

Once Upon A Sorting

by Cat Feral

A student faces... the Hat.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Dalton, Edward."

They're up to the "D"s now, she thought anxiously, as a rangy, brown-haired boy strode up to the stool. They'll be calling me any minute. I wonder if Robbie and I will be put in the same House. I won't know until they get to the "M"s. I hope... She didn't often warm to someone on first acquaintance – in fact she was far more likely to find a secluded corner and a book – but somehow she and the boy, Robert, had hit it off on the train. Starting off with a friend in her House would make such a difference...

"Miss Duncan, are you with us??" Lost in her thoughts, she had missed her name. Flushing, she hurried to the front of the room with a mumbled apology. Before the Sorting Hat came down on her head, she hastily shoved a wisp of raven hair off her forehead. She wore it pulled back in waist-length braids, but a few bits always came loose. A moment later, she could see nothing but the inside of the hat.

"Interesting." She jumped slightly at the voice that whispered in her head. *"You're going to be a bit of a challenge. An excellent mind, really quite brilliant. You're here on scholarship, I believe? Eager to learn. You'd do well in Ravenclaw, that's certain..."*

"But then you stood up to several adult relatives who tried to convince you that your duty was to stay home and take care of your sisters. Quite alone, you got onto a train full of strangers headed for a place you'd never been and a future you couldn't begin to imagine, even though you were so frightened you were nearly sick. Later, when that girl with the yellow eyes fell into the lake, and you saw a huge tentacle wrap around her, your first thought was to dive in and try to pry her loose – fortunately, your friend held you back long enough for the giant squid to put the silly child back into her boat. In short you have courage enough for any two Gryffindors."

"A hard worker, now that's a Hufflepuff trait... Good hearted... somewhat awkward with people... rather blunt-spoken... you don't make friends easily, but when you do make one, you're fiercely loyal."

"You are ambitious. Nothing is going to hold you back. I sense a potential for ruthlessness if you're pushed far enough – though it would be more likely triggered on behalf of someone you cared for than yourself. Still, I don't quite see you in Slytherin. Slytherins aren't automatically evil, but the best of them tend to be devious. You're a bit too forthright."

As she was about snap from the tension and scream, 'WELL PUT ME SOMEWHERE!' the voice came to a decision.

"On the whole, I think..."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

As the hat was pulled from her head, the Gryffindor table broke into applause. From the cluster of First Years still to be sorted, Robert McGonagall gave her a congratulatory thumbs-up. Flashing him an awkward, hopeful grin, Minerva scrambled down from the stool and ran to join her House.