Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, Fred Weasley, George Weasley, Oliver Wood, Percy Weasley, Rubeus Hagrid, Albus Dumbledore, Minerva McGonagall, Severus Snape, Quirinus Quirrell, Neville Longbottom, Rolanda Hooch, Voldemort (Harry Potter), Draco Malfoy, Seamus Finnigan, Dean Thomas, Filius Flitwick, Angelina Johnson, Parvati Patil, Minor Characters, Poppy Pomfrey
you don't have to read these, but i'm still going to continue tagging
Draco Malfoy Being an Asshole, First Crush, ;), I Wrote This Instead of
Sleeping, because i really did, every single chapter is written between
the hours of, 12 am to, 5 AM, Not A Fix-It, tho i fix the amount of gay,
hint: there's a lot more gay, like a shit ton more, Harry Potter Has a
Saving People Thing, yeah unfortunately that's still a thing, he's so
stupid i love him, Stupidity, Disabled Character, POV Third Person
Limited, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, because i'm not done with
this, i will add more - Freeform, but I'm done for now

Series: Other Additional Tags to Be Added
Stats: Part 1 of Blind!Harry
Published: 2020-06-24 Updated: 2020-07-06 Chapters: 6/12 Words: 19322

The Boy-Who-Couldn't-See: Year 1
by ahoeinplainsight

Summary

Harry inherited not only his father's looks but his father's eyesight as well. By age seven, little Harry is completely blind. How does this change his years at Hogwarts?

Notes

lmao disregard the title and the summary we aren't creative in this house anyway
welcome! there aren't enough blind!harry stories so here we are. unlike my other story, this one will probably get finished and have sequels and all that fun stuff. i really like the idea of blind!harry so i decided to just write my own story! a lot of the dialogue will be copy and pasted from the original book but descriptions of people and places will be removed because, again, harry is blind. i said this in the tags but i'll say it here too. don't look too deeply into the logic behind some things! the beginning is very questionable and you'll most likely wonder why the hell nobody caught on to what the dursleys were doing to harry but just let it happen, please. if you have a serious problem with it, just don't read the story or just skip it. now, that's all being said, please enjoy.

oh and i don't own harry potter and i don't plan to make any profits off this story, please don't sue me rowling
Harry is five when he realizes something is very wrong.

Ever since he was born, he hasn’t been able to see at night. He thought it was normal, that nobody can see at night, but he brings it up at four to his aunt and she informs him, very rudely, that he’s not normal and even more of a freak because of it. He gets glasses later that year but they do nothing to help him at night.

When he finally goes to school, it’s his teacher who notices he’s acting differently. His teacher notices how he’s squinting so much that his eyes are almost closed behind his glasses. His teacher notices that when he writes something on the board, Harry will stand up and get closer to the board just to see it. His teachers notices all of these things and places him at the front of the class and further up without him asking him to. It definitely helps for the remainder of that year.

When he turns six and goes back to school, his new teacher has already been informed by his old teacher that he needs to sit at the front. But the front doesn’t help anymore because he can’t see, his glasses don’t help. He has to stand up and almost place his nose against the board to make out what might be in front of him.

When he turns seven, he starts going to special classes every other day to help him learn how to live now that he’s totally blind. Luckily for Harry, the Dursley’s aren’t informed of this class because his teachers assume the Dursley’s know, that it was them who suggested he take the class. Unbeknownst to them and Harry, it was Harry’s first teacher who suggested Harry start learning braille and how to navigate properly.

He spends all year in pre-Braille training and the next year actually learning the language. When he’s nine, the teachers pitch in to buy him a cane because for some reason, he doesn’t have one yet. He stopped wearing his glasses the year before and gets complimented all the time on his green eyes. He’s glad he has a distant idea of what green looks like because nobody seems to know how to describe it.

He’s honestly surprised by how little this has affected his life with the Dursleys. He used to drop things and burn things and mess up the garden but now that he’s had a few years of getting used to being blind, he doesn’t do those things as much. Sometimes he burns the food, sometimes he messes up the garden, sometimes he bumps into Aunt Petunia or Uncle Vernon and they yell at him, but not much has changed, if he’s being honest, other than Dudley grabbing his cane and whacking him with it sometimes.

When he turns ten, he makes a friend who isn’t totally blind like him but still understands him better than any other kid or teacher does.
When he turns eleven, Hagrid tells him about a new world he’s not used to. One he doesn’t know how to navigate, one where people like him and praise him.

It’s the first time his blindness truly affects him. It’s the first time he realizes that he can’t talk his way out of this one. He can’t make up excuses or push people away because people are going to be watching his every move. His every uncoordinated move.

He has his first panic attack in the middle of the Leaky Cauldron. People were touching him and calling his names and thanking him for something he doesn’t know anything about and it was just too much. Hagrid helps him through it with expertise, something that should be unusual but isn’t. Afterward, Hagrid keeps a soft grip on his shoulder and guides him through Diagon Alley, making sure to keep him away from hands and feet and anything else that might make him feel uneasy or make him panic.

When he gets his wand, Harry realizes he might be able to do this. Magic isn’t all about sight, like he previously thought. He could feel it coursing through him, could feel it run all the way down his arm and out of his wand, and he loved it. He tells his owl all about it later, about how it felt, and he doesn’t care if she’s asleep or not.

His books, he realizes the next morning, are in Braille. He wonders if Hagrid bought them specifically for him or if the books are magical too and know that he needs them to be in Braille. He spends hours reading books and his fingertips go numb but he continues reading. He finds the name Hedwig and thinks it’s fantastic for his new owl, who is apparently a snowy owl and very beautiful, if Hagrid was correct.

He thinks that his previous panic was ridiculous. He can do this. He’s never backed down before, though he seriously thought about it when he was in pre-Braille training.

He’s Harry freakin’ Potter and if the world thinks he can do anything, then he’s going to prove them right.

OoOo

“Excuse me,” Harry hopes he’s speaking in the right direction.

“First time at Hogwarts, dear? Ron’s new too.” the lady speaks gently.

Harry swallows, “Yes. The thing is — the thing is, I don’t know how to — “

“How to get onto the platform?” she finishes and Harry nods. “Not to worry. All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Don’t stop and don’t be scared you’ll crash into it, that’s very important. Best do it at a bit of a run if you’re nervous. Go on, go before Ron.”

Harry blinks, “Er… I’m sorry, I don’t mean to bother, but I can’t see. Where exactly should I walk?”

The woman pauses, “How do you mean, dear?”

“I’m blind, ma’am.”

“Oh!” she exclaims. “Silly me. I’m sorry. Here, you can run with Ron, he can lead you there.”

“Thank you,” Harry says. “I can just hold your elbow, if that’s alright.”
“'Course,” a different voice, it must be Ron’s, says. When Harry holds his hand out, Ron places his elbow into it and Harry grips it tightly. “I’m going to run but I won’t go too fast. It’s just straight ahead.”

Harry nods. Ron counts down from three and Harry runs with him straight into… a barrier, if the woman is to be trusted. It doesn’t feel like one, though, because there’s no resistance nor does Harry crash into a wall. Suddenly, the quiet of King’s Cross is replaced by loud chatter and the sound of what must be the train. It’s kind of overwhelming but Harry made it through Diagon Alley so he can get through this.

“Do you want me to help you get on the train?” Ron asks him.

Harry looks at the direction of his voice, “Really?”

“Well… you said you were blind. I don’t know, I felt like you might want somebody to at least lead you to an empty compartment.”

Harry nods quickly, “Yeah! That’d be great.”

“I’m Ron, by the way. Ron Weasley,” Ron is walking now and Harry follows suit.

“Harry Potter.”

Ron freezes and Harry stumbles on his own feet but manages to stay upright. “Harry Potter? Like… like the Harry Potter?”

“Yes. I am him, last I checked,” Harry shrugs. “At least I hope so.”

Ron laughs and Harry smiles. He starts walking again and Harry does too. “Sorry. I just didn’t expect to meet you so soon. I knew you’d be at school this year but I never thought we’d meet before we got to school.”

Harry hums, “I’m glad we did. I wouldn’t have known how to get to school in the first place.”

“Oh, Ronald, you've got something on your nose,” the woman, who Harry’s assumes is Ron’s mother, starts talking again and Harry doesn’t know if she’s been walking with them the whole time. He shuts his mouth as Ron starts whining as his mother, Harry assumes, starts to clean his nose off.

“Aw, has ickle Ronnie got somefink on his nose?” a different voice says. Harry looks at it and tries to glue it to his memory.

“Shut up,” Ron mumbles.

“Where’s Percy?”

Harry stays silent as their mother says goodbye to ‘Percy’ who is something called a ‘Prefect’ and when she tells the two boys Harry heard earlier pretending to be each other to stay out of trouble. They must be twins, Harry thinks.

Eventually, Harry gets on the train with Ron and Ron helps him put their trunks and Hedwig in the corner. Harry sits down and Ron sits across from him. The train jerks and starts moving.

“I don’t mean to be rude but, um… you’re blind?” Ron says after a few minutes of silence.

Harry nods, “I wasn’t always. I’ve never been able to see at night but by the time I was seven, I
couldn’t see at all. I learned how to use a cane and how to read Braille in school, though I forgot my cane at home.”

“Right. I heard you lived with muggles.”

Harry’s nose scrunches up, “With my aunt, uncle, and cousin, yeah. I didn’t know I was a wizard until my birthday.”


“Are all your family wizards?”

“As far as I know, yeah,” Ron says. “I think Mum’s got a second cousin who’s an accountant but we don’t talk about him.”

“I wish I grew up with wizards,” Harry grumbles. “Three brothers, that’d be cool.”

“Five,” Ron says. “I’m the sixth in our family to go to Hogwarts. You could say I’ve got a lot to live up to. Bill and Charlie already left. Bill was Head Boy and Charlie was Quidditch Captain. Now Percy’s a Prefect. Fred and George mess around a lot but they get good marks and people think they’re funny. Everyone expects me to do as well as they did but even if I do, it’s no big deal because they did first. And you never get anything new, with five brothers. I’ve got Bill’s old robes, Charlie’s old wand, and Percy’s old rat.”

There’s rustling and Harry assumes Ron just pulled the rat out.

“His name’s Scabbers and he’s useless. He hardly ever wakes up. Percy got an owl from my dad for being made a Prefect, but they couldn’t aff— I mean, I got Scabbers instead.”

Harry frowns. Ron had fallen silent and Harry quickly starts to tell him about having to wear Dudley’s old clothes and never getting birthday presents to try and cheer him up about not being able to afford an owl. It seems to work.

At some point, they fall silent and Harry enjoys it. He’d never talked so much, not even with the girl he made friends with the year before.

An old lady, Harry thinks she’s old by the sound of her voice, comes by and asks if they want any sweets. Ron mumbles something about sandwiches but Harry perks up. He asks for a bit of everything, not wanting to miss out on anything, and dumps the candy and pastries on the seat next to him.

He picks up something and runs his finger along the top of it to see if his theory of magical things knowing he’s blind and changing to Braille holds up and finds that it doesn’t, meaning Hagrid must’ve bought the books specifically for him without him having to ask. He finds himself wishing he would have thanked Hagrid even more than he already did.

“Ron,” Harry says. Ron hums. “Do you want some of these?”

“What? Harry, you don’t have to—“

“I want to. Plus, I want to know what everything says and I can’t see it,” Harry says. “I think it’s a fair deal. You read everything to me and get sweets in the process.”

Ron lets out a little laugh, “Okay then. You’re holding a pumpkin pasty right now.”
Harry perks up and, after Ron helps him find the seam so he can open it, eats it and decides that wizarding candy is just as amazing as Muggle candy. He still wants a Mars Bar but he can deal with not having one for the rest of his life if it means he gets wizard sweets.

Ron tells him about Chocolate Frogs and reads out every card to Harry happily. They eat Bertie Bott’s Every Flavor Beans, Ron messing with Harry and not telling him the color so he can’t try to guess the flavor, and then some Cauldron Cakes and Licorice Wands.

There’s a knock on the compartment door that interrupts the conversation the two were having about a wizard on a Chocolate Frog card. The door slides open.

“Sorry, but have you seen a toad at all?”

Harry shakes his head and the boy lets out a cry, “I’ve lost him! He keeps getting away from me!”

“He’ll turn up,” Harry says awkwardly.

“Yes. Well, if you see him…”

The door slides shut again.

“Don’t know why he’s so bothered,” Ron says. “If I bought a toad I’d lose it as quick as I could. Mind you, I brought Scabbers, so I can’t talk,” he pauses and then scoffs. “He might have died and you wouldn’t know the difference. I tried to turn him yellow yesterday to make him more interesting but the spell didn’t work.”

“Try it again,” Harry suggests. “If it doesn’t work, you don’t have to tell me because I won’t be able to see it.”

Ron laughs despite himself and Harry smiles.

“Maybe,” Ron mumbles. There’s rustling and before Ron can say anything else, the door slides open again.

“Has anyone seen a toad? Neville’s lost one,” a girl’s voice says. She sounds kind of bossy, her tone reminds Harry of Aunt Petunia telling him to do chores or cook breakfast but it isn’t as mean as Aunt Petunia.

“We’ve already told him we haven’t seen it,” Ron says. Harry snickers and Ron snorts. He’s never had somebody who would tolerate his numerous jokes about his blindness so he’s glad that Ron isn’t afraid to laugh with him. His teachers and other students used to tell him not to be so rude and he would have to remind them constantly he, himself, is blind and doesn’t find the jokes rude. But Polly, the girl he became friends with, didn’t like joking about it so he was the odd one out again, even with somebody who also couldn’t see.

