

Harry Potter and the Slytherin Adventures

by YaoiMaster

AU. Harry gets sorted into Slytherin, befriends people from all the houses, and is on his way to becoming the most powerful wizard in the world. Future Slash.

Discovering Magic

Chapter 1 of 3

AU. Harry gets sorted into Slytherin, befriends people from all the houses, and is on his way to becoming the most powerful wizard in the world. Future Slash.

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Beta: Indie

A/N: Well, I decided to do something opposite of my other fic, Confessions of an Abused Hero. I actually have ANOTHER version of that fic that I am not posting as of yet. It'll be called The Abused Freak. Anyways, remember to review. Constructive criticism is appreciated. Flames will be reported. ^_^

Chapter 1

Eleven-year-old Harry Potter sat in his cupboard. It was his birthday today: July 31, 1991. Not that his ~~family~~ cared. In fact, they were at the grand opening to this all you can eat buffet. He lived with his Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and Cousin Dudley.

Petunia was the ideal mother and wife. She cared for her family and supposedly cooked and cleaned. She had black curly hair down to her ears, a rather large nose, thin lips, a long neck, and resembled a horse. Petunia normally wore floral dresses and pearls. She had what every housewife dreamed of: a beautiful garden, a lovely home, a respectable husband, and a polite son. Her leisure time was often spent hosting tea parties, gossiping to her neighbours and belittling her nephew.

Vernon was the ideal father and husband. He worked to provide a house and food for his family. He had a grey moustache, grey hair, fat lips and a chubby face that was always some shade of red/purple. Vernon was an obese man who resembled a whale. His ties and shirts clung to him like a second skin, allowing all to see the rolls of fat he had. In his free time, he loved to beat his nephew and teach his son how to put freaks in their place.

Dudley, the last of the Dursleys, was often complimented on how polite he was. The boy was just like his father in personality and looks. Dudley was an obese boy and very spoiled. Whatever he wanted, he got. He had short black hair and a chubby face. While his parents and everybody else thought he was the sweetest boy ever, the kids in the neighbourhood knew otherwise. Dudley enjoyed picking on kids, most especially his freak of a cousin, Harry Potter.

Harry, however, was the opposite of the Dursleys. He had messy black hair, full pink lips, emerald eyes, wire-framed glasses and a pale complexion. Harry wasn't allowed friends. In fact, he wasn't allowed anything. Not food, not new clothing, not a proper room, not new glasses, and a lot of other things. All the food couldn't be wasted on freaks like him, he didn't deserve new clothes, he didn't deserve a room or glasses, and everybody who wanted to be his friend was chased away. Due to the lack of food,

Harry was short and his frame was slightly anorexic. Even though he was now 11, he looked like he was 7.

Harry's head snapped up when he heard somebody knocking on the door. The Dursleys wouldn't knock; they lived here. Who could it be? He remained silent, hoping whoever it was would just go away. After more knocking, Harry heard a click. His eyes widened. Somebody just broke into the Dursleys house, and he was locked in a cupboard.

'Shit...'

Severus Snape scowled as he walked down the street. He had been forced to find out why Potter had not replied to any of the letters that were sent. Did the Headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, even consider the fact that maybe Potter didn't WANT to go to Hogwarts? Looking for number four, Privet Drive, Severus found it and briskly walked towards the door. He knocked impatiently and sighed in annoyance when nobody answered. Looking around, he noticed the streets were empty.

"*Alohamora*," he whispered.

The door unlocked with a click, and he stepped inside. The house was disgustingly normal and *Muggle*. Looking around, he noticed several pictures of two adults with a severely overweight boy. But, where was Potter? Muttering a quick Point Me charm, an arrow appeared over his head. It pointed to a cupboard of some sort. Perhaps he did the charm wrong? There was no way Potter was in a cupboard; everybody knew he was worshipped by his relatives. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door.

Harry held his breath as the footsteps came closer to his cupboard. The footsteps stopped for a moment, and the door to his cupboard was snapped open. There stood a man in all black. His black hair was greasy, his nose was crooked, his lips were thin, and he was pale. The man looked at him emotionlessly.

"Where is Harry Potter?" the man hissed, causing Harry to jerk in surprise.

"I am Harry Potter, sir." Harry replied, his head down and missing the surprised look sent his way.

"You lie. Mr. Potter is eleven."

"I **am** eleven, sir." The man yanked Harry out of his cupboard and pulled his bangs up.

"Mr. Potter, why haven't you been answering our letters?"

"You mean the letters on that weird paper? My uncle got rid of them."

"Surely you already knew what the letter contained?"

"No, not exactly." Harry wished that if the man was going to kill him, he'd get it over with.

"Didn't your relatives tell you anything? Do you even know how your parents died?"

"Yes, I do! They died in a car crash. That's how I got this scar on my forehead. You see, they were drunk and got into a wreck, and I was flung from the window. Although, Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon have lied to me before, so I don't really think my parents were drunks. Is there something the matter, sir?" Harry questioned softly. The man looked shocked and angry.

"Potter, your parents weren't killed in a car crash. They were murdered. Merlin, do you even know what you are?"

"A freak. An abomination. Unnatural. Waste of space," Harry recited everything he was called. The man paled, then sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Potter, listen to what I am going to say because I am not going to repeat it. Your mother and father were murdered by a dark wizard. They did NOT die in a car crash. I can't believe those filthy Muggles dare to suggest such a thing. Now, Potter, we need to get you to Hogwarts, which is the school you will be attending. Any questions so far?" Severus went into teacher mode.

"Um, magic exists? My parents were murdered? What's your name?"

"I am Severus Snape; you may call me Professor Snape. Yes, magic exists and yes, they were murdered." Harry nodded and was going to ask more questions when they heard somebody yell, causing Harry to freeze in fear.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?" Vernon bellowed, setting his coat aside and walking towards the two wizards. He stopped short when Severus pointed his wand at him.

"I advise that you not speak to me that way, Muggle, or I will turn you into the rat you are. Potter, I don't have the time to explain everything to you, so come along, and I will explain it on the way to Hogwarts."

Harry, even though he didn't know the man, wanted to leave the Dursleys. So, he left with the man. Of course, Vernon actually tried to stop them and got what was coming to him. The rat Vernon squeaked and scurried away, while his wife and kid trembled in fear. As Harry left, he didn't look back, feeling finally free.

