



King's High School



The Junior & Senior
Creative Writing Clubs'
Collaborative Summer Anthology:

Prequels and Sequels

Jumanji

by Lola

'Du du duh'. 'Du du duh'. 'Du du duh'. There was something about this noise that was different from all the other drilling and digging sounds. 'Du du duh'. There it is again! Slowly walking one foot ahead of the other, climbing through the 'No Entry' sign. Lying half submerged into the dry, dug up soil was the corner of a reverberating, rusted box. As any curious child would, he brushed off the dirt and pulled the box out. 'Jumanji' was printed on the box. There were lots of messages written in capital letters, warning players the game would be 'perilous' – whatever that meant. Holding the mysterious box, he secretly snuck out of the building site and was on the way to share with his friends.

You couldn't even imagine the look of surprise on his friends' faces when the box was placed on the floor! They were speculating all the exciting things this game would consist of. Not only was the box reverberating, it started jumping up and down, like someone was inside trying to get out! In a panic, they decided to open the lid. A swirling bright light jumped out, like it was going to take the children into another universe!

The boy who originally found the box, and his three other friends, had somehow been transported into a rainforest. Prowls of jaguars running at incredible speeds, orange orangutangs swinging from trees, like Tarzan, and butterflies fluttering their vibrantly coloured wings could be seen for acres.

A voice called out, 'Hello Players, you are playing Jumanji. None of you may leave until you personally have completed the game. Every dice roll you take will unleash something which could cause consequences. Always be on the lookout as something disastrous might happen any second. Good Luck'.



The game began. The children were labelled as Player 1, 2, 3 and 4. It was Player 1's turn to start. She rolled the dice. She walked three spaces forwards; still ages left to reach the end of the rainforest. Lizards, a whole load of lizards started spawning in every corner of their eyes. Climbing and clinging onto everything in the rainforests, the children had found the lizards had wrapped around them. As every child had their go, they ended up being surrounded with gorillas, monkeys, lizards and massive frogs trying to stop them moving on.

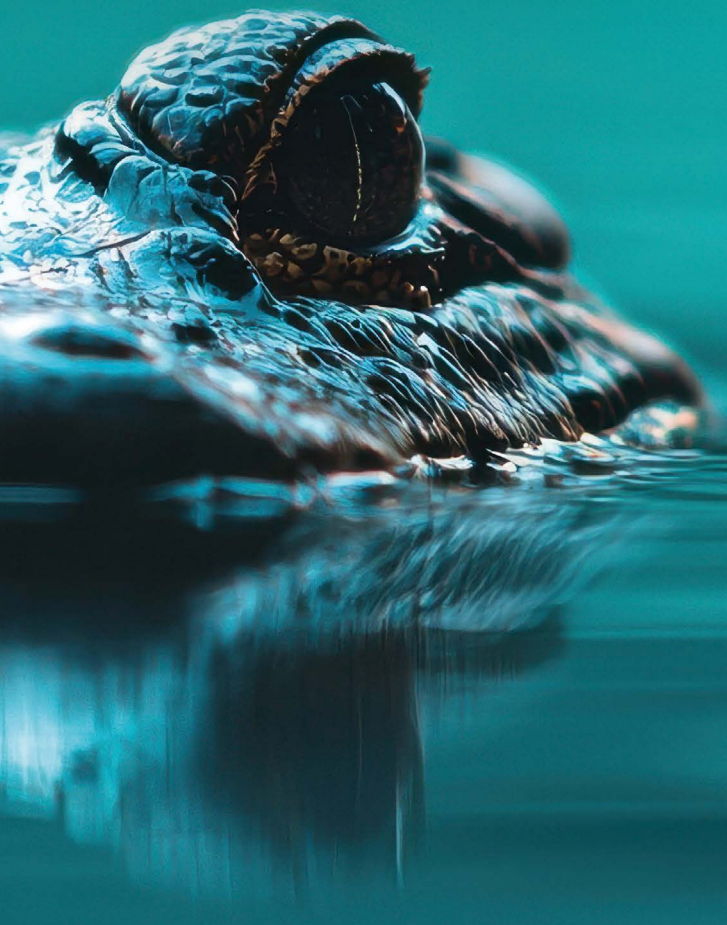
As time was ticking, the fatigue was catching up. One of the girls started to fade away until she became invisible and there were only three players left. More and more challenges tried to set the players back and get them to lose the game. Another child had left them as two monkeys had run up and snatched him from behind.