“Oh, are you doing magic? Let’s see it, then,” the girl says.

“Er… okay.”

Ron clears his throat and says, “Sunshine, daisies, butter mellow, turn this stupid, fat rat yellow.”

There’s a beat of silence.

“Are you sure that’s a real spell?” the girl says. “Well, it’s not very good is it? I’ve tried a few simple spells just for practice and it’s all worked for me. Nobody in my family’s magic at all, it
was ever such a surprise when I got my letter, but I was ever so pleased, of course. I mean, it’s the very best school of witchcraft there is, I’ve heard. I’ve learned all our course books by heart, of course, I just hope it will be enough. I’m Hermione Granger, by the way. Who are you?”

Harry blinks. He didn’t learn the course books by heart, he didn’t think that would be necessary.

“I’m Ron Weasley.”

“Harry Potter.”

“Are you really?” Hermione says. “I know all about you, of course. I got a few extra books for background reading, and you’re in Modern Magical History and The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts and Great Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century.”

“Am I?”

“Goodness, didn’t you know? I’d have found out everything I could if it was me,” Hermione says. “Do either of you know what house you’ll be in? I’ve been asking around and I hope I’m in Gryffindor, it sounds by far the best. I hear Dumbledore himself was in it but I suppose Ravenclaw wouldn’t be too bad. Anyway, we’d better go and look for Neville’s toad. You two had better change, y’know, I expect we’ll be there soon.”

The door slides open and shuts a second later.

“Whatever house I’m in, I hope she’s not in it,” Ron says and Harry nods. “Stupid spell. George gave it to me, bet he knew it was a dud.”

Harry hums, “What house are you brothers in?”

“Gryffindor,” Ron says. “Mum and Dad were in it too. I don’t know what they’ll say if I’m not.”

Harry hears him slump against the seat.

“Y’know, I think the ends of Scabbers’ whiskers are a bit lighter,” Harry says in hopes of cheering up his new friend. Ron laughs and Harry smiles.

Ron tells him about the Gringotts break-in and then moves onto Quidditch just as quickly. Harry finally learns the rules and everything else about Quidditch. It sounds amazing — he wishes he could watch a game to see it in action. As he starts talking about smaller details of the games, the compartment door slides open again.

“Is it true?” The voice is vaguely familiar and Harry wonders where he’s heard it before. “They’re saying all down the train that Harry Potter’s in this compartment. So it’s you then, is it?”

“Yes.”

“My name’s Malfoy, Draco Malfoy,” he says his last name with pride and Harry doesn’t understand why.

Ron coughs and Harry knows it’s covering up a laugh.

“Think my name’s funny, do you? No need to ask who you are. My father”—the way he says it makes Harry remember that he heard the same voice talking to him in Madam Malkins and he finds himself disliking the boy more and more as he continues speaking—“told me all the Weasleys have red hair, freckles, and more children than they can afford.”
Red hair? Freckles? The person Harry is thinking up probably looks nothing like Ron but the vague picture is helpful.

“You’ll soon find out that some wizarding families are much better than others, Potter. You don’t want to go making friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there.”

Harry raises his eyebrows, “I think I can tell who the wrong sort are for myself, thanks.”

Malfoy scoffs, “I’d be careful if I were you, Potter. Unless you’re a bit politer you’ll go the same way as your parents. They didn’t know what was good for them, either. You hang around with riffraff like the Weasleys and that Hagrid and it’ll rub off on you.”

Harry hears Ron stand up and Harry quickly follows suit.

“Say that again,” Ron says.

“Oh, you’re going to fight us, are you?” Malfoy says.

“Unless you get out now,” Harry says, not wanting to just stand there silently.

“But we don’t feel like leaving, do we, boys? We’ve eaten all our food and you still seem to have some.”

There’s a rustle of movement and a different boy lets out a yell that has Harry flinching and almost falling back into his seat. After more yelling and a single thump, the compartment goes silent.

Harry stands up straight and attempts to compose himself. He hadn’t known there was more than one boy with Malfoy and it scared him more than he’d like to admit.

“What has been going on?” the voice of… maybe Hermione Granger exclaims and Harry jumps again.

“I think he’s been knocked out,” Ron mumbles. “No. I don’t believe it. He’s gone back to sleep.”

He must be talking about Scabbers. The thump must’ve been the rat, meaning he most likely bit the boy who yelled. Good, it’s what he deserves for being that silent and scaring Harry.

Hermione reminds them to put their robes on and leaves them to do just that. As Harry struggles to find the second arm hole, a voice reaches them and tells them they’ll be reaching Hogwarts in five minutes and to leave their luggage on the train.

The train comes to a stop eventually and Harry takes Ron’s elbow as they get off. It’s cold outside and Harry can barely hear over the sounds of excited students. One thing he can hear, though, is Hagrid’s familiar and recognizable voice calling for first years.

He lets Ron take the lead as they walk and helps him not trip and make a fool of himself when they reach the boats. Harry feels left out as everyone takes in the sight of what must be a beautiful castle.

When the boats comes to a stop, Harry takes Ron’s elbow once again and follows him. Hagrid gives the Neville boy his toad back and then they’re walking again. Ron comes to a stop so Harry does too and after Hagrid asking if everyone has made it, there are three loud knocks on what must be very large doors.
i hope the beginning didn't bother you too much and you were able to actually enjoy this chapter!
comments and kudos give me life
i hope you all have a good day/night! <3
so, i’ve decided to post more often! every monday, wednesday, and friday, from now on, i will post a chapter, with the exception of today, of course. this is mainly because I’m very impatient and also because I’m writing the chapters really fast and I’m definitely going to finish this story, which is unlikely for my other story.

if i need to put any trigger warnings please tell me!!! and also please tell me if something i’ve said is offensive because i don’t want to be that person! thank you and i love you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Upon hearing Professor McGonagall’s voice for the first time, Harry immediately makes the assumption that she isn’t one to be crossed. She tells them about the houses and what to expect once they’ve been sorted but she doesn’t actually say what sorts them. Harry finds himself getting increasingly nervous.

“Ron — how do we get sorted?”

“Some sort of test, I think,” Ron says quietly. “Fred said it hurts a lot but I think he was joking.”

Harry nervousness skyrockets. A test? How will he ever pass if he can’t see what it is that’ll be testing him? The questions or even what they’ll be fighting? Harry hopes it won’t involve magic, he doesn’t know a thing about using his wand yet.

There’s suddenly shrieks and gasps from other students and Harry jumps, gripping Ron’s elbow tightly.

“What’s happening?” Harry says, his voice shaking slightly.

“It’s just ghosts,” Ron says. “Hogwarts has quite a few. Bill told me about them. He says the Gryffindor ghost — Nearly Headless Nick — isn’t too bad, if a little pompous at times. Kinda like Percy.”

“Nearly headless?”

“I don’t know either.”

“— I say, what are you all doing here?”

Everyone stays silent, not sure if they should actually answer.

“New students! About to be sorted, I suppose?”

More silence, though Harry assumes people are nodding.

“Hope to see you in Hufflepuff! My old house, you know.”

“Move along now,” a sharp voice — Professor McGonagall, Harry’s mind supplies — says. “The
Sorting Ceremony’s about to start.”

A few moments later, she says, “Now, form a line and follow me.”

Harry gets behind Ron, holding onto the back of his robes now.

They all come to a stop eventually and Harry hears somebody — maybe Hermione Granger, his mind says — say, “It’s bewitched to look like the sky outside. I read about it in *Hogwarts: A History*.”

“The ceiling?” Harry mumbles.

“Yeah. It’s cool,” Ron whispers. He suddenly jolts, “Harry, it’s a *hat.*”

“A *hat*? What do you mean? You mean a hat is going to—“

He gasps quietly when singing suddenly fills the room.

“Ron, is that the hat?”

“Yeah, it’s the hat.”

Harry listens closely to the song and claps along with everyone else when it finishes. So, a hat sorts them into their Houses. Harry hadn’t expected that.

“When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted,” Professor McGonagall says. Her voice is quite distinctive — Scottish, if Harry’s mind is correct — and Harry is quick to remember it, thankfully. He remembers getting a lot of his peers mixed up in school because their voices and accents all blended together and he could never tell them apart, so he’s glad he can already remember her voice. “Abbott, Hannah.”

There’s a few moments of silence before —

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

“Ron, how do I know where my table is?” Harry whispers.

Ron considers this for a second before whispering back, “Well, the cheering. Gryffindors — they cheer the loudest. Hufflepuffs are more rowdy than the other two but not as rowdy as Gryffindor. Ravenclaws are polite but louder than Slytherin, who only clap. Just listen.”

Harry does. Ron turns out to be correct with his assessment and Harry easily locates the Gryffindor table just by how loud they are. They seem to be on the opposite side of the hall from the Slytherins, with Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw in between them. Harry can’t quite tell which side the Hufflepuff table is on and which side the Ravenclaw table is on but he doesn’t think he’ll go to either of those houses so he’s not too worried.

Another thought hits him.

“How do I find a spot to sit?”

“My brothers will help you,” Ron says easily. “I’m sure Fred and George will want you to sit next to them and Percy, since he’s a Prefect, will definitely help you. Don’t worry about it, Harry.”

Harry *is* worrying about it but decides not to say as such, lest he make Ron worry too.
It all goes by too quickly for Harry’s liking. He hears Patil and Patil and holds his breath, hoping for another ‘P’ before him but —

“Potter, Harry!”

The hall erupts into whispers.

“Potter? Did she say Potter?”

“Harry Potter? The Harry Potter?”

Ron pulls him out from behind him and gives him a slight nudge. He forces himself to keep his hands at his side as he walks forward and is immensely grateful for Professor McGonagall’s hand. She lays it on his shoulder, seeing how hesitant he is, and directs him right to the stool. He sits down and feels the hat being placed onto his head.

“That’s a difficult one. Very difficult. Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad mind either. There’s talent, oh my goodness, yes — and a nice thirst to prove yourself, now that’s interesting… So where shall I put you?”

Harry grips the sides of the stool tightly. He doesn’t want to go to Slytherin or Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff because he knows that Ron won’t be going to those Houses. Ron has been awesome so far and has helped him without a single complaint and Harry, who normally doesn’t trust anybody as quickly as he has Ron, doesn’t want to have to find somebody else like that in a different house.

“I see, I see. As much as I think Slytherin might be good for you, I am able to see that it won’t do you any good now, or in the future, to be put with people who don’t trust easily, just like you. Better be GRYFFINDOR!”

Harry, for one fleeting moment, is thankful for his fame. His cheer is by far the loudest and directs him easily to the Gryffindor table. Percy Weasley introduces himself and shakes Harry’s hand before directing him to the empty spot next to him. Two more people go by and then Ron gets called up. Gryffindor is yelled mere seconds later and Harry claps with everybody else. He hears Ron drop into the seat next to him and Percy say, “Well done, Ron, excellent.”

Zabini, Blaise goes to Slytherin and that ends the Sorting Ceremony.

The hall falls silent and a voice — Professor Dumbledore, Ron whispers to him — starts speaking.

“Welcome! Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts! Before we begin our banquet, I would like to say a few words. And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak! Thank you!”

Everybody claps and cheers. Harry blinks. He’s not sure if he should laugh or not. He decides not to say anything; he doesn’t want to be rude.

Harry’s nose suddenly gets hit with tons of different smells. He jumps and then says tentatively, “Um… Ron?”

“Right,” Ron’s mouth sounds full already and Harry almost laughs. “Uh — ?”

Harry does laugh this time, “Just put a little bit of everything. Not much, though, just—“

“Got it,” Ron interrupts him and Harry nods once, thankful for his ramble being cut off. Ron gives him a nudge when he finishes putting food onto Harry’s plate and Harry smiles at him.
“Thanks, Ron.”

“No problem.”

Harry is glad he finally gets to do something he knows how to do. He finds his silverware and pokes around to get a feel for what is actually on his plate before starting to eat. It’s a lot, way more than the Dursleys ever gave him, but he definitely isn’t complaining.

“That does look good,” a voice in front of Harry says.

Harry jumps and then furrows his eyebrows, “Can’t you — ?”

“I haven’t eaten for nearly five hundred years,” the voice says. “I don’t need to, of course, but one does miss it. I don’t think I’ve introduced myself? Sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington at your service. Resident ghost of Gryffindor Tower.”

_Ghost._ That makes sense. Harry tries to glue the man’s voice to mind.

“I know who you are!” Ron says suddenly, as if he didn’t tell Harry about the ghost earlier. “My brothers told me about you — you’re Nearly Headless Nick!”

“I would prefer you to call me Sir Nicholas de Mimsy—“

“ Nearly headless? How can you be nearly headless?” a voice that sounds Irish? says.

“Like this,” Sir Nicholas doesn’t sound too happy about where the conversation went.

A few people gasp suddenly but nobody says anything. Harry frowns.

“So — new Gryffindors! I hope you’re going to help us win the House Championship this year? Gryffindors have never gone so long without winning. Slytherins have got the cup six years in a row! The Bloody Baron’s becoming almost unbearable — he’s the Slytherin ghost,” Sir Nicholas says after a pause.

“How did he get covered in blood?” the Irish boy asks.

“I’ve never asked.”

Harry continues eating, his mood slightly dampened at the fact that he can’t see what everyone is talking about.

