

It must be fate.

By BlueSpottedDog

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This fan-fic is about my OC character, Taylor Weasley who is a cousin to Ron.

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1 - A fight

This day could not get any gloomier. I am sitting on my front porch, watching it rain. I had a huge fight with my best friend and cousin Ron Weasley, three days ago. Since I am an only child, he is like a brother to me. And to have this fight so close to my 11th birthday (2 weeks), the day that every witch and wizard dreams of, was really bad. My dream, of becoming a Hogwarts student, is coming true on August the 25th but since Ron wasn't talking to me, it didn't seem like a fun dream anymore. At least Ginny didn't hate me! But in our whole almost 11 years of life, Ron and I had never fought before.

Unlike Ron, Ginny, Fred, George, Percy, Charlie and Bill, I was a half-blood. My mum is Aunt Molly's sister while my dad has muggle relatives. My dad wants to learn how to cast magic, ever since Mum told him she was a witch. Dad also doesn't mind that we always watch the wizardry news. It was on there that I heard about Harry Potter.

From what the news said, Harry was born in the same year as me but when he was one, some evil guy called Lord Voldemort killed his parents. He tried to kill Harry as well but because his mother died for him, the Killing curse failed to kill him. For that, he is famous. From what I can tell, he doesn't want to be famous for trying to be killed. Neither would I. I thought my life was bad but now I know that I'm really lucky to have both parents! I wonder if Harry will attend Hogwarts since I would love to meet him.Oh I went way off the topic! I don't know or remember if I told you my name or not, so I will just tell you it anyway. My name is Taylor Weasley. I don't know why Mum didn't change her maiden name but I like being a Weasley. I have short red hair, but no freckles and I wear glasses. I'm as tall as Ron and I grow taller everyday. I know one day I will be tall and lanky like Fred and George.

Speaking of them, I know they were the ones who slipped a lolly into my pile of Smarties. The lolly had me puking all day! I suppose the donuts that I gave them (which were filled with itching powder) were a good enough revenge. Ginny told me they were itching their throats for a week! I guess the prankster side of me came from them. That was practically the reason Ron and I had a fight.

He states that his drink was filled with some powder that made boils pop up all over him. I didn't know an powder like that and I knew Fred and George did it but Ron thinks I did. I never do something like that to my best friend. I care about him! I've had enough of him suspecting me.

I got up and poked my head inside to tell my mum that I was going to see Ron. I then ran down the street to a telephone box and stepped inside. I dialled 346 and the box turned into a Portkey and it took me to the Burrow. Once I jumped and hit the ground with a thud, I saw Ginny. I smiled, stood up, dusted myself off and waved. She rushed towards me.

'Hey Tay, did you come for a visit?' I nodded. 'Yeah but I also came to try and make it up with Ron.' Ginny smiled and led me to the Burrow. 'He hasn't come out of his room for days. It must have been some fight you guys had!' I nodded sadly.

Ginny led me up to Ron's room and she banged on the door. 'Go away!' came a muffled reply. I laughed. 'Ron your missing the Chudley Cannons beating the heck out of Puddlemere United!'

I heard a thud (probably him jumping off his bed) and then found myself face-to-face with Ron. I smiled and hugged him. 'I missed you so much Ron!' He pushed me away and looked me in the eye. 'I believe you now. I know Fred and George, being the gits they are, spiked my drink. I never want to fight with you again!' I grinned and playfully punched him in the arm.

'Now come on, you really are missing Puddlemere getting their butts kicked!' We ran downstairs, turned the TV on, sat down and we were laughing like old friends again!

2 - A birthday and the first meeting!

---Two Weeks Later---

I was woken at 4am by a flash of light. I opened my eyes to see Ron and Ginny standing with Fred and George at the end of my bed. Ron looked like he was just dragged out of bed. His hair was standing up in certain places and his eyes were barely open. I leapt out of bed and hugged him and his eyes shot open.

“Happy Birthday Tay!” He smiled and I looked to see that at my feet were a bundle of presents! I grabbed the top one (which was long and skinny) and pulled the wrapping off to find a broomstick. I looked up to see Ron grinning at me and I knew that this was his present.

I opened the rest of the presents (which were some prank ingredients, a new baseball cap and a book on Quidditch), got dressed and headed downstairs. Mum must have known we would have visitors as she had seven places set out on the table. I hugged her and she wished me a happy birthday. I looked to see two big gifts in the middle of the table.

I sat at my place and reached for the nearest one. I unwrapped it really quickly and saw cloaks, books and everything for Hogwarts! “Thank you Mum!” She smiled. Dad had walked into the room by then and with that I grabbed the next present, which felt like a cage. I opened it to see a black and white owl staring back at me. I leapt out of my seat and ran towards my father. I hugged him tightly and thanked him.