Severus couldn't believe the audacity of that foolish Muggle. It had taken an hour at the Leaky Cauldron to answer all of his new charge's questions. The boy didn't even know what he was in this world! Now, it was hard to hate the boy knowing what he'd been through. Harry had told him how the Muggles starved and beat him. However, he couldn't be friendly with the boy; that would give away his position as a spy. Casting a quick Tempus Charm, it revealed to be 10:00 A.M. Finishing the strong cup of tea he had, Severus walked up to Room 11 where Harry was. He knocked and waited. Harry opened the door and stepped aside to let the Professor in.

"Mr. Potter, we must pick up your school supplies. Do you still have the list I gave you?" Harry held up the paper. "Good."

They walked out of the Leaky Cauldron and came across a brick wall.

"Sir, why are we here?"

"This is the entrance to Diagon Alley."

Severus tapped his wand on the bricks in a pattern, and you could see them start to rearrange. Harry looked at the sight ahead of him and gasped. Diagon Alley was beautiful. There was no other way to describe it. The Alley was filled with witches and wizards looking for their school supplies. Severus and Harry walked towards a tall building that read 'Gringotts'.

"Sir, what is Gringotts?"

"Gringotts is the wizard bank. It's run by goblins. They aren't really friendly," Snape explained sharply.

The two wizards stepped inside the building, and Harry looked around him in awe. The goblins were bustling around, trying to take impatient wizards to their vaults. Reaching the front desk, Severus coughed.

"Mr. Potter wishes to make a withdrawal," he said in a clipped, professional tone.

"Does Mr. Potter have his key?" the goblin sneered. Severus held up the gold object.

"Also, I need to take you-know-what from vault you-know-which."

The goblin nodded curtly.

"Griphook! Take these wizards to Mr. Potter's vault." The other goblin, now known as Griphook, nodded 'yes'.

"This way, sirs." Griphook's voice was nasal. After the ride on the carts, which Harry enjoyed immensely, they stopped in front of vault number 687. The vault was unlocked and green smoke came out. Inside were thousands of gold, silver, and bronze coins.

"Whose is that?" Harry asked.

"Yours of course; who else would it belong to?" Severus scoffed.

"Oh. What should I take? What type of coins are they?"

"The gold coins are Galleons, the silver ones are Sickles and the bronze ones are Knuts. There are seventeen Sickles to a Galleon and twenty-nine Knuts to a Sickle." Severus explained. "I'd say take at least 75 Galleons; in case you want to buy anything else to help understand our world."

Harry nodded and put the coins inside a pouch he had found lying around. They left Harry's vault only to enter another. This one had no keyhole.

"Vault 713." Griphook announced. He stroked his finger against the door, and a series of locks could be heard.

"Aren't vaults supposed to be secure? All you did was put your finger there; how exactly is that protecting whatever is inside?" Harry asked curiously.

"If anybody besides a goblin that works here tries to do what I did, they'd be sucked in and trapped in here."

"Oh. How often do you check if somebody's in here?" This whole system was fascinating.

"Once every ten years." Griphook smirked. Harry's eyes widened.

"I suppose that's what you get for trying to take something that's not yours," he stated. Severus gave him an amused look before putting on his 'I'm a jerk' mask again. The vault door fully opened and Harry looked inside to see... a small package. He gave a blank look.

"You have this high-tech security vault for... a package the size of a rock? Whatever's in that package must be pretty important, huh?" Severus merely put the package in his cloak. After another enjoyable (for Harry) cart ride, the two wizards went to buy the first year school supplies. His supply list read:

HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Uniform

First-year students require:

- 1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)**
- 2. One pointed hat (black) for day wear**
- 3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)**
- 4. One winter cloak (black, silver fastenings)**

Please note that all pupils' clothes should carry name tags.

Course Books

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade One) by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling

A Beginners' Guide to Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore

Magical Drafts and Potions by Arsenius Jigger

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them by Newt Scamander

The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection by Quentin Trimble

Other Equipment

- 1 wand**
- 1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 2)**
- 1 set glass or crystal phials**
- 1 telescope**
- 1 set brass scales**

Students may also bring an owl OR a cat OR a toad.

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICKS

"Mr. Potter, I recommend getting your robes fitted first."

Harry nodded. "Where do I do that?"

"Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions. Nearly every Hogwarts student gets their robes done there. I shall go to the Apothecary and pick up the Potions ingredients; I will be back shortly," Severus explained before leaving toward his destination, robes billowing behind him.

Harry gulped slightly before entering the robe shop. He spotted a woman whom he assumed was Madam Malkin. She seemed very friendly and was a plump woman. He was going to ask her something when she beat him to it.

"Hogwarts, dear?" She waited for his nod of consent. "Come along, then. There's another boy being fitted right now." Harry stepped on the stool in front of him and allowed the witch to put a robe over his head.

The boy that was there had blonde hair slicked back. He stood at about 4'6" against Harry's 3'9" frame. The boy had grey-blue eyes, pink lips, a pale complexion, and an air of importance.

"Hogwarts?" the boy drawled. Harry nodded, feeling insignificant next to the taller boy. "My father is buying books and my mum is looking at the wands. Where are your parents?"

"Dead."

"Oh." An uncomfortable silence filled the air.

"So, um, you were born here? In the Wizarding world I mean?"

The boy looked surprised. "Of course! Why? Your parents were like us right?"

Harry looked at him confusedly. "They were a witch and a wizard if that's what you mean."

"OK. I'm Draco Malfoy. What's your name?"

"Harry Potter." The boy, now known as Draco, gaped at him. Please don't let him be a part of some secret fan club organization thingy!

"Are you telling me that you're the Harry Potter? Don't you know anything about our world?"

"Nope. This is my first time coming here. I lived with my Muggle relatives, so I guess I was raised to be a Muggle."

"Muggle." Draco corrected, and Harry blushed in embarrassment.

"That's what I meant."

"So, if you have no parents, who did you come here with?" Harry was about to answer when a familiar voice did that honour.

"Mr. Potter came with me, Draco. It's lovely to see you here. Where're your parents?"

"Dad's at the bookstore and Mum is--"

"Right here." A voice interrupted smoothly.

"Mum, I thought you were looking at the wands."

"I was, however the wand needs to choose the wizard. So, I decided to come here to keep you company. It seems that I wasn't needed. Hello, Severus."

"Narcissa."

