

Did Not Choose to be Chosen

by HermioneWeasley1972

Harry's feelings about being the chosen one.

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry's feelings about being the chosen one.

I am the Chosen One. Great. Brilliant. Why was I the one blessed with this curse? That bloody Prophecy said born as the seventh month dies. Why was I the one chosen instead of Neville? Maybe it's because I am not a pureblood, just like Voldemort. Maybe he went after me because he had dark hair just like I do. Merlin only knows why he chose me.

All the people who whisper behind my back about me being the Chosen One. How much I want to yell at them that I didn't ask for this. I didn't ask for this destiny, I didn't ask for my parents to be killed.

I DON'T WANT TO BE THE CHOSEN ONE!

Suddenly I feel a rap on my head, and I open my eyes to see that it's Hermione, standing over me with a rolled-up Daily Prophet.

"Harry, that happened nineteen years ago. Maybe you should take a Dreamless Draught."

I guess I was screaming in my sleep again.