There were two left. Shattered, homesick and fed up, they kept playing and playing. The first six to be rolled. A massive lion ran out a bush. It slowly stepped towards the children forcing them to walk backwards. They had gone back so far, they were now on the edge of a cliff. The lion raised its foot. Leant forwards. And put it down. The two children had no other choice than to jump off the cliff and try to grab hold of the tree branches.

When the boy reached the ground, the girl had disappeared. He was the last player left in the game. He was so close to the end and just couldn't give up now. Just a few more painstaking rolls. The final obstacle; a river. The end was in sight. You could see crocodile heads bobbing up and down into the murky water. What could you do to get past? The crocodiles were swimming closer and closer towards him. He was petrified. The one of the tails was so forceful it swept the boy onto the crocodile's back. Trying to shake the boy off, the crocodile swam quickly all the way to the other side of the river where the boy flew off and onto the grass. The game had been completed.

The next thing the boy knew, he was back at home where he started the game. However, his friends weren't there. They were still stuck in the game, with no way of getting out. Sirens started whaling in the streets indicating a sudden evacuation for a potential earthquake. The boy had to run out of the house and leave the box stuffed behind a big dictionary on a bookshelf and there it remained, abandoned, for no one believed the boy. When the earthquake threat had subsided, his family decided to move away with him for a fresh start and downsized, so they left many of their belongings behind.

A family with three children bought the house. With their passion for books and games they were eager to explore the leftover belongings on the shelves. *'Oo a big dictionary, let's take that off and look at it!'* Once again, the box began to jump *'Du du duh'. 'Du duh'. 'Du du duh'...*



Titanic: 1912

by Cecilia



Shiny, black nails. Sharp enough to draw blood. Eyeliner, precise and somehow cold hearted, shaped her face in a daunting, envious way. Her heels clicked against the wooden deck like a warning. It was a warning. Tonight was the night that everyone had been whispering about for weeks. Every conversation stilled mid-sentence; no one dared hold her gaze for more than a second. She didn't dress for women; she didn't dress for men. She dressed for revenge.

Leanna Red had boarded the Titanic at Southampton wearing a dazzling emerald-green dress that had secrets stitched into every scene. Thick, dark hair flowed down her back. Not like a waterfall, more like midnight ink being spilled in slow motion. One thing was for sure. She stood out for all the right reasons.

In the depths of her leather clutch lay a dangerous letter sealed in crimson wax – the kind of red that hinted at blood and secrets that must stay buried. If anyone knew of its contents; they would realise that she was not the only one with blood on her hands. They would pray that the ship would never reach New York.

Rain hit the deck, hammering down like bullets, each drop pounding a warning that the night was not over. This was the begging of a storm that would be much darker than the skies above. Still, Leanna stood, gloved fingers resting on the brass rail, calculating her next move, scanning the deck with her sharp eyes. Her gaze landed on a tall imposing man. Cloaked in shadow, he lingered where a man like him did not belong. At his side stood a woman. Her arms covered in elegant, silk gloves reaching her elbows. Suspicious. Leanna had believed that she had known every wealthy passenger who would be boarding Titanic.

She was not the type of woman who was easily shaken. Not of anything. But this man's gaze crawled down her spine like skeleton fingers – cold and unwelcome. Let them whisper, she thought. Let them stare. By the time the iceberg hit, her plan would already be finished.

The Gremlins

by Zilpha

Laboratory Journal, June 1991 – observation of a ‘Gremlin’, – published by the Cryptozoology Research Unit

Experiment No 1.00

Specimen name – Mogwai

Confinement – Mogwai container

Date

15.6.1991

Objective: Analyse behaviour of Mogwai, observe changes physically and mentally when exposed to different environments

Hypothesis: Mogwai undergoes rapid changes from an unharmed form to a hostile creature.

Procedure: Find Mogwai’s weaknesses, investigate what makes it change.

15.06.91

Day 1: Discovered that the Mogwai typically avoids bright light sources like lamps after an encounter with one of the scientists when inspected with a torch. Other findings include: Mogwai likes to sing.