Harry looked at Draco's mother. She had the same platinum blonde hair, pale complexion and pink lips. She also had high cheekbones and her skin was creamy. Narcissa, which was obviously her name, just noticed Harry.

"Hello, dear. Aren't you a little young to be fitted for Hogwarts robes?" she asked. Harry flushed.

"I'm eleven, ma'am." Narcissa looked at him in surprise.

"Oh! I'm sorry, dear, but you look awfully young. I'm Narcissa Malfoy; I'm sure you've already met my son Draco and his godfather Severus. What is your name?"

"Harry Potter," he mumbled. Before she could say anything, Madam Malkin coughed.

"You are both done. That'll be five Galleons each." They both paid and exited the store. Severus and Narcissa cast a feather-light charm on their purchases before shrinking them and putting them in their cloaks.

"We might as well get the wands. Ollivander's is only a couple of stores down," Draco suggested.

"But, Draco dear, your father wanted to see you get your first wand. Why don't we stop by the bookstore first and then we can go pick up your wand?" Draco pouted slightly before nodding.

"Harry, have you gotten your books yet?" Harry shook his head 'no'. The blonde boy grinned, before nearly dragging Harry toward Flourish and Blotts. Severus looked at Narcissa.

"I think we will be accompanying you," he commented dryly, earning a small chuckle from the female.

A/N: End of Chapter 1. Please review and let me know what you think.

Parselmouth and a Staff?

Chapter 2 of 3

AU. Harry gets sorted into Slytherin, befriends people from all the houses, and is on his way to becoming the most powerful wizard in the world. Future Slash.

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A/N: Here's the second chapter. I hope you enjoy it, please review.

Chapter 2

"Father!" Draco called. Harry saw a replica of his new friend turn around. The head of the Malfoy family had the signature platinum blonde hair. His hair was down to his shoulders, he had the same grey-blue eyes, the same pink lips, the same pale complexion, and he also had the same air of importance.

"Hello, Draco. Who is your friend?" the smooth and silky voice asked.

"Father, this is Harry Potter. Harry, this is my father, Lucius Malfoy."

Harry bowed his head. "It's a pleasure to meet you, sir." He remembered the manners that were beaten into him, courtesy of the Dursleys. The man dubbed Lucius gave a small, barely noticeable smile.

"Likewise, Mr. Potter. Draco, where is your mother?"

"I'm right here, dear," Narcissa said, entering the shop with Severus trailing behind her. "Draco, Harry, why don't you pick out your books so we can go look at the wands?" The two young wizards nodded before looking throughout the isles of books.

Harry placed his cauldron on the counter. Draco had just finished paying for everything, and now it was Harry's turn. The clerk spilled the contents of his cauldron over the countertop. His eyes, along with Harry's companions, widened. There were a LOT of books. Some on History, others on Transfiguration, lots on Defence against the Dark Arts, many on other subjects, but most were on Potions.

"I didn't know you liked Potions, Harry." Draco commented.

"Well, Potions is like cooking. I'm pretty good at cooking, so Potions can't be too hard. Besides, the topic itself seems interesting. Mixing all the ingredients together, and coming up with something."

Severus inwardly smiled. At least Harry wouldn't be another dunderhead he'd have to teach. Lucius was impressed by how many books the boy had taken. It seemed like he was genuinely interested in learning about the world his parents used to live in. He'd love to be nice to the boy, but as a spy he couldn't compromise his position. Just like Severus. Plus, the boy would no doubt become yet another Gryffindor. Pity, his potential would be wasted.

"Harry, why'd you choose this book? It's not in English," Draco said, holding up a leather book. He was right; the words were in different characters from some unknown language.

"What're you talking about? It says right here, *The Diary of Salazar Slytherin*." The Malfoys eyes widened, as did Snape's. What Harry didn't know was that he had spoken Parseltongue at the end of the sentence.

"Sweet Merlin, you're a **Parselmouth**!" Draco whispered.

Harry frowned. "Parkel-what-uh?"

"**Parselmouth**." Draco corrected, looking at Harry in something akin to awe.

"What's that?"

"It means you could talk to snakes."

"Oh. I know that. But, can't a lot of people around here do it?"

"No. That was a gift given to Salazar Slytherin. He is the founder of the Slytherin house, obviously, and only an heir can speak it."

"That's nice. I really don't care, though."

Draco gaped. "What? You don't **care**? Why not?"

"I'm already recognised as the hero of this world for something that happened when I was a baby and nobody has witnessed. I truly don't need anymore attention by being a founder's heir, thank you very much."

Narcissa leaned forward and picked Draco's jaw from the floor.

"You'll catch flies if you continue to do that, dear," she stated.

"That'll be 28 Galleons, please," the clerk stated cheerfully. Harry paid, and Severus shrunk his books.

"Now, can we get our wands?" Draco asked, barely containing his excitement. When his parents nodded their heads, he grinned and nearly dragged Harry to another shop again.

"Hello, Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy. I must say, you nearly gave me a heart attack when you waltzed in here. No Potter or Malfoy has ever been seen with each other on friendly terms. Well done, well done," Ollivander murmured. "Come, Mr. Malfoy, we shall find your wand first."

Draco must have tried half a dozen wands before he found the right one: beechwood and dragon heartstring. It cost six Galleons.

"Mum, Dad, did you see what happened?" Draco asked his parents as they came in the shop.

"No, I'm sorry, dear. Would you like to show us again?" Narcissa asked. Draco grinned and swung his wand. Green and silver sparks flew out the tip. "Nicely done, Dragon."

"Mr. Potter, lets have a go, shall we?" Ollivander asked. He passed Harry a wand, and just as he was about to touch it, the wand exploded into little shards.

"What the hell?" Draco cried out, earning a reprimand for his language (which he ignored momentarily).

"Mr. Ollivander, what does that mean?" Harry asked, surprised that the wand reacted so violently. Maybe the wands could tell that he didn't deserve a wand. Ollivander grinned.

"It means, Mr. Potter, that you are not destined for a wand. In fact, I think a staff might do you better. Oh, how joyful! I never thought I'd live to see the day I got to make a *staff*. People are so magically weakened that their cores aren't strong enough for the staff. You see a staff and its wizard make a connection. You make the staff using materials that best suit you. The way you'll know what materials suit you is that you call them to you. It should give you a warm sensation. With me so far?" Ollivander babbled. Harry nodded his head.

"But why did it blow up? I thought it'd just feel like plain wood."

