

# A Thirst to Prove Himself

*by lover\_not\_a\_fighter*

A one shot of the sorting ceremony (especially the sorting of Harry Potter) from the  
POV of the Sorting Hat.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Most of the dialogue and the Sorting Hat song are taken from PS.

Note: Thanks so much to my beta [\\_levicorpus\\_](#) and to C.V.S. for giving me the idea to write this fic!

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I sat on my stool, watching Minerva finish her speech to all of the incoming first years. Who, speaking of which, looked like a pack of deer about to be run over by a train.

I took pleasure in knowing that I was the source of their troubled minds. Yes, me, the feeble Sorting Hat would determine their fate at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. I would sort these little boys and girls into their houses, shape their social lives and decide where they would be affiliated for the next seven years.

There were four houses: Gryffindor, where the courageous and strong were sorted, Ravenclaw, where the intelligent and tactful found their homes, Hufflepuff, where the loyal and kind-hearted were put, and Slytherin, where the cunning and perceptive found themselves.

There was one boy who stood out from all the rest; his bright green eyes peeked out fiercely from behind his jet black hair. I pondered the intense appearance of this boy, and I somehow knew he had been through more than the average eleven year old. But even through his powerful aura, I could sense a great amount of apprehension and fear.

After noticing a moment of silence, I recognized it was time for my song. I opened my mouth wide and began to sing. It had been so long singing the Sorting Hat song that it came naturally, the words just flew from my mouth, different every year.

Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see,

I'll eat myself if you can find

A smarter hat than me.

You can keep your bowlers black,

Your top hats sleek and tall,

For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat  
And I can top them all.  
There's nothing hidden in your head  
The Sorting Hat can't see,  
So try me on and I will tell you  
Where you ought to be.  
You might belong in Gryffindor,  
Where dwell the brave at heart,  
Their daring, nerve and chivalry  
Set Gryffindors apart;  
You might belong in Hufflepuff,  
Where they are just and loyal,  
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true  
And unafraid of toil;  
Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,  
If you've a steady mind,  
Where those of wit and learning,  
Will always find their kind;  
Or perhaps in Slytherin  
You'll make your real friends,  
Those cunning folk use any means  
To achieve their ends.  
So put me on! Don't be afraid!  
And don't get in a flap!  
You're in safe hands (though I have none)  
For I'm a Thinking Cap!

After my song, the first victim to put me on was a plump, pink-faced girl named Hannah Abbott. I could sense right away that she was a loyal friend, a girl who would be perfect in:

"HUFFLEPUFF!" I shouted loudly.

After having placed about three-fourths of the lot in front of me, the name I had been waiting for was called.

"Potter, Harry!"

As soon as his name was called, the room erupted in whispers and gasps. Then I realized who this boy really was. He was the Boy Who Lived, the only one to ever survive the terror of He Who Must Not Be Named.

He approached slowly and anxiously, not knowing what to expect. I could feel his trepidation as he slipped me on.

I thought to myself, knowing he could hear me. I could tell that Harry Potter had substantial courage, was intellectually sound, but there was one thing that threw me off – he wanted more than anything to prove himself. This quandary was hard to solve, I was attacking him inside his own head; he was defenseless.

Then I heard a small voice say, "Not Slytherin, not Slytherin!"

I could sense every nerve in his body thrumming with the desire to not be placed in Slytherin house. Never before had I felt such an intense need to not be placed in a house.

There was always Gryffindor, yes, Gryffindor would suit the Potter boy well.

But there was a nagging feeling in my mind that sensed he would do wonderfully in Slytherin house.

"You could be great, you know, it's all here in your head, and Slytherin will help you on the way to greatness, no doubt about that – no?"

There was something more to this boy, but I could not place it.

But there was also another something behind his need to not be sorted into Slytherin. He was afraid of what would happen to him later in life; what he would become. I decided right then to do what I felt was best for the boy.

"Well, if you're sure – better be... GRYFFINDOR!"

The Gryffindor house erupted with cheers, they had landed the famous Harry Potter. As I watched the green-eyed, knobby-kneed boy stumble to his house's open arms, I knew I had made the right decision. He would do well in Gryffindor.

One year later, the boy came back to me and asked me if I was sure I made the right choice. I answered him truthfully:

"Yes, you were particularly difficult to place. But I stand what I said before. You would have done well in Slytherin."

