(Beatris POV)

He came and he just sat next to me like nothing happened. I mean seriously. I tried to move to another spot but was not able to. So I Had to sit next to him for the rest of the Banquet. I would occasionally look towards him but every time I found him reading that book of his. He didn't even touch his food. Seemed like he was in some deep thought

(Oh come on Beatris leave him be and focus on your own things. I just have to stay away from him and prepare for the upcoming days)

We met the ghosts of all the houses. I was amused seeing real live ghosts roaming around the castle. All my life I was told that ghosts were not real, that there is no such thing as magic and yet here I was eating food that appeared out of nowhere on our plates in a giant castle lit by floating candles, talking to a headless dead man under a ceiling that showed the magically projected image of the night sky. At this point, I didn't even knew what was a lie or a dream and what had some hint of truth in it. But all in all, Even after Nathan sat right next to me making me extremely edgy, I enjoyed my very first banquet at Hogwarts. Then the Banquet finally came to an end. All the prefects of all the houses guided us to our respective dorms.

"All first years follow me" said our prefect

"That's my brother. He is the prefect of our house and he is probably going to be the next head boy" Said Ron while swelling up his chest with pride.

As we passed through various stare cases, I saw many things which would have not been believable If I had not seen them with my own eyes.

"the stare cases ... they are changing" some one Gasped and surely there they were right in front of us, the moving stare cases. The picture all around us moved and talked.

"I have read about it in Hogwarts a history" Hermione was constantly talking about the books that she had read and honestly I liked that about her. Sure she was a bit bossy but who knows, maybe its just my imagination and she is not like that at all once I get to know her better. Twice Percy led us through doorways hidden behind sliding panels and hanging tapestries. I was starting to wonder that how much farther we have to go when abruptly, we came to a sudden halt.

A bundle of walking sticks were floating in midair ahead of us, and as Percy took a step toward them they started throwing themselves at him.

"Peeves," Percy whispered to the first years. "A poltergeist." He raised his voice, "Peeves -- show yourself."

A loud, rude sound, like the air being let out of a balloon, answered.

"Do you want me to go to the Bloody Baron?"

There was a pop, and a little man with wicked, dark eyes and a wide mouth appeared, floating cross-legged in the air, clutching the walking sticks.

"Oooooooh!" he said, with an evil cackle. "Ickle Firsties! What fun!"

He swooped suddenly at us. All ducked.

"Go away, Peeves, or the Baron'll hear about this, I mean it!" barked Percy.

Peeves stuck out his tongue and vanished, dropping the walking sticks on Neville's head.

"You want to watch out for Peeves," said Percy, as we set off again. "The Bloody Baron's the only one who can control him, he won't even listen to us prefects. Here we are."

At the very end of the corridor hung a portrait of a very fat woman in a pink silk dress.

"Password?" she said.

"Caput Draconis," said Percy, and the portrait swung forward to reveal a round hole in the wall. All of us scrambled through it -- Neville needed a leg up -- and found ourselves in the Gryffindor common room, a cozy, round room full of squashy armchairs.

"This is the common room" Percy said. "the stare case behind me leads to the rooms. The left for the boys and right for the girls. Now of you all go. All your belongings are already in your rooms. You better go and get some rest. You have classes tomorrow."

All of us left and went to our common rooms. Luckily I was roommates with Hermione and two other girls. We chatted for a bit and then finally went to sleep.

That night I had the strangest dream, I was in professor quill's turban and it talked tome. Told me to transfer to Slytherin as it was my destiny. When I refused it got heavier and tighter and it started to choke me. There was a flash of green light and I herd screams of a women, I jolted up sweating, My scar hurting like hell. Then as the pain had come it was gone, all in an instant.

"What a weird dream" I said to myself as I went back to sleep. Unknown to me there was a certain red eyed boy in the dormitory across ours also having bad dreams.

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

The world of magic was way more amazing than I had ever imagined. Every thing here worked on ... well .... magic. Talking pictures, self writing quills, floating candles, board games with semi sentient pieces and than again self writing quills. They were amazing. Never before in my life had I ever seen any such thing. So that was the reason that when I came across the staircases that changed directions every hour or so, I got loss. And It took quiet some effort.

"Hey Ron, shouldn't you know your way around here. You are from a magical family right ?"

"Hey that does not mean that I know about every passage of this castle. I mean it,s huge. I doubt that even even the teachers know about it completely" He replied.

After banging our heads against many walls we were finally able to reach McGonagall's class.

"Thank God she is not here" Ron exclaimed "or else we would have had been dead"

But I wasn't looking at him. Instead I was looking at the cat sitting on the desk.