A little bit later, after Harry has eaten enough, the food disappears and is replaced by something else that smells sweet. Harry assumes it’s dessert and asks hopefully, “Ron — is there treacle tart?”

He remembers the treacle tart at school being delicious, if a little dry but he never complained, and he occasionally made it for Dudley. If he snuck a piece once or twice before handing it off, the Dursleys never have to know.

Ron hums and places one onto Harry’s plate. As Harry takes a bite, the conversation switches.

“I’m half-and-half,” the Irish boy — Seamus Finnigan — says. “Me dad’s a Muggle. Mum didn’t tell him she was a witch ’til after they were married. Bit of a nasty shock for him.”

Everyone laughs.

“What about you, Neville?” Ron asks.
“Well, my gran brought me up and she’s a witch,” Neville — Harry starts listening intently to try and glue the boy’s voice to his brain — says, “but the family thought I was all-Muggle for ages. My Great Uncle Algie kept trying to catch me off my guard and force some magic out of me — he pushed me off the end of Blackpool pier once, I nearly drowned — but nothing happened until I was eight. Great Uncle Algie came round for dinner, and he was hanging me out of an upstairs window by the ankles when my Great Auntie Enid offered him a meringue and he accidentally let go. But I bounced — all the way down the garden and into the road. They were all really pleased, Gran was crying, she was so happy. And you should have seen their faces when I got in here — they thought I might not be magic enough to come, you see. Great Uncle Algie was so pleased he bought me my toad.”

Ron starts talking about his brothers so Harry listens in on the conversation next to him. Hermione Granger is talking about lessons with Percy. He moves his head around and wishes once again that he could see the Great Hall and everybody else.

Suddenly, a sharp, hot pain shoots across Harry’s scar. He flinches and brings his hand up to touch it, afraid that somebody else just touched it, and wisely keeps his mouth shut.

“What is it?” Percy asks and Harry remembers that other people can see him.

“Nothing,” Harry mumbles.

He doesn’t know what just happened and he doesn’t know if somebody else did something to him and it’s dampening his mood even more.

Harry stays silent until the desserts disappear. The hall goes silent and Harry hears someone clear their throat.

“Just a few more words now that we are all fed and watered. I have a few start-of-term notices to give you. First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few of our older students would do well to remember that as well. I have also been asked by Mr. Filch, the caretaker, to remind you all that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors. Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested in playing for their House teams should contact Madam Hooch. And finally, I must tell you that this year, the third-floor corridor on the right-hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death.”

Harry blinks and then frowns, muttering, “He’s not serious?” towards Percy.

“Must be,” Percy says. “It’s odd, because he usually gives us a reason why we’re not allowed to go somewhere — the forest’s full of dangerous beasts, everyone knows that. I do think he might have told us prefects, at least.”

“And now, before we go to bed, let us sing the school song!” Professor Dumbledore — whose voice is also distinctive and easy to remember — says. There’s a bunch of rustling and then he continues, “Everyone pick their favorite tune and off we go!”

Everybody starts to sing suddenly and Harry furrows his eyebrows. They must be reading off of something but, again, Harry can’t see that something so he just keeps his mouth shut.

The Weasley Twins are the last to finish, singing it at a funeral march, and then everybody claps.

“Ah, music,” Professor Dumbledore says. “A magic beyond all we do here! And now, bedtime. Off you trot!”
Harry grips Ron’s elbow as they all follow Percy out of the Great Hall.

“Are you okay?” Ron asks.

Harry, who is still a little concerned about why his scar started to hurt, shrugs, “Just sad I can’t see everything.”

“Oh, yeah. That does suck,” Ron mumbles. “If you want, you can be like Hermione and read *Hogwarts: A History*. ”

Harry laughs, “I’ll pass but thanks.”

Ron continues to talk to him quietly, pointing out the talking portraits and different tapestries. Suddenly, they all come to a stop.

“Peeves,” Harry hears Percy whisper. “A poltergeist.” He raises his voice, “Peeves, show yourself.”

There’s a loud, rude sound that sounds like air being let out of a balloon.

“Do you want me to go to the Bloody Baron?”

There’s a pop and a few students gasp quietly.

“Ooooooh!” Peeves says with an evil cackle. “Ickle Firsties! What fun!”

There’s a rustle of movement and a few screams but Harry stays still.

“Go away, Peeves, or the Baron’ll hear about this, I mean it!” Percy barks.

There’s another pop and then Harry hears the rattling of metal as Peeves zooms away.

“You want to watch out for Peeves,” Percy tells them after they’ve all started walking again. “The Bloody Baron’s the only one who can control him, he won’t even listen to us prefects. Here we are.”

“Password?” a high, shrilly girl’s voice says.

“Caput Draconis.”

Ron helps Harry into the common room and then up the stairs once Percy tells them which is which.

“You’re next to me,” Ron says, pointing Harry’s body in the direction of the bed. “Your trunk is right in front of you.”

“Thanks, Ron,” Harry mumbles.

He manages to change into his pajamas easily and finds himself laying down before he knows it.

“Thanks for being so cool, Ron,” Harry yawns.

“No problem, Harry.”

Harry is asleep within seconds.
so, clearly, this story isn't going to stray very far from canon, and this will definitely become a problem in later years. baby harry has no idea what's coming for him in his fourth year.
the next chapter will be posted on monday, june 29th!

comments and kudos give me life
i hope you all have a good day/night! <3
The Potions Master

Chapter Notes

if i need to put any trigger warnings please tell me!!! and also please tell me if something i've said is offensive because i don't want to be that person! thank you and i love you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day, whispers follow Harry everywhere he goes but he can’t be bothered to care. Thankfully, he’s got all his classes with Ron, so he trusts the boy to lead him to all his classes.

Harry isn’t sure he’ll ever master the hundred and forty-two staircases at Hogwarts because they’re all so different. Some are wide, some are narrow, some are rickety and feel as if they might collapse any second, some lead to different places than the first time you stepped on them, and then the dreadful vanishing step ones. Harry has almost fallen onto his face multiple times from stepping on one of the steps he was supposed to jump and Ron has now gotten into the habit of just picking him up and setting him onto the stair below the vanishing one. It makes Harry laugh when he does it and Harry thinks that’s a big reason as to why he doesn’t just tell Harry to jump.

Peeves has taken to messing with Harry the most, unfortunately. As soon as he learned that Harry couldn’t see him, Peeves had been delighted. He sneaks up on Harry daily to throw things at him or pull rugs out from under him or, worst of all, to stick his hand through Harry’s face and pretend to grab his nose. Harry, who has gotten fed up with this, has taken to yelling for the Baron whenever Peeves starts acting up, which always makes Peeves run away quickly and earns laughs from everyone around him.

Filch isn’t as bad as the poltergeist but he certainly is horrible. Ron and Harry got onto his bad side the first first day of classes. They had been trying to get through a locked door when Filch found them and they found out it was the door blocking the forbidden third-floor corridor. Filch refused to believe that they were just lost and started threatening to lock them in the dungeons when Professor Quirrell saved them.

After you manage to find your class, there’s the class itself. Harry’s previous assessment of magic being as simple as waving your wand and saying some Latin turned out to be wrong and he panicked a little bit when this fact was found out. All his teachers so far, though, have been very accommodating and nice to him, if a little shocked that the Boy-Who-Lived is blind. On Wednesday’s at midnight, they’re supposed to study the night sky, so Harry works with Dean Thomas, a boy who is supposedly great at drawing but is also able to describe what he is seeing very well. Three times a week, they head out to the greenhouses for Herbology with Professor Sprout. Harry works with Neville in this class because Neville has a strange affinity for plants and is able to help Harry when he needs it, which is a lot of the time.

In History of Magic with Professor Binns, Harry listens intently to the information given, even though Professor Binns’ voice is dreadful. He doesn’t necessarily need anybody’s help in History of Magic, so he just sits with Ron and tries not to fall asleep during the class.

In Charms with Professor Flitwick, Harry works with Hermione Granger, who has a similar affinity to most subjects like Neville has with Herbology. She happily helps Harry take notes and other
such things and Harry, despite thinking she’s a little annoying, actually likes her, unlike Ron.

In Transfiguration with Professor McGonagall, Harry sits in between Hermione and Ron. Hermione helps them both, Harry mostly, with everything. The first lesson, they had taken extensive notes and then were given a match to try and turn into a needle. Harry, who focused on the feeling of his magic and tuned out everybody else in the class, managed to change it perfectly the very first time he tried, shocking the class into silence. Professor McGonagall had apparently stared at him in shock for quite a bit of time before picking up his needle and showing the class. Ron says that she looked like she was about to cry but Harry doesn’t believe him.

Professor Quirrell’s class is something of a joke, but considering all they do is read out of their textbooks and write essays, Harry is easily one of the best students in the class, just like Transfiguration and Charms. The latter two are quite easy to Harry because he can focus on his magic better than anybody else and knows exactly where it’s going and what will happen when it comes out. This reading and writing essays is easy, very boring, but easy.

On Friday, Harry and Ron manage to get to the Great Hall without getting lost.

“What have we got today?” Harry asks Ron as he puts sugar into his porridge. Harry, now living here in the castle for almost a week, has gotten pretty good at making his own plates during meals. Sometimes he needs to ask what something is before he picks it up but he mainly sticks to porridge, eggs, bacon, and kipper for breakfast, steak and kidney pie for lunch, steak or chicken with potatoes for dinner, and treacle tart for dessert. He’s learned where everything is and is able to get to it without trouble by now.

“Double Potions with the Slytherins,” Ron says. “Snape’s Head of Slytherin House. They say he always favors them — we’ll be able to see if it’s true.”

Harry makes a face and Ron laughs.

There’s a lot of rustling and fluttering overhead, meaning the mail has arrived. Hedwig hasn’t brought Harry anything yet, though she sometimes comes in to nibble his ear and steal some toast before going back to sleep in the owlery with the other owls. Today, however, Harry hears her land in front of him.

“She’s got a letter,” Ron tells him.

Harry hums, “Can you read it for me?”

He picks up some bacon and holds it out. Hedwig takes it with a happy hoot, eating it quickly before flying up to nibble his ear.

“Dear Harry. I know you get Friday afternoons off so would you like to come and have a cup of tea with me around three? I want to hear all about your first week. Send us an answer back with Hedwig. Hagrid,” Ron reads. “I can send it back, if you want.”

Harry nods, “Sure. Thanks.”

Ron tells him that he wrote Yes, please, see you later on the back of the note and Harry approves. They send it off with Hedwig.

Harry is glad to have that to look forward to because from what he hears so far, Professor Snape is horrible.

Ron and Harry sit together, Harry assuming he won’t need special help to read instructions and
make potions. It’s like cooking, he assumes, so he’ll gladly sit next to Ron. Professor Snape starts the class out by taking a roll and pauses when he reaches Harry’s name.


Harry frowns. He hears Draco Malfoy and the two silent boys laugh quietly.

Professor Snape finishes calling names and then starts speaking to them about Potions.

“You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making,” his voice is barely a whisper but it’s deafening in the silent classroom. “As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic. I don’t expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses… I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death — if you aren’t as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach.”

Harry thinks it’s quite rude of him to say such a thing. Maybe his students are dunderheads because he isn’t a good teacher. Harry smirks at the thought but that quickly goes away with Professor Snape suddenly saying, “Potter! What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?”

Harry blinks. *Powdered root of what to an infusion of what?* He read all of his school books but, unlike Hermione, he didn’t commit any of the information to his memory.

“I don’t know, sir,” Harry says.

Professor Snape tsk, “Fame clearly isn’t everything.”

Harry frowns again.

“Let’s try again. Potter, where would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?”

Harry has no clue what a bezoar is, let alone where to find one. He can hear Malfoy and his friends laughing quietly.

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Thought you wouldn’t open a book before coming, eh, Potter?”

Harry is deeply offended now, “Sir—“

“What is the difference, Potter, between monkshood and wolfsbane?” Professor Snape interrupts him.

“I don’t know,” Harry says, his voice sharp. He doesn’t even need his sight to know that Hermione is raising her head. Having been in all of his other classes with her, he knows that she knows pretty much every answer to any question they get asked. “I think Hermione does, though, why don’t you try her?”

Never has he ever talked so rudely to a teacher before but that doesn’t mean he’s afraid to do so if the need arises. A few people laugh at Professor Snape and Harry fights a smirk.

“Sit down,” he snaps at Hermione, confirming Harry’s assumption. “For your information, Potter, asphodel and wormwood make a sleeping potion so powerful it is known as the Draught of Living
Death. A bezoar is a stone taken from the stomach of a goat and it will save you from most poisons. As for monkshood and wolfsbane, they are the same plant, which also goes by the name of aconite. Well? Why aren’t you all copying that down?”

Harry, immensely glad that Hermione had agreed during their very first lesson to take notes for him, doesn’t pull out a quill and parchment like everybody else. Considering he can’t have Ron or somebody else read everything written on the board to him while the professor is teaching, it had been easier to let a very eager Hermione help him take notes and then read them to him later in the common room. He hadn’t even asked her too, she just offered and then started doing it and now it’s the system. This system, however, allows Harry to look defiant in front of Professor Snape, who doesn’t know that Hermione is writing double the notes for Harry, and the thought does have him smirking.

“A point will be taken from Gryffindor House for your cheek and your tone, Potter,” Professor Snape says. “And two more for smirking.”

