

By Zoe, Laila,
Chloe, and
Franca

By Zoe, Laila, Franca and Chloe

Wand *by Zoe*

I am a wand
I am a wand. Though small and
Made of wood, I am a wizards
Best partner, just wave me and
Swiftly in the air, say the magic
Words, if you want me to work,
And if you do, you will see my
Big,
Brilliant,

Flash!

DEMENTOR *by Chloe*

Gliding silently through the air,
Emitting freezing waves of
sadness,
Its pitch black cloak trailing behind
it.
It silently scans its surroundings,
Searching for prey,
But is unsuccessful,
So it moves on,
Continuing its never ending and
ghostly hunt,
For causing sadness and despair.
Dementor...

Nagini *by Laila*

I am Nagini,
Clip-clop
Foot steps,
I am a snake,
Clip-clop,
Coming closer.
Voldemort's pet.
Clip-clop,
Very close.

He's here.

Cold hands on my back,
Clip-clop,
Footsteps,
Walking away.
He's gone.

In Azkaban *by Chloe*

Despair, sadness and
misery.
These were the only
feelings I felt
Since in Azkaban.
Despair,
Sadness,
Misery.

The days changed into
weeks,
The weeks into months,
Months into years.
Slumping on a cold stool,
Year after year,
One single thought
Keeping me sane;
I am innocent,
Despair, sadness and
misery.
Despair, sadness and
misery.

Hiding the Horcrux

By me who is scribing for LORD
VOLDEMORT. (blame him for any
spelling mistakes.)

"A-are you sure you
want to do this, my lord."
Peter Pettigrew asks me
nervously. "Of course I'm
sure, now hand me the diary
and that's my **LORD** to you."
I snap at the bumbling fool

known to the world as Peter Pettigrew. "The diary is here my **LORD.**" Peter sarcastically emphasizes the my lord. I start to mutter the ancient incantation. Peter sneezes.

I snarl and start over. I get to the third line. Something try's to leave me. I get to the 5th line it starts to try to get out in ways to gross to mention. By the 7th line I am done. I scream. Peter screams. I fall. Peter falls. Why? Oh yeah last year when I tried to steal Dumbledores chicken noodle soup recipe I said "do what I do."

Finally Peter gets up and gets me a glass of water. He says "remember 7-7-77?when-" that's when I remember that I forget, forget what happened on that extremely magical day. I know why. My horcrux took that memory. How can I do this 5 more times? "Peter, guard the house. I'm going out to hide my **h o r c r u x!**"

I say and slam the door.



It is mid July. No school. No one in Hogwarts. Perfect. "Aloha Mora" I say for the umpteenth time. My

horcrux in and I slip into the bathroom, past Moaning Myrtle and into the chamber of secrets. It is dark and gloomy. Exactly how I remember it. I slip through the slimy tunnels and hear something. The basilisk. I throw sleeping spells in every direction. Finally I hear a snore. I am safe.

When I enter the main room I throw my horcrux into the sludge. As I turn to leave, something in the back of my head says ouch.

Every night I go to sleep feeling strangely empty. I dream of what I did on that dreadful mid July day. Sometimes I get visions, like I'm seeing through my horcruxes eyes. Almost always I get little thoughts in the back of my head. I shut them out. I know I made the right choice that day, because if the mighty **LORD VOLDEMORT** ever falls, I may need it to plot my revenge.

13 years after I hid my precious horcrux. I jolt awake, cold sweat dripping

down my forehead. I get a vision. A vision of fangs from my beloved basilisk coming down at me. I know its from my horcrux. My first horcrux. A searing pain hits me and I fall to the floor, screaming in agony. I know that the first horcrux I ever made is dead.

