

Harry Potter and the Unfortunate Girl
Fan Fiction by N. Lounibos

“Hufflepuff!” bellowed the sorting hat, as Eleanor Hippletin scrambled off the sorting stool to go join her older sister Jenna at the Hufflepuff table.

“I’m so happy you’re in my house!” said Jenna, who was in her fourth year. “You’re going to be a great witch!”



Eleanor stepped off the Hogwarts Express for the fifth time and stood by a large tree, waiting for her friend Draco Malfoy. Draco and Eleanor were opposites, but they were the best of friends. Draco was moody, secretive, and sometimes mean. Eleanor was kind, very trusting, and good at most everything she tried.

Draco and Eleanor met in her third year (his fourth year) when the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor, Professor Moody, turned Draco into a ferret and bounced him up and down in the halls. Eleanor felt bad for him and rushed to help.

It was strange that Eleanor never saw Draco disembark from the train. Since she couldn’t find him, Eleanor got on a carriage with her friends Noel Hardshell, Max Blue, Ari Pip, Lulabell Lipana, and Jay Lipana. They had all been friends since their first year. Lula and Jay were Hufflepuff and were always studying and researching. They were easily the two smartest fifth-years at Hogwarts. Max and Noel - Ravenclaws - were the best cooks at Hogwarts. They could make anything. They were the founders of the baking club that met every Wednesday at 6 p.m. Ari was a legilimens and transferred from the American wizarding school of Ilvermornny. At Ilvermornny, Ari was in a house called Pukwudgie. At Hogwarts, she was in Slytherin.

When they arrived at the dining hall, they all separated to their own tables to watch the sorting. Tom, Eleanor's little brother, was sorted into Hufflepuff. Tom was very headstrong, but kind. He already had his own friends so he went to sit with them. As Dumbledore gave his welcoming speech, Eleanor looked over at Draco, who had arrived late in the hall without her noticing. He looked bored.

"You're worried about him, Elly," whispered Ari later, as they were leaving the hall. "You're worried he's on You-Know-Who's side. You're worried he's not your friend anymore."

"Stop it, Ari!" Eleanor said worriedly.

"He's been given a task by the Dark Lord himself, Elly. A task so hard he might die. He doesn't need you any more to interfere with what he's doing. He doesn't want you."

"ARI, STOP IT NOW! I hate it when you read people's minds and tell me things that aren't my business," Eleanor said, rushing out of the hall, for she knew Ari's words were true. They were always true. She was scared that Draco would become a Death Eater.

"Hey, watch it," Draco said as he shoved his way through the crowd. He didn't notice it was his best friend he had pushed aside.



A month later, Eleanor had barely seen Draco. She worried that Ari's words were true and that he didn't need her. She missed him horribly.

One day, while looking for a good place to study, Eleanor came upon a doorway she had never seen before. Inside the giant double doors were stacks and piles, miles high, of everything you could imagine.

"Draco!" And there he was. He looked horrible and scared but she had found him.

"Expelliarmus!" he shouted, and Eleanor's wand flew to him.

“Draco, it’s me!” Eleanor shouted as she approached him, but when she neared he grabbed her, shoved her in a large cabinet, and closed the door. In the cabinet, Eleanor experienced bone-crushing pain. Surely she would die. Goodbye world.

As soon as the pain started, it stopped. Elly tumbled into Borgin and Burkes and found Mr. Borgin, a small, tubby man, holding a wand to her throat.

“Draco sent me here,” she gasped. Mr. Borgin just shoved her back in the cabinet. Within a second Eleanor was back at Hogwarts.

“Draco, what is that?” Eleanor said angrily as they walked out of the Room of Requirement. “It seems very dangerous seeing as I could have just died!”

“It’s a Vanishing Cabinet,” he replied, annoyed. “I’m fixing it up for a project.”

Oh really, Eleanor thought. No, I know you’re fixing it up for You-Know-Who. She didn’t say that out loud, though.

“So, it’s near Christmas and Slughorn’s throwing a Christmas party and I was wondering if you’d want to go with me,” Eleanor forgivingly changed the subject.

“Sorry, I can’t. I have so much homework.”

“Oh.”

“Sorry.”

“It’s fine.”