16.0.91

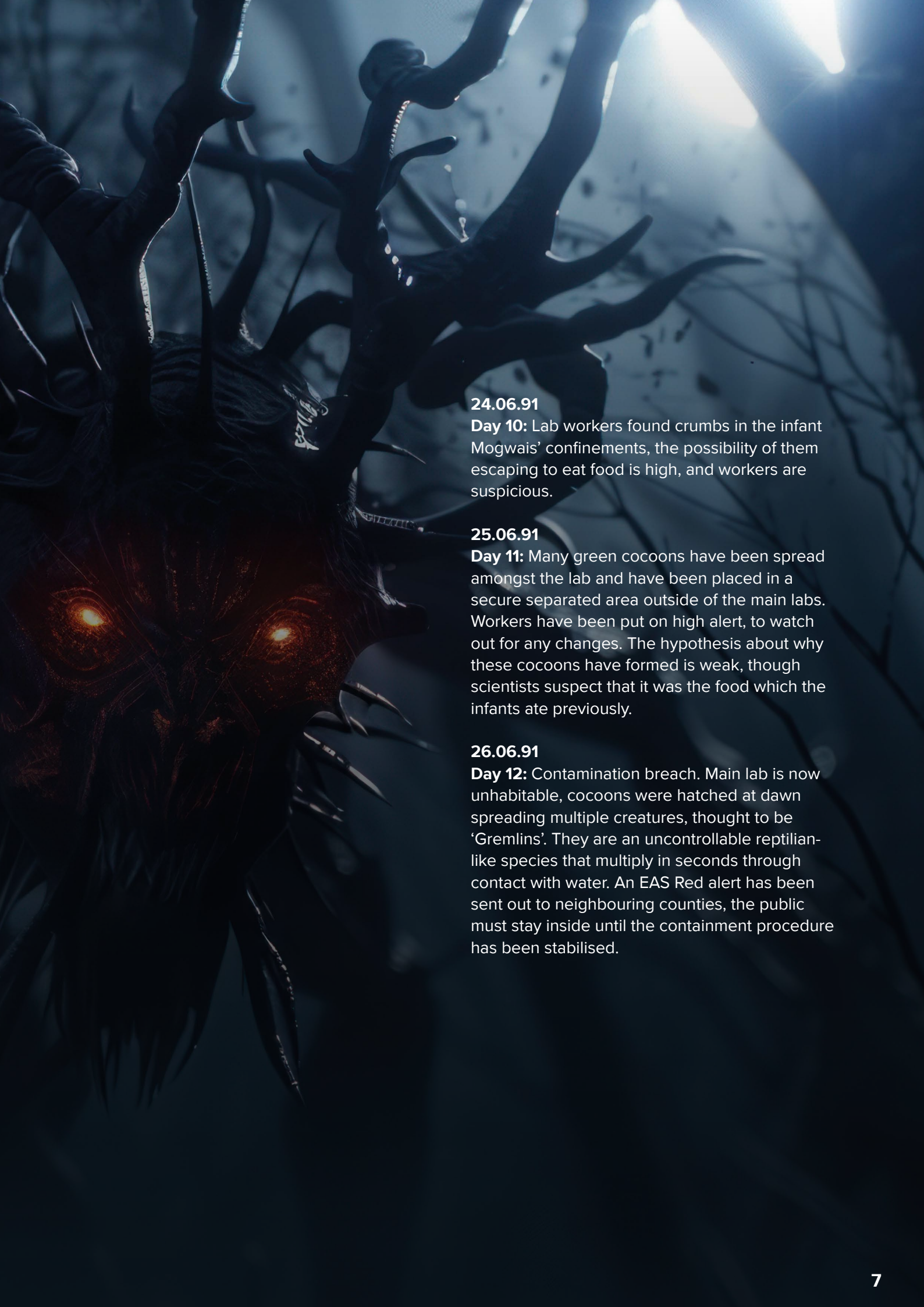
Day 2: Observation, Mogwai denies any food given to him before exactly 12AM (midnight), discovered in experiment #12 where Mogwai was fed every hour rejecting the food until the correct time. We are yet to know why this is.

17.06.91

Day 3: Observation, Mogwai resents any liquified sources discovered in experiment #22 while testing Mogwai’s abilities, lab workers attempted to encourage subject to swim, though the specimen ran in fear of the liquid, hiding behind a table.

21.06.91

Day 7: Observation, Mogwai can reproduce. After the subject had an accidental contact with liquid, many ‘clones’ of the Mogwai emerged from subjects back area. These creatures of sort sprung into destructive chaos, and workers had struggled to confine them. Their behavioural patterns show a big contrast in hostility compared to the original Mogwai.



24.06.91

Day 10: Lab workers found crumbs in the infant Mogwais' confinements, the possibility of them escaping to eat food is high, and workers are suspicious.