THE LOCKET *By Chloe*

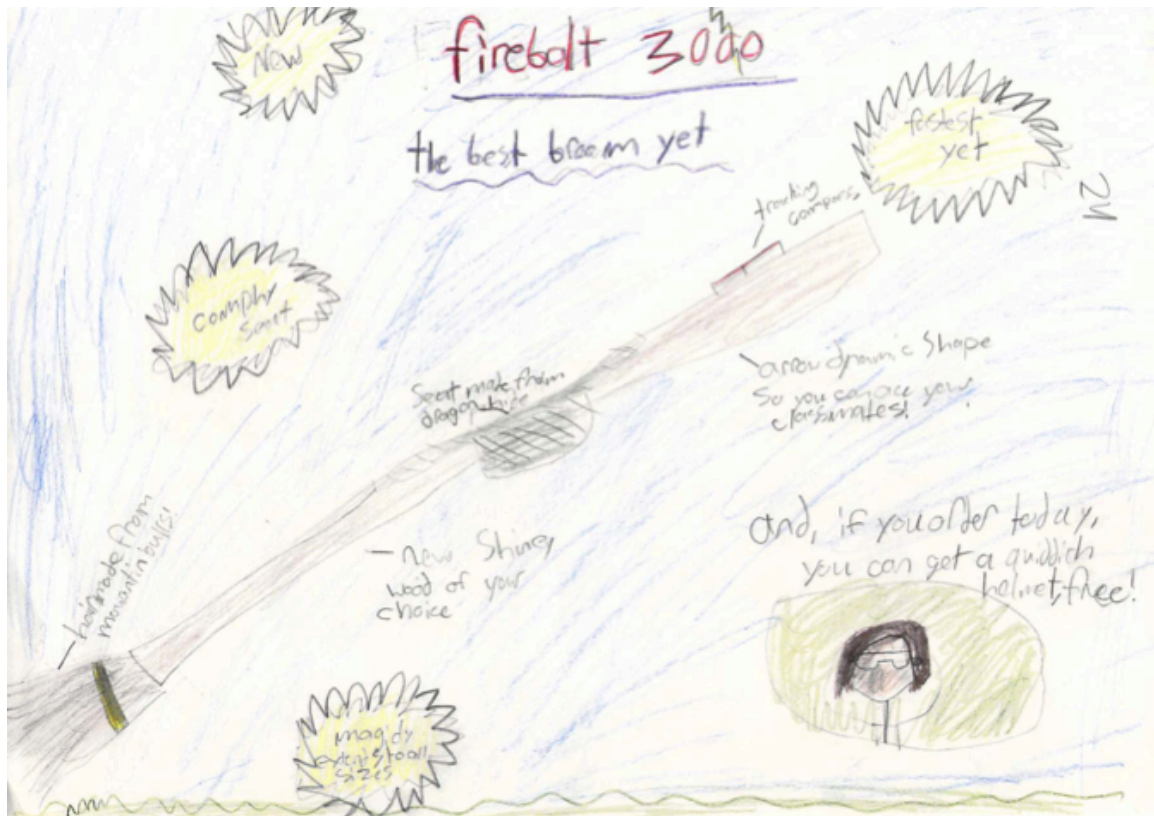
I landed softly at the entrance to the cave, out of the way of the waves lapping at my feet. I felt confident that I was going to complete my mission. I entered the menacingly dark cave and confidently pulled out my wand. "Lumos." I whispered. A soft glow erupted from the tip of my wand. Creeping along the rough passage, a huge stone door came into sight. I rummaged around in my cloak pocket. Finally my bony fingers closed around a glass vial filled with a salty, red liquid. Exposing the label to the light, I revealed the word 'blood' scrawled in my messy handwriting. I splashed the blood all over the door. After a few seconds, the door shifted open.

Beyond the door, there was a seemingly endless filthy and black lake with a narrow strip of path following the liquid into the dark. What was peculiar about the lake was that it wasn't normal black. It was pitch black. Floating on the substance by the shore was a very tiny, wooden rowboat. I clambered inside, grabbed the small oars, and started rowing. Soon, a miniscule island full of sand came into view. It had what looked l

like an overly decorated birdbath on it.

Finally I reached the island, and the whole reason I came to this cave. I fished a beautiful, shiny black locket from my pocket. It was old with age, so it was scratched and faded in some places, but pretty all the same. I dropped it into the birdbath resembling object. Then I took out a large bottle with fizzing green liquid inside. I opened the bottle and poured the green liquid into the birdbath. It made a fizzing noise and consumed the locket entirely. I sighed, one of relief, then clambered back into the boat and rode back.

As I stepped out of the cave, my face clouded with relief. I had accomplished what I was here. My plan was nearly done. I had hidden the horcrux. Soon I will become invincible.



The Hungarain Horntail in the Triwizrding Contest by Franca

The doors slide open

A boy comes out with a excited expression in his eyes.

A stick with what looks like hay on the end comes out of nowhere.

SWISH!