"It blew up because your magical core was much too strong for the wand. Now come along, Mr. Potter. We must choose the materials for your staff." Ollivander grabbed Harry and pushed him towards a backdoor.

"What about us?" Draco asked as the two wizards left the room. "I don't suppose he'd mind if we watched?" Narcissa shrugged before strolling to the doorway. The others followed her.

"Okay, Mr. Potter, I'd like you to place your hands on that flat object. Now, close your eyes and imagine taking back a part of you that feels missing." Harry did that and you could hear whooshing sounds. When he opened his eyes, he saw several materials.

"Maple, beechwood, cherry, oak, unicorn hair, and two wands. Let's see. We have a holly wand with phoenix feather and we have a wand made from the bark of the Whomping Willow with a basilisk's tooth soaked in its blood and poison. I must say, Mr. Potter, you'll be destined for great things with this," Ollivander muttered under his breath. He looked up at Harry and smiled. "Unfortunately, I cannot finish this staff today. Perhaps if you come in three days, it'll be ready."

Harry nodded. He turned to exit when he saw the doorway was blocked by four very shocked people.

"Um, hi?"

"I still can't believe you have a **staff**! Nobody has had one since Merlin." Draco whispered. The group was currently in an ice cream parlour. "So, Harry, what flavour do you like?"

"I don't know. I've never had ice cream." Harry bent down to look at the choices.

"What!? First you don't know about our world, and now you've never had ice cream? What's the deal with your Muggle relatives anyhow?"

"Nothing. They just didn't like me much," Harry whispered.

Draco frowned before sighing. "I recommend you taste the cookies n' cream. It's very good. That or vanilla. I think those are the best! Oh, and don't forget about chocolate," Draco exclaimed, looking at the frozen treats with a predatory glint in his eye. Narcissa chuckled at her son's love for ice cream. You probably wouldn't believe it, but he got that from Lucius. Narcissa preferred fruit to ice cream any day.

"Draco, Harry have you decided what you're going to have?"

"Yes, Mum, I want the double chunky chocolate mint, and Harry said he wanted to try it. Should we split it? In case Harry doesn't like it so we can get him something else?"

"Of course, Dragon. Excuse me, sir; we'd like a double chunky chocolate mint, a root beer shake, a banana split, and just one scoop of Strawberry ice cream." Narcissa told the man behind the counter. He nodded and left to get the orders. When the ice cream arrived, Draco gave Harry a taste. The shorter boy's eyes widened.

"It's good, right? You can share with me!" They both ate the ice cream together while the adults talked. They couldn't hear anything since they had erected a silence bubble around them.

"Are you sure, Severus?" Narcissa asked.

"Yes. For Merlin's sake, they kept the boy locked in a **cupboard**. Not only that, they practically brainwashed him. Feeding him lies on how his parents were drunk, how magic didn't exist and how he was worthless." Severus drank his root beer shake, wishing it were fire whiskey instead.

"That doesn't make sense. Why would Dumbledore put Harry in an abusive household?"

"They're his only living relatives. In order for the blood protection wards to work, he had to be with them. And maybe he didn't know that the abuse was physical," Lucius said. He may not agree with all of Dumbledore's viewpoints, but the man was the leader of the light. Even he made mistakes.

"The poor boy; he only looks seven and is severely malnourished. You make sure he eats, you understand, Severus?" Narcissa commanded, pointing her spoon at him in what was supposed to be a threatening manner.

"Yes, mother. Would you like me to do anything else, hm?" Severus asked sarcastically.

Narcissa mock-glared at him, before brightening up. "I have an idea! Since Draco and Harry have grown so close to each other, why doesn't Harry stay at the manor? Please, Lucius!"

Lucius gave a small smirk. "Well, it's not like he has anywhere else to go."

Harry and Draco just finished their ice cream when the adults came out of their bubble.

"Harry, would you like to stay with us for the rest of the summer?" Narcissa asked, smiling brightly. She always got her way.

Harry looked shocked. "You mean I won't have to go back to the Dursleys?" he asked hopefully.

"No, you don't." Severus hissed angrily, causing Harry to shrink back. Even though he tried to avert his eyes, they always looked at the man's hands. As if he was expecting them to strike him. Severus took a deep breath and calmed down. "No, you will not have to go back to the Dursleys." *Not if I can help it...* he added silently.

"Then, yes, I'd like to see your manor." Harry mumbled politely, his head down to hide his blushing face. This was the first time somebody had **willingly** invited him somewhere. Draco's face broke into a wide smile.

"Harry, you're going to love it. Come on, get up! We're going to leave right now, aren't we, Father?" The blonde boy turned his head to his father, using the most adorable puppy eyes he could muster. Lucius gave in immediately.

"Of course. We'll leave right now."

Travel by Floo was not necessarily thrilling to Harry. Not like the cart ride at Gringotts was. Harry looked at his surroundings in amazement. The manor was gorgeous. It was huge with paintings all over the walls. The stairs were marble, and all the other rooms Draco showed him looked simply magnificent.

"This is your room." Draco announced. Harry looked inside and gasped.

"A-are you sure this is *my* room?"

The room was beautiful. There was a large king sized canopy bed with curtains over it. The sheets were satin, and a nice shade of blue. The walls and carpet were a cream colour. There was a dresser, desk, bookshelf, chair and walk-in closet. There was even a *bathroom*!

"Of course this is your room. Who else would stay here?"

Harry gave a small smile. Before Draco knew it, he was hugged by the smaller boy.

"Nobody's ever done a kind thing for me. Thank you so much."

The youngest Malfoy looked shocked, before hugging Harry back. "Well, get used to it," Draco exclaimed, blushing a bit.

They didn't notice Narcissa at the doorway, smiling a bit. Harry was totally adorable, and Draco's actions were cute.

'I hope house rivalries don't pull them apart...' she thought before leaving downstairs.

"Boys! Dinner is ready!" Narcissa called from downstairs. Harry and Draco put the books they were reading down and raced down the stairs. Having ice cream for lunch wasn't a good idea, and they were famished.

"I win!" they said in unison as they sat in their chairs. There was a pot roast, mashed potatoes, corn, biscuits and salad. Harry heard a pop and turned around to see a thing. It had floppy ears, big eyes, a long nose, and wore a pillow case. Harry squealed and ran to hide behind Narcissa.

"What is that thing?" he asked, his green eyes huge. Draco looked at the creature before turning to Harry.

