

## The Sorting Hat

SBL Raiju Kang

My hearts pounded away as I waited anxiously for the voice to continue. Looking out across the large dining hall, I could see I had their full attention. With the other candidates the crowd had waited with baited breath on the announcement of the hat - I had this sneaking suspicion that this time they all were too busy staring at the creature beneath the hat.

See, I was familiar with all of them - a room full of humans plus me. This wasn't unusual, as a Nautolan, I was used to the galaxy not seeing much of my species. However, the dumbfounded look on a trio of girls at the front of the room lead me to guess they had never seen my species before. Even the hat shuffled nervously atop of me head, like he didn't trust the setting on which he was place. But then his voice had filled my head without pause.

"Lots of courage..." It whispered, the voice sounded like it was deep in thought - despite being in MY head.

"Equal amounts of ambition....an adventurous trait mixed with an equal amount of resourcefulness...this is truly difficult..."

"What is difficult?" I dare asked the voice, still not aware of what necessarily was happening.

"Figuring out where you shall go. You could easily be grand in either Gryffindor or Slytherin, yet your perspective of the world conflicts."

"Explain." I had no idea what the hat was talking about, and was quickly losing patience.

"While you have the traits associated with both houses, but your nature to do good has been slowly buried. I can see your history of striding to be a Jedi - yet since you moved to a place called Ragnath...your focus has changed."

"The virtues of the Jedi failed me, I now crave the power of the Sith. Through power, I gain victory. Through victory, my chains are broken."

"Are you sure...?"

"More than anything, the light side in me is dead."

"Hmmm..." the hat paused, before erupting to a shout towards a table full of youth wearing robes trimmed with green, all of whom remained silent at the announcement unlike those before. "Slytherin!"

---

"Keep up and don't get lost."

The shrill of the woman leading the pack was as cold and bitter as their environment. When the ceremony had finished, there had been a brief feast for the new arrivals - each with their newfound "house". Afterwards, these students given the title of Prefect had stood to gather all the new candidates of each house and lead them to the main stairway. While two of the house went up, and one moved towards the kitchens, all of the black and green robed students descended the stairway further and further done.

“Our chambers are located beneath the school itself, down towards the dungeons.” The woman continued with her instruction. In time, the students were shown the entrance and given the password to enter - and it was here that I knew the next trial would begin.

I clutched the wood of the primal weapon I had been given earlier in the marketplace, yet failed to find a button on it to activate. Unsure of how these beings were able to use it, I quickly tucked it away again and began to focus on those around me. Sure enough, as soon as we were all contained within the chambers and with the door shut; the cruel woman set her eyes on me.

“So tell us squidhead, what are you?” All eyes settled upon me and a circle seemed to form around the pair of us.

“Someone who shouldn’t be messed with, I warn you right now.”

“Warn me? Do you have any idea who I am?” The woman cackled, slowly drawing her wand. “I’m the school’s best duelist, what do I have to worry about from the likes of such a deformed monstrosity.”

“You don’t know how much of a monster I really am...” My response was quick, but so was my hand as I extended it towards the woman’s stick. Focusing intensively on the wand, I was shocked to see that it wouldn’t jump from the woman’s hand. Around me, a chorus of laughter broke out at my lack of performance. The woman’s own laughter cut through the chorus and brought the room to silence again.

“What do you think you are, a wandless? Do you even know what magic is?”

Magic....that term seems so stupid to me. But it didn’t feel so stupid when woman’s attack dropped me.

“Expelliarmus!” She had shouted before the attack, and I rolled on the floor as I clutch me chest. Around me a chorus of laughter took over the room, and I gritted my teeth as I quickly stuck my hand in my pocket again and withdrew the stick. Grasping it firmly, I shouted the more ridiculous magical term I was familiar with.

**“Avada Kedavra!”**

A large green burst of energy sprouted out of my wand and I felt the energy soar towards the dumbstruck woman. Drilling her in the chest, a cry of pain echoed in the room and immediately she was cast backwards into the crowd of students behind her. As she collapsed to the ground, an awful expression seemed to be painted on her face but an lifelessness couldn’t be seen in her eyes.

All around me, the rest of the students quickly began to run in terror. Some leaving through the entrance, other fleeing to rooms unseen. The few that stayed, likely frozen in horror, were the last I addressed before turning to leave.

“My name is Rajju Kang, Battlelord of the Sith, and I’m the last thing you wanted to bring to this school.”