured expression on his face.

"They're right. I've never met anyone so cruel before in my life." Ron said glancing behind him to look at Malfoy.

I couldn't believe that they were talking about the same Draco Malfoy, he was so polite to me only minutes ago.

"He's up to something, he's never nice to anyone, ever. He's not the type to just suddenly be sweet out of nowhere, especially to someone in an opposing House." Hermione said as she drifted out into her own thoughts.

I looked at Malfoy once again, he seemed to be staring at me, he just smiled and looked down at his plate then looked back up at me. I looked at Harry who had a confused look on his face. Apparently this was strange, what if I did this to Malfoy, maybe he heard me, maybe he knows what I am.