

Harry Potter and the Room of Remembrance

by Crystal22

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Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I don't own Harry Potter, obviously, but I do own this idea and some characters. This is basically my version of the fourth book. I own my OCs. And some people may be OOC.

Chapter One — Prologue

You have your mother's eyes, Harry...

You're a spitting image of James, but you have your mother's eyes...

You have your mother's green eyes...

Green eyes shot open as pain exploded through a lightning bolt shaped scar. Harry Potter groaned in pain as he slapped his hand against it. He sat up in bed and panted heavily as the pain intensified. He closed his eyes and a bright flash of green light filled them.

"Harry..."

Silence.

"Harry... Wake up, Harry!"

Harry opened his eyes and saw a flash of red hair. Blinking, a blurry face came into his view, and he recognized the heavily freckled face and the long nose. Ron Weasley, the second youngest of the Weasley family, had a scared look on his face as Harry sat up. Somehow he was on the floor, but the pain in his scar was gone.

"What happened?" he asked in a hoarse voice as he got back onto the bed. Ron sat on his bed and faced Harry.

"I woke up when I heard you screaming. You were withering in pain and clutching your forehead and saying something about 'eyes' under your breath," he responded. "Do you want me to get Mum?"

"No. No. I'm all right."

Before Ron could question him any more, pounding footsteps were heard. A mane of bushy brown hair seemed to be mixed in with a mane of fiery red hair. Incomprehensive shouts were heard from the owners of the hair as Ron and Harry stared blankly at the girls. They didn't seem to notice as they kept rambling about something. As they continued to ramble, they left the room and their voices faded.

"Women," Ron said as he shook his head and leaned back against his pillow. He suddenly shot up and looked at his Chudley Cannons calendar. A little snitch was zooming around a number on the calendar. "Harry!"

"What?" Harry asked in alarm.

"Today's the day of the Quidditch World Cup!" he responded excitedly. Ron suddenly came to life as he went around grabbing clothes and pulling them on. Harry watched in amusement as he tried to pull a pair of pants on over his arms. 'Guess Ron's still tired,' he thought to himself as he pulled his clothes on the right way and left the room as Ron fell over from trying to put on a shirt by his legs.

Laughing to himself, he went down into the kitchen and said hello to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. Mr. Weasley had just kissed Mrs. Weasley good bye and left the house to pack the car.

"Have fun, dear, and try not to get into any trouble," Mrs. Weasley said as she kissed his cheek as if she were trying to bury her lips into it.

"I will, Mrs. Weasley, don't worry," he said as his face turned red, and he hurried out of the house with a backpack on his back. He had a sudden feeling that someone was watching him. He grasped his wand that was in his jean pocket and whipped it out and whirled around.

"Watch where you point that thing, Harry!" Fred exclaimed as he snapped his head back.

"Yeah, you could poke someone's eye out!" George commented as he walked past them.

"Sorry," Harry apologized as he lowered his wand and put it back in his pocket.

"All right, mate, no hard feelings," Fred said as he slapped him hard on the back and continued on his way to the car. Harry looked back at the trees near the house and swore he saw three different shadows move. He blinked and looked again, but didn't see anything. He shrugged and went to the car to attend his first Quidditch World Cup.