(Nathan POV)

After giving them all a piece of my mind and making sure that they did not follow me in any way I scuttled away. The half giant took us to a door and he knocked the door with his gigantic fist three times. The door opened and out came a witch. She was a tall, stern-looking witch with black hair drawn into a tight bun. She wore an emerald green robe. She had quiet a stern

(She is going to be a pain)

"The firs' years, professor McGonagall" said Hagrid

"Thank you Hagrid, I will take them from here" she replied as she held the door wide for the first years to enter.

All followed her through the corridors of the castle. The walls were lit using torches. The walls and the floor was made up of grey and brown stone. As we followed her we started to hear a lot of chattering noises from the giant room on the right.

(Hmmmm the whole school must be there) but McGonagall took us into an empty chamber.

"The start of the year Banquet will begin shortly but before that you will be sorted into your houses" She begun "The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room." She said.

"The four houses are called Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours.

"The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting." She spared a glance towards the students and especially glared Ron. I looked back and saw Beatris trying to straighten her bangs only to fail miserably.

"I shall return in a moment" and the professor left.

"Hey Ron do you have any idea how they sort you into your house" without actually wanting to, I herd Beatris talk to Ron.

"Don't know! I think its a test" Ron said trying to be smart "Fred did say that it hurts a lot" Hearing this Beatris gulped and then she grabbed Hermione by her shoulders, "help me Hermione, I don't even know a thing about Magic ... how am I even going to pass the test" she exclaimed while shaking the other girl wildly. unexpectedly I smirked a bit and a word escaped my lips.

"Idiots" I said quietly but not quietly enough because they herd me.

"Last time I fell out of the boat, this time nothing's gonna stop me from punching your ugly face" Ron came at me but Hermione held him

"Let it slide, he is not worth your time" She said and he stopped

"She stopped me or else I would have torn you to pieces" Said Ron

"Oh really, let me guess, by using your scissor of a tongue, or by nibble me up using your rodent like teeth ... RAT" This much was enough to make him jump at me once again. He lunged at me with all his might only to meet ..... air, cuz i had already moved from the spot. He looked back at me and than ran again but this time he did not meet the air

\*BAM\*

Instead he met the floor. "oh my ..... you should be more careful where you step at." pointing towards a slight bump in the floor "Cuz if you don't, who know how bad you'll fall next time" I said and left the kid laying there.

"Okay students follow me into the hall" McGonagall said as she returned. All of us followed her. Ron too got up and walked with the crowed while still cursing under his breath followed by Beatris and a scolding Hermione

"I told you don't do it" she said "look how you humiliated yourself"she said again "I told you didn't I" she said in a bossy manner. Unknown to all of them the small bump in the castle floor that was there moments ago had already disappeared

---------------------------

"Ravenclaw" A great deal of applaud was herd from the Ravenclaw table. The sorting was underway. It was not a test like that rat Weasley had purposed instead it was quiet simple. you wear an ugly talking hat and you get sorted, Simple enough. Upon our arrival the hat sang a song that was beyond what one could describe as unpleasant. Nope, it was simply the most vexatious thing that had ever crossed my ears and that is saying something considering the fact that I came here listening to the constant bickering of a certain rat. Every one was focused on the stool in front of them upon which the hat lie. McGonagall would call a name and the kid would approach the hat for his sorting. But I was not entirely focused on that. Instead I was looking at a certain group of eleven years old who were bound to do something interesting in the near future. Beatris was chatting with Ron and Hermione when a certain white haired mole approached their group.

"So its true ..... The girl who lived has come to attend Hogwarts this year" Said the mole.

"What ? did he say the girl ..."

"did you hear .... "

"Potter was it....."

many such whispers emitted from the crowed

"I am Malfoy ... Draco Malfoy " he said while stretching his hand

"Beatris" she shook his hand and than the kid did something totally unexpected. He took her hand and he kissed it.

