Miraculous Hogwarts

written by

Why

Provided to you by

AllTheTests.com

You can read also this RPG/Fan Fiction online by clicking here.
Introduction

I wrote this book whilst I was bored.
The included ships are Marichat, Ladynoir, Adrienette, Ladrien, DJWifi, etc.
No Voldemort included, FYI
(Miraculous timeline - S4)
(Hogwarts timeline - HP1)
Chapter 1

I held the letter in my hands, hearts beating faster. Old parchment, green ink, the symbol…
Could it be?
Had I, Marinette Dupain-Cheng, been sent a letter from Hogwarts? Impossible. That didn't
even make sense!
Surely, since I live in Paris, I would've been sent to Beuxbatons? Or could I be an
exception? And I'm older than 11! I felt so confused.
When I finally plucked up the courage to peel open the letter, the paper fell from my hands
and I blinked.
Two sheets fell from the envelope. One that had a scrawly signature, and one that seemed
like a list.
I immediately bolted down the stairs and attempted to find my parents. They glanced up
from the TV to look at me.
"What is it, sweetheart?" Maman asked.
"I got a letter from Hogwarts! But shouldn't it be Beuxbatons because we're in France and
this makes no sense!"
Maman stood up and walked over. "The school year starts September 1st. We need to buy
your supplies. And luckily I know where to go. We should go now. I assume you have your
list?"
"Of course! But… Diagon Alley is in London! Surely we can't go there?"
"Not. Haven't you ever watched the Crimes Of Grindelwald? There's a place right here in
Paris! Now if I can just remember where that statue is…"
As Maman thought, I looked quietly at the letter. Could this be some elaborate hoax? Was
this a dream? Surely not.
"Yes! It's right near us!" Maman suddenly announced and yanked me out the door. "See you
in a few hours, Tom!"
"Bye Papa!" I yelled as I was dragged by Maman.
She led me down side streets and alleyways before we reached a statue of a young woman
wearing a lovely dress. Maman knocked, and the statue lifted her dress, and we slipped
inside.
The street became more colourful, floating flowers and waterfalls decorating the air. Maman
led me into a dusty old shop labelled -
Le GrAnDe MaGiC (Sorry, can't remember the real name)
It appeared to be a wand shop. An old lady was inside, dusting shelves and peering at boxes. She turned around when we entered, though.
"Ah, Miss Dupain-Cheng. I expected to see you sooner, but let's get started, shall we? This can be a long process."
*26 WANDS LATER*
"This seems to be perfect for you! The core of Unicorn Hair; Elmwood; reasonably pliant; 11 1/4 inches. Go on, take it."
I gasped as I felt the thin piece of wood. It felt extremely… magical.
*THE NEXT DAY*
Sitting alone in a compartment on the train was not fun. Many people were still getting on, so perhaps I still had a chance.
Then a young girl with bushy hair entered. "Hello. May I sit here? Thanks." She sat across from me, and I gaped.
"Hermione Granger? It is you! Can J.K. Rowling predicted the future?" I gasped.
Hermione frowned. "How do you know me? And who is that person you speak of?"
I smiled, then grinned. "I have a knack for name guessing. I'm a first year student. I was supposed to start at Hogwarts 5 years ago, but apparently, my letters kept getting stolen. And so only now I'm coming."
Hermione seemed fascinated, and begged me to continue with my story. Then I remembered Tikki, and quickly fed her a macaroon.
*IN THE GREAT HALL*
"Hannah Abbott," McGonagall announced, and the girl was quickly sorted into Hufflepuff.
"Adrien Agreste." I snapped my head up and took a look at the boy on the stool. It was Adrien Agreste in the flesh. He caught my eye.
"GRYFFINDOR!" the hat yelled.
"Chloe Bourgeois."
"SLYTERHERIN!"
"Alya Cesaire." I glanced up again. The hat took a while to decide. Probably choosing between Gryffindor or Ravenclaw.
"RAVENCLAW!"
"Marinette Dupain-Cheng." The hat took about a second.
"GRYFFINDOR!"
I quietly ran over to the Gryffindor table and sat across from Adrien. He smiled. "Hello."
"Hi." I blushed.
I finally heard the name "Blaise Zabini" get called into Slytherin.
I saw Nino join the Hufflepuffs, and a trio then walked towards us.
Hermione, Ron, and…
Harry Potter.
I bit my lip. He looked very different from Daniel Radcliffe. His eyes were greener, his hair
darker, and… he had no lightning scar.
I looked over at Adrien. He didn't seem shocked at all. I poked his arm.
"Adrien! Does this not bother you?" He just looked confused.
"What do you mean? It's just a kid 5 years younger than us." He shrugged.
I blinked. "Are you joking? Harry Potter should have a lightning scar! Otherwise, then,
Voldemort doesn't exist!"
My shout came out louder than I'd expected, and everyone just looked confused. Except for
Dumbledore.
He had frozen in place, his knuckles whitening as he clutched the arms of his chair. He
locked eyes with me. I frowned.
He then turned away, shaking his head. I quickly focused my attention back on the meal and
quietened.
After the meal, I quietly walked behind the rest of the Gryffindors, contemplating
Dumbledore's reaction.
When we reached the Fat Lady portrait, I heard Percy mutter, "pig snout," and we entered.
I hurriedly walked up the stairs to the girls' dormitory. There was a bed in each corner, and I
went to the one where my suitcase was.
I sat on the bed and opened my robe pocket, where Tikki was now residing. I passed her a
cookie I'd taken from the table, and lay back.
Then Hermione entered with two other girls (I assumed Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown),
and they chose their beds. I sighed.
Then I pulled my phone out. Thank god there was free wifi. I started messaging Alya.
ME - How are you?
ALYA - Great! I met this girl, Cho, in the year above. She's amazing. And a girl in my year,
Padma Patil, is also really cool. You?
ME - Bad. I don't think any of the girls like me. And obviously, Adrien is in the boys' dorm,
so… I know no one.:(
ALYA - Okay. I'm sorry to hear that. I have to go, we're going to play truth or dare. See you
tomorrow!:))
Alya always fits in. Me? I'm nobody.
Chapter 3

The next morning, I found a scroll on my bedside table. It was tightly bound, and had the word Marinette on it in swirly writing. I quickly unrolled it, and read it through.

Marinette,
I heard what you said in the great hall, and I must speak with you about it. How do you know about Tom Riddle? I never told anyone. In my attempt to change the past, I banished him to another realm. I have no clue if he might ever return, but if he does, we must be prepared. He will be angry at me.
I was a fool to ever imply he could become so powerful. Since you appear to know so much, you perhaps know how I supposedly died? I never died. I was sent back in time to fix my mistakes. But I worry I made them worse than before. Skip your first lesson, and meet me in my office. I have supplied a map for you to find your way there.
Sincerely,
Albus Dumbledore