The eggs are not safe!

SLIDE!

Get that boy! He's gonna take my eggs!

SWOOP!

Oh no! I need to get him before he goes down on that stick thingy!
then

ROAR!

Wizard Weekly

The boy flies out of site.
ha, he ran away! My eggs are safe!
Then another
SWISH!
and the special golden egg, is...

gone.

Wizards Under Hogwarts Age Should Still Go to a Wizarding School *by Zoe Z.*

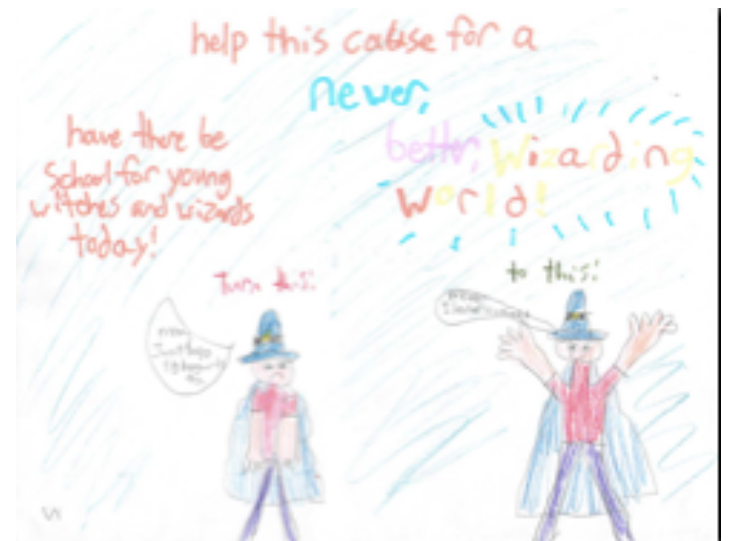
I think that in Harry Potter, that young witches and wizards under Hogwarts age should still go to wizard school so that they can learn about being a wizard.

My first reason is that when little wizards of witches see their older siblings going to Hogwarts, they always want to go to. For example, in the first book, when Ron and his brothers got on the Hogwarts express, Ginny is pleading and pleading to go to, but if there was a school for younger witches and wizards, then Ginny would still have a place to go to.

My second reason is that young witches and wizards should learn some facts about being a wizard, for example, a young wizard would have to learn about wizarding laws, how to play quiddich, and possibly even learn some basic spells. This kind of learning would be especially useful for a muggle-born, because he or she might still have to get over that they are magic in the first place!

My last reason is that it would simply be really fun for little wizards. This would be a place where they could see real spells, learn about the wizarding world, or even try making the simplest of potions, or casting the most simple spells!

So in conclusion, would there should be a school for younger wizards and witches. It would help them learn, they have fun, and it would make the wizarding world a better place. So help build schools for younger witches and wizards today!



Umbridge and the Detention *by Franca*

Harry Potter walks through.
Happiness fills Dolores heart,
Potter sits down,
not a smile on his face,
but a smile on mine.
"Your writing lines, Potter, with out ink no.
Your writing with your own blood."
Revenge has been completed,
Only so slightly, more nights of detention are yet to come.
"You must write, "I will not tell lies", start...NOW!"
Little potter starts writing lines,
self control of trying to not get into more trouble
Is not helping him very much.
This is my revenge,
And for many days

It will go on

Journey to the ... WOODS! *By Laila Zaidi*

I woke up, rather professor Quirell woke up, I thought bitterly.
For 8 months I have been living on the back of professor Quirells head, I've gotten used to the thick turban wrap, my body can adjust, but not Quirells, I am draining him, I must order him to do something. Possibly drinking unicorn blood.
Yes, I knew I was truly a genius, but that's beside the point,
I must go on with the story. It would be risky. Especially since snot- I mean Snape is on to Quirell. But never the less I must persevere and be brave. Also if I am caught snivellous wont mind at all. (evil laugh).

Now his **GREATNESS** (meaning me) and that other guy (Quirell) have been searching the forest for **Hours!**(1 hour) it has (not) been a group effort,(for I have been dreaming about my iphone 6 which I can not have because I am simply a face). I decide dreaming about my iphone(6) wont help conquer so I watch Quirells lanterns weak glow (well actually, I first wondered if my pizza business was going well with my neice in charge.) Anyway the weak light move back and forth and back and forth and back and forth and back and forth and back and forth and stops !?!?!?!?!?!?! then I look where the light lands, on a creature to beautiful for words. I stop breathing, my hearts beating(loudly). And I think. About...things. Like do I want to be evil? Or whats the point in it all? And is it really worth killing half the worlds population to sell pizza? I close my eyes, something horribles about to happen, something I do not want to witness.