"That's Twitchy the house elf."

"Why is it wearing a dirty pillow case?"

"House elves wear them to show they serve a wizarding family. It can only be free if its master gives it clothes," Lucius explained, causing Harry to frown.

"That's not fair! Why does it have to serve you? Because it isn't human? How would *you* feel if *you* had to serve someone?"

"But, Harry, they *like* serving a family. Unless the family mistreats them, which isn't a case here," Draco added.

"Still, can't you give them a nicer, cleaner pillow case? How about one with the Malfoy crest on it?"

Lucius looked thoughtful, before nodding his head. That was a good idea. The elf watched the scene and her eyes widened.

"Twitchy has come to tell Master Malfoy that desert is ready for when you finish." The elf bowed lowly before popping away. Dinner was enjoyable.

"Boys, what have you been doing upstairs?" Narcissa asked, chewing her Granny Smith apple.

"We've been reading some of the books we got at Diagon Alley," Draco answered. Harry was too busy admiring his first piece of cake.

"That's good. Well, boys, it's getting late. I want you both to get to bed," Narcissa told them.

Harry, now finished with the most delicious thing he had ever tasted, nodded. He was sleepy anyway.

Harry yawned and stretched. He had just gotten out of the shower, and his hair was slightly wet. Harry had on a pair of silk shorts and a silk shirt, in green of course. Yawning again, Harry went to the bed and tried to climb on. Keyword: tried. The bed was too large for him to climb on. His face scrunched up. Harry **really** wanted to get on top of that big bed and go to sleep. Within seconds, he was wrapped in the covers. Too tired to question how it happened, Harry went to sleep.

Harry whimpered. He had that strange dream. The one with the man in all black. But, he didn't know anybody that dressed in all black, and neither did the lady that smelled nice. What was her name again? Mama? A woman with fiery red hair and green eyes came into the room and looked at him. That was her! She smiled and cooed at him.

"Aw, Harry, did you have a bad dream? It's okay, Mummy's here." She rocked him back and forth.

"Lily, what happened?" a drowsy voice from the doorway asked. There was the man known as Papa, whatever that means. He had raven hair and hazel eyes.

"It's nothing, James. Harry just had a nightmare." James was wide awake in a few moments. He grabbed Harry from her and looked at his son.

"Did my little champ have a bad dream? You want me to beat up some monsters under the bed? Or are they in the closet?" James gave the closet a suspicious look. He steadily opened it and turned on the light. "Voila! Nothing there. Is it under the bed?"

Lily laughed. "You're going to get him active," she warned.

James paid her no mind as he and Harry got down to the floor and searched. "This is a tricky monster. Maybe he left?" He put Harry down and went to turn around when he slipped on a toy. Harry looked at his papa and giggled, clapping his hands.

"Oh, James, look what you've done!" Lily reprimanded, although you could see the twinkle in her eye. Now that all three were wide awake, they went downstairs for some warm milk. Lily just finished making it when the door burst down. James paled.

"Lily, its Voldemort. Take Harry and run. Go!" he commanded.

"But, I can fight with you," Lily protested although she was half way up the stairs.

"No. I'll do this alone. Go!" James ducked a curse and shot a couple of his own. Lily ran to the nursery and locked herself in there with Harry. The youngest Potter whimpered. This was what happened in his dream. The nursery door blew off its hinges, and the man in black was standing in its place. Lily got in front of Harry.

"I won't let you hurt him."

Voldemort laughed coldly. "If you don't stand aside, foolish girl, you will join your dead husband."

"No. You can't have my son!" Lily yelled, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Stand aside!"

"No!"

"Avada Kedavra!" There was a flash of green light and Lily crumpled to the floor, dead. "This is the child that is supposed to kill me? How pathetic. Don't cry, child, you'll be joining your parents soon."

Voldemort yelled out the Killing Curse again, but something unusual happened. As soon as the spell hit Harry, he began to glow white. The curse backfired, causing Voldemort to scream in pain as his soul was forcibly ripped from his body. Harry received a lightning bolt shaped cut on his forehead. Still whimpering, Harry curled up next to the warm, lifeless body of his mum. There was a flash of light, and James appeared there. The three Potters looked asleep, and stood there as the house began to fall.

Harry woke up in a cold sweat. Why did he continue to have that dream? Trembling, Harry tried to hold back his tears. That was the second rule of the Dursley household... *don't cry!* The first was... *don't ask questions!* Harry **really** wanted to go to Draco's room right now. Like before, Harry just suddenly appeared on the bed. This time, though, he was in Draco's room, and the other boy was right next to him.

"Draco?" Harry whispered, poking the blonde in the arm.

Draco grumbled and opened his eyes slightly. "Harry? What ish it?" he slurred, drunk with sleep.

"I had a nightmare."

"Thash no problem. Shtay with me." Not giving Harry the chance, Draco pulled the smaller boy under the covers. "Go to shleep." Harry curled up to Draco for protection, and fell asleep. That was how Narcissa found them in the morning.

A/N: Another glorious chapter done! Yay, me! Constructive criticism is appreciated. ^ _ ^

A companion and new friends

Chapter 3 of 3

AU. Harry gets sorted into Slytherin, befriends people from all the houses, and is on his way to becoming the most powerful wizard in the world. Future Slash.

Disclaimer: **Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling. I do not make a profit from this; I just borrow the characters to put into my take on a clichéd plot. Copyright infringement is not intended, and some of the details can be found in a copy of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's/Philosopher's Stone.**

Beta: Indie

Warnings: spoilers for the first book, mention of child abuse, OOC-ness, Slytherin!Harry, AU, fluff, Nice!Slytherins, cursing, etc.

A/N: Here's the third chapter. Hope you like it.

Chapter 3

"Morning, boys," Lucius said behind his copy of the Daily Prophet as the two boys sat down for breakfast.

"Morning, Father." Draco yawned and began piling his plate with pancakes.

"Morning, Mr. Malfoy," Harry murmured, trying to rub out the sleep in his eyes.

"Did you have a nice night?" Narcissa asked.

"It was good, but Harry had a nightmare so he crawled into bed with me."

"Oh? And what was the nightmare about, Harry?" Narcissa questioned, a worried look on her face.

Harry blushed. "Nothing; I've just always had this dream of my parents dying. It's no big deal."

