

# Before He Was Magic

## Set Before Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone By J. K. Rowling

Harry knew it was going to be a bad day when he awoke to his aunt Petunia kicking his door.

"Wake up!" she yelled, "You're going to be late for school!" Harry groaned and sat up, hitting his head on the ceiling of his cupboard as he did. He got up and started dressing for school, taking great care to shake all the spiders out of clothes before he put them on. Harry was no stranger to spiders, there seemed to be a lot of them in the little cupboard under the stairs where he slept, so he was used to them.

After enduring a quick breakfast of Dudley's leftover toast and several snappish comments from Aunt Petunia about how his hair wouldn't stay flat, Harry set off for school. It was January, and the weather was icy and unforgiving. Harry had to walk slowly to avoid slipping, which he almost did several times.

Finally, after arriving at his fifth-grade classroom fifteen minutes late, he slid into his seat.

"Detention, Potter," his teacher said almost immediately, "I do not allow tardiness in my class." Harry bit back the urge to argue and instead nodded. As Harry took out his homework, he knew he was in for a rough day.

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Later on, Dudley cornered Harry in the lunch room, accompanied by his big and stupid friends. Harry tried to walk past them, but two of them stepped in front of Harry, blocking his path. Dudley pushed Harry and he tripped, swearing loudly.

"Better not let your mum hear you talking like that, Harry." Dudley said.

"Shut up Dudley." Harry muttered

"Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot, you don't have a mum!" Dudley laughed loudly, and his friends quickly joined in.

"I said SHUT UP!" Harry roared, and even though he had never touch Dudley, Dudley went flying backwards, knocking his friends over and toppling down. He stood up, evidently furious.

"I'll tell my mum and dad about this, you'll be grounded for weeks!" Harry just turned around and ran off, too angry to speak.

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"HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO PUSH DUDLEY HALFWAY ACROSS THE CAFETERIA?" Uncle Vernon was now yelling at Harry after Dudley, true to his word, had told his parents.

"I don't know! I didn't mean to! I didn't even touch him! He just flew backwards, it was like magic or something!" At the word magic, Vernon turned an ugly shade of purple.

"MAGIC ISN'T REAL!" He bellowed.

"I know it's not!" Harry quickly tried to explain, confused at why his uncle was so angry at his use of the word, "it's only a figure of speech-" But Vernon wasn't listening.

"TO YOUR ROOM! NOW!" He yelled. Harry stormed off to his cupboard, feeling angry and confused.

Strange things always seemed to happen to Harry Potter. Like the time he turned his teacher's wig blue, or the time he ended up on the roof trying to get away from Dudley, whose favorite hobby was to torment Harry. You see, Harry Potter was a wizard, a wizard whose parents had died when he was a baby, and the only wizard to have ever survived the Killing Curse. But of course, Harry didn't know that yet. He was stuck living with his aunt and uncle, Petunia and Vernon Dursley, who hated everything that was not normal- Harry included. It wasn't like they were going to tell him he was a wizard, in fact, they were trying to stamp it out of him.

So, as Harry lay down on his bed in his little cupboard under the stairs, he could not help but wonder if there really was something different about him.

*But that's silly, he thought, I'm just an ordinary boy from Little Whinging.*

Harry did not know then just how wrong he was.