(Odd, What's a cat doing here. Somehow this cat feel a little different. I just can't put my finger on it)

We both went to our seats. I sat with Hermione and quiet tragically Ron found his seat with Nathanial. Well it was because no one liked to sit with him anymore, ESPECIALLY boys. Some girls were hell bent on making him fall for them but if I could say a thing about Nathan's character, then I would tell them that is was all fruitless. It hadn't been a week since the start of the school year and he had already made a repute for himself. Already famous as the coldhearted and sadistic prince. He followed what he had said the first that he did not need any friends. Speaking of which, what help are the friends that can't save you in a dire situation. I considered Hermione to be my besti but she immediately deserted me when the cat suddenly transformed into McGonagall and started to lecture us on being late. I looked towards Hermione mouthing

\*HELP ME\*

and she gave me the look that said clearly "I told you to come with me in the morning"

(Traitor) I cried inside my heart.

After giving us both an earful and deducing some points, she begun the lecture. It was transfiguration. For demonstration, she converted her desk into a dog and then back again. Now we were all impressed and eager to try this for ourselves. But soon enough the emotion I called IMPRESSED was converted into DEPRESSED. It was like the most difficult thing I had ever attempted. The theory alone was the most difficult to understand. We were given a match to convert into a needle. At the end of the class only Hermione was able to change it to look slightly needle like. She was awarded with a rare smile from professor. But of course there was this other guy who was not awarded with a smile but rather with ten points being the only one in the class who had completed the transfiguration. Nathan of course, who else. Oh wait did I tell you guys the Nathan was the best in studies? I didn't right? Well then ..... surprise ... Nathan was the best student in our year. The worst part , half the time his facial expressions were so non-existent that it was hard to tell even if he was trying at all or not. See? what did I tell ya, perfect in every way and an absolute jerk. THE SADISTIC PRINCE.

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

"yeah Right !!!!!!! Exactly what I needed for my mood. dual potions with Slytherin" Ron said bitterly

"Why what's wrong about potions, seems like a perfectly amazing subject to me"asked Hermione

"Hermione, every subject seems like perfectly amazing to you" I pointed

"Agreed" Ron raised his hand

She rolled her eyes "whatever ... so tell me the problem and I might consider helping you since I am the only one in the group who actually studies"

(I study too you know)

Ron snorted. "The problem it self is not with the subject but with the teacher. Snape is the head of the Slytherin house and our school's potion master. they say that he always favors his house. Wish McGonagall would do the same"

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

\*BANG\*

The classroom door was opened loudly

"You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potionmaking," he began. He spoke in barely more than a whisper, but we caught every word. Like Professor McGonagall, Snape had the gift of keeping a class silent without effort. "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."

He turned and his gaze met my eyes.

"Potter!" said Snape suddenly. "What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

(WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME)

"I think it is somewhat related to a sleeping potion." I replied trying to remember what the book had said.

"hmmmm, seems like you are not as big of an idiot as i thought you would be but the answer is still incomplete"

Hermione's hand shot into air

"It's called the Draught of death Potter" He stared directly into my eyes"Let's try again. Potter, where would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?"

"That I don't know sir"

"tut tut. Fame clearly isn't every thing. Never even thought of opening the books did you eeh Potter"

(Than how in the world did I manage to answer the first one and do you expect me to remember every single thing from every book even before the start of my year)

Hermione's hand shot into air once again.

(Do you seriously remember every thing Hermione)

"What is the difference, Potter, between monkswood and wolfsbane?" he asked again

(YES)

"They are both the names of the same thing professor" I replied. His lips twitched. He clearly was not expecting me to answer that.

Turning he said "A point from Gryffindor for not answering correctly"

(WHAAAAAAATTTTT.But I answered two of them. well maybe one and a half but that is not the point here)

After the little incident, the things did not improve for us as the Snape would use every chance to deduce some points from Gryffindor. He was telling every one how perfectly Malfoy had made his potion and even if I didn't like even I could see that Nathan's was way better than Malfoy's but who was looking. Nevil Had paired with Ron cuz Nathan liked to work alone and they both somehow managed to melt the cauldron into a big blobby mass. It spread out on the floor burning holes in peoples shoes. in moments every one was on top of their stools.

"Idiot boy!" snarled Snape, clearing the spilled potion away with one wave of his wand. "I suppose you added the porcupine quills before taking the cauldron off the fire?"

"Potter" he then pointed at me."why did you not tell him that? that's another point from Gryffindor."

(That is so unfair)

Thank God I had the visit to Hagrid's hut to look forward to. We all went there while my mind still thinking

(Why do you hate me so much?)