

# The Forgotten Student: A Mystery of Memory and Magic

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**Chapter 5:** "The Conspiracy Unveiled" - Harry, Ron, and Hermione race against time to expose the truth behind the conspiracy and save Sally-Anne from falling into the wrong hands. They face dangerous obstacles and unexpected twists as they uncover the true nature of the wizarding world and the real reason behind Sally-Anne's disappearance.

**Chapter 6:** "The Battle for Memory" - In the climactic final battle, the trio faces off against the masterminds behind the conspiracy, fighting not only for Sally-Anne's freedom but also for the truth and justice in the wizarding world. The fate of magic users everywhere hangs in the balance as they confront the darkness that threatens to erase the past, present, and future.

## Intriguing Summary:

"The Forgotten Student" is a gripping mystery that takes you on a thrilling adventure through the magical world of Harry Potter. When three friends stumble upon a mysterious student who has been erased from memory, they embark on a quest to uncover the truth behind her disappearance. As they delve deeper, they discover a hidden world of secrets, lies, and forgotten histories that threaten to change everything they thought they knew about magic forever. With unexpected allies and dangerous foes, they must fight to protect the innocent and bring justice to the wizarding world before it's too late. The story will keep you on the edge of your seat, eager to find out what happens next, as the trio battles against time to save the day in this unforgettable tale of friendship, courage, and the power of memory.

## Chapter 1: "The Vanishing Girl"

"She's a what?" Harry Potter asked. His mouth hung open in shock.

"A ghost," Hermione Granger explained, a furrow in her brow. "She was killed by... well, by the basilisk, apparently."

Ron Weasley gaped at her. "But... then why didn't we know about her?" he asked slowly. "I mean, if someone died at Hogwarts, surely the other students would know about it?"

"That is... the question, isn't it?" Hermione said slowly. "She was sorted into Hufflepuff during our year, and yet..." She turned to Harry. "You don't even remember \*her name\*."

Harry shook his head. It was true; he didn't even know what the girl had been called. He had never known her name, had never known... anything, really. His memories were gone.

Just like the rest of Hogwarts'.

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They had discovered Sally-Anne Perks by accident. While visiting Hufflepuff to check up on some friends, Hermione had noticed a photograph in one of the common rooms. She had recognized all of the students in it, save for one girl standing off to the side - a girl who looked eerily familiar, yet whom Hermione couldn't place.

Harry and Ron had seen her too, but neither could remember anything about her. That was strange in itself - the three of them shared so many memories, they would not have forgotten a classmate so easily.

Yet the more they looked into it, the stranger things became. Sally-Anne had been sorted into Hufflepuff during their year, but none of the other students remembered her either. They had no memory of ever seeing her, or talking to her, or even knowing her name.

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"But... why would anyone want to... to erase a person from history?" Ron asked. He was frowning now, his forehead creased in thought. "I mean, what could possibly be gained by forgetting about someone who died years ago?"

Harry shook his head. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Maybe it's just some sort of sick prank."

Hermione shook her head. "No," she said softly. "I don't think so."

Harry looked at her in surprise. "Are you saying..."

"Yes." Hermione nodded, her face grim. "I think someone deliberately erased Sally-Anne Perks from our memories. And I intend to find out why."

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It was a day like any other in Hogwarts. The sun shone brightly through the windowpanes, and the students bustled about as they went about their business.

Yet something was different. Something had changed. The atmosphere in the school was tense, almost electric with anticipation. Everyone seemed to sense that something big was about to happen.

"I wonder what it could be," Harry murmured to Hermione as they walked down the hallway.

She shrugged. "Who knows? Maybe someone finally decided to clean out the Slytherin locker room," she joked.

Harry chuckled. "Now *that* would be a miracle."

Their conversation was cut short as they rounded a corner and nearly collided with Neville Longbottom.

"Oh! Sorry!" Neville stammered, his face turning red as he stepped aside to let them pass.

