(Beatris POV)

(I knew she cleared my mind with that spell of hers but then why is it that sleep is nowhere to be seen.)

I was laying in the hospital wing simply staring at the sealing. It had been at least an hour and I was not sleepy at all. My mind was a mess of thoughts.

(His parents died when he was three. And his mother died in his arms. I mean I know How it feels to live without parents. But...….. is it okay to compare me with him? I mean I never got to meet my parents but him?? He is a different story. I mean I never even knew my parents but according to Ana, he saw his parents die. I love my parents even without knowing them, but he saw them die in front of him. I can't even fathom how he feels. But why does he......)

These were the thought swirling in my head continuously. Ana had told me that the Morningstar household was one of the oldest and most noble magical households that existed in the world. I did not know if it were true or not because where households like Malfoys, The Lestrangers, or the house of Gaunt were famous for their long and powerful history and heritage, I had never heard the name of the Morningstars. And the odd thing was that no one in the whole school had ever heard of the Morningstars. It was weird. And another thing was that if the household was so powerful then how was it possible that the only relative that Nathan had was Ana? She had only told me that his mother died in his hands at the age of 3 and nothing more. What happened to his father? Did he ever have any siblings, an aunt or uncle? Were they related to the Malfoys somehow?? No offense but both had white hair. Where Malfoy had white like old people, Nathan had silvery white hair. Questions like these were swirling in my mind. I did not realize when it happened but I fell asleep. I don't know for how long was I out but then I woke quite suddenly in pitch blackness and I emitted a small yelp of pain. My arm felt full of large splinters. For a second, I thought that

was what had woken me. But then I realized that someone was mopping my forehead in the dark.

\"Get off!\" I said loudly, and then, \"Dobby!\"

So, I have not yet told you about Dobby, have I?? Well, he, or it, I still don't know, is a house elf. And he visited me at my home once. Now, these small creatures were slaves to some wizards. He had come to warn me at my home. I was not receiving any letters from Ron and Hermione so I thought that they had forgotten about me. But apparently, Dobby was the one not allowing any letter to reach me. He wanted me to not go to Hogwarts. I had no idea why. And that same thing was right here in the hospital wing. His goggling tennis ball eyes were peering at me through the darkness. He had large, bat-like ears and bulging green eyes the size of tennis balls. A single tear was running down his long, pointed nose.

\"Beatris Potter came back to school,\" he whispered miserably. \"Dobby warned and

warned Beatris Potter. Ah mam, why didn't you heed Dobby? Why didn't Beatris Potter go

back home when she missed the train?\"

I heaved myself up on my pillows and pushed Dobby's sponge away.

\"What're you doing here?\" I spoke barely containing my anger. \"And how did you know I missed the train?\"

His lips trembled and I knew at once.

\"It was you!\" he said slowly. \"You stopped the barrier from letting us through!\"

Well, that was another story. The reason why we came in a flying car instead of the train was that he had blocked the entrance to station 9 ¾.

\"Indeed yes, mam,\" said Dobby, nodding his head vigorously, ears flapping. \"Dobby hid

and watched for Beatris Potter and sealed the gateway and Dobby had to iron his hands

afterward\" he showed me ten long, bandaged fingers.

(But why would he go so far.)

\"But Dobby didn't care, mam, for he thought Beatris Potter was safe, and never did Dobby dream that Beatris Potter would get to school another way!\"

He was rocking backward and forward, shaking his ugly head.

(I DON'T GET WHY YOU WANT TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM HOGWARTS)

\"Dobby was so shocked when he heard Beatris Potter was back at Hogwarts, he let his

master's dinner burn! Such a flogging Dobby never had, mam…\"

I slumped back onto his pillows, my hand on my forehead.

\"You nearly got Ron and me expelled,\" I said fiercely. \"You'd better get far away from my sight before my bones come back, Dobby, or I might strangle you,\" I said, rather unconvincingly. I was never the one to give death threats. I was only used to receiving them. Dobby smiled weakly.

\"Dobby is used to death threats, mam. Dobby gets them five times a day at home. Yours did not seem like one.\"

He blew his nose on a corner of the filthy pillowcase he wore, looking so pathetic that I felt my anger ebb away despite himself.

\"Why do you even wear that thing, Dobby?\" I asked curiously.

\"This, mam?\" said Dobby, plucking at the pillowcase. \"'Tis a mark of the house-elf's

enslavement, mam. Dobby can only be freed if his masters present him with clothes, mam. The family is careful not to pass Dobby even a sock, mam, for then he would be free to leave their house forever.\" Dobby mopped his bulging eyes and said suddenly, \"Beatris Potter must go home!

Dobby thought his Bludger would be enough to make...….\"

(Wait, what did I just hear...…)

\"Your Bludger?\" I said, my anger rising once more. \"What do you mean, your Bludger? YOU MADE THAT BLUDGER TRY TO KILL ME?\" I nearly shouted.