25.06.91

Day 11: Many green cocoons have been spread amongst the lab and have been placed in a secure separated area outside of the main labs. Workers have been put on high alert, to watch out for any changes. The hypothesis about why these cocoons have formed is weak, though scientists suspect that it was the food which the infants ate previously.

26.06.91

Day 12: Contamination breach. Main lab is now uninhabitable, cocoons were hatched at dawn spreading multiple creatures, thought to be 'Gremlins'. They are an uncontrollable reptilian-like species that multiply in seconds through contact with water. An EAS Red alert has been sent out to neighbouring counties, the public must stay inside until the containment procedure has been stabilised.

Passengers: The First Voyage

by Bethany

A huge crash pounded on Homestead II, like an angry God hammering down on Earth from the heavens. The ship jolted and cracked, smashing and crashing this way and that until everything lay collapsed in a heap on the floor. The excruciatingly painful cacophony of sounds deafened Jim and Aurora, the wailing sirens reverberating in their ears.

Ever since Aurora and Jim had been awoken 90 years early on Homestead II, a gigantic ship filled with 1000 people travelling to a new planet, things had been going very wrong. Computers had been glitching, objects flying off shelves and tables. Trying to remain stable, Aurora carefully rose from her desperate position on the floor. And it was then, out of the corner of her eye, that she noticed it.


Right in the corner, surrounded by dust, was a miniscule crack in the wall. Aurora had simply never caught sight of it before, as a simple bookshelf (that was now on the floor) used to stand in place. As carefully as she could, she gingerly treaded towards it. Jim watched her from afar, as he himself struggled to get up. As she finally reached her destination, she crouched down on the cold, hard floor. And much to her surprise, slowly, slowly, the crack began to widen. More and more, elongating until it was the same size as a child's hand. Intrigued, but also petrified, Aurora turned to look at Jim, a nervous look in her eyes as she apprehensively bit her lip. But then, with a sudden rush of adrenaline she stuck her hands in the crack and aggressively pulled either side of it apart. Wincing and whining as her hands started to blister, she shouted Jim

over to help her. The two of them were left, pulling and pulling on this supposed secret door, whilst the whole universe flew past them.

Finally, the gap gave way and what lay behind was now exposed. Giving each other an agitated glance, Jim and Aurora tentatively entered the dark passageway. Unlike the rest of the ship, it was dark and the thick air was heavy, as if it had come from an ancient library. Jim and Aurora were sweating but at the same time just couldn't get rid of the chills down their spine. They couldn't tell what this place was, or who it was for; but there was one thing that they knew for certain. This place wasn't supposed to be found. Ever.

As they had been walking for what felt like forever, they suddenly halted. For, the quietest, subtlest sound could be heard from the distance. Suddenly, both Jim and Aurora fell silent; someone else was there. Taking tiny breaths, Aurora cautiously tilted her head onto the dusty wall. Straining her ears, she could just about make out muffled whispers. There was someone there. Someone that could have helped them when they woke up. "I can't believe these people haven't figured out that this mission was always designed to fail. Only one more day until we can escape and all of these people aboard will plunge to their deaths in outer space..."

Immediately, Aurora felt a rage bubble up inside her, that she had never felt before. After all of these years, all of this time that had passed, she had never once thought that there were people, real, awake, living people

A vertical rocket launch is visible on the left side of the page, with a bright, fiery orange and yellow trail of smoke and fire extending downwards. The background is a dark, starry night sky with numerous small, bright white stars scattered across it. The overall scene is dramatic and high-contrast.

on this ship that could have at least helped her and Jim. And the thought that the 1,000 people here would be left to rot in outer space for the rest of time destroyed her heart. Slowly she sunk down on her knees, her body heavy and faint. Jim looked confused, unsure at what she had heard. "What is it...", he whispered, "Aurora, tell me what you heard...". But it was too late now.

A roaring siren screamed out all around the ship, and as the pair desperately tilted their heads, they spotted huge crowds of people surging from every direction. It was like a hoard of gazelles charging at full speed. People were smashing their heads onto walls, some were just confused as to where they were. Aurora was so bewildered, until she heard a short, blond woman screaming, "We've been woken up!! 85 years early!". And that's when Aurora and Jim shared a look that could've ended the world.

The chaos continued for ages and ages, until people couldn't take it anymore. Glass shards lay smashed on the floor, bloody bodies collapsed in heaps. People couldn't take accepting their deaths in a way such as this. And that's when Aurora heard a voice. A voice she recognised. And then she turned and saw the man that was plotting all of their deaths.

