

# Gryffindor

Godric, bold, and brave,  
Anything he would do, for a friend's life to save,  
The house of Gryffindor, red, and gold,  
The dilemma of a friend, his heart it would take hold,  
Together, greatness did the friends achieve,  
Until one by one, doubts about each other they all began to believe,  
It pained Godric to see his friends go,  
How this had happened he did not know,  
The four each ran their house, ignoring the others, their once friends,  
Godric watched, helpless, as their unity came to many ends,  
He knew not what to do,  
The only one who would still speak kindly all around, was Hufflepuff,  
loyal, and true,  
Yet her heart was heavy, and her tidings, too,  
And every time he looked at Ravenclaw, her eyes blue,  
Were filled with distaste,  
And she flew off to her studies, post haste,  
Faster than ever, the houses crumbled,  
"Where shall we go?" the students mumbled,  
Gryffindor could not reassure,  
For he, himself, knew not which shore,  
Finally, the sorting hat was formed, the school divided more,  
Now the houses didn't speak, or see another, anymore,  
Godric sighed, perhaps now there could be peace,  
Even though that would see his friendships ceased,  
Then everything came to a head,  
When Slytherin challenged him to a duel; wishing him dead,  
Godric accepted, tired of the pain,  
He thought he could convince his Salazar that it was possible to be  
friends again,  
The disaster further struck,  
Slytherin by his own evil spell was struck,  
He collapsed, slain,  
Godric hung his head, and for once could not find the courage to lift it  
again.