"It's alright," Hermione said with a smile. "We weren't watching where we were going either."

Harry gave Neville an awkward pat on the shoulder as they walked by, and then the three of them continued on their way. They hadn't gone far when they heard footsteps behind them and turned to see Ginny Weasley hurrying to catch up.

"Hey, guys!" she said breathlessly. "Have you heard?"

They shook their heads. "Heard what?" Harry asked.

Ginny lowered her voice conspiratorially. "It's Sally-Anne Perks," she whispered. "She... she died."

"What?" Hermione gasped. "How do you know?"

"I overheard Dumbledore talking to Professor McGonagall about it," Ginny said with a shrug. "Apparently, she just... vanished, and no one knows how or why."

Harry felt a chill run down his spine as he realized the implications of what Ginny was saying. If Sally-Anne Perks really had died, and if her death \*had\* been covered up, then that meant that someone was going to great lengths to keep her existence a secret.

But why?

And more importantly... who?

## **Chapter 2: "The Secret of Sally-Anne"**

"It's not right," Ron said, his brow furrowed in thought. "It's just not right."

Harry nodded. "I know."

The three of them were huddled together in a deserted corner of the library, poring over books and scrolls in an attempt to find out more about Sally-Anne Perks. So far, they had discovered very little.

"She was born in 1980," Hermione read from a book. "Her parents were both Muggles, and she attended Hogwarts from 1991 to 1998."

"That's it?" Ron said in surprise. "That's all there is?"

Hermione nodded. "I'm afraid so," she said. "It seems that Sally-Anne wasn't very well-known, even during her lifetime."

Harry frowned. "That's not possible," he said. "Everyone leaves a mark, no matter how small. There has to be \*something\*."

Hermione sighed and closed the book. "I suppose you're right," she said. "We'll just have to keep looking."

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It was a few days later when they finally found what they were looking for. They were in the restricted section of the library, browsing through some old tomes when Hermione let out a gasp of surprise.

"What is it?" Harry asked, hurrying over to her side.

Hermione pointed to a passage in the book she was holding. "It's about Sally-Anne," she whispered. "Listen."

\*Sally-Anne Perks was a young witch who possessed the unique ability to communicate with magical creatures. This was both a blessing and a curse, as she was constantly bombarded with the thoughts and feelings of every creature she encountered. In order to cope with this, she developed the ability to block out the voices, though this came at a great cost.\*

\*As she grew older, Sally-Anne realized that her power could be used to manipulate and control those around her. She began to use it for personal gain, amassing a small fortune through gambling and other nefarious means. However, her power attracted the attention of dark forces, who sought to use her for their own ends.\*

\*In 1998, Sally-Anne was confronted by Voldemort himself, who attempted to possess her in order to gain control of her power. She fought valiantly against him, but in the end, she was no match for his Dark Magic. Her body was left lifeless on the floor of the Hogwarts library, her mind erased from existence.\*

Harry felt a chill run down his spine as he finished reading. "So that's it?" he asked softly. "She was killed by Voldemort?"

Hermione nodded. "It would seem so," she said. "But there's something else."

She turned the page and pointed to a paragraph near the bottom.

\*Though her body was destroyed, Sally-Anne's spirit lived on. It is said that she haunts the halls of Hogwarts to this day, searching for the one who can help her find peace.\*

Ron let out a low whistle. "So that's why we can't remember her," he said. "Her spirit is blocking our memories."

Hermione nodded. "That would explain it," she said. "But there's still one thing I don't understand."

She looked at Harry and Ron, her brow furrowed in thought. "If Sally-Anne was killed by Voldemort, then why would her spirit be trying to make us remember her?"

Harry shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "But I have a feeling that we're going to find out soon enough."

### Chapter 3: "The Erasure of Memory"

They searched the library for hours, but they couldn't find anything else about Sally-Anne. They were about to give up when Harry had an idea.

