

The Rogue Bludger

"Your bludger! What do you mean you sent that bludger after me to kill me!" Harry exclaimed his voice raising in fury at the house elf.

"Not to kill you, never to kill you Mr Harry Potter sir! Dobby was looked horrified "No, Dobby wants to save your life sir!"

"Then why did you send that bludger after me!" Harry demanded looking furious." Dobby looked ashamed." Dobby only wanted to gravely injure Harry Potter sir! Just enough for you, sir to be sent home, better you go home than stay here, I assure you sir!" He wailed and sniffed wiping himself with the tattered old pillowcase he wore.

'Oh, and that's all?" Harry yelled furiously. "Don't suppose you would tell me why you tried to practically kill me or why you would rather me sent home bit by bit?

"Oh, but if only Harry Potter sir knew!" Dobby moaned more teardrops staining his yellow rag, " If only he realised what he means to us, the lowly, the ones with the loss of freedom, the worthless of the magical universe! Dobby recalls when He Who Must Not Be Named was at the height of power and we were treated like vermin, prey to the hungry beasts of cruelty out there! I, am of course still treated like that sir," he admitted dapping his pink, wrinkled face on the pillowcase. "But Harry Potter survived and the dark lord's power was broken, it was a new dawn sir. You shone like a signal of hope Mr Potter sir, for those whom thought the dreadful dark days would never end... And now at *Hogwarts* something terrible is happening, dreadful, and maybe there happening all ready and Dobby *cannot* let Harry Potter stay here now history is about to go over again, now the Chamber of Secrets is open once more--"

Sitara