This does nothing to get rid of Harry smirk, though. Three points isn’t even a dent in the amount of points he and Hermione have earned just from Charms and Transfiguration alone.

Snape puts them all into pairs and, after writing instructions on the board, tells them to get started on making a potion to cure boils. Ron reads the instructions for Harry and Harry carefully adds every ingredient and stirs when needed. He’s not sure it’s perfect but he’s certainly doing better than Neville and Seamus.

Ron pulls him up onto their stools when a hissing fills the room and tells him in a hushed voice that Neville just melted his cauldron and it’s all over the floor.

“Idiot boy!” Professor Snape says and Harry almost flinches. “I suppose you added the porcupine quills before taking the cauldron off the fire?”

Neville whimpered.

“Take him up to the hospital wing,” Professor Snape says. Harry and Ron settle back into their seats but Harry jumps almost a foot in the air when Professor Snape starts speaking to him and Ron. “You — Potter — why didn’t you tell him not to add the quills? Thought he’d make you look good if he got it wrong, did you? That’s another point you’ve lost for Gryffindor.”

Ron kicks his leg to try and stop Harry from arguing but this doesn’t work.

“Sir, I’m blind!” Harry says incredulously. “How was I supposed to know what he was putting into his cauldron if I can’t see him? And what have I done to make you think I want to be famous, Professor?”

A few Gryffindors snicker, now used to Harry’s blindness. They all know by now that it’s okay to laugh when Harry makes jokes or bumps into something.

“Five more points for raising your voice at a professor, Potter. Would you like to continue?”

“Um, yes—“

“No!” Ron cuts in. “No, he doesn’t. I’m sorry, Professor.”

“Ron.”

“Harry.”
“This is completely unfair—“

“Life is unfair, Potter, get used to it. Another five for arguing.”

Thirteen points? Harry has never heard something so unfair. Life is unfair, he is blind after all, but taking points for something that so obviously wasn’t Harry’s fault is just plain rude, and definitely biased toward Harry. Harry doesn’t even know what he did to Snape, so he’s coming in blind (LITERALLY!) to this fight.

Harry’s face twists up. Thirteen points isn’t going to deter him from getting something resembling justice, even though he knows he isn’t helping himself by continuing to argue. The other Gryffindors seem to be enjoying it though, despite the loss of points.

“It’s not unfair, Professor, this is just biased and rude,” Harry spits. “I’ve never even met you before, why do you hate me so much?”

Ron groans quietly.

“I wonder why, Potter.”

“I’m famous, so bloody what? I was one, it’s not like I whipped out a wand and killed Voldemort, it was a complete—“

“Detention, Potter, and twenty more points from Gryffindor. You’ll be spending tomorrow night scrubbing cauldrons.”

“Professor—“

Ron slaps a hand over Harry’s mouth and Harry realizes that nobody is laughing anymore. Oh. He said the name. Hagrid told him it was bad. He didn’t even realize, he was so worked up about Snape. And now he’s gotten thirty-three points taken from Gryffindor and a detention all in his first week of school.

Harry decides to stop and the rest of the class passes by without another incident. Harry is still vibrating with anger, though, as he follows Ron out of the dungeons.

“I can’t believe him!” Harry hisses. “No teacher should ever act like that to a student, much less an eleven-year-old! I should take this to Professor Dumbledore, I should get him fired —“

“Harry, you egged him on.”

“He started it, Ron! I was defending myself! I’m not going to let some stupid bloody professor with a grudge ruin my schooling just because he thinks it’s funny!” Harry snaps. “I’ll take fifty detentions if it means he shuts the hell up and lets me learn without targeting me.”

Ron sighs, “Can I go to Hagrid’s with you?”

Harry rolls his eyes at the subject change, “Sure, Ron.”

“Harry!” Hermione calls from behind them. She runs up and links her arm with his, like she always does. “Here — your notes. And that argument with Professor Snape, Harry… I don’t normally praise the breaking of rules, but he did deserve to be called out like that.”

Harry lets go of Ron’s elbow to take the notes held out for him, “Thanks. And he doesn’t even deserve to teach if he’s going to act like that.”
He shoves the parchment into his book bag.

“I completely agree. I think we should take it to the headmaster, or maybe Professor McGonagall so she can take it to him,” Hermione says.

Harry hums in agreement.

“Anyway, where are you two headed?”

“We’re going down to Hagrid’s to have tea,” Harry says. “Would you like to come?”


Harry nods. He grabs Ron’s elbow again, his mood lifted significantly at having somebody agree with him. Hermione keeps her arm linked with his all the way down to Hagrid’s.

Ron knocks on the door when they reach the hut and they hear several booming barks from behind the door before Hagrid’s voice says, “Back, Fang, back.”

There’s a small creak and then, “Hang on. Back, Fang.”

Hagrid lets them inside and says, “Make yerselves at home.”

“This is Ron and Hermione,” Harry tells Hagrid as they all sit down.

“Another Weasley, eh?” Hagrid says. “I spent half me life chasin’ yer twin brothers away from the forest.”

Harry, not wanting to hurt Hagrid’s feelings, pretends to enjoy the rock cakes Hagrid gives them as they tell him about their lessons. Hagrid, like Ron, attempts to tell Harry that he shouldn’t worry about Snape when Harry tells him about the lesson.

“But he seemed to really hate me,” Harry insists.

“Rubbish! Why should he?” this doesn’t sound as sincere as it should and before Harry can ask, Hagrid changes the subject. “How’s yer brother Charlie? I liked him alot — great with animals.”

Ron starts to talk about Charlie’s work with dragons. Hermione moves slightly and then makes a small noise, “Harry -- isn’t your birthday the 31st of July?”

Harry blinks, “Yes? Why?”

“I don’t know. That Gringotts break-in happened on the 31st, I just thought that was interesting,” she mumbles.

“The 31st? Hagrid, we were at Gringotts that day!” Harry says. “What if it was happening while we were there?”

Hagrid doesn’t give him an answer, instead offering another rock cake. Harry thinks back to what happened at Gringotts that day. He knows that Hagrid took a package out of a vault and that it was ‘Hogwarts business.’ Could that package be what the thieves were after?

And if so, what was in the package?
harry is not taking snape's shit this time around and i absolutely can't wait until i get to
the other books where he and snape have more interactions, especially hbp. harry will
not stand for snape targeting him and being a dick
anyway
the next chapter will be posted on wednesday, july 1st!
comments and kudos give me life
i hope you all have a good day/night! <3
okay so. i have been watching videos to better educate myself on blindness because i really don't want to offend anybody and i have come to the conclusion that i have made a mistake. i think i was aware this was a thing but it never occurred to me what i was doing until now so let me get this straight. there are not that many people who are completely and totally blind and harry, with the way he went blind being an inherited thing and not being because of the avada curse, would most likely not be one of those people. but considering i have already written every single chapter of this book, i am not going to go through and change harry's perception of things. for the sake of story telling, harry is completely and totally blind, meaning he cannot see any amount of light or has any shadow perception, because it just makes it easier to write, at least for me. most blind people actually have some light and shadow perception and harry would definitely be one of those people if this were real life but as it is fiction, he does not have this. i also realize that ron or hermione constantly being there to help harry navigate could be offensive, as many blind people don't need a guide dog or a caretaker or a cane but i thought that since this is a magical castle and things like doorways and stairways literally move or lead to weird places, harry would genuinely need somebody around to help him get to class or get to hagrid's hut or get back to his dorm, at least until later years when he's been in the castle more and has had more experience with the moving of doorways or staircases. harry will never be able to walk around completely alone for an entire day because that's just very dangerous to do in a magical castle that moves but there will be some instances where he heads to the quidditch pitch or to the great hall or to hagrid's hut on his own because he's done it so many times that it's like second nature at that point in time. again, this is purely for the sake of story telling, as i am not about to read through twelve chapters and add shadows or light changes just to make this more realistic. it isn't realistic, it absolutely isn't, and me, a sighted person, will never make a realistic story about a blind person. however, considering this is just for entertainment and it's not about a real person but a fictional character, i hope that it doesn't offend somebody. if it does, i'm very very sorry.

now, that all being said, if i need to put any trigger warnings please tell me. and also please tell me if something i've said is offensive and isn't part of what i just clarified above because i don't want to be that person. thank you and i love you.

Detention with Snape wasn’t as bad as Harry was thinking it would be. He just scrubbed cauldrons for a few hours before heading back to the common room with a reprimand of not cleaning them very well. Harry had to hold back a quip about being blind, the thought of getting another detention being the only thing stopping him.

Draco Malfoy has started to become a real thorn in Harry’s side. He’s taken to scaring Harry, just like Peeves, and Harry is getting increasingly pissed off with the boy. Luckily, they only have Potions with him, but they still pass in the corridors and Malfoy takes every chance he can get to sneak up on Harry and scare him into jumping a foot in the air. This luck ends, though, when a notice is put up in the common room informing them that flying lessons are starting on Thursday
and they have them with the Slytherins. Harry, who has been getting increasingly nervous about getting on a broomstick and flying around, is especially bummed about this information.

“Typical,” he mumbles when Ron tells him the news. “Just what I always wanted. To make a fool of myself on a broomstick in front of Malfoy.”

“You don’t know that you’ll make a fool of yourself,” Ron tells him. “Anyway, I know Malfoy’s always going on about how good he is at Quidditch but I bet that’s all talk.”

Malfoy has been talking about flying a lot but everybody seems to talk about Quidditch, so he’s not the only one. Seamus Finnigan talks about zooming around on a broom all the time and Harry is sure by now that the boy’s entire childhood was spent on one. Ron talks about it too and the ongoing argument between him and Dean Thomas about football and Quidditch is something Harry pretends annoys him but it amuses him greatly. Neville, the last boy in their dorm, has never been on a broom in his life and Harry thinks this is for good reason, seeing as Neville has more accidents than him with both feet on the ground. The first time Harry joked about Neville being more clumsy than himself, a blind person, nobody but Ron had laughed and Harry had to clarify that it was okay to laugh about it. Now, though, Neville is always the second to laugh when Harry makes jokes about his blindness, Ron being the first.

Harry hasn’t gotten a letter since Hagrid’s but his friends frequently get some. Today, Neville has gotten a package from his grandmother.

“It’s a Remembrall!” he tells them. “Gran knows I forget things, so this tells you if there’s something you’ve forgotten to do. Look, you hold it tight like this and if it turns red… oh,” he pauses, “…you’ve forgotten something…”

“It turned red,” Ron mumbles and Harry bites his lip, fighting a small smile.

Ron suddenly jumps to his feet and Harry flinches.

“What’s going on?” Professor McGonagall’s voice says and Harry also wonders the same thing.

“Malfoy’s got my Remembrall, Professor,” Neville tells her.

Harry sighs.

“Just looking,” Malfoy walks away, his two friends -- which Harry has yet to learn the name of -- following behind.

At three-thirty in the afternoon, the Gryffindors head down to an open area outside for their flying lesson. Ron, sensing Harry’s fear, keeps squeezing his shoulder encouragingly as they walk.

It’s silent for a moment before a voice barks, “Well, what are you all waiting for? Everyone stand by a broomstick. Come on, hurry up.”

Harry stands next to Ron, his hands shaking slightly. How is he supposed to fly if he can’t see?

“Stick out your right hand over your broom,” their teacher -- Madam Hooch, Ron whispers to Harry -- says, “and say ‘Up!’”

Harry sticks out his right hand, hoping to whatever god out there that his broom is below his hand, and says in a much more confident voice than he feels, “Up!”

There’s a sudden weight in his hand and a small laugh leaves him. He did it! He’s holding his
broom! He hears a smack next to him and Ron groans. Harry laughs.

“Shut up, Harry,” Ron grumbles, confirming Harry’s assumption that his broom just smacked him in the face.

Madam Hooch instructs them on how to properly mount their brooms without sliding off the ends - - walking over to Harry to help him afterward, telling him that she was around to see his dad play Quidditch from his second to seventh year (and apparently, his dad had been blind too!) and he ended up being one of the best Chasers Hogwarts has ever seen to try and cheer him up -- and Harry and Ron laugh quietly when she tells Malfoy he’s been doing it wrong his whole life.

“Now, when I blow my whistle, you kick off from the ground, hard,” Madam Hooch says. “Keep your brooms steady, rise a few feet, and then come straight back down by leaning forward slightly. On my whistle — three — two —”

She stops counting and a few people gasp. Harry frowns.

“Come back, boy!” Madam Hooch shouts. Ah, so somebody started flying before she blew her whistle.

Harry jumps when there’s a sudden thump on the ground and a loud crack.

“Broken wrist,” Harry hears Madam Hooch mutter. “Come on, boy. It’s all right, up you get. None of you is to move while I take this boy to the hospital wing! You leave those brooms where they are or you’ll be out of Hogwarts before you can say ‘Quidditch.’ Come on, dear.”

Harry hears the slightly familiar whimpers of Neville pass by him and frowns again. Poor Neville, he had been just as nervous as Harry to fly.

A few moments of silence go by before Malfoy’s familiar laughter fills the air.

“Did you see his face, the great lump?”

The other Slytherins join in.

“Shut up, Malfoy,” Parvati Patil -- who helps Harry set up his essays sometimes -- snaps. Harry smirks. Parvati has always been pretty cool in his mind.

“Ooh, sticking up for Longbottom?” a girl’s voice says, no doubt one of the laughing Slytherins. “Never thought you’d like fat little cry-babies, Parvati.”

