

The Meeting

A Harry Potter Fanfiction

September 1. Another year, wasted away, forgotten and hated by every single person at my school. Isn't that just great?! Ever since my first year at Hogwarts, everyone has hated me. For reasons that have to do with a boy who lived and a lightning scar that has been on my temple since birth. It really helped that I can read everyone's thoughts that are within a mile radius of me. Over the years I have learned to turn the voices off and I was able to be alone in silence. Not one voice was able to penetrate through my barrier that I put up to keep me isolated from everyone. Since that is where everyone else wants me anyways.

Being sorted into Gryffindor as a first year was my dream. Both of my parents died when I was really young, and growing up with my godfather, Remus Lupin, it was always my dream since he and both of my parents were sorted into that house. I was so excited when the Sorting Hat told me that I was going to be in Gryffindor!

This year, my godfather will be the teacher of Defense Against the Dark Arts. I'm so excited! Another teacher that can be my friend. Those are my only friends at school. The only ones that pay attention to me. They are always there when I need help.

My godfather and I found an empty cabin on the train. It was nice to be sitting next to someone that actually wanted to talk to me. Unfortunately, Remus quickly fell asleep and I was left to my thoughts. We got going and I was staring out the window when there was this noise that sounded like the cabin door opening. *That's odd*, I thought, *no one enters a cabin where I sit*. It was the Golden Group, that's what I called them anyways, Harry, Hermione, and Ron. The "Boy who Lived" along with his two sidekicks... you can taste the disdain that I have for them. The oddest thing that happened when they entered was that I heard a voice. One that I had never heard before. *Woah.... she's pretty*, it said. *Who is she?* I immediately recognised the voice. Harry... why was I able to hear his voice? My barrier is up. I took down my barrier and put it back up, but I could still hear what he was thinking. He was breaking through my barrier and I don't understand!!

A voice broke through my thoughts. A literal voice. Not a thought voice...
Just clarifying!

"What's your name?" Again, it was the wonderful Harry Potter. I didn't respond right away, hoping that they weren't talking to me.

Of course, they're talking to me. I'm the only one awake in this cabin! Shut up me...

Don't be mean. Just respond already!

"Leslie," I responded. *What a beautiful name*, rang out through my head. Oh this is going to get annoying. I might as well just break down my barrier so I can listen to any other thoughts except for his. That was not a smart plan though, I did not want to know what was going on in in the seventh year cabins down the hall....

"Are you a first year?" Harry asked. I just kind of stared at him. That question just made me hate him more. Hermione looked between us kind of awkwardly trying to decide what to say. Ron just sat there staring out into space as I would have expected him to.

"Umm... no," I replied. Hermione broke in at this point.

"She's in our year. She's also in Gryffindor." *What? How have I never seen this beautiful face before?* Harry's voice was so much stronger than all of the others. This is getting so frustrating. I'll have to talk with Remus about this afterwards.

"Oh," replied Harry. What a great response! "Well it's nice to meet you. I'm Harry. This is-"

"I know who you are," I interrupted.

That was rude.

Shut up.

"Okay then," Ron spoke up for the first time. "Well Harry was going to tell us something, so go on Harry."

"Leslie, you have to promise not to tell anyone what I am going to discuss in here," Harry requested. "This is really important and can not leave this cabin."

"Fine... I'll keep your little secret." It's not like I have anyone to tell. At this point, I just resumed the position in which I was before the Golden Group interrupted my peaceful staring out the window. I didn't pay any attention to what they were talking about, but I did catch some name called Sirius Black? Isn't he that serial killer that just escaped from Azkaban?

Well duh. If you pay any attention to the....

My thoughts trailed off as the window started to freeze. The train slowed to a stop and soon, the power went out. It got cold, and the air felt depressed.

Can air feel depressed?

Not the time to be thinking about this!

Suddenly, these big black ghostly things came flying into our cabin. It looked like they were searching for something. One of them stopped at Harry. It started to suck something out of him. Hopefully his ego.

Hey don't be mean!

The second one then stopped at me. My thoughts became dark, sad, and scared. I began to feel the life begin to fade away from me. The last thing I hear before I blacked out were these two voices yelling my name. And then a bright light. And then darkness.