Draco paled. "What do you mean **'It's no big deal'**? If I saw my parents' deaths, I'd go crazy." The blonde boy shuddered before returning to his breakfast, giving Harry occasional glances of worry.

"Let's not talk about this. Draco, are you going to show Harry how to fly?" Narcissa asked.

Draco brightened. "That's right! I forgot you grew up in the Muggle world. When we've finished eating, I'll show you how to fly and play Quidditch. It's a pity that we can't use magic."

"Why can't we?"

"Well, first years aren't allowed to use magic. There's a law about underage magic."

"How can they tell if somebody does use magic?" Harry asked curiously.

"The Ministry has detection spells on all the wands. Those spells are lifted once the witch or wizard turns 17," Lucius cut in.

"That's all they can detect? Just wand magic? What about the magic without a wand? Can they detect that?"

Draco laughed. "Nobody can do magic without a wand! It's impossible."

"But, I did magic last night. It was weird though. The bed was too high for me to climb, and I was so tired that I sort of... wished... myself on top of the bed. The same when I had the nightmare and went to Draco's room," Harry explained. Judging by the looks on the Malfoys' faces, that wasn't normal.

'They'll probably kick me out now. Way to go, Harry; you just ruined whatever chance you had at somebody liking you. Freak!' Harry mentally berated himself.

"I don't know how many more shocks I can take. First we find out you're a Parselmouth, then we find out you need a staff and now we find out you can Apparate. What next?" Draco muttered, licking syrup off his lips.

"What does Apparate mean?"

"It's a form of transportation," Lucius said, not going into detail.

Harry nodded and took a small bite of his pancake. He finished and pushed his plate aside. It was only a matter of time before the only people who were willingly nice to him decided he was too much of a freak.

"Ready, Harry? I'll just get the brooms." Draco also pushed aside his plate and ran up the stairs to get the brooms.

Harry turned to Lucius. "When do I pack my things, sir?" he mumbled.

Narcissa looked at him in surprise. "What are you talking about, dear?" she asked, slightly worried that he wanted to leave.

"Aren't you going to kick me out? Tell me how much of a freak I am?"

"No, Harry! Why would you think that?"

Harry's eyes welled with tears. "W-well, it's n-not normal... **sob**... to d-do magic without a w-wand. I'm a *freak*." The young boy tried desperately to keep in his tears, but he wasn't succeeding. His small frame shook with small sobs, and he hugged himself for comfort. Narcissa put aside her fury for the Muggles that made him this way before offering the boy her comfort. Harry, never willingly hugged by a woman, froze.

"I agree, Harry, it's not normal. But, that doesn't mean you're a freak. It just means you're special. A very special boy," she cooed, rubbing small circles on his back. Harry's sobs subsided to hiccups and he pulled away, blushing and wiping the remnants of his tears.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be, Harry. Everybody needs comfort every once in a while."

Draco chose that moment to come into the room. "You ready, Harry?" the blonde asked.

"Yup. Let's go."

"Father, Harry is a natural! He flew in the air as if he's been flying for years! And you know what else? He was not only able to call his broom into his hand the first time, but he was also able to do it without saying anything!" Draco exclaimed, excitement on his features. The boy they were talking about was in his room, sleeping.

"That's excellent, Draco; I'm sure he had a good teacher," Lucius said, causing Draco's cheeks to turn pink from the praise.

"Nah, he was good on his own. I didn't even have to instruct him on anything." Draco hesitated slightly. "Father, I think there's something wrong with Harry. I mean, he is REALLY short. And last night, he told me that nobody had ever done anything nice to him. Just how mean are the Muggles?"

Lucius sighed. Draco was sometimes a little too smart for his own good.

"It's nothing you should worry about, Draco. Your mother, Severus, and I are handling it. OK?"

Draco wasn't really satisfied with the answer but knew that his father wouldn't tell him anything more.

"Fine. I'll go check on Harry." Draco left.

Three days had passed in a blur. At least it felt like that for Harry. He was having a lot of fun playing with Draco. They flew on their brooms, read their books, and even practiced a little bit of magic. Every time he practiced without a wand or staff, Harry felt a little drained. He was, however, getting better.

"Harry, we're going to pick up your staff today, OK?" Narcissa asked.

Harry smiled. "Yeah. That's cool!" He began eating the scrambled eggs. Ever since he came here, his appetite had increased. It was only by a little, but it was progress nevertheless. When they were finished eating, they Floo-ed to the Leaky Cauldron. Entering Diagon Alley, Harry and Draco immediately ran to Ollivander's.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy, lovely to see you again. Give me a moment, and I will retrieve your staff," Ollivander said before leaving to the back room.

He came back with the staff. It looked gorgeous. The wood was shiny and gleamed in the light. The staff, standing at five feet tall, practically radiated with power. Ollivander handed it to Harry. As the small boy took it, Lucius and Narcissa walked in just in time. Green and silver sparks shot through the air, forming a silver phoenix with

a green basilisk wrapped around it. The image stayed for a while before disappearing into nothing.

"That was awesome," Draco whispered; he had never seen that before.

Narcissa smiled warmly at Harry. "How is it, dear?" she asked, and Harry smiled.

"It feels warm and tingly. I don't know how to explain it really." Narcissa nodded before turning to Ollivander.

"How exactly is he supposed to perform magic? Hogwarts only teaches wand movements."

Ollivander smiled. "He needs no wand movements. All Mr. Potter needs to do is tap his staff on the ground and concentrate really hard on what spell he wishes to do. I have a book left by my ancestor that is passed on from generation to generation; in case somebody shall require a staff, it'll explain how to use it." The wizard once again left for the back, but when he returned he carried a thick book. "You may keep this copy, Mr. Potter. I have another one in my vault."

"How much do I owe you?" Harry reached into his pockets to get the gold coins.

"No, Mr. Potter I cannot ask you to pay me for this."

"But I insist. How much?" Harry gave the man a determined look, showing him that he wasn't going to back down any time soon.

"Three Galleons."

The small boy smiled and handed over the money. "Thank you!" He was about to leave when he stopped. "Sir, I was wondering, is there any way we can hide the fact that I have a staff? Professor Snape had told me about my victory over Voldemort, and how some Death Eaters didn't like that too much. What would happen if they caught news that I have a staff?"

Ollivander gave a small, sad smile. "I'm truly sorry, Mr. Potter. There is no way a staff can be transfigured into something else without either breaking it or damaging it in any way."

Harry nodded, and he left the store with the Malfoys.

