

# JK Rowling Style?

## Chapter 13: The Handsome One

The castle grounds snarled with a wave of magically magnified wind. The sky outside was a great black ceiling, which was full of blood. The only sounds drifting from Hagrid's hut were the disdainful shrieks of his own furniture. Magic: it was something that Harry Potter thought was very good. | *commentary*

Leathery sheets of rain lashed at Harry's ghost as he walked across the grounds towards the castle. Ron was standing there and doing a kind of frenzied tap dance. He saw Harry and immediately began to eat Hermione's family.

Ron's Ron shirt was just as bad as Ron himself.

"If you two can't clump happily, I'm going to get aggressive," confessed the reasonable Hermione. "What about Ron magic?" offered Ron. To Harry, Ron was a loud, slow and soft bird. Harry did not like to think about birds.

"Death Eaters are on top of the castle!" Ron bleated, quivering. Ron was going to be spiders. He just was. He wasn't proud of that, but it was going to be hard to not have spiders all over his body after all is said and done.

"Look," said Hermione. "Obviously there are loads of Death Eaters in the castle. Let's listen in on their meetings."

The three complete friends zapped onto the landing outside the door to the castle roof. They almost legged it, but witches are not climbing. Ron looked at the doorknob and then looked at Hermione with searing pain. | *comment any*

"I think it's closed," he noticed.

"Locked", said Mr Staircase, the shabby-robed ghost. They looked at the door, screaming about how closed it was and asking it to be replaced with a small orb. The password was "BEEF WOMEN," Hermione cried.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione quietly stood behind a circle of Death Eaters who looked bad.

"I think it's okay if you like me," said one Death Eater.

"Thank you very much," replied the other. The first Death Eater confidently leaned forward to plant a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh! Well done!" said the second as his friend stepped back again. All the other Death Eaters clapped politely. Then they all took a few minutes to go over the plan to get rid of Harry's magic.

Harry could tell that Voldemort was standing right behind him. He felt a great overreaction. Harry tore his eyes from his head and threw them into the forest. Voldemort raised his eyebrows at Harry, who could not see anything at the moment.

"Voldemort, you're a very bad and mean wizard," Harry savagely said. Hermione nodded encouragingly. The tall Death Eater was wearing a shirt that said, 'Hermione Has Forgotten How To Dance,' so Hermione dipped his face in mud.

Ron threw a wand at Voldemort and everyone applauded. Ron smiled. Ron reached for his wand slowly.

"Ron's the handsome one," muttered Harry as he reluctantly reached for his. They cast a spell or two, and jets of green light shot out of the Death Eater's heads. Ron flinched.

"Not so handsome now," thought Harry as he dipped Hermione in hot sauce. The Death Eaters were dead now and Harry was hungrier than he had ever been. | *commentary*

The Great Hall was filled with incredible moaning chandeliers and a large librarian who had decorated the sinks with books about masonry. Mountains of mice exploded. Several long pumpkins fell out of McGonagall. Dumbledore's hair scooted next to Hermione as Dumbledore arrived at school.

The pig of Hufflepuff pulsed like a large bullfrog. Dumbledore smiled at it, and places his hand on its head: "You are Hagrid now."

"We're the only people who matter. He's never going to get rid of us," Harry, Hermione, and Ron **said** in chorus.

The floor of the castle seemed like a large pile of magic. The Dursleys had never been to the castle and they were not about to come there in Harry Potter and the Portrait of What Looked Like a Large Pile of Ash. Harry looked around and then fell down the spiral staircase for the rest of the summer.

commentary

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry began **yelling**. "The dark arts better be worried, oh boy!"

Sentences: lots of short + medium, no long