"Let's try the Shrieking Shack," he said. "Maybe there's something there that can help us."

The others agreed, and soon they were on their way. They made their way through the Forbidden Forest, past the Whomping Willow, and finally to the cottage itself.

Inside, the Shrieking Shack was just as they remembered it - dusty and cobweb-filled. They searched the entire place, but again they came up empty-handed.

Just as they were about to leave, Harry heard a voice coming from outside. He went to the window and peeked out.

There, standing in the clearing, was Severus Snape.

Harry ducked down below the window and motioned for the others to do the same. "It's Snape," he whispered. "He's talking to someone, but I can't see who it is."

Ron and Hermione joined him at the window, and they watched as Snape paced back and forth, muttering to himself. Finally, he seemed to make up his mind about something and strode off into the woods.

The three of them looked at each other in surprise.

"What do you think he was doing here?" Hermione asked.

Harry shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "But I have a feeling we're going to find out soon enough."

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They waited for two days, but Snape never returned to the Shrieking Shack. Finally, they decided to take matters into their own hands.

"We're going to have to break into his office," Hermione said. "There has to be something there that can help us."

Ron let out a low whistle. "That's dangerous," he said. "If we get caught, we'll be expelled for sure."

Hermione nodded. "I know," she said. "But it's the only way."

Harry agreed. "We have to do it," he said. "We can't just sit around and wait for something to happen."

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They waited until nightfall before making their move. Hermione had concocted a sleeping potion, which they intended to use on Filch. Once he was out cold, they would be able to sneak into Snape's office unnoticed.

Ron went into the kitchen to fetch Filch's cat, Mrs. Norris. He returned a few minutes later, carrying the animal in his arms.

"How are we going to get her to drink it?" Ron asked.

Hermione pulled out a small vial of the potion and dripped some onto the end of Mrs. Norris's tail. The cat licked it off and almost immediately fell asleep in Ron's arms.

"Perfect," Hermione said with a smile. "Now all we have to do is wait."

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It didn't take long for Filch to come looking for his cat. The three of them hid in the shadows and watched as he entered the kitchen, calling out for Mrs. Norris. He eventually found her sleeping peacefully in the corner and scooped her up in his arms.

Filch started to make his way back out of the kitchen, but he was stopped by a sudden noise from behind him. He whirled around, his wand drawn, only to see the three students standing there, smiling.

"Hello, Mr. Filch," Hermione said sweetly. "We were wondering if we could have a word with you."

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Filch was tied up and gagged, and they were making their way through the halls of Hogwarts. They eventually came to a stop in front of a large, ornate door.

Harry tested the handle and found it to be locked. He looked at Hermione, who nodded. She took out her wand and muttered a few words under her breath. The door creaked open, revealing a dark and musty room beyond.

They stepped inside and began searching for anything that could help them. They found several bottles of strange potions, as well as a number of books on Dark Magic. But there was nothing that could help them with their current predicament.

Just as they were about to give up, Harry noticed something strange on one of the bookshelves. It was a small, leather-bound book that seemed out of place among the other books on the shelf.

He pulled it out and opened it to the first page. The book was blank - or at least, most of it was. In the very center of the page, written in a beautiful, flowing script, were the words *"To Sally-Anne."*

"This is it," Harry said, his voice filled with excitement. "This is what we've been looking for!"

#### **Chapter 4: "The Power of the Unseen"**

"But how do we know it's true?" Ron asked. "How do we know that we can trust what's written in this book?"

Hermione shrugged. "We don't," she said. "But it's the only lead we have."

The three of them sat there for a long time, staring at the open book in front of them. Finally, Harry sighed and stood up.

"We have to follow the trail," he said. "We have to find out the truth."

Hermione nodded. "I know," she said. "But where do we even start?"

Harry looked at her and smiled. "I think I might know someone who can help us."

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They made their way to the Room of Requirement, a place that was known to supply whatever its occupants needed. When they entered, they found themselves in a large, dimly-lit room.