(EWE man what are you doing. who even does that now a days. What are you like some knight of the round table or something)

Well unlike the boy, Beatris did something which I totally expected her to do in such a situation. She panicked. pulling her hand from his grasp while pushing him away with the other,she fell back but was fortunately caught by both Ron and Hermione. But the mole was not that fortunate. He fell backwards, did a flip and then fell on his hip. {A/N: wow I am a poet}

(quiet a performance for a mole. I bet you could win the mole Olympics with such a performance .... MORON . what did you expected huh, flirting with an eleven years old)

"I am so sorry" Beatris started to apologize. "you s-startled m-me. A-Are Y-you okay M-Mr.Draymoy"

(of course you startled her, she is just an eleven years old and .... wait what ..... DRAYMOY ... pft) I was having a real hard time keeping in my laughter but not all were that lucky. Ron let out a chuckle.

"It's DRACO MALFOY NOT DRAY.... huh ... hey what are you laughing at you buffoon. I don't even have to ask your name to know it. Red hair, an ugly freckled face and hand me down robes. You must be a Weasley"

That hit Ron straight in the gut

"Shut up you" Ron barked. wait can rats even bark ?

"huh" Turning back to Beatris "look Potter I just wanted to help you, You Don't want to make friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there" said Malfoy.

"What do you mean the wrong sort, they are both nice" Beatris replied

(you just met them for the first time. Oh my God Potter, you are naive to the point of cuteness)

"It doesn't matter if a muggle and a vagrant are nice. No one will ever want to associate themselves with them"

"Don't speak nonsense about my friends"

"Really ! Here I am giving you a chance to associate yourself with the great house of Malfoy"(Really, how full of himself can a guy get) "and you are refusing me. Well I don't blame you, you never had anyone to teach you the right from the wrong"

Signs of immediate anger were seen on Beatris' face

"Why don't you keep your good and kind intentions to your self and suck on them Blondie. I don't need anyone to tell me that going with a daddies boy like you who thinks he is better than every one else just because he can buy new robes would be the biggest mistake of my life. So will you please go back to your not so great house of Draymoy or what ever it was and leave us be so that we may get sorted in peace." Replied Beatris with somewhat of an evil smirk.

(Nice hit)

Draco was fuming with rage. He opened his mouth but

"Draco Malfoy" McGonagall called.

Giving an angry look to her he turned and strolled away

"Slytherin" the hat shouted before it even touched his head. He went and joined his house mates at their table while still glaring her.

After the incident, soon all were sorted, Ron and Hermione were sorted in Gryffindor. The hat took quiet a time with Beatris but finally shouted

"Gryffindor"

And finally

"Nathanial Morningstar"

I walked over to the stool. Aware of the stares that were being given to me I sat on the stool. The hat was placed on my head and I felt something invade my mind. Not that I could stop it or anything.

"I would appreciate if you would not look into my private information".I was worried about it seeing it all, seeing all my past

"I have to see in order to find the best house for you. don't worry I am enchanted to not tell anyone what I saw without the owners permission" it replied. I inhaled some air. Nothing could be done about it.

"Oh ... A morning star" it began "wait that's not all you are A cursed one"

"hey hat, why don't you just shut up and do your thing. No one asked you about it"

"Got a sharp tongue eeh. Well not that I blame you. You have seen much for your age"

"Tch"

"Lets see where you belong. Quiet a thirst for knowledge, hmmmm ..... you don't seem to trust many but are extremely loyal to the ones you do. A mind that is cunning beyond many I have seen and the courage to face even the gravest of dangers alone. I say boy you are quiet a masterpiece, suited for all houses. But I have a duty to sort you and that I shall do. The virtue that dominates all others and shall prove you the most beneficial in your years to come .....

Gryffindor" The hat finally sorted me. Loud cheers erupted from the Gryffindor table especially that of the girls. I scanned the table and spotted sister beaming at me. i went and sat next to her. Most unfortunately for her, the other person next to me was Beatris who was now looking for ways to get out of the helpless situation but I did not bat an eye. The feast begun after a few words from the old headmaster but I did not bat an eye. Every one ate and talked but I did not bat an eye. My face was buried deep in my book with only a single thought in my head.

(The cursed one ..... humph .... I am cursed in more ways than you can think you old stinking hat)