



Redwood Writers Presents:



Our 2017 Fan Fiction Contest Winners!



1st Place - *Hogwarts Alone* by Mara Lynn Johnstone



Prize: \$100 plus half-price scholarship (worth \$288) towards registration for the 2017 Mendocino Coast Writers' Conference (the vibrant, relevant writers' conference on the beautiful Mendocino Coast)* <http://mcw.org>, and a certificate

Story included in this brochure for your reading pleasure.

2nd Place - *Becky Thatcher Goes Rogue* by Sandy Baker



Prize: \$50 and a certificate

3rd Place - *Neverland's Mother* by Crissi Langwell



Prize: \$25 and a certificate

Congrats to the Winners!

1st Place - Mara Lynn Johnstone, *Hogwarts Alone*



Mara Lynn Johnstone grew up in a house on a hill, of which the top floor was built first. She lives in California with her husband, son, and laptop-loving cats. She enjoys writing, drawing, and spending hours discussing made-up things.

Continue on to read *Hogwarts Alone*.

2nd Place - Sandy Baker, *Becky Thatcher Goes Rogue*



While Sandy Baker grew up as an active, athletic tomboy, she always included reading, writing, and doodling in her quiet times. Like Becky Thatcher, she preferred climbing trees and paddling rafts! Since joining Redwood Writers in 2009, Sandy has written eight children's gardening books, a thriller, and one middle grade collection of short stories. Next up is *Gardens Around the Globe: A Coloring Book for Grownups*. Sandy is currently president of Redwood Writers.

3rd Place - Crissi Langwell, *Neverland's Mother*



Crissi Langwell is a writer, blogger, and novelist. She has 8 published books, including *Reclaim Your Creative Soul*, a guide for artists who wish they had more time to create, and *Loving the Wind*, the story of Neverland told by Tiger Lily. She lives in Petaluma with her husband, their blended family of three teens, and a ridiculous teenage dog.

Contest Chair

Margie Yee Webb



Margie Yee Webb is an award-winning author and photographer for the gift book, *Cat Mulan's Mindful Musings: Insight and Inspiration for a Wonderful Life*, and co-creator of *Not Your Mother's Book . . . On Cats* anthology. A Past Vice President of the California Writers Club and Jack London Award Winner, Margie currently serves as Membership Chair and Speaker Coordinator for Gold Country Writers in Auburn. Additionally, she served as a Mentor in the GCW 2016 Mentor Program and is the 2017 Contest Chair, having won third place in the 2016 59-word contest (<http://goldcountrywriters.com/hester-jones-winner-59-words-contest/>).

Judges

Laurel Anne Hill



Award-winning author, **Laurel Anne Hill**, grew up with more dreams of adventure than good sense or money. Her close brushes with death, love of family, and belief in a higher power continue to influence her writing and her life. Sand Hill Review Press recently released Laurel's spirits-meet-steampunk novel, *The Engine Woman's Light*. Her published short stories total thirty. She's a speaker, editor, and the San Mateo County Fair's Literary Stage Manager. laurelannahill.com

Michele Drier



Michele Drier, born in Santa Cruz, is a fifth generation Californian. She's lived and worked all over the state, calling both Southern and Northern California home. In journalism—as a reporter and editor at daily newspapers—she won awards for investigative series. Her twelve books include the *Amy Hobbes Newspaper Mysteries* and *The Kandesky Vampire Chronicles*, a series of paranormal romances (micheledrier.com). She is president of the Sacramento chapter of Sisters in Crime (capitolcrimes.org) and co-chair of Bouchercon 2020 in Sacramento (bouchercon2020.org).

Linda C. McCabe



Linda C. McCabe, author of the epic historic fantasy *Quest of the Warrior Maiden* that received Best Historic Fantasy in the 2013 BAIPA Book Awards, was notorious as “Athena” in the Harry Potter fandom. She spun theories, wrote fanfic, and championed the Harry/Hermione ship. McCabe's fifth year fic, *Secrets, Lies and the Daily Prophet* won Portkey.org's Readers' Choice Award for best novel length story. McCabe is writing the second volume in her planned trilogy. LindaCMcCabe.com

Hogwarts Alone

by Mara Lynn Johnstone



Art by Donovan Alex

This is an alternate Harry Potter timeline, where the main characters aren't around to stop the bad guys, and Voldemort is unopposed in gathering his missing Horcruxes so they can't be destroyed...Except someone was left behind in Hogwarts: the kid from Home Alone. (The movies with booby traps galore.)



The evacuation was hurried, with professors and prefects raising their voices over the clamor. Belongings were packed. Schoolbooks were abandoned. Owls were ushered into cages and hauled out the door. Black robes fluttered everywhere.

They left by any means available, as long as it was fast. A blind eye was turned to more than one illegal enchantment; flying cars and motorcycles joined thestrals and hippogriffs. Everyone fled.

The last carriage disappeared moments before dark clouds swirled to life in the horizon. Hogwarts was echoing quiet while the Death Eaters approached. All except for the room where the transfer student had been sleeping.