“Look!” Malfoy says. “It’s that stupid thing Longbottom’s gran sent him.”

Harry turns his head in the direction of one of his tormentors -- Peeves being one of the other ones - - and says quietly, “Give that here, Malfoy.”

“I think I’ll leave it somewhere for Longbottom to find — how about — up a tree?” Malfoy says.

“Give it here!” Harry raises his voice.

A yell from further up in the sky tells Harry that Malfoy had hopped onto his broom and flown off, “Come and get it, Potter!”

Harry, who usually tries not to act that rashly, lest it get back to the Dursleys and they punish him for it, grabs his broom off the ground. Something about Malfoy or Snape makes his blood boil. Maybe it’s the fact that Malfoy reminds him of Dudley and Snape reminds him of Aunt Petunia —
who Harry also did nothing to but is hated by.

“No!” Hermione shouts. “Harry, Madam Hooch told us not to move, and you can’t even see the Remembrall, how are you going to get it?”

Harry doesn’t know how he’s going to get it but he supposes he’ll figure that out soon.

Ignoring Hermione, Harry does the stupidest thing he’s ever done in his life.

He mounts his broom and kicks off the ground, earning gasps and screams from mostly everybody and an admiring whoop from Ron, who has never encouraged Harry to act rashly, always too worried he’ll hurt himself -- much like Hermione, but Harry never mentions this.

Harry feels a rush of joy when he realizes that flying is easy. If his dad can play Quidditch and end up being one of the best players Hogwarts has ever had with the same visual impairments as Harry, then Harry can surely get a Remembrall back from Malfoy.

“Give it here,” Harry shouts at Malfoy, “or I’ll knock you off that broom!”

“Oh, yeah? And how are you going to do that, Potter?” Malfoy doesn’t sound scared at all but Harry smirks. Unbeknownst to Malfoy, Harry now knows exactly where to fly to do just what he said.

Harry, somehow, knows exactly what to do. He leans forward, grasping the broom tightly with both hands, and shoots toward where he heard Malfoy’s voice. He hears him fly out of the way and quickly turns his broom around and stops, just in case there’s a building or a tree nearby.

“No friends to save your neck up here, Malfoy!” Harry shouts, because he really doesn’t know the names of the two silent boys who follow Malfoy around like puppies. He should ask Ron one of these days.

“Catch it if you can, then!”

Harry quickly abandons his pursuit of Malfoy when he hears something else fly through the air. He must’ve thrown the Remembrall. Harry focuses on the sound of the ball falling and grins, probably looking a little mad. He angles his broom in the direction of the sound and leans forward, his broom pointed down. He shoots forward and stretches his hand out, focusing solely on the ball. He feels something land in his hand and quickly pulls the broom up, not knowing how far the ground is from him. He smiles. He can’t believe he did that. He actually caught the Remembrall.

He lowers himself slowly until his feet touch the ground and falls flat onto his back when somebody suddenly screeches his name.

“HARRY POTTER!” it’s definitely Professor McGonagall.

He scrambles to his feet.

“Never — in all my time at Hogwarts — how dare you — might have broken your neck —”

“It wasn’t his fault, Professor—”

“Be quiet, Miss Patil —”

“But Malfoy —”

“That’s enough, Mr. Weasley. Potter, follow me, now.”
She grasps his shoulder, not giving him an option to do what she asked, and instead pushes him in front of her. He walks numbly, his mouth refusing to work so he can defend himself. It had been exhilarating in the moment but if he’s about to be expelled…

They stop after a long walk and a door opens.

“Excuse me, Professor Flitwick, could I borrow Wood for a moment?”

Wood? Harry hopes this is a person and not a cane she’s going to beat him with.

“Follow me,” she tells Wood -- yes! It’s a person -- and then they’re walking again

“In here,” she says after another silent walk.

There’s a lot of banging and Harry immediately gets ready to shout for the Baron.

“Out, Peeves!” Professor McGonagall barks and after a clang, he does, rattling armor as he goes. She slams the door and then says, “Potter, this is Oliver Wood. Wood — I’ve found you a Seeker.”

Harry’s eyes widen. He doesn’t know much about Quidditch but he’s heard Seamus and Ron argue about it enough times to know that a Seeker is one of the positions.

Oliver Wood seems just as confused as him, “But -- Professor, I don’t mean to question your judgement, but Harry is blind.”

“I’m aware,” Professor McGonagall says sharply. “The boy’s a natural, however. I’ve never seen anything like it. Was that your first time on a broomstick, Potter?”

Harry nods.

“He caught that thing in his hand after a fifty-foot dive,” Professor McGonagall tells Wood. “Didn’t even scratch himself. Charlie Weasley couldn’t have done it.”

Wood lets out a breathy laugh, “You’re serious?”

“Absolutely.”

“And that’s safe?”

“Surely you know about his father, Wood, considering I see you admiring his trophies every so often.”

Wood laughs again, “He’s just the build for a Seeker, too.”

“Wood’s captain of the Gryffindor team,” Professor McGonagall tells Harry.

“Light — speedy — we’ll have to get him a decent broom, Professor — a Nimbus Two Thousand or a Cleansweep Seven, I’d say,” Wood continues.

“I shall speak to Professor Dumbledore and see if we can’t bend the first-year rule. Heaven knows, we need a better team than last year. Flattened in that last match by Slytherin, I couldn’t look Severus Snape in the face for weeks,” Professor McGonagall mumbles. “I want to hear you’re training hard, Potter, or I may change my mind about punishing you.”

Harry nods quickly.
“Your father would have been proud,” she says, her voice softer than before. “One of the best Chasers to attend Hogwarts —”

"Minnie's the best ever so that's a real compliment," Wood cuts in.

"Professor McGonagall," she corrects before continuing to speak to Harry, "He was an excellent Seeker too. Caught the snitch within ten minutes in his third year, subbing in for the Seeker. You’ll do wonderfully, Potter."

Later, Harry tells Ron all of this very quickly, speaking so fast he rivals Hermione.

“You’re joking,” Ron says, his excitement buried beneath worry. “Harry, that can’t be safe, how does she expect you to find the Snitch if you can’t see it?”

“I still have my hearing, that’s how I caught the Remembrall, I could hear it falling,” Harry says. “And my dad was blind too, Ron, and he was one of the best Chasers to attend Hogwarts -- Professor McGonagall said so herself. Hey -- don’t tell anybody. Wood wants to keep it a secret.”

“That’s… awesome but if you get hurt, I’m having a word with Professor McGonagall,” Ron says seriously.

Harry laughs, “Thanks, Ron.”

Harry hears two people shuffle up next to him.

“Well done,” it’s one of the Weasley twins. “Wood told us. We’re on the team too — Beaters.”

“I tell you, we’re going to win that Quidditch Cup for sure this year,” the other one says. “We haven’t won since Charlie left, but this year's team is going to be brilliant. You must be good, Harry, Wood was almost skipping when he told us.”

“Anyway, we’ve got to go, Lee Jordan reckons he’s found a new secret passageway out of the school.”

“Bet it’s that one behind the statue of Gregory the Smarmy that we found in our first week. See you.”

The twins are quickly replaced by three others.

“Having a last meal, Potter? When are you getting the train back to the Muggles?” Malfoy.

“You’re a lot braver now that you’re back on the ground and you've got your little friends with you,” Harry says smoothly. The move of throwing Neville’s Remembrai -- which is back to safety in Neville’s hands -- was quite cowardly.

“I’d take you on anytime on my own,” Malfoy says. “Tonight, if you want. Wizard’s duel. Wands only — no contact. What’s the matter? Never heard of a wizard’s duel before, I suppose?”

“Of course he has,” Ron says quickly, intervening. “I’m his second, who’s yours?”

“Crabbe,” Malfoy says after a pause. So, that’s one name. “Midnight all right? We’ll meet you in the trophy room; that’s always unlocked.”

The three leave shortly after that and Harry sighs.

“Ron, I don’t know what a wizard’s duel is. And weren’t you just lecturing me about safety?”
“It’s fine. The most you and Malfoy’ll be able to do is send sparks at each other. Neither of you knows enough magic to do any real damage. I bet he expected you to refuse, anyway.”

Harry blinks, “Ron, no. I swear, you’re so responsible one moment and then you turn around and do this.”

“C’mon, Harry, it’ll be fine--”

“Excuse me,” Hermione’s voice interrupts. She’s taken to sitting across from them, considering she isn’t very close with the other girls in their year. “You mustn’t go wandering around the school at night, Harry, think of the points you’ll lose Gryffindor if you’re caught, and you're bound to be. It’s really very selfish of you. You’ve already lost us thirty-three and it’s not even been a week since then.”

“I know, Hermione,” Harry says. “Ron, we shouldn’t go. Let Malfoy show up and get in trouble. I don’t want to get another detention.”

“But if we don’t show up, Malfoy’s going to think we’re scared of him.”

“Let him,” Harry shrugs. “We know the truth. It’ll inflate his ego but he’s really not hard to scare.”

Ron huffs, knowing he’s lost this argument, “Fine. We won’t go.”

“Thank you,” Harry shakes his head. “I’m stupid but I’m not that stupid. Unlike you.”

Ron laughs and just like that, they go back to talking about Harry’s new place on the Quidditch team.

Later, when they’re laying in bed and listening to Dean and Seamus fall asleep, Harry suddenly gets worried. Not for Malfoy, he couldn’t give a damn about him, but for Neville. He heard Lavender Brown telling a worried Hermione earlier that magic should be able to heal Neville within minutes, so why isn’t he back in the dorm?

“Ron,” he whispers to the bed next to him, “where’s Neville?”

“The hospital wing.”

“Lavender Brown said magic should be able to heal him within minutes, though,” Harry says. “Do you think he got lost? What if Malfoy finds him? Or Filch?”

Ron sighs, “Yeah. We should go find him.”

Harry gets out of bed and takes the bathrobe Ron holds out for him. The two leave their dorm quietly and head downstairs.

Just as they reach the portrait hole, a voice says, “I can’t believe you’re going to do this, Harry.”

She had been waiting for them, meaning she didn’t trust Harry when he said they wouldn’t be going to the duel. Harry frowns, “We aren’t. We’re going to find Neville, we think he’s gotten lost.”

Hermione walks over to them, “Neville? He’s in the hospital wing.”

“Lavender told you that he’d be healed within minutes so he should’ve been back before dinner,” Harry says. “He’s not in our dorm.”
Hermione pauses, “Oh, I suppose you’re right. Crud. Maybe he did get lost.”

“You can help us look but just stay quiet,” Harry says.

Ron pushes the portrait open and helps Harry step into the corridor. They don’t even make it to the end before Harry hears a sort of snuffling.

“Mrs. Norris?” Ron mumbles. “No… I don’t believe it, it’s Neville. He’s asleeP.”

They walk closer and then Neville suddenly starts talking, “Thank goodness you found me! I’ve been out here for hours, I couldn’t remember the new password to get into bed.”

“Keep your voice down, Neville. The password’s ‘Pig snout,’” Hermione whispers. “C’mon, let’s go back before somebody catches us.”

“How’s your arm?” Harry asks as they walk back in the direction of the portrait. The crack he heard earlier had been quite nasty.

“Fine,” Neville says. “Madam Pomfrey mended it in about a minute.”

“Knew it,” Harry mutters, earning a small laugh from Ron.

They reach the portrait and Hermione lets out a small cry, “No! She’s gone off to another portrait! What do we do now?”

There’s a beat of silence.

“Go see Malfoy and Crabbe’s face when they realize we aren’t coming?” Ron suggests.

“Ronald! No!” Hermione says immediately. “It’ll be easier to explain why we’re out if we stay right here. We’ll get into more trouble if we’re found somewhere else.”

“I think it’d be funny,” Harry mumbles, fully aware that he won’t actually be able to see Malfoy’s face. “But yeah, totally. Stay right here.”

Hermione huffs, “I can’t believe you two. I was okay with coming out to help find Neville but this—this is ridiculous.”


Harry shrugs, “No telling how long it’ll be until she gets back. Might as well. We wouldn’t be dueling him anyway.”

“Boys,” Hermione hisses, grumbling more things about boys and their recklessness under her voice.

“C’mon then,” Ron grabs the sleeve of Harry’s bathrobe.

The two sets of footsteps behind them tell them that Neville and Hermione are following them.

They all stay completely silent as they head to the trophy room, taking their time so they show up after midnight. When they do show up, however, the room is empty. Ron takes a breath in before speaking and in that breath, there’s a voice that isn’t any of the four’s.

“Sniff around, my sweet, they might be lurking in a corner.”
Ron quickly tugs Harry away and they all start to leave. They walk and they walk and then Filch’s footsteps get nearer and Neville is the first to actually panic. He starts to run and then trips, grabbing onto Ron as he goes down. Harry falls with them and they land on a suit of armor, the crashing and banging loud enough to wake the whole castle.

“Run!” Ron shouts, quickly pulling Harry and Neville to the feet and pulling them along.

They run and run and run and then finally, they come to a stop.

“Charms class,” Ron wheezes. “We’re far from the trophy room. I think we’ve lost him.”

They all catch their breath and then start on their way to the Gryffindor common room, hoping that the Fat Lady has returned by the time they reach the portrait.

“Malfoy tricked you,” Hermione says to Harry as they walk. “You realize that, don’t you? He was never going to meet you — Filch knew someone was going to be in the trophy room, Malfoy must have tipped him off.”

“He’ll never know we weren’t going to show up then,” Ron says.

