

Wednesday 20th May 2020

Creative Writing – Short Story – Olivia Burrows

My short story is set in the world of Harry Potter.

“ Come, this way. ” whispered the old man to me and my mother. He was quite small, with thin, grey, wispy hair. His face was pale with sunken cheeks and his eyes were dark and lifeless. His teeth were big and yellow, and, as I looked at him the first image that came to my mind was a rat.

A icy cold breeze followed us in, sending a shiver down my spine. I stared around curiously. We seemed to be stood in some sort of abandoned shed, or cottage. I gasped. We were in the shrieking shack! I remember just a couple of weeks ago me and friends had been staring in awe at this place, wondering who and what was inside. Well, now I know. Voldemort. I mean, The Dark Lord. If my parents or aunt heard me calling him by his first name I'd be immediately punished. They worship him. And, well, I suppose I should to.

There he sat, on an old, wooden chair. Beside him lay Nagini, his poisonous snake. “ Peter. Peter bring in the prophecy.” The Dark Lord hissed. “ Yes, my Lord. ” said Peter, the man who led us in, as he scurried out the door. “ How nice to see you again Cassandra. And I see you brought little Ivey, just as I requested. ” Voldemort said with a smile. I gulped. I hated having to come here but my mother said it was our duty to do as The Dark Lord asks. I was petrified. I knew what Voldemort has done, I knew how many he'd killed, but I had no idea why he wanted to see my mother and I.

Peter returned, carrying a glowing, glass ball. He placed it on the table, bowed, and quickly exited the room. “ As your family are some of my most faithful Death Eaters, I have decided to give you, Ivey Lestrangle, the honour of carrying out an extremely important task for me.” said The Dark Lord. “ Do you except? ” I hesitantly nodded, knowing that if I didn't, bad things would happen. “ Good. Now, please turn your attention to this prophecy.” said Voldemort as he slowly turned to the table.

As if on cue, a strange mist appeared, surrounding the prophecy. A strange voice began to speak. "The man who stands in your way is powerful. The one to capture him was born on the first day of the year. She will complete the task when Winter is near." A strong wind blew the mist away, and the room fell silent. "When is your birthday Ivey?" whispered The Dark Lord with a grin. "The f-f-first of J-January m-my Lord." I stuttered.

"The man who stands in my way is Albus Dumbledore!" bellowed Voldemort. "And you," he said pointing at me. "You will capture him and bring him here. And if you don't, I might 'accidentally' hurt someone your very close to." With one swish of his wand my mother was tied up, floating in mid-air. "Mother!" I cried. "Go Ivey, go!" pleaded my mother.

I ran horrified. I could hear Voldemort laughing in my head. I stopped, panting. I couldn't capture someone especially Professor Dumbledore, I just couldn't. But I needed to save my mother. What was I going to do?