'Nothing legal anyways...' Ollivander thought.

"Father, Mother, can I have a pet?" Draco asked as they passed Magical Menagerie. Harry had spotted another store: Eeylops Owl Emporium. Why bother getting an owl if nobody would ever send him mail?

"Of course, my Dragon. And what about you, Harry? Would you like a pet?" Narcissa asked.

Harry turned pink. "I can buy it myself," he mumbled.

"Nonsense. We'll buy it for you." Narcissa was just as stubborn as Harry.

"OK." Harry really didn't want to argue with her when she was so kind to him.

They walked into the pet shop and started to look around. The shop had the stench of a Muggle pet shop, although it wasn't as bad. On the left side were regular pets like a cat or a dog. On the right side were your magical pets like kneazles. Harry spotted snakes and immediately went to talk to them. Perhaps he could have a pet he could talk to.

"Another human. I swear if this one touches me, I'll bite off his fingers," a snake in the back hissed, drawing out the 'S'. There were hisses of agreement.

"That's not nice," Harry chastised. He said it really low, so as not to draw attention to himself. The snakes looked at him in surprise.

"You speak?" one hissed.

He nodded his head. *"I'm looking for a companion. Are any of you interested?"*

One snake slithered towards Harry. *"I can be of some assistance. My name is Largo. I am a Slynder. My kind are magical; we can live as long as a basilisk but we're not as poisonous. We can also change our size to defend our master,"* he said.

The snake was about a foot long and a half an inch thick. His scales were nearly all black. The tip of its head and tail were green.

"Thank you. My name is Harry Potter," Harry lifted the snake out of the tank, and Largo slithered up his arm, causing the boy to giggle. "Mrs. Malfoy, I have my pet."

The blonde woman turned toward Harry. "Where is it?"

Largo popped his head out of Harry's sleeve, and Narcissa staggered back slightly in surprise.

"His name is Largo; he's a Slynder."

Draco looked at the snake and smirked. "Of course you'd get a pet you could talk to!" Despite the fact that he was happy for his friend, Draco couldn't help but feel jealous that Harry had this awesome gift.

"What did you choose, Draco?" Harry saw the look of jealousy in Draco's eyes and was reminded strongly of Dudley. The blonde boy smiled and showed Harry a kneazle. Lucius paid for the pets, and the small group left the shop.

The rest of the summer went by quickly. Harry and Draco read a lot of their books and spent their time flying. Lucius started to teach Harry Wizarding pureblood customs with Narcissa and Draco helping. Not only that, Severus had stopped by and showed Harry the fine art of Potion making. The young boy had enjoyed that immensely. He remembered his very first lesson.

"Now, Mr. Potter, I shall test you in the art of Potion making. Perhaps you won't be as much of a dunderhead like my other students. Have you read any books?" Severus asked Harry, who gave his undivided attention. Draco was on the other side of the room, already working on a Potion.

"Yes, sir, I've read a couple."

"Good. Now, this potion will cure boils. The instructions are right here. Let's see if you pass this test."

Harry nodded and looked at the parchment that had the instructions written down; he really wanted to prove himself to Severus. He did exactly what the

instructions said. He weighed the dried nettles and crushed the snake fangs. Harry added in the horned slugs, stirring six times clockwise and four times counter-clockwise. He was about to put in the porcupine quills when he read over the instructions again. He was supposed to add the porcupine quills after he took the cauldron off the fire. Harry did just that and completed his potion. Snape looked over it, inspecting everything from its thickness to its colour.

"Well done, Mr. Potter. Now, I have to get you up to Draco's level."

Harry beamed at the small praise, and Severus felt his gut clench in a painful and unfamiliar way. Who knew this tiny amount of affection could please the boy so much? While he was calm and collected outside, inside a war was raging. No matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't squash the pity and sympathy coursing through him.

Now, Harry and Draco were at King's Cross Station and saying their good-byes to Lucius and Narcissa. Many people gave Harry weird looks for having the staff with him.

"Both of you will behave, do you understand me?" Narcissa said, making sure the two boys looked good. Lucius busied himself with levitating the trunks onto the train.

"Yes, Mum."

"Yes, Mrs. Malfoy."

Narcissa sighed; no matter how hard she tried to make Harry call her and Lucius by their first names, he still called them by their respectful titles.

"Good. We expect you both back for Christmas holidays, okay?" The two boys nodded in agreement, and Narcissa gave them each a kiss on their forehead. Lucius merely gave a tiny smile and a nod of acknowledgement. The train would leave in two minutes.

"C'mon, Harry, we have to get a compartment," Draco whined.

Harry rolled his eyes before following the blonde boy. They found an empty compartment all the way near the back. Draco pulled out his book and read as the train took off while Harry talked to Largos, who was wrapped in around his torso inside his shirt. Harry was so nervous. What if the Headmaster decided he didn't want Harry at Hogwarts? This went on for nearly a half an hour when the door slid open, and Harry stopped talking to Largos.

"Draco, is that you?" somebody asked. It was a boy with an Italian accent. He was slightly dark, had black shabby hair, a pointed nose, and brown eyes.

"Of course it's me! Harry, I'd like you to meet one of my childhood friends, Blaise Zabini. Blaise, this is Harry Potter."

Blaise's eyes widened momentarily as he saw the staff before a smirk found its way on his face. "Pleasure to meet you, Harry," he said as he held out his hand.

Harry grabbed it in a surprisingly strong grip, and they shook. "Likewise."

Blaise sat down next to Draco.

"Have you seen Crabbe and Goyle? I thought they were supposed to be with you at all times," he said with a slight sneer.

"They should be here." As if on cue, the door slid open again. This time, however, three people stepped in: two boys and one girl. "Harry, this is Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle and Pansy Parkinson. Guys, this is Harry Potter."

Crabbe was big and chunky. He had a flat nose, short black hair, a chubby face and wide hazel eyes. He looked like a skinnier version of Dudley.

Goyle was similar to Crabbe. He was chunky but tall and had a long nose, fat cheeks, black hair only slightly longer than Crabbe's and brown eyes.

Pansy had straight black hair down to her chin. She had a pug nose, thin lips, a frame not unlike Harry's and nearly black eyes.

"A Potter? Odd." Pansy commented like many others had before her. Thankfully nobody had commented on his height. Harry felt a little left out as the old friends talked and laughed. He took out a book and read until the trolley came.