\"Not kill you, mam, never kill you!\" said Dobby, shocked. \"Dobby wants to save Beatris Potter's life! Better sent home, grievously injured, than remain here mam! Dobby only

wanted Beatris Potter hurt enough to be sent home!\"

\"Oh really?\" I replied angrily. \"I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you wanted me sent home in pieces?\"

\"Ah, if Beatris Potter only knew!\" he groaned, more tears dripping onto his ragged

pillowcase. \"If he knew what he means to us, to the lowly, the enslaved, we dregs of the

magical world! Dobby remembers how it was when He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was

at the height of his powers, mam! We house-elves were treated like vermin, mam! Of course,

Dobby is still treated like that, mam,\" he admitted, drying his face on the pillowcase.

(I don't even remember what I did to Voldemort and yet here I have another fan who thanks me for it. This makes me feel guilty over and over again.)

\"But mostly, mam, life has improved for my kind since you triumphed over He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Beatris Potter survived, and the Dark Lord's power was broken, and it was a

a new dawn, mam, and Beatris Potter shone like a beacon of hope for those of us who thought the Dark days would never end, sit… And now, at Hogwarts, terrible things are to happen, are perhaps happening already, and Dobby cannot let Beatris Potter stay here now that history is to repeat itself, now that the Chamber of Secrets is open once more.\" But then at once he realized his folly and froze, horrorstruck. In a quick movement, he grabbed my water jug from his bedside table and cracked it over his own head, toppling out of sight. A second later, he crawled back onto

the bed, crosseyed, muttering, \"Bad Dobby, very bad Dobby…\"

\"So there is a Chamber of Secrets?\" I whispered.

(I knew it. I just knew it, and since there is a chamber then it means that the voices I was hearing were also there. I am not going insane. That is a relief)

\"And did you say it's been opened before? Tell me, Dobby!\" I asked the elf. \"But I'm not

Muggle-born, why would I be in danger?\" What he was saying did not make any sense. According to the message, the muggle-born wizards were the real targets of the horror within the chamber and I was no muggle born so why was I in danger?

\"Ah, mam, ask no more, ask no more of poor Dobby,\" he stammered his eyes huge in the dark. \"Dark deeds are planned in this place, but Beatris Potter must not be here when

they happen...…. go home, Beatris Potter, go home. Beatris Potter must not meddle in this,

mam, 'tis too dangerous...\"

\"Who is it, Dobby?\" I had gained a golden chance and I was not going to let it get away. I grabbed a hold of Dobby's wrist to stop him from

hitting himself with the water jug again. \"Who's opened it? Who opened it last time?\"

\"Dobby can't, mam, Dobby can't, Dobby mustn't tell!\" squealed the elf. \"Go home, Beatris

Potter, go home!\"

\"I'm not going anywhere!\" I said fiercely. \"One of my best friends is Muggle-born she'll be first in line if the Chamber really has been opened....\"

\"Beatris Potter risks her own life for her friends!\" moaned Dobby in a miserable way. \"So noble! So valiant! But she has to save herself, she must, Beatris Potter must not.... \"

And then he suddenly froze, his bat ears quivering. I did not know what he had felt but

\"Dobby must go!\" he breathed, terrified. and with those words I saw him snap his fingers, there was a loud crack, and I was grabbing onto thin air.

(What, where did he go again.....UGH)

That was when I heard them again. The same voices I had heard before.

\"Finally free...… kill..... kill...…. Come to me...… let me rip you\"

(AGAIN)

Not caring about my wounds I got up and started to walk in the direction of the sounds.

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(Annabella POV)

I was sleeping very soundly and peacefully when I felt something that caused me to wake up.

\"Hmm, what is...….. AAAWWWWWNN\" I yawned and stretched my arms.

(Why did I wake up? It's still the middle of the night...)

But then I realized what had happened. I immediately got up and went towards the common room. And as expected Gus was there waiting for me. You see me and Gus, I had a secret that we never told anyone. We were connected. We could feel each other. If one of us got lost we always knew where the other was, or at least the general direction. And right now Gus had called out to me.

\"What is it, Gus.... Why did you call me in the middle of the night?\" I asked. I was annoyed but I could not tell him that. He was a little sensitive. And he would cry. Also if it was him, then I was sure it was something important. He raised his hands.

< It's here again. I heard it. We need to go. It wants to kill someone>

My eyes grew wide...

\"We don't need to Gus. I ran towards him and held him...….. the teachers will do...\" He cut me off.

<But we have to help. No one else hears it. I know it's some kind of animal and it's really dangerous. Someone might need our help>

(Well he is right…..)

\"Okay, then what should I do....\" I asked convinced by him.

< Let's go. We will follow the voice.> And then he exited the common room with me in his tail.