---Five Days Later---

It was hard to believe that I was standing on Platform 9 looking straight at a solid-looking wall. From what Aunt Molly had said, we were supposed to run straight at the wall and we would end up on Platform 9/34. I was supposed to believe that and trust that I won't break 14 bones running straight at a solid wall.

I was still deciding whether or not to run at the wall when a boy walked over, pushing a trolley. He looked lost and confused. As he reached the group he looked straight at Aunt Molly and asked how to get onto the Platform. He then turned to survey the group and as his eyes passed me, we locked eyes for a couple of seconds. I blushed and looked away.

Somehow Molly was able to convince me to run at the wall. I was to run at it with Ron and this boy. Ginny wished us luck and we all took off in a run. We were about to hit the wall when it went dark and we found ourselves on another Platform. I looked around, gapping at the train and the fact that we were still alive.

I turned to see that Molly, Ginny and the rest of the boys had also made it onto the Platform. She rushed us towards the train, explaining that it was leaving in a couple of minutes. Ron and I went onto the train and looked for an empty compartment. We found one and sat down, looking out the window to see Molly

and Ginny waving. Ginny was crying and I felt bad for her.

Just as the train pulled away from the station, the door of the compartment opened. I turned to see that boy that had followed us in. He asked if he could sit in here, since everywhere else was full. Ron and I agreed and he sat down. I noticed his black messy fringe had been pushed to the side and I saw a scar on his forehead. I gasped and Ron asked what was up.

I looked between Ron and this boy and managed to speak. 'That boy...he's...H...Harry Potter!' Ron looked at me like I was an idiot. I turned to Harry and he nodded. I leapt out of my seat and hugged him. He looked at me in a weird way and I laughed.

'Don't worry, I'm not one of those stupid fan girls who like you because you're famous. I actually think that it's pretty upsetting to be famous for having your parents being killed and someone attempting to kill you.' Harry looked at me and smiled. He looked sad. 'What's wrong?' I asked, as I noticed Ron was gaping at him. I punched Ron in the arm and he turned to me as if to say what was that for.

I gave him a look to say, stop it and he turned to look out the window. I turned back to Harry and he was speaking again. 'I bet you two know how to cast magic already!' I looked at him like he was an idiot and he looked puzzled. 'Harry, Ron and I are actually quite stupid..*Ron punches me in the arm*...at magic. We know nothing!' Harry smiled at me. 'Then I'm not alone!' He exclaimed, turning to look out the window.

The rest of the journey was a quiet one with only a few words exchanged. Except every time I glanced at Harry, he seemed to be looking at me. I blushed at looked away every time but he never stopped looking at me. I wondered why.

3 - First day

I could see the castle out the window in the distance, which made me even more excited. I took another glance at Harry, who was still looking at me. I heard the door open and both Harry and I turned to it. There stood a girl with bushy brown hair, who was around our age.

She said something about some boy losing his toad and then left. Ron had turned by then and caught her gaze. The look in his eyes was nothing I had ever seen before. I knew it was love.

Ten minutes later, the train pulled into the station and I leapt out of my seat. I flew out of the carriage and turned to see Ron and Harry tailing behind. I giggled at the looks on their faces and turned back towards the castle.

I heard someone calling all the first years and I turned to see a giant. I almost screamed but I managed to stop myself. The giant spoke to Harry like they were old friends and I walked over to them.

'Harry, how exactly do you know that giant?' I asked, too scared to look at it. Harry laughed at my expression of fear and then smiled. 'That was the same look I had when he picked me up from my aunt and uncle's place about a month ago. His name is Hagrid. He's only a half-giant and he is also the Hogwarts gamekeeper!' I smiled wearily at Harry and dared to look at Hagrid. He smiled at me.

Then Hagrid started to head towards a lake with boats and Harry followed. I decided to follow and hurried to Harry's side. He turned to me and smiled. I smiled back. My Hogwarts dream was starting and I couldn't picture it any better!

I took a boat with Ron, Harry and another boy called Neville. He was the one who lost his toad and he was pretty clueless.

The boat landed at the other side of the lake and I grabbed Ron's hand. I leapt out of the boat and dragged Ron behind me. I had forgotten that I was holding his hand and I let go of it, pulling him to his feet and apologizing. He forgave me and we headed up to the castle.

There was a group of about 20 kids who all looked really nervous. We were all led into the castle and towards a hall. I gazed around in amazement. The pictures moved and talked, which made one of the kids leap up in fright!

I was pulled out of my thoughts by a voice. I looked ahead to see an oldish looking woman with glasses in a long black cloak. She introduced herself to be Professor McGonagall. She spoke to us about rules

and stuff and then went off into the hall to see if they were ready for us yet.

A boy with almost white hair stepped out from the side and walked towards Harry. I didn't like to smug look on his face and I took a step closer to Harry. This boy stopped in front of Harry and looked towards me and Ron.