“But we did show up and almost get caught,” Harry shakes his head. “Maybe I am that stupid.”

Ron snorts and Neville laughs quietly.

But of course, nothing could ever go the right way in Harry’s life. A door knob rattles shortly after they start to walk and Harry, already knowing what it’s going to be, gets ready to threaten him with the Bloody Baron.

Peeves gives a squeal of delight when he sees them.

“Shut up, Peeves,” Harry hisses. “I’ll get the Baron. I will.”

This doesn’t deter him.

“Wandering around at midnight, Ickle Firsties? Tut, tut, tut. Naughty, naughty, you’ll get caughty.”

“Peeves, I will, don’t test me,” Harry says through gritted teeth.

“Should tell Filch, I should,” Peeves says. “It’s for your own good, you know.”

“Peeves—”

Something in Harry’s tone must tip him over the edge.

“STUDENTS OUT OF BED!” he suddenly bellows. “STUDENTS OUT OF BED DOWN THE CHARMS CORRIDOR!”

And now they’re running again. Harry is faster than Ron but even with the threat of Filch behind them, he doesn’t want to risk running into a wall so he lets Ron pull him along.

They slam into a door and find it locked. Of course!

“This is it!” Ron cries. “We’re done for! This is the end!”
His moaning would be funny if Harry wasn’t currently thinking the same thing.

“Oh, move over.” Hermione snarls. She grabs Harry’s wand out of his pocket and whispers, “Alohomora!”

The door creaks open and they all pile in, shutting it behind them.

They listen as Peeves messes with Filch and Harry grins, “He thinks this door is locked. I think we’ll be okay.”

“Get off, Neville,” Ron hisses. “What?”

Harry hears whatever has Neville worried and realizes just what. There’s snarling and growling behind him and whatever is making that noise shoots fear straight down Harry’s spine. Harry feels around for the doorknob. Between Filch and death by whatever is behind him, he’ll take Filch.

They all fall into the corridor and Harry slams the door shut, allowing Ron to pull him off the ground and back down the corridor. They run all the way back to the portrait, where the Fat Lady has thankfully returned.

“Where on earth have you all been?” she asks.

“Never mind that -- pig snout, pig snout,” Harry breathes. They all scramble into the common room and stumble into chairs, breathing heavily.

It’s a while before any of them speak.

“What do they think they’re doing, keeping a thing like that locked up in a school?” Ron finally says. “If any dog needs exercise, that one does.”

“Dog?” Harry says incredulously.

“Three-headed dog,” Ron says. “Big as the corridor.”

Harry laughs disbelievingly.

“You don’t use your eyes, any of you, do you?” Hermione snaps. “Didn’t you see what it was standing on?”

“Yeah, Hermione, I did,” Harry says dryly.

“It was standing on a trapdoor. It’s obviously guarding something,” she says, ignoring Harry. “I hope you’re pleased with yourselves. We could all have been killed — or worse, expelled. Now, if you don’t mind, I’m going to bed.”

“No, we don’t mind,” Ron says exasperatingly. “You’d think we dragged her along, wouldn’t you?” he mumbles to Harry.

Harry, though, doesn’t particularly care for Hermione’s anger. As long as she still takes notes for him, he won’t ever care. As for the trapdoor, though…

Harry thinks he might know where that package Hagrid got is hiding.

Chapter End Notes
me @ myself and prof mcgonagall: bitch is you dumb?? i can't believe i'm still going with the quidditch thing but i HAD to okay it's such a big part of the books and also harry wants to prove himself and what's a better way to prove himself than playing the one position that requires the person playing it to have amazing eyesight? and ron is so worried but so stupid and i just :) he and harry are perfect for each other because neither of them have an ounce of self control but they both worry way too much. hermione is So Done with these boys but she loves them anyway
the next chapter will be posted on friday, july 3rd!
comments and kudos give me life
i hope you all have a good day/night! <3
Malfoy, according to Ron, is absolutely astonished to see Harry and Ron sitting at breakfast the next morning. After laughing about it for a moment, Harry begins to explain his suspicions about the package Hagrid took out of Gringotts. Ron agrees with him that the dog must be guarding whatever was in the package and this lifts Harry’s already good mood.

Neither Neville nor Hermione seem to care for what lies beneath the dog and the trapdoor, though. Neville just seems more focused on never going near the dog again. Hermione, though, has stopped speaking to Harry and Ron. She still takes notes for Harry but she’s stopped linking her arm with his when she catches up to them in the corridor and she’s stopped reading the notes to Harry later in the common room, instead making Parvati Patil read them and make sure Harry understands the material. Parvati is nice but Harry, shockingly, finds himself missing Hermione’s voice reading to him. He decides not to mention this to Ron, who is all too happy to have Hermione away from them. He’s never been her biggest fan.

About a week after the three-headed dog incident, Ron grasps Harry’s arm when the mail starts to fly in.

“What?” Harry asks.

“You’ve got a package,” Ron says just as there’s a small thump on the table. Harry’s bacon falls onto the floor and he frowns. “There’s a letter. I’ll read it,” Ron takes the letter and opens it. He clears his throat and begins speaking in a quiet voice with a Scottish accent that makes Harry laugh, “**Do not open this parcel at the table. It contains your new Nimbus Two Thousand, but I don’t want everybody knowing you’ve got a broomstick or they’ll all want one. Oliver Wood will meet you tonight on the Quidditch field at seven o’clock for your first training session. Professor McGonagall.**”

Harry grins.
“A Nimbus Two Thousand!” Ron whispers, back to his normal accent. “I’ve never even touched one.”

They leave the hall quickly, wanting to unwrap the broomstick before classes but halfway through the entrance hall, Ron stops and groans quietly. The broomstick is suddenly taken from Harry and he startles slightly.

“That’s a broomstick,” Malfoy says. He throws the broomstick back at Harry and Harry catches it easily, a smirk working its way onto his face as Malfoy continues, “You’ll be in for it this time, Potter, first years aren’t allowed them.”

“It’s not any old broomstick,” Ron says smugly, “it’s a Nimbus Two Thousand. What did you say you’ve got at home, Malfoy, a Comet Two Sixty? Comets look flashy, but they’re not in the same league as the Nimbus.”

“What would you know about it, Weasley, you couldn’t afford half the handle,” Malfoy retorts. “I suppose you and your brothers have to save up twig by twig.”

Before Ron can respond, though, another voice interrupts them.

“Not arguing, I hope, boys?”

Professor Flitwick. Harry fights a grin.

“Potter’s been sent a broomstick, Professor,” Malfoy says quickly.

“Yes, yes, that’s right,” Professor Flitwick says. “Professor McGonagall told me all about the special circumstances, Potter. And what model is it?”

“A Nimbus Two Thousand, sir,” Harry says. “And it’s really thanks to Malfoy here that I’ve got it,” he adds, making Ron laugh quietly.

“Well, it’s true,” Harry says after they continue walking. “If he hadn’t stolen Neville’s Remembrall I wouldn’t be on the team.”

“So I suppose you think that’s a reward for breaking rules?” an angry voice from behind them says.

“I thought you weren’t speaking to us?” Harry says, his voice only slightly bitter. He really does miss Hermione’s presence and he honestly hates that he does.

“Yes, don’t stop now,” Ron drawls, “it’s doing us so much good.”

That’s pushing it a little but Harry doesn’t defend her.

Harry can’t focus on his lessons the rest of the day, his mind straying back to the broomstick under his bed. After that first time, he can’t get enough of flying and he’s very excited to fly again. He and Ron eat so quickly, they barely remember eating in the first place, and quickly head up to their dorm to unwrap the broomstick, at last.

Ron sighs happily when it rolls onto Harry’s bed and has fun describing what it looks like to Harry. If his description is right, the broom looks very clean and sleek.

At seven o’clock, Harry heads down to the Quidditch pitch, using his broom as a substitute cane as he walks since nobody can lead him. He wishes he hadn’t been so stupid and didn’t forget his cane
at the Dursleys but he honestly hasn’t even noticed, what with Ron leading him everywhere. He makes a mental note to thank Ron for being such an awesome friend later.

Too eager to wait for Wood, Harry mounts his broom and kicks off as soon as he reaches the pitch. He flies around and when he almost bumps into the goal posts, starts flying in and out of those. From what he can tell, there’s three and they’re circular.

“Hey, Potter, come down!”

Harry grins and lowers himself to the ground. Wood jogs over to him and places something on the ground.

“Very nice,” he says. “I see what McGonagall meant -- you really are a natural. I’m just going to teach you the rules this evening, then you’ll be joining team practice three times a week.”

There’s a small creak of hinges bending and then Wood starts talking.

“Right. Now, Quidditch is easy enough to understand, even if it’s not too easy to play. There are seven players on each side. Three of them are called Chasers.”

“Three Chasers,” Harry repeats. Wood places something into Harry’s hand and Harry starts to move it around and runs his hand over it to feel it.

“This ball’s called the Quaffle,” Wood tells him. “The Chasers throw the Quaffle to each other and try and get it through one of the hoops to score a goal. Ten points every time the Quaffle goes through one of the hoops. Follow me?”

“The Chasers throw the Quaffle and put it through the hoops to score,” Harry recites, still feeling the Quaffle.

“Now, there’s another player on each side who’s called the Keeper — I’m Keeper for Gryffindor. I have to fly around our hoops and stop the other team from scoring.”

“Three Chasers, one Keeper. And they play with the Quaffle. Okay, got that.”

“Take this.”

The Quaffle is taken from him and is replaced by something else.

“I’m going to show you what the Bludgers do,” Wood says. “These two are the Bludgers. I can’t get them out and let you hold them because they’re bewitched to fly around, no matter what. I’m going to free one and I want you to try and hit it back. Don’t worry, I’ve got a bat too, but I want to make sure you’re hearing’s good enough to know if a Bludger is coming your way.”

Harry nods.

“Stand back,” Wood warns him. There’s the click of a buckle and Harry hears something fly through the air. Harry swings at it with the bat to stop the Bludger from breaking his nose, and grins when the bat makes contact.

“See?” Wood pants after a moment of struggling with the Bludger. “The Bludgers rocket around, trying to knock players off their brooms. That’s why you have two Beaters on each team — the Weasley twins are ours — it’s their job to protect their side from the Bludgers and try and knock them toward the other team. So — think you’ve got all that?”
“Three Chasers try and score with the Quaffle; the Keeper guards the goal posts; the Beaters keep the Bludgers away from their team,” Harry says.

“Very good. Now, the last member of the team is the Seeker. That’s you. And you don’t have to worry about the Quaffle or the Bludgers, since you have your own ball to look after. Or… you know what I mean.”

Harry snorts and Wood laughs. Harry hears him pick up the last ball. He hears it’s fluttering wings and immediately glues the sound to his memory so he can remember it during an actual game or practice.

“This,” Wood says, “is the Golden Snitch, and it’s the most important ball of the lot. It’s very hard to catch because it’s so fast and difficult to see”—Harry snorts again—“and it’s the Seeker’s job to catch it. You’ve got to weave in and out of the Chasers, Beaters, Bludgers, and Quaffle to get it before the other team’s Seeker, because whichever Seeker catches the Snitch wins his team an extra hundred and fifty points, so they nearly always win. That’s why Seekers get fouled so much. A game of Quidditch only ends when the Snitch is caught, so it can go on for ages — I think the record is three months, they had to keep bringing on substitutes so the players could get some sleep. Well, that’s it. Any questions?”

Harry shakes his head. He understands it, he’s just not sure if he’ll be able to do it.

“We won’t practice with the Snitch yet,” Wood tells him, “it’s too dark, we might lose it. Let’s try you out with a few of these. Golf balls.”

Within a minute, the two are up in the air. Wood throws the golf balls as hard as he can in every direction and Harry catches every one of them. Once he manages to hear the ball falling or whipping through the air, he can easily track it’s movements. With a flying ball, one with a mind of its own, it’ll be a different story so Harry is glad they practice three times a week. He’ll be able to commit the sound of the Snitch to memory by the time the first game rolls around.

“That Quidditch Cup’ll have our name on it this year,” Wood says happily as they walk back to the castle. “I wouldn’t be surprised if you turn out better than Charlie Weasley, and he could have played for England if he hadn’t gone off chasing dragons.”

Time after his first training session passes quickly. Between Quidditch practice three times a week -- Harry has learned that finding the snitch is quite easy once he can lock his ears onto the sound of it. Wood had even found a charm to simulate the sound of the crowd to let Harry practice finding the sound over the cheering of students -- and doing his homework with Ron and Parvati (Hermione still isn’t speaking to them), Harry can barely believe it when Halloween rolls around. It feels like just yesterday he arrived at Hogwarts.

On Halloween morning, Harry wakes up to the smell of baking pumpkin and gorges himself during breakfast on all the different foods they don’t get on normal days. Even better than new food is how their classes are picking up and they get to start doing more exciting things since they’ve mastered the basics. Harry is practically bouncing in his seat when he hears Professor Flitwick tell them they get to practice making things levitate today. Harry hadn’t seen it when Professor Flitwick had made Neville’s toad zoom around the classroom but Harry doesn’t care, he’s just excited to be able to feel his magic coursing through his arm again.

Harry gets partnered with Seamus Finnigan and Ron gets partnered with Hermione. Considering it’s Harry who misses Hermione’s presence and not Ron, Harry can tell the two aren’t happy about this placement.
Professor Flitwick reminds them to “Swish and flick!” and then lets them start. Harry, who so far has never had to try twice to get something to work thanks to his awareness of his own magic, tunes everybody else out and focuses on his feather.