In bed that night, Eleanor thought about what happened. She had finally found her best friend only to be shoved in a cabinet and almost killed by a creepy old man! Draco acted like nothing had happened. But she wouldn’t bring it up now because that’s what friends do, right? Forgive and forget.



After Christmas, Eleanor did lots of research for Draco about vanishing cabinets. She knew it was helping You-Know-Who, but it was either that, or Draco might die, according to Ari.

Draco was getting more and more stressed by the day. Eleanor even heard crying and panicked, sharp gasps coming from the boys' lavatory that she thought sounded like him.

One time, while she was passing the out-of-order girls washroom, Eleanor saw water and knew Myrtle had flooded it. She rushed in to tell Myrtle to stop, but what she saw was horrible.

“Draco! What happened?” she shrieked as she rushed to a blood-stained Draco's side. Harry Potter was standing above him holding his wand out. Myrtle was yelling “Murder in the bathroom!” at the top of her voice and Draco was lying, unconscious, in a pool of water and blood.

“Harry, who did this?” Eleanor shouted over Myrtle's shrieking.

“Harry Potter did it!” blurted Myrtle. “Famous, kind Harry Potter. The chosen one attempts murder!”

“You did it?!” Eleanor shouted, filling with rage. “You're supposed to be good!” she yelled, shooting a hex at him.

“What is this?” Snape snarled, walking in and going straight to Draco.

“Potter attempted to murder, Draco, sir,” Eleanor said frantically as Harry looked daggers at her.

Snape hurriedly murmured a spell that made the wound heal up and sent Draco to the Hospital Wing and then took Harry to his office. Eleanor was left alone.

“Soon,” she thought, and headed to the Hospital Wing.



Three weeks later, the vanishing cabinet was fixed.

“Draco, I know the Dark Lord gave you a task. It has something to do with the cabinet,” Eleanor started as they were testing the vanishing cabinet for the last time. “Please tell me what it is. I’ve been helping. I deserve to know.”

“It’s Dumbledore. Killing Dumbledore. That’s what you’ve been helping me with.”

“I’m a horrible person,” Eleanor whispered, tears coming. “I’m helping to kill Dumbledore. Albus Dumbledore. They’ll kill me! They’ll kill you! I’m in so much trouble!” she sobbed, running from the room, though she knew that was a big understatement.

That night was the worst night Eleanor ever experienced. Many things happened, most of which Eleanor avoided. First, Death Eaters, such as Bellatrix Lestrange, the Carrows, and Fenrir Greyback were snuck into the school. They fought their way to Dumbledore’s tower with Draco’s help. The Order of the Phoenix arrived to try to stop the Death Eaters, but it was too late. Students were woken by the sound of battle and Eleanor went with her friends to see the damage she did.

Shocked students who gathered by the front doors, arrived in time to see the Death Eaters escape. Draco was among them. All Eleanor did was wave goodbye. He never saw her, though.

Then someone spotted it, the body lying on the ground. They went closer and saw that it was the dead body of Albus Dumbledore. There was a shriek, some gasps, a few “No!”s. Eleanor felt like she would die. She wanted to die. She deserved to die.

“Who let the Death Eaters into the castle?” Professor McGonagall asked in a deathly quiet voice while she looked accusingly at the crowd. “Someone must have, because the security on the castle is too tight to let anyone, anyone, in! You should confess now,” she finished.

Tears streaming down her face, Eleanor raised her hand. “I helped, Professor. I helped Malfoy sneak them in.”

Then, in front of the whole school, Eleanor told the professor what she had done. You cannot imagine how Eleanor felt as she watched her friends’ faces turn from disbelief, to anger, to disgust.

“You are expelled for endangering people’s lives,” ordered Professor McGonagall.

“I know,” whimpered Eleanor and, crying harder than ever, she took her wand out. “I am so, so sorry,” she gulped. Tears dripped down on her wand as she clasped it firmly in both hands.

SNAP. Eleanor’s wand fell to the ground in two pieces.

“I shall never use magic again,” she vowed, and turned to walk away.

“Hippletin, where are you going?” shouted Professor McGonagall after her.

“Away. And I promise you, I will never come back.”



Twenty years later, Eleanor lived alone. Sometimes friends don’t forgive and forget.

She was still known as a horrible person: the girl who helped kill Albus Dumbledore. The unfortunate girl.