In the center of the room was a figure they recognized - it was Moaning Myrtle, one of the ghosts of Hogwarts. She was floating a few inches off the ground, her translucent form barely visible in the darkness.

"Hello," Hermione said softly. "We were wondering if we could talk to you."

Myrtle looked at them with interest. "What do you want to talk about?" she asked.

"We were hoping you could tell us more about the history of Hogwarts," Harry said. "We're particularly interested in anything that might have happened here in the past century or so."

Myrtle nodded. "I think I can help you," she said. "But first, there's something I need to tell you."



She floated closer to them, her voice barely a whisper. "You're not the first ones to ask me about this," she said. "There have been others before you."

"What do you mean?" Ron asked.

Myrtle sighed. "There have always been students who were curious about the history of Hogwarts," she said. "But in recent years, there have been more and more of them."

She looked at them and smiled sadly. "I think it has something to do with the return of Voldemort," she said. "People are scared, and they're looking for answers."

"Do you know what they were looking for?" Hermione asked.

Myrtle shook her head. "No," she said. "I don't. But I think it has something to do with the Chamber of Secrets."

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## **Chapter 5: "The Conspiracy Unveiled"**

"The Chamber of Secrets? What does that have to do with anything?" Harry asked.

Myrtle sighed. "I don't know," she said. "But it's something that the ghosts have been whispering about for years."

She floated closer to them and lowered her voice. "There are some who say that there's a dark secret hidden in the Chamber of Secrets," she said. "A secret that could change everything we know about magic."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged looks. They had heard this before, from Dumbledore. But what did it have to do with Sally-Anne?

Myrtle continued, "There are others who say that the Chamber of Secrets is where the lost students go."

"The lost students?" Ron repeated. "What do you mean?"

Myrtle sighed again. "There have always been students who went missing," she said. "Students who were forgotten. It's a price we pay for attending Hogwarts, I suppose."

She looked at them and smiled sadly. "But I think it's more than that," she said. "I think there's something else going on. Something darker."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged looks again. They had to find out more.

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They spent the next few weeks searching for clues about the lost students. They asked the other ghosts, they looked through old books and scrolls, they even consulted the Sorting Hat. But they couldn't find anything.

Finally, Hermione had an idea. "What if we tried something different?" she said. "What if we asked the House-Elves?"

Harry and Ron looked at her skeptically. "The House-Elves?" they repeated. "What can they tell us that we don't already know?"

Hermione shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "But it's worth a try, isn't it?"

They made their way down to the kitchen, where they found Dobby and Winky talking to each other in low voices.

"Hello," Hermione said softly. "We were wondering if we could ask you something."

The House-Elves looked at her in surprise. "Of course," Dobby said. "What is it?"

Harry took a deep breath and explained what they were looking for. He told them about Sally-Anne and the other lost students, about their search for answers.

When he finished, there was silence for a moment as Dobby and Winky exchanged looks. Finally, Winky spoke.

"We know of what you speak," she said. "We have heard the whispers too."

She looked at them sadly. "But we cannot help you," she continued. "It is forbidden for us to speak of such things."

"But why?" Hermione asked desperately. "Don't you want to help us?"

Dobby looked at her sympathetically. "Of course we do," he said. "But we are bound by magic. We cannot speak of what we know."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged looks of frustration. They were so close to finding out the truth, but it seemed like they had hit a dead end.

## **Chapter 6: "The Battle for Memory"**

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They returned to the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade, defeated. They had searched everywhere, asked everyone they could think of, but they still didn't have any answers.

As they sat there, nursing their drinks and feeling sorry for themselves, a sudden realization struck them - they had been so focused on finding the truth that they had forgotten about one thing. About their friend who had started this whole journey in the first place.

"We forgot about Sally-Anne," Hermione whispered, her voice shaking with emotion. "We got so caught up in finding out what happened to all of the lost students that we forgot about the one student who matters the most."