“Wingardium Leviosa.”

Based on Seamus’ gasp, he thinks he’s done it. Ron, who is sitting one row behind them with Hermione, whoops and Harry laughs.

“Well done!” Professor Flitwick cries. “Everyone see here, Mr. Potter’s done it!”

He hears Hermione let out a small grunt of frustration and then say quickly, “Wingardium Leviosa!”

Ron makes a noise of blatant disgust and Harry assumes Hermione did it successfully. Professor Flitwick praises her as well before awarding them both five points.

When they leave the class, Ron is very clearly in a bad mood.

“She only did that to show you up,” he says as they walk. “She’s just jealous you’re smarter than her.”

Somebody knocks into Harry as they pass and he hears the unmistakable sound of crying.

Ron scoffs, “Guess she heard me.”

Harry rolls his eyes, “Honestly, Ron, you don’t have to be so mean. And I’m not smarter than her, I just have better control of my magic than most.”

“Whatever.”

According to Ron, Hermione doesn’t show up for their next class and isn’t seen for the rest of the afternoon. Harry overhears Parvati telling Lavender that she’s crying in the girl’s bathroom and wants to be left alone as they walk to the Great Hall.

“Good job, Ron,” Harry knocks his shoulder into Ron’s.

“Bugger off.”

When they sit down, Dean Thomas starts to describe excitedly to Harry what’s happening overhead. Thousands of live bats are flying above them and the candles are inside pumpkins.

Just as Harry takes a bite of a baked potato, the hall suddenly falls silent. It sounds as if somebody is running but Ron doesn’t tell Harry what’s happening so he can only guess.

“Troll -- in the dungeons -- though you ought to know,” the familiar voice of Professor Quirrell gasps before a thump sounds. Harry assumes the man just fell over.

There’s an uproar and Harry flinches, resisting the urge to cover his ears at the screaming. Several loud pops and cracks are heard from further up the hall before everybody falls silent again.

“Prefects,” Professor Dumbledore’s voice says, “lead your Houses back to the dormitories immediately!”

Percy, despite the threat of a troll, seems all too happy to boss people around.
“Follow me! Stick together, first years! No need to fear the troll if you follow my orders! Stay close behind me, now. Make way, first years coming through! Excuse me, I’m a prefect!”

“A troll?” Harry mumbles, wondering what he did to have luck so bad.

“Maybe Peeves let it in for a Halloween joke,” Ron says.

Harry frowns, considering that. It does seem like something Peeves would do.

A thought suddenly hits Harry and he tightens his grip on Ron’s arm, “Ron -- Hermione!”

“What about her?”

“She doesn’t know about the troll.”

Ron pauses and then sighs, “Oh, alright, but Percy better not see us.”

They join the Hufflepuffs and then duck into a deserted side corridor, hurrying off toward the girl’s bathroom. As they turn a corner, they hear footsteps behind them.

“Percy!” Ron hisses, pulling Harry behind something.

There’s a pause and then Ron says in a confused tone, “It was Snape, not Percy.”

“Snape? Why isn’t he with the other teachers?” Harry says.

“I don’t know. Here, c’mon,” Ron pulls him along.

“Ron--”

“I just wanna know where he’s going,” Ron whispers and Harry sighs.

They creep along silently until --

“The third-floor!” Ron mumbles. “Of course, I suppose he knows about the dog. Do you think he’s going to--” Ron suddenly gags and Harry’s face twists up.

He brings his hand up to pinch his nostrils, “What is that?”

Ron gasps and tugs Harry back, “The troll.”

Harry hears it then. The low grunting and the shuffling of gigantic feet. Harry is momentarily very glad for his visual impairment; he’s not sure he wants to see what the troll looks like.

After a long moment, Ron starts to mumble under his breath, “The key’s in the lock. We can lock it in.”

“What? Where?”

“It just ducked into a room.”

“Oh. Good idea.”

Ron pulls Harry along and, after a moment of walking, Ron lets go of Harry. The door slams and Harry hears the click of a lock.

“Yes!” Ron exclaims.
They start to run back but a scream stops them.

“Oh no."

“The girl’s bathroom!” Harry gasps.

“Hermione!” they both shout before turning around and rushing back to the door Ron just locked. Ron throws the door open and Harry follows him inside, the stench of the troll getting stronger.

“I’ll distract it! She’s against the wall just in front of you!” Ron tells him and Harry nods. “Oy, pea-brain!”

There’s a clatter and a few footsteps.

“Hermione! Come on! Run!” Harry yells but other than the troll’s footsteps, nobody seems to be moving. He runs forward until he can grab somebody’s -- please let it be Hermione’s -- arm. He tugs but she doesn’t move.

“Harry, look out!” Ron screams and Harry ducks just in time to hear something swing past where his head had been.

“Do something!” Harry screams back, his voice stuck between angry and terrified.

“Stop yelling, idiot, it can hear you!”

The troll gives a great roar. Harry seizes Hermione’s arm again but she’s not moving.

“Stay right there!” Ron yells at him. “Crouch next her and don’t move!”

Harry listens but he’s not happy about it, “Ron--”

“Wingardium Leviosa!”

A moment later, a sickening crack sounds throughout the room and Harry lets out a small shriek when a thud that makes the whole room tremble follows it.

There’s a beat of silence before Hermione speaks.

“Is it… dead?”

Nobody answers her. Harry attempts to catch his breath -- when had he run out of it? -- and another shriek leaves him when a loud slam echoes through the bathroom, as well as footsteps. He places the heels of his palms into his eyes and focuses on breathing, recognizing the feeling in his chest as the one he had three months ago is the Leaky Cauldron.

“Harry,” somebody says. It sounds like Ron. “Are you alright?”

“Shut up.” Harry says weakly. Ron, wisely, does so.

“What on earth were you thinking of?” Professor McGonagall’s voice fills Harry’s ears next. She sounds angrier than when she found him flying around. “You’re lucky you weren’t killed. Why aren’t you in your dormitory?”

“Please, Professor McGonagall, they were looking for me.”
“Miss Granger!”

“I went looking for the troll because I-I thought I could deal with it on my own — you know, because I’ve read all about them. If they hadn’t found me, I’d be dead now. Harry was trying to help me get out into the corridor and then Ron knocked it out with its own club. They didn’t have time to come and fetch anyone. It was about to finish me off when they arrived.”

Harry, now successfully distracted by the talking, drops his hands to his sides. Hermione, lying to a teacher? Maybe the troll did kill him.

He pushes himself off the floor as Professor McGonagall responds.

“Miss Granger, you foolish girl, how could you think of tackling a mountain troll on your own? Miss Granger, five points will be taken from Gryffindor for this. I’m very disappointed in you. If you're not hurt at all, you’d better get off to Gryffindor Tower. Students are finishing the feast in their Houses.”

Footsteps tell Harry that Hermione had just left.

“Mr. Potter, I wish you wouldn’t act so rashly,” Professor McGonagall says. “It’s going to get you hurt one of these days -- badly. But, in any case, not many first years can take on a full-grown mountain troll. Mr. Weasley, you’ve earned your House ten points. Professor Dumbledore will be informed of this. You may go.”

They hurry out of the bathroom and don’t speak for a long time, not until they’ve climbed two floors.

“I should’ve gotten more than ten points for that,” Ron grumbles.

“Five, once she takes Hermione’s away,” Harry tells him.

“Good of her to get us out of trouble like that,” Ron says in a slightly strained voice, as if it pains him to admit such a thing. “Mind you, I did save her. And you would’ve saved her if she had moved.”

“She might not have needed saving if you hadn’t locked the thing in with her,” Harry shakes his head.

Ron falls silent.

When they enter the common room, Hermione clears her throat, apparently having waited for them by the portrait hole. There’s an awkward pause before they all mumble, “Thanks,” and hurry off to get some food.

Harry, the next day, tries not to show too much excitement when Hermione sits with them at breakfast and links her arm with his as they walk to their class.

After all, there are some things you can’t share without ending up liking each other, and knocking out a twelve-foot mountain troll is one of them.

Chapter End Notes
please go read the beginning note if you haven't, i talk about the whole copy and pasting thing and it's pretty important if that sort of thing annoys you
i still can't believe i'm continuing with quidditch but it's happening and it's not stopping. also, harry is def gonna be very magically powerful because he's so aware of his magic and it's def gonna be a thing that makes people who knew his parents want to cry because james was the same way. all of his teachers are like 'he's so smart like lily but so fcking stupid like james' and they wouldn't have it any other way. every time harry successfully does anything in transfiguration, all mcgonagall sees is james and she's like :') and harry refuses to believe ron when he tells him that she was about to cry.
anyway, make sure you read the note on the next chapter cause i'm gonna reveal the endgame ship. it's chapter 6 so hopefully, if you decide that the endgame ship is nasty and you don't want to read about harry pining for seven books, you aren't too invested and sad about having to leave behind the story. and if you don't read the note, welp. it's not like i can force you.
anywho
the next chapter will be posted on monday, july 6th!
comments and kudos give me life
i hope you all have a good day/night! <3
hello, hi, another long note about offending people even tho literally nobody has told me anything i've done is offensive. harry, in this chapter, is shown as being able to play quidditch easily even with the fact that he is blind and it's all thanks to his hearing. me, a sighted person who never listens to anything going on around her, does not fully grasp the concept of being blind and using your hearing to dictate your surroundings or find out who is speaking to you. i do not know how hard or how easy that is to do so i'm just portraying harry as being able to do it easily because that, for me, is more enjoyable to read about than having to read about harry struggling to do what he does in the actual books because he can't hear what's happening or can't glue voices to mind very easily. harry, for the entire book, relies on his hearing to dictate everything and because of this fact, and because of the fact that i'm the one writing in that pov, i've just made it so harry's hearing is very good and he able to memorize voices or sounds much quicker than i imagine he'd actually be able to do if this were real. again, this is purely for entertainment and it is written by a sighted person so it is not realistic at all. if i actually do end up offending someone, please take that into account before you bash me because obviously, some things are not going to be accurate and some things will be disrespectful because i just don't understand what it's actually like to be blind. if something is disrespectful, please please point it out so i can change it and try to keep in mind that it was bound to happen before you get too angry with me.

if i need to put any trigger warnings please tell me. thank you and i love you!

November marks the start of Quidditch season -- and also the start of very cold weather. According to Dean, the mountains around the school are now an icy gray and the lake is completely frozen over.

On Saturday, Harry will play his first Quidditch match against the Slytherin team. If Gryffindor wins, they’ll be second place in the House Championship.

Nobody has really seen Harry play, Wood telling him that he’s their secret weapon, but the news that he would be the Seeker this year (“And hopefully for years to come!” Angelina Johnson had told him one practice) had somehow leaked. Nobody except the first-year Gryffindors, plus the rest of the team, believe Harry will play well. If anything, they think he’ll fly around like mad and somehow manage to lose them points. It doesn’t help ease Harry’s nerves at all but the few people that do believe in him every day that he’ll be wonderful.

Harry, between the last minute Quidditch practices and classes in general, has no idea how he’s managed to keep up with his homework. He does, though, much to Ron’s disbelief. Ron tells him daily how impressive Harry is to be playing Quidditch, be second in the class in Charms, Transfiguration, and DADA, be doing his homework, and still have time to get a full night's rest in. Harry thinks it’s pretty impressive too but he doesn’t want to sound arrogant so he doesn’t say this out loud.
Hermione had lent him *Quidditch Through the Ages* to read before the game, too. He learns that books do actually change into braille when their reader needs it and figures that sweets are just sweets, that you don’t need to read the label of a sweets package to want to eat it. He asks Hermione about it and she rushes off to the library the second he finishes his question, coming back and telling him that magical books accommodate themselves for their reader and that sweets don’t for the same reason he originally thought. All this just means that Hagrid didn’t specifically buy books in braille for Harry but still.

Hermione has also become more lax on the breaking of rules ever since the troll incident. On Friday, the three don’t want to stay in the common room for the whole afternoon after Potions so they head out to the courtyard to get some air. Hermione, being Hermione, conjures a fire inside of a jar for them to sit around which is surely against the rules but Harry can’t bring himself to care, considering it’s warming him up.

“Snape,” Ron hisses. “Get closer, don’t let him see it.”

Harry does as Ron asks, scooting closer to the jar-fire. His fingers are running across the pages of *Quidditch Through the Ages* because it really is an interesting read and he hasn’t really had the time to read it in the past few days.

“I don’t understand -- how do you do it?” Hermione whispers, wonder in her voice.

Harry hums, “What?”

“Read like that.”

Harry snorts, “Very carefully. I took classes. I spent a year in something called pre-braille training, where they sensitized and strengthened my fing--”

“What have you got there, Potter?”

Harry blinks. His mood instantly darkens at being interrupted and he sighs quietly, holding the book up to show Snape.

“Library books are not to be taken outside the school,” he says. “Give it to me. Five points from Gryffindor.”

“What?” Harry says incredulously. “Sir, that’s not a rule, you’re making that up!”

“Excuse me?”

Harry hugs the book close to his chest, “I’m not giving it to you, it’s mine. Madam Pince doesn’t care where the books go as long as you don’t damage them in the process of taking them places.”

“Harry, no--”

“That’s ten more points from Gryffindor, Potter. Keep arguing and you’ll get another detention. Tomorrow, during the Quidditch game,” Snape interrupts Hermione.