"Anything off the trolley, dears?" the woman asked, reminding him of Madam Malkin. Harry had never had any Wizarding candy and got a little of each. As soon as the witch left, another girl came in. She was kind of chunky, with frizzy brown hair down to her mid back and hazel eyes.

"I heard Harry Potter was on the train," the girl said pompously.

"Really? Good for you!" Pansy said sarcastically. She knew who this girl was: Millicent Bulstrode. How unfortunate she was forced to grow up with the whiny, annoying, arrogant twit.

"I wasn't talking to you now was I, Puggy Pansy?" Bulstrode sneered.

"If I were you, I'd watch how you talked to my friends," Draco warned.

"Or what? You'll tell your daddy?" The girl spotted Harry holding his staff. "Well, if it isn't the famous Harry Potter. Why are you hanging out with these losers? Why don't you hang out with me, someone who could get you power?" She extended her hand, not noticing the smaller boy's grip on his staff tighten.

"If you want to see a real loser, I suggest looking in a mirror. That is, if it doesn't break. As you can see, I have a staff. Why would I need your offer of power when I have so much of my own?" he retorted.

Bulstrode turned red from embarrassment and rage. "I'd watch it if I were you, Potter. Wouldn't want to end up like your parents, would you?"

Harry, furious at the low blow to his parents, slammed his staff into the ground. Within seconds, Bulstrode flew out of the compartment, which was then locked. Harry had unintentionally done this; he was so furious that he relied on instinct. Now feeling a little drained, Harry began to close his eyes to try to relax. Before he realized it, he was fast asleep.

"Draco, what just happened?" Pansy whispered so she wouldn't wake Harry up.

"Harry's core is too big for a wand so he needs a staff. I think when Bulstrode made that comment about his parents, he just reacted. Don't worry, though. All he needs is a little rest and he'll be fine." Draco replied.

"Harry, wake up! The train will be arriving soon, and you have to change into uniform," Draco said, gently shaking the sleeping boy awake. He, along with the others in the compartment, had already changed.

Harry yawned, arching his back before drowsily opening his eyes. He nodded his head to show Draco he had heard him before going to change in the bathroom. The blonde watched Harry leave to change and shook his head. Harry never changed in front of anybody. The small boy returned in his robes, and Pansy squealed with delight.

"Oh my god, you look so adorable!" she exclaimed, pinching him on the cheek. Harry turned red before giving a small, shy smile.

"We will be reaching Hogwarts in five minutes. Please leave your luggage on the train; it will be taken to school separately," a voice said over some sort of intercom. Harry's gut tightened, and he bit his lip while trying to massage his sweaty palms. The others took notice of his nervousness but said nothing. They walked out of the compartment (with Harry using his staff as a walking stick) and squeezed their way through the kids filling the corridors.

"Firs' years! Firs' years, over here!" a tall man bellowed. Harry took one look at him and decided he couldn't be completely human. He looked about 6'5" tall with a black hair and a black beard. For some reason, the voice sounded a little bit familiar. The first years were led down a path until they came across a lake. "No more'n four to a boat!"

Pansy left to sit with other witches while Draco, Harry, Crabbe and Goyle occupied one boat. At the man's command of 'FORWARD', the boats began to move, and Harry saw Hogwarts for the first time. The castle was beautiful, and no picture could do it justice. The boats led the first years underneath Hogwarts and, after another path, they were standing in front of a huge door. The half-man banged his meaty fist against this door, making Harry flinch slightly as a few unwanted memories flashed through his mind. As soon as he stopped knocking, the door opened to reveal a stern-looking witch dressed in emerald-green robes, her black hair pulled back in a tight bun.

"The firs' years, Professor McGonagall," the half-man said.

"Thank you, Hagrid. I can take them now," the witch replied.

The half-man, now known as Hagrid, nodded his head. Professor McGonagall led them to the entrance hall of the castles.

"Welcome to your first year at Hogwarts. The start-of-term banquet will begin momentarily after all of you have been sorted. There are four houses: Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor and Slytherin. While you're here, your house will be your family. You will sleep in your house dorms, have classes with your house mates and spend your time in your house common room. While your triumphs will earn you points, rule-breaking will lose you points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points will be awarded the house cup, which is a great honour.

"Now, the Sorting Ceremony will begin shortly. Good luck to whatever house you're in. Please wait quietly; I will return when we're ready for you," Professor McGonagall said before leaving, her eyes lingering on Harry and his staff.

"How do you suppose we get chosen for houses?" a girl with bushy brown hair and buck teeth asked.

"My brother told me we had to wrestle a troll," a tall and gangly boy with red hair, blue eyes, and freckles said. Draco snorted. The boy turned to glare at him. "Do you know how we're going to get sorted?"

"No, but having to wrestle a troll is extreme don't you think?"

The boy turned red. "So! What's your name anyways?"

"Draco Malfoy."

"I know about you! My dad said your father worked for You-Know-Who!" the red head accused, and Draco flushed red.

"His name is Voldemort; I suggest you use it," Harry said. "And those accusations against Lucius Malfoy are just that: accusations." Harry said.

"My father also told me about you. Red hair, hand-me-down robes, freckles. You must be a Weasley," Draco spat.

"Ron, don't fight! You'll get into trouble!" the bushy haired girl stated.

Ron, however, sneered at Harry. "And who are you? Aren't you a little short to be coming here? And what's with the stick?"

"My name is Harry Potter, and this is a staff, you moron!" Harry glared at the carrot-top. He was being such a jerk. Ron's face turned from anger to disbelief. He was going to say something when a shriek brought everybody's attention. There were about twenty ghosts coming through a wall. Two of them looked like they were arguing before one of them seemed to notice the first years.

"New students! I say, you must not have been sorted yet. I hope you go in Hufflepuff; it was my old house," the ghost said. Most people were frozen.

"Move along, now. The Sorting Ceremony is about to start." Professor McGonagall's stern voice rang through the air. The ghosts took their leave, and the Professor turned towards the still frightened first years. "We are ready for you." And then she opened the doors to the Great Hall, leading the new students towards a... ratty old hat?

A/N: Wow, this chapter is nice and long. Hope you liked it. The term 'Slynder' does not exist (at least to my knowledge). I made up the term, and it's just a weaker form of the basilisk. It does not have the death stare, and it's not as poisonous. It can, however, change its size, and it can live for long periods of time. The youngest one that died was 100 years old. ^ _ ^