Quick as a flash, she turned to Jim and bolted after the man, as fast as she could. She cornered him near the reactor core, the air thick with tension. The two stood there for a moment, eyes locked in horror at each other. Until Aurora made the first move. Lunging forward, she grabbed his neck, squeezing

it as tight as she could. And although he winced, he still chuckled to himself. And through dying breathes, he wheezed, "I have launched an overload that will destroy the ship and everyone on it in seconds. There's nothing you can do...".

Aurora dropped him in disbelief, leaving him a wretch on the floor. There was nothing she could do. He had said so himself. Except, she felt that she had to do something. It just wasn't right to leave all of these innocent people here to die. And then she came to the realisation; there was a way. A way that she could save everyone.

Now she sprinted, faster than a cheetah, into the reactor core, ignoring all of Jim's warnings and cries. Smashing the metal door open, she desperately scanned the insides, her heart thumping as loud as a drum. And there, right in the centre of the wall was a timer. Tick-tick-tick-tick, the sound it made, only five seconds left. Now she was sweating, water droplets beading every ounce of her body. Her hand reached out, grappling for the stop button in the dark. But there were two buttons. It was too dark to see which one, so in desperation, she smashed the timer with her fist.

And then the ticking stopped. The lights turned on. Everything returned to normal again. Except it wasn't. As Aurora timidly stepped into the main hub of the ship, hundreds of people lying dilapidated on the ground, she realised that it wasn't going to be the same, ever again. Because by the time the ship reached their new planet, everyone would be dead.

A vibrant pink castle with multiple towers and conical roofs sits atop a dark, craggy rock formation. The castle features grey stone battlements and small windows. Yellow flags fly from the towers. The background is a bright blue sky with soft white clouds. The overall scene is a fantastical, storybook-style illustration.

Sequel False Cinderella

by Rachel

They all lived happily ever after...


The End.

Thats what the story says.

But stories are fragile things like glass slippers, they easily break, and sometimes when they do, something else crawls out from the cracks.

It began with a girl that stood at the palace gates. She wore a long, ripped brown dress and sandals and held one glass slipper. She was covered in grime like a chimney swept inside out. Slowly the girl had entered the palace, the guards believed she was Cinderella as she looked so identical to her it was unimaginable.

The door eased open with a soft, dragging creak and the girl entered the living room where the queen and prince sat. *'I am your Cinderella! I am your Cinderella!'* she shouted with a force of truth long buried. Silence consumed the room then an outburst of laughter came from Cinderella and the prince. Cinderella rose from her seat; the silk gown she wore caught the firelight. She tilted her head, eyes narrowing at the dirt covered girl. *'My dear, how did you get in here, and please go and put my glass slipper down'* said Cinderella, who turned and smirked at the prince. *'This is my slipper, you are not the queen I am, I was chosen, you have no proof you are Cinderella, and I am not leaving until you have'*. Cinderella stood speechless, an undeniable connection with this girl stirred deep within her, unravelling truths she had long forgotten. *'At the ball, you boredly told the prince all the mice's names – Jaq, Gus, and the rest. But I know more. Please, believe me: you are not who you think you are. I am you.'*



Cinderella stared at her face for 5 seconds. The face felt familiar to her, so familiar that she started questioning who she was. Leaning back into her chair, she stared blankly at the wall, thoughts flooded through her mind *'Why does she look so much like me?', 'What if she's telling the truth'*. She drowned in her head, it felt like she was sinking deeper into doubt every second.

That night Cinderella stood at the fireplace, clutching to her glass slipper, *'I need answers, I need answers!'* she whispered. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew in through the window and in a swirl of silver sparks the fairy godmother appeared.

'This girl is... apart of you, the part you left behind when you wished for a better life' explained the fairy godmother. *'She was left behind for a reason. Please make her go away, I am afraid'* begged Ella. *'Only magic will tell...'*, and with a few sparks, she was gone.