When I open my eyes I am on the ground, looking at the stars.(eww, I can hear Quirell slurping unicorn BLOOD).

Never before have I witnessed the rift between good and evil. And never again will I feel the tug to the good side. Suddenly I feel liquidified then re-solidified into metal. I feel strong!

Then I hear footsteps, I look up there he is! The boy who lived, Harry Potter! that night 12 years ago replays in my mind Over and over again, I know I should do something. But I can only stare. Finally in fear I hiss and Quirell crawls away I will never again walk away like that, never again because

I
am
...

Lord VOLDEMORT!

Going to Hogwarts by Ron Weasley *By Zoe Z.*

Today is the first day that I am going to Hogwarts. I am so exited! Mom will never let me try spells, and the ones that Fred and Gorge teach me are useless. If only I had some sort of pet! I've always wished for a owl. Oh, wait. I do have one . my rat, scabbers . He is stupid and fat, and all he does is sleep. Oh, I feel cannot believe that right now, I am trunk onto the Hogwarts express. I seat near Fred and Gorge, and peek window to wave at Ginny, but then I something. Fred spots a skinny boy black hair, bright green eyes. I believe it. Was it really him? "are you Potter?" I blurted out. " uh, yes?" he nervously and showed us his scar.



so excited, I loading my quickly grab a out the hear with jet- couldn't really Harry said

The rest of the train ride Harry bought us all kinds of treats, pumpkin pastry's, chocolate frogs, every flavor beans, you name it! Once we got to Hogwarts, I went on a boat with Harry to the castle, it was so cool! The only part that I am nervous about is the sorting. Everyone in my family has been in Gryffindor, and Fred and Gorge said that to get sorted, you have to battle a troll! ,well, let's see how that goes.

Okay, time for the sorting. It turns out that all they do is put a stupid hat on you and it says what house you are in! Harry got sorted into Gryffindor, I hope that I am with him. I waited as professor McGonagall put the sorting hat on my head, and a few seconds later, it

was amazing!

shouted "GRYFFINDOR" and I rushed over to sit with Harry, Fred, and Gorge. The rest of the day wasn't that exiting, (except the feast, which was AMAZING) but after, we got shown to the boys dorm and went to bed.



The next morning, I got up, waked up Harry, and had a wonderful breakfast. After that, we started class. We had herbology, history of magic, (definitely most boring) charms, defense against the dark arts, and potions. My least favorite subject. The teacher, Snape, was meaner then a angry blast- ended skewert. he asked random questions, docked points for wrong answers, even on our first day!

Anyway, lunch was good and dinner was almost as good as last night. I have to work on my homework, so I should be getting started on that.

Once I finished my homework, I tucked myself in ,and got ready for another day at Hogwarts.



Luna Lovegood: Meeting Harry (story edited by minor) by Franca

Luna walked into the compartment and sat down. She thought about how her father was doing with the quibbler, and if the press was still going okay.

"Hi Luna!" Neville said as he walked into the compartment. "Have you seen Harry?"

Then a tall boy with messy black hair and black Robes walked in. His hair swung to show a lightning bolt scar on his head. Luna knew at once who he was.

"Excuse me, are you

Harry Potter?" She asked slightly trembling to be with such an important person.

"Um, yes I am. Are you Luna Lovegood?" peering at the September copy of The Quibbler. Then in the midst of there talk Neville LongBottom interrupted.

"Hey Harry, have you seen my Mimbulus mimbletonia? It's right here." Then all of a sudden, the plant exploded, green splats flying everywhere. "Wha-" Luna stopped in mid sentence to stop the green "sauce" by pulling up her The Quibbler.

Harry got ready to turn away, but then the train started to move, so he quickly sat down next to Neville.

"Hi Harry!" said Cho Chang walking into the compartment happily. "Hi Cho..." responded Harry, his face glowing red.

"What's so special about her?" thought Luna a little angrily.

"Well, I will see you later, I guess." She said as if a response and went into the next compartment in the Hogwarts express.