“Not again,” said Kevin McAllister, finding a window. He grabbed his wand. At least he had a few minutes to get ready.

When the doors to the entrance hall were flung open with a thunderous bang, it was the Dark Lord's lieutenants who entered first. A half dozen strutted in, with sneers on their faces and arrogance in every motion. They swept up the grand staircase like they owned it. They didn't hear the voice in the shadows. Muffled by a simple charm, it whispered a word.

The stairs became a ramp. Elegance turned into tumbling indignity while the Death Eaters landed hard on the slick marble, sliding into a pile of elbows and anger.

They approached carefully the second time, on their guard and limping. They took a different route — there was more than one Horcrux to collect, after all — but they didn't know the secret passages, and they didn't hear the footsteps.

Bellatrix Lestrange was the first to enter the great hall. Her feet were instantly swept out from under her, and she found herself suspended as if an invisible giant held her by the ankles. Her swearing was almost drowned out by Lucius Malfoy's laughter, then his own irritation as he found himself suddenly, uncontrollably, dancing.

Other Death Eaters hid their own amusement behind counterspells and revealing charms. Peter Pettigrew was the first to spot the boy crouched behind a tapestry.

“It's just one person!” he shouted. “*Reducto!*” Kevin raced down the passage while tapestries shredded and rocks crumbled behind him. He didn't slow as he came out the other side, taking a zig-zag path through the school with the invaders on his heels.

He ran through a bathroom where a collection of bath bombs waited at the edge of a tub. He paused to hook a string to the doorknob, then moved on. When that door opened behind him, the bath bombs tumbled free — calling up a riot of colored steam, illusory images, and music with different beats.

Waiting at the far side of the room, Kevin hefted another, this one from a certain joke shop in Diagon Alley.

Before the Death Eaters could pick him out through the confusion, he threw it into the tub and ran.

Colored water exploded upwards, drenching everyone and everything in the room.

They were *really* angry after that one.

Kevin ducked back the way he had come, hoping to lose his pursuers. More voices echoed ahead. He went over his options and spun on his heel, dashing out of sight moments before heavy feet prowled down the hallway.

There weren't as many suits of armor in this area as in some others, but they stepped smartly forward at his exclamation of "Piertotum Locomotor!" They even listened when he suggested that they fight whoever was chasing him.

Kevin paused to watch the hollow knights brandish swords and shields. They made a respectable formation, lining up in perfect discipline. Kevin wondered how far he could make the spell reach. He was no star pupil, but maybe—

His train of thought crashed when a very toothy human rounded the corner and proceeded to tear into the armor. It wasn't the full moon, but Fenrir Grayback was terrifying nonetheless. Kevin ran.

They were approaching from several directions now; Kevin heard raised voices and changed his plans again. *That* room was too far away, but maybe *this* room...

Someone shouted, and a petrification curse missed him by inches. He leapt behind a door and slammed it shut. Casting about for ideas, he saw opulent wall hangings, plush chairs, and tables piled high with schoolwork.

The door shook. He ran for the far side of the room, giving his wand a swish and flick as he did so. "Wingardium leviosa!" Papers flew upward. In moments the room was filled with swirling clouds of parchment, a chaotic distraction for whoever was breaking the door down behind him.

But not, it turned out, much use for the door that swung open in front of him. He tried to backpedal at the sight of pale skin, a hairless head, and evil eyes, but he was too slow.

"Petrificus Totalus." Kevin's arms and legs snapped together, and he dropped like a felled tree. His wand clattered to the floor next to him. Only his eyes were free to move, granting him a view of the Dark Lord who approached, exuding malice and smugness.

"Are you alone, child? I'm sure I can find a use for you before you die." One other thing Kevin could see, and the Dark Lord could not, was the chandelier over his head. And the poltergeist waiting beside it.

One more step forward into the room full of drifting paper, and the chandelier parted with a snap. Voldemort looked up from his prey just in time to be crushed by glass, metal, and nosmall number of bricks.

Peeves cackled with glee, looping about the room.

Death Eaters cried out and shot curses at him. The poltergeist only laughed, flinging papers into the air anew and knocking over several chairs before darting out the nearest door. The Death Eaters charged after him, yelling for the others.

Completely ignored, Kevin lay in the shelter of a fallen chair and a layer of papers. A distant voice sounded like one of the paintings on the wall. It talked about summoning back the wizards to destroy the Horcruxes before the Dark Lord's followers could create a new body for him. Peeves was still leading them a merry chase — through one or two of Kevin's other booby traps, if he was not mistaken.

A distant sound of retching told him someone had stumbled into the Dungbomb drop. Someone else activated the fireworks, mounted at head level. The Exploding Whizz Poppers were easy to pick out, as were the Peace Disturbers. And that first wizard was still throwing up.

Kevin would have smiled if he could. As it was, he listened to the undignified retreat and hoped that someone would arrive soon with a counterspell. His nose was starting to itch.