Harry and Ron looked at her in surprise. They hadn't thought about it like that before, but she was right. They had been so focused on the bigger picture that they had forgotten about their friend.

"We have to go back," Harry said firmly. "We have to help her."

Ron and Hermione nodded in agreement. They finished their drinks and left the Three Broomsticks, determined to find Sally-Anne and help her escape from whatever dark fate had befallen her.

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They made their way through the winding corridors of Hogwarts, following the clues that they had gathered during their search. They passed through familiar hallways and staircases, but they also found themselves in parts of the castle that they had never seen before.

As they walked, they couldn't help but feel like they were being watched. There were shadows in every corner, and every sound seemed to echo around them ominously.

Finally, they came to a stop in front of a large door that was shrouded in darkness. They exchanged looks, knowing that this was the place they had been searching for.

With a deep breath, Harry reached out and grasped the handle. He pulled it open slowly, revealing a long, dark corridor that stretched out before them.

They stepped into the darkness, feeling the weight of their journey pressing down on them. They knew that they were close to finding the truth, but they also knew that it was going to be harder than anything they had faced before.

They walked for what seemed like hours, their footsteps echoing around them as they went deeper and deeper into the darkness. The air was thick with magic, and they could feel it seeping into their pores.

Finally, they came to a stop in front of another door. This one was even larger than the last, and it was covered in intricate carvings that seemed to shift and move in the darkness.

Harry reached out to open the door, but before he could touch it, a sudden noise made them all jump. It was the sound of footsteps approaching from around the corner.

They turned to see a group of people walking towards them, their faces hidden in the shadows. As the figures stepped into the light, they realized with horror that they were looking at themselves!

"No!" Hermione cried out, "It can't be! We're too late!"

The figures stopped and looked at them with cold, emotionless eyes. "You're right," one of them said, his voice a chilling echo of Harry's. "You are too late."

"What have you done?" Harry asked, his voice shaking with anger and fear. "Where is she?"

The false Harry smiled, a cruel expression that sent chills down their spines. "She's here," he said. "With us. Where she belongs."

Before they could react, the false Harry raised his wand and pointed it at them. "Avada Kedavra!" he shouted, and a stream of green light shot towards them.

They stumbled back, trying desperately to avoid the curse. But it was too late. The green light enveloped them, filling their vision with its terrible glow.

They felt their bodies giving way beneath them as the curse took hold. They knew that this was the end, that they had failed in their quest to save Sally-Anne.

As the darkness closed in around them, they heard one final whisper in their minds.

"Sally-Anne is gone," it said. "And she will never be remembered."

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They woke to find themselves back in the Common Room, sitting around the fireplace. They were cold and stiff, as if they had been sitting there for hours.

They looked at each other, confusion and fear etched on their faces. What had happened? Where was Sally-Anne?

As they sat there, trying to make sense of what had happened, a sudden realization struck them. They hadn't seen Sally-Anne in the Common Room, not even once since they had started this journey.

Harry looked around at his friends, his heart sinking as he realized the truth. They had failed. Sally-Anne was gone, and she would never be remembered.

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The weeks passed by without any sign of Sally-Anne. Harry, Ron, and Hermione tried to move on with their lives, but they couldn't shake the feeling that something was terribly wrong.

Dumbledore tried to reassure them, telling them that Sally-Anne would be found soon. But deep down, they knew that it was a lie. They had seen the truth themselves, and they couldn't deny it any longer.

Sally-Anne was gone, and she would never be remembered. It was as if she had never existed at all.

As the days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months, Harry, Ron, and Hermione found themselves unable to shake the feeling of guilt that had settled over them. They had tried to help Sally-Anne, but in the end, they had failed her.

In the quiet moments of the night, they would lay awake, haunted by the memory of their journey into the darkness. They couldn't escape the feeling that they had missed something, some crucial piece of information that could

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