'You don't to go making friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there!' The boy smirked at us and I grabbed Ron's shirt to stop him from launching at him. I turned to see Harry was just smiling at the boy. 'I think I an decide who I want to be friends with by myself.'

The look on this boy's face was a mix between puzzled and shocked. It was hard to not laugh. I giggled quietly but the by must of heard me as he turned to me. 'Do you think something is funny?' He asked while I smiled innocently at him.

'Yes actually. Firstly, your face is just..not positioned right and secondly, your uh..friends *glances behind the boy* um..are a bit on the um..overweight side!' The expression on this guy's face was priceless. He reached quickly into his cloak and drew out his wand.

Just before he could cast a spell, the Professor returned and gave him a stern look. He stepped back into the group with a smug look on his face and shut up. The Professor said that they were ready for us. She pushed open the doors and we headed in.

4 - The Sorting

The great hall (as I found out it was called from Fred) was full of many students chatting away at four different tables. I walked with Ron and Harry and I looked over at one of the tables to see Fred and George grinning back at me. I smiled and waved to them and they waved back.

I looked around and noticed that all the tables were split into colours. The table at the far end of the hall was green, the second one in was blue, then yellow and finally red.

I heard a voice and I looked ahead to see a hat sitting on a stool. It was talking like a human and I stared at it. It was fascinating and what surprised me the most was when it started to sing.

After it finished its song, the whole hall burst into applause. I clapped as well and saw Ron and Harry clapping as well. Professor McGonagall started to read names from a sheet of parchment. It was in alphabetical order so I would be at the end.

After a couple of names were called and the people had the hat sat on their heads, they moved to the house table that the hat called. The next person was the bushy haired girl from the train. Her name was Hermione Granger and she was sorted into Gryffindor, the red house.

After some more people moved to their houses, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Slytherin or Gryffindor, the blonde haired, smart-mouthed boy from earlier was called up. His name was Draco Malfoy. I snickered at his name and it didn't surprise me that he was sorted into Slytherin.

After most of the group was sorted into a house, Harry was called up. Once everyone heard his name, they all went silent and started to whisper. I got annoyed at that and just stood there, waiting to see what house he would be put in.

After the hat debated for a couple of minutes it said something about not Slytherin. I was confused until I saw Harry's lips moving and I knew what was happening. Harry didn't want to be in Slytherin and it made sense too!

Finally the hat called Gryffindor and Harry walked over to the red table, which had erupted with cheers. I smiled and then watched as everybody except Ron and I were called up. I waited as I heard Ron's name and I laughed as the hat spoke. 'Another Weasley!' I heard it call Gryffindor and I heard a couple of cheers and turned to see Fred and George whooping and hollering. I laughed.

Finally Professor McGonagall called my name and I walked up to the stool. I sat down and looked around to see that everyone was watching me. I looked nervously over at Harry and Ron and bit my lip. What if the hat didn't put me in Gryffindor?

The hat was quiet for a few minutes and when it did finally speak it scared everyone. 'You're particularly hard to place. You are brave and honest, yet you have a sharp tongue. Would you rather be a Slytherin or Gryffindor?' I looked around to see everybody waiting for my answer and I smiled. 'I will

make this school proud as Gryffindor!’

‘Then a Gryffindor you are!’ I let out my breath which I only just realised I had been holding and the hall burst into applause. I ran over to the Gryffindor table and sat down next to Harry, smiling at him, Ron, Fred, George and Percy.

The headmaster, Professor Dumbledore said a few words and then food appeared on the table. I looked around astonished and reached for a piece of bread when the Headmaster stood up again. ‘I forgot to mention that the third floor is out-of-bounds for those who don’t wish to die a most painful death.’

I looked over at Ron, who was stuffing food into his mouth and then at Hermione who was watching Ron act like an idiot. I couldn’t help but laugh and Harry turned to me. I pointed to Ron and Harry burst out laughing too.

Once we were finished our meal, Percy who was a prefect, led all the first years all the way up seven flights of stairs, which constantly swung around. On the seventh floor we came face-to-face with a portrait of a Fat Lady. Percy explained that it was the entrance to our common room and that there was a password. At the moment the password was Caput Draconius.

Percy led us inside and we all looked around in amazement. Percy then pointed to the two staircases and explained that one led to the girl’s dormitory and the other to the boys. I said goodbye to Harry and Ron and headed up the left staircase. I found myself in a room with six beds with curtains. I saw my luggage at the end of one of the beds and I laid down on that bed.

I heard voices and I saw three more girls that were my age, enter the dormitory. One of them was Hermione and the other two introduced themselves. One was Parvati Patil and the other was Lavender Brown. I introduced myself and then they walked off to their own beds. Before I knew it, I was asleep, fully clothed.