Embarrassed he had done such a bad scene in front of Harry Potters girl friend, Neville but his Mimbulus mimbletonia in his bag. "Sorry I got stinksap all over you!" ("So that's what it's called" thought Luna Lovegood) "I think I can clean it up when we get to Hogwarts." "It's okay." Harry Potter murmured. But then Luna heard him mutter "I hope this stuff is not poisonous."

After a while of reading a The Quibbler article, the snack cart came.

"Discount on chocolate frogs! We also have an exclusive Berry Botts every flavor beans! Get your candy now!" the lady behind the huge cart said.

"I'll have 3 chocolate frogs and-" Harry stopped in mid sentence as the lady spotted the scar on his forehead.

"Well, Well, Well. Are you the Harry Potter? The famous Harry Potter?"

Neville sighed, leaving an awkward silence between the lady behind the cart and Harry Potter.

Then the speaker interrupted the silence. "Only 5 minutes till the Express gets Hogwarts! Pack your bags and get ready!"

The lady quickly gave Harry the beans and chocolate frogs and moved on to the next compartment. 5 minutes later, the three walked out of the train. "See you later, Luna!" said Harry as he walked down to the great hall.

Bad Things Can Happen to the Good People But it's Worth it Because They are Fighting for the Good Side.

By: Chloe Bausemer

Bad things can happen to the good people but it's worth it because they are fighting for the good side. It's true! I hope you feel the same way when you come to the end of this essay.

Bad things happen to the good people, but it's worth it because they are fighting for the good side. This is true because Harry's parents, Lily and James, gave up their lives for Harry. But it was worth it because Harry survived and eventually killed Voldemort.

Bad things happen to the good people but it's worth it because they are fighting for the good side. I know because Ron hurt his leg, but they found out that Sirius is good and Scabbers is Peter Petigrew.

Bad things happen to the good people but it's worth it because they're fighting for the good side. An example is when Harry was bitten by the Basilisk, but in the end Harry killed it.

I hope that you now understand that bad things happen to good people, but it's worth it because they're fighting for the good side.



A note from Hermione Granger *by Zoe*

It's the weekend before our very important O.W.L tests, and I have spent the past 3 months studying for it. I really hope it will pay off, and I do well on the tests. that ridicules Umbridge women does not teach us anything. It's good that we have the D.A. I really hope that Ron and Harry will stop fooling around, they have missed out on SO much studying.

They both have loads of work to do, epically with potions! Harry will never become an auror like he wants to if he fails potions.

I can't believe how many people have been acting up today. As a prefect, I had to confiscate 2 fanged Frisbees, 7 dung bombs, and the weasly's wizard's wheezes products are not helping. Even Ron is on the act. He's a prefect for heaven's sake! He shouldn't be horsing around all day with the fanged Frisbee he managed to snatch from me after I confiscated it from a tint second-year.

Today, I am sitting by a warm fire and finishing yesterday's homework. All the assignments are so easy! Flitwick only made us practice our charms, and the only other thing that I have left to do is my essay for muggle studies, and that only needs to be 3 feet long! I think that teachers should be more careful about how much homework they give us. I have no problem with it, but at this rate Ron and Harry will have to stay up all night and all next night to finish it all.

Once I am done with my homework, I will continue with s.p.e.w, my house-elf awareness club. I have been knitting and knitting little hats and socks, but there still seem to be as many house elves as ever. Ron and Harry don't even seem to care, for every time that we visit the kitchen, Ron and Harry (mostly Ron) just go in and ask the house elves for food!



Weasley the Wonky Wizard

By Draco Malfoy (Not really) by Chloe

My enemy, Harry Potter and his mudblood friend, had just come around the corner. "Crabbe! Goyle! Look. Harry! Here's another chance to humiliate them!" I murmured to Crabbe and Goyle. "Oooh! Here comes the mudblood know-it-all!" I jeered. Ron turned red with anger. I chuckled. "Oh, and I forgot the poor boy who gets everything second-hand!" I sneered.

Ron charged for me. He held out his wand. I saw the tape on it, probably holding it together. "What, Weasley? You so clumsy you broke your wand? Not enough money to get a new one?" I laughed, and so did Crabbe and Goyle. "You!"

Ron yelled. "Don't you dare speak to me like that, or call Hermione a mood-blood! And if anyone here's a know-it-all, it's you!" he screamed angrily.