The next morning Cinderella was out for an early morning walk when she stumbled across the *'False Cinderella'* as she called her. *'I do not understand! If you are me, who am I?'* she demanded, her voice tight with confusion. *'You are the version of me the world wanted to see, the perfect side'* replied false Cinderella. Cinderella shook her head *'But I'm not perfect! I don't even remember the truth'*. The girl stepped closer, *'Well maybe it's time you remember'* suggested False Cinderella. Ella stood

confused and afraid, afraid that she would lose everything, her crown, her prince, and her life that she has now. Full of confusion, Ella stared up into the light blue sky, she cleared her mind with a deep breath and started to feel emotions of acceptance. *'Cinderella.'* urges False Cinderella, *'You are not just a Queen that has lived in royalty all your life, you lived in an attic in the countryside, far opposite from royalty, you lived with a cruel stepmother and two mean sisters. That was your life, until it all changed, and your decision was to forget that. Now you pretend that everything is perfect. The truth is that you did not need magic to be special because you had a good heart even when no one noticed. Now you have traded your kindness for control, and now you can barely recognise the girl who once forgave everyone.'* Her heart felt heavy as she remembered the feeling of being a slave to her family that she had before, and the endless feeling of envy and jealousy that she had within her towards her two sisters. Tears stung her eyes as she flashes of her past consumed her thoughts.

Suddenly, a flash of dust swept between the two girls, one side coloured light blue and other a navy blue, both sides of dust represented the two girls. Gently, the two colours swirled together until it created the most vibrant, royal navy blue and the two girls hugged and came together to create the past and present Cinderella.

Cinderella: When Midnight Strikes Again

by Saachi

The gown still hangs, though pale with time,
Its shimmer dulled, its threads misaligned.
The shoes – those glass and ghostly things –
Still sparkle, but no longer sing.

I wore them once, that fabled night,
And danced beneath a borrowed light.
A pumpkin rolled, a spell was spun –
But no one warned what comes undone.

The prince was kind. His hands were warm.
He offered peace, a golden form.
But peace can feel like standing still,
And gold can bend against your will.

At first, I smiled. I played the part –
A crown above a restless heart.
They called me queen, and I obeyed,
But parts of me began to fade.

My hands, once rough with soot and scar,
Are soft now, kept in sleeves of stars.
But I would trade these velvet halls
To hear again the cinders fall.

For in the quiet, clocks still chime,
And midnight calls me back through time.
Not to the ball, not to the dance –
But to the girl who took a chance.

She wore no jewels, had no throne,
But knew herself when left alone.
And though the magic made her shine,
It was her courage, not the wine.

Now something stirs beneath my skin –
A whisper from the ash within.
I feel it coming, soft and then –
A second strike of twelve again.

And this time, I will not just run.
I'll walk, and not toward anyone.
Not to the prince, the spell, the past –
But toward myself, unmasked at last.





Rapunzel: The Beanstalk's Tower

by Alice


Up in the spiralling tower shielded from the barbaric world lived a girl. With blonde, glowing, sunlike hair as long as the tower itself. Rapunzel her name. The tower her prison. Her mother, terrified of the outside land, rejected the idea that she cut her hair nor that she should ever leave the tower. It felt like capture as her mother was able to parade herself in the outside world. But it was not named that. It disguised itself as protection. Rapunzel's boredom stretched on through long, tedious days. No friends, no interaction just books. So, on another dull day Rapunzel sat in the chair by the window, only imagining the wonder of companionship, when something very peculiar happened. First, the ground began to rumble as if the devil could not be contained. Rapunzel as if a mouse scurried to the corner of her tower and crammed herself into her cupboard though it was exceedingly uncomfortable. Afterwards, the window presented a shot of green soaring ever and ever up into the clouds with shrubs springing off the plant. Then finally it towered over the clouds and the ground finally settled as if nothing happened. Rapunzel saw the stalk staring back at her through the eyes of the window.. She ran into her bedroom tearing the bookshelf apart to finally discover the book. The Glossary of Plants. Rapunzel rummaged through the novel to find :beanstalk, first discovered in 1803, a plant/shrub that harbours a gigantic beast at the top hiding a creature with an amazing ability inside. Rapunzel eyes illuminated with the idea of adventure.

"But oh..." She stated to the walls. *"Think of how worried mother shall be."* But adventure lingered like a tempting smell. Rapunzel knew this would never happen again if she didn't. Go.

Rapunzel stared down unto the world from the fluffy puff of a cloud. The climb up was strenuous. Shrub after branch stretching on for miles it felt worthwhile.

"Well mother I'd like to see the world harm me now. Look at them!" She proclaimed, *"I could squash them with my left foot."*

Rapunzel was busy daydreaming when a rush of black flicked beside her. She turned rapidly but nothing was there. Well, it was time to face a challenge even more dastardly than the beanstalks climb: the gaining of the creature. The castle was grand yet grotesque moulded away to be green and the stain glass worn and cracked. Rapunzel sneaked through the crack of the glass portrait on the wall. It was as ugly and overgrown as outside. Dirt and Mold stunk the air. Rapunzel pattered quietly along the windowsill aiming for the curtain worn and patched. Three two one jump! Rapunzel clung on velvet burning her hands, plummeting downwards finally landed on the cold, stone floor. Rapunzel snuck towards the wooden table in the right of the room. How much bark to fill that table she thought, being careful not to speak. She tiptoed along as quiet as a snake slithering along. Then she saw it. A boot. Not any boot. A mammoth boot. The giants a boot. Make any noise there would be no Rapunzel to get the creature. But oh, her dastardly hair had to forsake her.