“Harry, c’mon,” Ron urges quietly. “It’s not worth it.”

Harry, in a move that destroys half his pride, thrusts his arm out and turns his head away. Snape snatches the book out of his hand. “Another five for the attitude. You’re lucky.”

Harry grits his teeth so he doesn’t say anything back. He doesn’t want to get detention during his
first Quidditch game. Not only will it make everyone else think he’s scared, it’ll make Wood angry enough to kill him, probably.

Snape leaves and Harry scowls, “Bloody git.”

“Wonder what’s wrong with his leg?” Hermione says quietly.

“Whatever it is, I hope it’s hurting him,” Harry says bitterly, despite not having known Snape’s leg was even hurt in the first place.

Later, when Hermione is checking over Ron and Harry’s Charms homework, (Harry didn’t want her to but she had forced him to hand it over) Ron is the first to notice his leg bouncing up and down.

“How’s he doing?” he asks.

Harry sighs, “I want my book back. I need something to keep my mind off the game tomorrow -- off of everybody telling me I’m rubbish.”

“Snape’s not going to give it back,” Hermione says. “You argued with him and were winning, that’s why he kept taking points off and threatening you with detention. He knows he’s wrong, he’s just too mean to admit it.”

“He can’t refuse if other teachers are around,” Harry says reasonably. “C’mon, Ron, we’ll go to the staff room. You can wait outside while I ask him.”

Ron, very begrudgingly, agrees. He leads Harry to the staff room and knocks for him. When nobody answers, Harry steps up and knocks. Again, nothing.

“Just open it,” Harry shrugs.

Ron sighs and does so, the hinges creaking slightly as he does. He gasps quietly.

“Blasted thing,” Harry hears Snape say. “How are you supposed to keep your eyes on all three heads at once?”

Ron, Harry assumes, tries to shut the door but --

“WEASLEY!”

Ron stumbles back into Harry but Harry won’t be deterred from getting his book.

“I was wondering if I could have my book back, Professor,” he says.

“GET OUT! OUT!”

Ron grabs Harry’s arm and starts running back to the common room.

“Ron, there’s no reason to be so scared of him,” Harry says as they join Hermione again.

“Harry, his leg was all bloodied,” Ron says. “And he was talking about three heads -- the dog? Harry, do you know what this means?”

Hermione gasps, “He tried to get past the dog on Halloween! You said you saw him go toward the third-floor didn’t you?”
“Yeah,” Harry says seriously.

“*Harry,*” Hermione says exasperatingly and Harry grins. “Anyway, it obviously didn’t work. It explains the limp.”

“I’ll bet he let the troll in as a distraction,” Ron says.

“Ronald, no,” Hermione says quickly. “He’s mean but he wouldn’t do *that.* I can believe trying to get past the dog to get to whatever it’s guarding but doing that doesn’t put anybody but himself in danger -- setting a troll loose puts everybody *and* himself in danger.”

“Hermione, have you not seen how he acts around me? Around Neville? I’m pretty sure he doesn’t care for the students’ safety,” Harry says.

“Honestly, Hermione, you think all teachers are saints or something,” Ron adds.

“Whatever,” Hermione mutters.

Harry goes to sleep that night wondering why exactly Snape would want to steal whatever the dog is guarding and wondering what the dog is guarding in the first place.

Harry, the next morning, is so nervous he can barely eat, though he does manage to get some eggs down.

By eleven o’clock, it sounds like the whole school is in the stadium. As a surprise for Harry, apparently, the boys in his dorm and Hermione had used one of the sheets Scabbers chewed up to make a banner that says *Potter for President* with a drawing of a lion on it. While Harry can’t see it, the knowledge that it’s there (and the sound of the Gryffindor first years chanting those same words) gives him the courage he needs.

In the locker rooms, Harry and the rest of the team is changing into their Quidditch robes. Wood clears his throat for silence.

“Okay, men,” he says.

“And women,” Angelina Johnson says. She’s a Chaser and pretty close with Harry, calling him her little brother on multiple occasions. Fred and George coo audibly anytime she says it but shut up when she yells at them for acting like they don’t think of Harry as their little brother too.

“And women,” Wood agrees. “This is it.”

“The big one,” Fred says. Harry has memorized the two twins’ voices thanks to Quidditch practice and, according to them, is one of the very few people who can tell them apart. Harry thinks the difference between the two’s voices is obvious but apparently, other people don’t.

“The one we’ve all been waiting for,” George continues.

“We know Oliver’s speech by heart,” Fred tells Harry, “we were on the team last year.”

“Shut up, you two,” Wood says. “This is the best team Gryffindor’s had in years. We’re going to win. I know it.”

There’s a moment's pause.

“Right. It’s time. Good luck, all of you.”
Harry follows Fred and George out of the locker room, his heart racing. He hears Madam Hooch say, “Now, I want a nice fair game, all of you,” and thinks that might be directed at the Slytherins more than anything. He hears the first-year Gryffindors chanting, “Potter for President!” and feels a little braver.

“Mount your brooms, please.”

Harry does so. He’s glad for the practice with the Crowd-Cheering-Charm (as the team has taken to calling it) because without it, he’s not sure he’d be able to hear the Snitch over the sound of the students. He wonders briefly where Wood found out about the charm.

Madam Hooch blows her whistle loudly and Harry kicks off, immediately focusing on attempting to hear the Snitch more than anything else.

“And the Quaffle is taken immediately by Angelina Johnson of Gryffindor — what an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive, too —”

“JORDAN!”

“Sorry, Professor.”

Lee Jordan, a friend of the Weasley Twins, is the one doing commentary.

“And she’s really belting along up there, a neat pass to Alicia Spinnet, a good find of Oliver Wood’s, last year only a reserve —back to Johnson and — no, the Slytherins have taken the Quaffle, Slytherin Captain Marcus Flint gains the Quaffle and off he goes — Flint flying like an eagle up there — he’s going to sc- no, stopped by an excellent move by Gryffindor Keeper Wood and the Gryffindors take the Quaffle — that’s Chaser Katie Bell of Gryffindor there, nice dive around Flint, off up the field and — OUCH — that must have hurt, hit in the back of the head by a Bludger — Quaffle taken by the Slytherins — that’s Adrian Pucey speeding off toward the goal posts, but he’s blocked by a second Bludger — sent his way by Fred or George Weasley, can’t tell which — nice play by the Gryffindor Beater, anyway, and Johnson back in possession of the Quaffle, a clear field ahead and off she goes — she’s really flying — dodges a speeding Bludger — the goal posts are ahead — come on, now, Angelina — Keeper Bletchley dives — misses — GRYFFINDORS SCORE!”

Gryffindor cheers fill Harry’s ears, as well as moans and groans from the Slytherins.

Harry is flying in circles above the stadium. It’s all part of his and Wood’s game plan, they’ve been practicing it ever since the start of practice. Without fail, Harry always manages to hear the Snitch from somewhere as he flies over the stadium like he is now. A Bludger comes flying toward him shortly after Angelina scores but he dodges it easily. Fred hits it back down and yells, “All right there, Harry?” before flying off.

“And Slytherin in possession,” Lee is saying, “Chaser Pucey ducks two Bludgers, two Weasleys, and Chaser Bell, and speeds toward the — wait a moment — was that the Snitch?”

Harry lowers himself back into the stadium, straining his ears and -- yes! It is the Snitch! Harry smirks and immediately shoots after it, Slytherin Seeker Terence Higgs flying to his left, yelling insults at Harry to try and throw him off. Harry is faster than him though and easily tunes out the insults, focusing solely on the sound of the Snitch. He gets closer and closer and stretches his hand out, ready to close his fist around the tiny ball and then --

WHAM!
Harry spins out of the way and the Gryffindors let out roars of rage, screaming, “Foul!” at Madam Hooch. Harry steadies his broom and shakes his head slightly, a small sigh leaving him. He can’t hear the Snitch anymore. Cursing whoever just knocked him out of the way, he rises back up. Lee is having a hard time containing his own anger.

“So — after that obvious and disgusting bit of cheating —”

“Jordan!” Professor McGonagall growls.

“I mean, after that open and revolting foul —”

“Jordan, I’m warning you —”

“All right, all right. Flint nearly kills the Gryffindor Seeker, which could happen to anyone, I’m sure, so a penalty to Gryffindor, taken by Spinnet, who puts it away, no trouble, and we continue play, Gryffindor still in possession.”

Marcus Flint. Harry scowls, directly his curses at Marcus Flint now.

A Bludger flies dangerously close to his head but he dodges it and that’s when it happens. His broom gives a sudden lurch and Harry tightens his grip so he doesn’t fall off. It happens again, almost as if it’s trying to buck Harry off like a horse or a bull. He opens his mouth to try and ask Wood to call a time-out -- which he doesn’t think is even a thing in Quidditch -- but all that comes out is a small scream as his broom zigzags through the air and sometimes makes violent moves that almost knock him off.

“Slytherin in possession — Flint with the Quaffle — passes Spinnet — passes Bell — hit hard in the face by a Bludger, hope it broke his nose — only joking, Professor — Slytherins score — oh no…”

Nobody seems to have noticed Harry’s broom trying to kill him. It’s taking him higher, judging by the way the cheers and Lee’s voice is getting steadily quieter, though still very loud. Very suddenly, his broom starts to roll over and over in a circle. He only barely manages to keep his grip on it. Harry hears everybody gasp when it jerks violently and he flies off of it, only holding with one hand.

Harry holds on for dear life and after only a minute of hanging on, his broom stops. He clambers back on and -- clasping a hand over his mouth -- zooms toward the ground. He hits the ground on all fours and coughs into his hand, a miserable laugh leaving him when the Snitch falls into his hand. He shakes his head before lifting his hand high and yelling, “I’ve got the Snitch!”

Harry doesn’t hear the Slytherins outrage or Lee shouting the results for twenty minutes after, seeing as he’s whisked away to Hagrid’s for tea as soon as the game ends.

“It was Snape,” Ron explains. “He was cursing your broomstick, muttering, wouldn’t take his eyes off you. Hermione and I saw him.”

“Rubbish,” Hagrid says. “Why would Snape do somethin’ like that?”

“We found out something about him,” Ron says. “He tried to get past that three-headed dog on Halloween. It bit him. We think he was trying to steal whatever it’s guarding.”

“How do you know about Fluffy?”

“Fluffy?” Harry repeats.
“Yeah — he’s mine — bought him off a Greek chappie I met in the pub las’ year — I lent him to Dumbledore to guard the —”

“Yes?” Harry leans forward slightly, eager to hear about the dog.

“Now, don’t ask me anymore,” Hagrid says. “That’s top secret, that is.”

“But Snape’s trying to steal it.”

“Rubbish,” Hagrid says again. “Snape’s a Hogwarts teacher, he’d do nothin’ of the sort.”

“So why did he just try and kill Harry?” Hermione cries. “I know a jinx when I see one, Hagrid, I’ve read all about them! You’ve got to keep eye contact, and Snape wasn’t blinking at all, I saw him!”

“I’m tellin’ yeh, yer wrong!” Hagrid says vehemently. “I don’t know why Harry’s broom acted like that, but Snape wouldn’t try an’ kill a student! Now, listen to me, all three of yeh — yer meddlin’ in things that don’t concern yeh. It’s dangerous. You forget that dog, an’ you forget what it’s guardin’, that’s between Professor Dumbledore an’ Nicolas Flamel —”

“Aha!” Harry grins madly. “So, there’s someone called Nicolas Flamel involved, is there?”

Later, Ron will tell Harry that Hagrid looked extremely angry with himself for ever even opening his mouth.

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Chapter End Notes

as promised in the last chapter, i shall now reveal the endgame ship so drumroll please...

harry/ron!!

this is not a very popular ship but to me, it's very adorable and i'm able to draw a lot of angst around it as well. hermione will be their number one shipper and she will not have a crush on ron. i'm actually not sure who i want hermione to end up with so if you have any ideas, boy or girl, please tell me! the only rule i have with that is that it shouldn't draco or pansy or somebody they all express hatred for because it's just harder to make happen properly and it would end up being very unnatural if it were to happen. i suggest you think about gryffindors or other characters like luna or cedric that would be easier to pair hermione with. at the moment, i'm considering ginny, luna, viktor, or fred but i'm very open to considering somebody else so nothing is set in stone yet. ron and harry, however, are set in stone. i'm hoping to make it as slowburn as romione was and i've already planned an entire kiss scene for deathly hallows so strap in, harry's gonna be pining for seven entire books. i'm revealing this now so people who aren't a fan of this ship can stop reading now or so they can mentally prepare themselves to endure it as they read. i hope this wasn't a huge turn off for you and you continue to enjoy the book because i'm having a lot of fun writing it and learning about blindness as i go!

now onto my irrelevent thoughts about this chapter

harry almost dies, what a surprise. mcgonagall was watching him and thinking 'what have i done' the entire time. harry is going to make her hair go entirely gray by the end of the year if he keeps up this whole almost-dying-every-other-week thing. and harry calling snape out on being a bitch? it's everything i live for. god i can't wait until he's
forced to start practicing occlumency with snape because he's just going to be yelling at snape the whole time. and i can't wait to post the quirrell fight :) harry, even in the face of actual voldemort, is such an idiot and it's literally my favorite scene in the whole book, i'm very proud of it.

anyway
the next chapter will be posted on wednesday, july 8th!

comments and kudos give me life
i hope you all have a good day/night! <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!