"Oh yeah?" I retorted, pulling out my wand. "Whada you know, Weasley?" Ron had had enough. Harry and Hermione tried to hold him back, but Ron shoved them away.

"Eat slugs, Malfoy!" he screamed. Instead of coming the right end of the wand, it came out of the end, facing Ron. A silver jet of light came shooting at Ron. The wand back fired. The force of the spell shoved Ron to the floor. Suddenly, a huge, slimy slug shot out of Ron's mouth. I smiled.

The smile grew wide, and wider, until I couldn't take it anymore. I flopped in fits of hysterical laughter, Crabbe and Goyle soon behind. This was the best day of my life, until Harry failed everything he tried, of course. As Harry and Hermione ushered Ron towards Hadgrid's hut, leaving a trail of slugs, I was **still** lying there, banging my fists and laughing my head off.

You Should Join the Dark Side, The **REAL** Winners!

By Franca

This is the essay about why you should join the dark side, the real winning force! It will tell you all about why you should join You-know-who and his charming death eaters.

Other than that other essay, about joining the... Ugh... good side. So keep on reading, and for sure you will want to join the Dark Lord.

One reason you should go on the dark side is cause of its rewards. For example, when Death Eaters or even servants, do a good job on something the Dark Lord gets happy. So he rewards that person with a magical hand. So it's like a trophy and proof you helped the Dark Lord.

On the good side (Harry Potter's side), They don't give you rewards if you help on something. Ever heard the ministries give Harry Potter a gold trophy? I haven't. And speaking of proof, it's no lie You-know-who gives out silver moving hands. Peter Petigrew got one for cutting part of his arm to bring back the Dark Lord (I might get a magical hand for writing this essay!).

The second reason why you should join the dark side is that evil will do more powerful things to win. For example, lets say the Dark Lord found a family who was supporting Harry Potter. He raised his wand to do the killing spell, and... You're probably thinking, "That's against the law!" That's right, but the Death Eaters don't care. The person you're dueling with would not say Avada Kadavra cause they would be afraid the ministry might put them in Azkaban. Easy job, right? So to continue the story... They are frozen in fright and your job is done, as easy as that.

My last but not reason is that you will be famous and everyone shall fear you. If you ever do an illegal spell or help You-know-who make a horcrux or something, (Witch I think will be sometime soon), and you accomplish it, the Ministry will start worrying. They'll be so worried they won't want to risk any lives to find you and throw you into Azkaban. So you pretty much won't have to worry about any rules! Plus, if corner an enemy they might do anything for you so you don't put a killing or crucio curse on them. You might even get them to work for the Dark Lord! So now you know why you should join the Dark side, the real winners! So what are you waiting for? Join us!

You Should Join Dumbledore's Army *by Laila*

You should join Dumbledore's Army because if you fight for Voldemort, you will live in fear. If you don't fight once the war is over you won't be remembered as a hero, and most of all because if you fight for Dumbledore, even if he loses you will be remembered as a hero who tried to save the world from Voldemort.

One reason that you should fight for Dumbledore is if you don't fight you won't be remembered as a hero. Also, many people you knew could have been killed in the war and you couldn't have even tried to stop their death by protecting them with a spell! Also, Voldemort would attack you and you wouldn't have back up if Voldemort attacked your house. Also Voldemort would be terrible to you if he won the war because you didn't fight for him. This shows why you should fight.

If you fight for Voldemort, you will live in fear because you have to work for him when you fight for him. Voldemort kills anyone who disobeys him! He also kills, hurts and harms anyone who speaks against him. Also, lots of people you have/still know will have to fight you. And you may have to kill them. This shows that you shouldn't fight for Voldemort.

If you fight for Dumbledore, even if he loses you will be remembered as the hero who tried to save the world from Voldemort, because you can protect others by saving them with a spell. Also you can help rid the world of the looming threat of death destruction and doom (otherwise known as Voldemort.). Another reason is that you will be honored for your brave work.

If you have thoroughly read this you know there are only three options. And Dumbledore's army is the only one that makes sense. Also they expect healers to heal the wounded. So be strong and Stand Up today!

On The Back Of My Head *By Prof. Quirrell* by Laila

I'm Quirrell.
There someone on the back of my head.
He controls me.
He has awoken.
His name is... Voldemort