The giant shifted in its slumber its foot moving as well. Onto her hair. Rapunzel felt a force on her head tearing it apart. She screamed for the high heavens to hear. The giant woke.

"No, No, NO!" She yelled still under the pressure of the colossal foot. The giant turned its huge, hideous face to stare right back at her.

"Lunch." He smirked licking his thin lips. The end? No for suddenly a figure appeared black hood covering his appearance. Not another giant a human sized figure. With his sword he began sawing at the hair hacking away every strand of the luminous hair. After the hair had been hacked the figure grabbed her and put her over their shoulder. The giant bellowed.

"Mildred! 'Umans! They're gettin, away!" Rapunzel still sore from the giant's heaviness just gave up, lying on the stranger's shoulder staring at the giant. The figure then dropped her flat on the table before signalling for her to rise. Fast. Then he grabbed to her waist, which she found quite rude, and seized a rope.

"We're not going to jump that are we?" Rapunzel cried fearing the drop. The figure just turned his eyes sarcastically as if to say do you have a better plan. Rapunzel gulped. And off the table they jumped. Rapunzel clung on tight burrowing her face into the stranger. Then they were on the floor hiding in the overgrown shrubs of the castle.

"Mildred!" The giant bawled. *"Our tea! It's gone!"* Rapunzel grasped. Her hair. It was gone. She thought of mother and the tears lingered in her eyes. What idiocy ran through her mind?

"It's just hair. You can always grow it back." The person said. Rapunzel clenched her fists angrily. *"You're welcome by the way."* He sneered. Rapunzel folded her arms ready to ambush this... boy?

The figure sighed and lowered the hood. Chestnut curls moped around his mud-coloured eyes and pinched dimples were visible to see. For a rather insolent boy, he was rather good looking like a prince's servant in a story. He looked her up and down before planting himself dramatically on the floor. Rapunzel's limbs froze before lowering herself as well.

The boy sighed. *"My names Jack. Before all... this I lived in a village with my widowed mother."* Jack looked out towards the greenery on the floor. *"We didn't have much and food was becoming scarce."*

A high-angle photograph of a steam locomotive pulling a red passenger train across a large, multi-arched stone viaduct. The train is moving from left to right, with white steam billowing from the engine. The viaduct is built into a lush, green valley with rolling hills in the background. The scene is captured in a cinematic style with soft lighting.

Sequel Harry Potter

by Imogen



The wheels of the train screeched as they all took off, James Potter waved to his parents and watched his sister, brother, cousins and Aunt and Uncle wave back. Soon people were becoming strange blobs of colours and James turned his head and sank into his seat. A tall boy with electric blue hair tapped on the cabin door, it was his friend Teddy Lupin. Teddy like his mother Nymphadora Tonks, was a Metamorphogus.

"Hi!" he said gleefully.

"Hey." James replied as he readjusted in his seat. Teddy struggled to put his bags on the racks above and sat down with a sigh. There was an awkward silence before anyone said anything in which Teddy stroked his pet owl until it nipped at his fingers. *"Are you nervous? About the sorting?"* Teddy said finally.

"Well, a little, I am sure I will be sorted into Gryffindor. Both my parents were!" he replied.

"Yeah, my mum was in Hufflepuff my dad was in Gryffindor with your grandfather as you know but, mums House won." He said brightly.

James nodded. He wanted to stay with somebody he knew but, he doubted he would be sorted into Hufflepuff. Teddy was like an older brother and he promised to watch out for him at school, Teddy was in his 11th year at Hogwarts and was bound to scare off anyone who was rude to James, though that wouldn't last long as Teddy would soon leave school. James also wondered if he would be sorted into Slytherin though his father assured him that wouldn't affect who he was, *"Some of the greatest wizards I knew were in Slytherin."* He would always tell him. *"Professor McGonagall will take good care of you; I am sure of it."* His mother would say. James and Teddy sat together for the rest of the ride in which Teddy pulled out a book and James stared out of the window as the clouds grew greyer, and thunder rumbled in the distance. Finally, Teddy checked his watch and said, *"We should change into our robes, I suspect we will be arriving soon."*

James laughed, when his Uncle Ron, his father's best friend told him the story of how they all met, he mentioned that his wife, Hermione said the same thing on the train ride in their first year. Teddy grinned at him and pulled down both their trunks, opened them and tossed their robes out onto the seat. He took his robes and changed into them. He pushed his trunk onto the wrack above and waited for Teddy to return, he must have left while he wasn't looking. James decided to have a walk around the train, he entered the first empty cabin he saw, he was reluctant to talk to anyone just yet, but he was bound to have to talk to other people in his year. He opened his door and heard a distant woman's voice calling *"Anything from the trolley?"* and a soft rattling. The hallway had a few odd people dotted along it. A girl with dark skin and pin straight hair and who seemed to be her older brother lurking behind her as she talked to two identical pale and lanky boys both with strikingly blond hair the one on left had his down to his shoulders and the other had a neat haircut but a mussily chopped up fringe. They all seemed to be close in age to him and slowly approached.

The two boys spotted him first. *"Hi! I am Lorcan, Lorcan Lovegood. This is Lysander."* The girl turned around too, *"Oh hello! You, your..."* she took a moment to examine him and decided finally *"Potter."* They all stared at her and James only nodded. He was baffled by how she knew. It was Lysander who spoke next, his voice light but sounded daydreamy. A voice he felt he knew and had heard before. *"So, your sister is named after my mum!"* he exclaimed. Again, he merely nodded he still wasn't sure what was going on. The girl stared and smiled, and he wasn't sure if he had smiled back. The train screeched to a halt and James wasn't sure whether to be glad about not having to stay in this odd conversation. He turned on his heel and started to walk away *"Bye James."* She said *"I am Delilah Thomas, my dad's Dean. Your dad was his roommate at school he might have mentioned him!"* she added. People started filing out of the doors and James was pressed against the wall, he felt his way to the third cabin along and let out a long sigh of relief. Teddy's trunk was still here, and he decided to wait for him to return before he left, he didn't know where he was supposed to go. He pulled down his trunk and waited. Not long was he there until Teddy emerged from just around the door frame. He smiled and nodded *"Let's go!"* he said excitedly. A loud deep voice boomed from outside.

"Firs' year to me! Firs' years over 'ere. Oh, sorry Sean. Firs' years this way come now!"

Hagrid, James breathed. This would be his first time meeting Hagrid, and he couldn't wait. His father would tell all the wonderful time he had with Hagrid, all the crazy things and animals he shown Harry, Ron and Hermione. They pushed their way off the train and James followed the voice of Hagrid.

The sky was dark and the little boats they travelled across the lake in rocked back and forth in the wind. The castle stood grand and proud the windows little blocks of yellow light. Hagrid led them to the castle, across the grounds and through the magnificent tall entrance doors. He showed them the way, and they all hurried to get there. *"Arry?"* called Hagrid. James stopped and turned around. *"No, James Potter?"* he boomed he waved and smiled. He wishes Hagrid hadn't done this, everyone was looking in his direction some girls were laughing and others stood stunned whispering to each other. *"Harry Potters son?"* he heard.

"The one who defeated You-Know-Who yes, him!!" he heard another boy say. James hurried to Hagrid who beamed at him and proceeded to shoo the rest of his year away. He looked up and Hagrid and smiled. *"Best not be late for the sortin' but I've been waitin' to see you. Harry told me you were coming this year and I was lookin' for ya earlier. Your always welcome at my hut. Now go, before you miss it!"* Hagrid waved and James ran to catch up with everyone else, who he recognised as Professor McGonagall watched him as he came, she was speaking about the sorting.

"There are four houses, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Gryffindor and Slytherin. You will be lucky to be sorted into any house." She said as she nodded to James. *"Now come everyone will be waiting for you."* She pushed open the door and a silence flooded the hall, everyone's eyes turned to them as they walked through the tables. They stood at a clump at the front and James struggled to find Teddy. He turned to the Hufflepuff and Teddy waved and gave him the Thumbs Up. He smiled in return and waited anxiously for his name to be called. Delilah, Lorcan and Lysander made their way over to him, they watched as Professor McGonagall called each name on the list and the huddle at the front of the great Hall until his name was called. *"James Potter."* She called and a murmur filled the hall. James stepped up to the stool and placed the hat on his head.

"GRYFFINDOR!"



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