Neither Can Live While the Other Survives

by Katology

Summary

Having a soulmate is the most prestigious thing to have. It is so rare that your soulmate is born near enough to your birthday that very little witches and wizards have one. If someone has a soulmate, it automatically raises their status in the wizarding world. Tomarry fic/Manip. Dumbles

Notes

Soo... I'm sorry but there is no set schedule. I'm writing based off when I feel like it :) If anyone wants to help with the ff I'm happy to let you if you are a good writer. I could use the help. Thank you! ~Katelynn Irene Lovegood
Chapter 1

“M-my Lord, I-I… I have news.”

Behind Pettigrew’s quivering mass sat Lord Voldemort in his throne, twirling his yew and phoenix feather wand in his right palm. He had on his glamour. His skin was bone white, and it looked like there were faint impressions of shiny scales. His lips were thin and practically non-existent. The Dark Lord was bald and his eyes had no pupils; they were glowing ruby red and staring coldly. He looked terrifying. It was the main meeting room for his elite, in front of Voldemort was a long ebony table, with serpents embellishing the legs. He was preparing for a meeting with only his most trusted. He told his Death Eaters not to disturb him unless it was extremely important. Narrowing his eyes, the Dark Lord spoke, “Good or bad?” in his high and sibilant voice.

Peter mumbled and continued looking at the ground. Getting frustrated, Voldemort rolled his eyes and threw a crucio at him for his insolence. Luckily for Wormtail, he let if off quickly.

”Tell me now Wormtail, or I will not be so merciful.” His voice was a deadly whisper. showing just how irritated he was. He obviously had no qualms crucioing Pettigrew, but he wanted him coherent. It was obviously important if it couldn’t wait until after the meeting.

Wormtail spoke, trembling and stuttering at every word. It was obviously was not expected by Voldemort, because a look of surprise clouded his serpent-like features before he regained his mask.

"Look me in the eye.” Slowly looking from the ground, Wormtail trembled as he met the ruby eyes of the Dark Lord. Pettigrew’s eyes got glazed as his conscious got shoved into his mind. Using non-verbal legilimency, Voldemort started filing through it. At his forefront is terror, with a tinge of apprehension. His thoughts were whizzing around the chaotic mess which was Pettigrew’s mindscape. It was filled with blobs of memories that weren’t in any way ordered which only further disorganized it. He obviously didn’t know or used occlumency. The Dark Lord continued studying his mindscape until he found the memory which Wormtail wanted him to find, as the unidentifiable shape glowed a faint silvery light. He grabbed it and felt a sensation that was comparable to a pensieve. He then saw Wormtail entering a house, very plain and not very impressive. When the door opened, Mrs. Potter smiled and beckoned him to come inside. Voldemort sneered at her, such a waste of magical talent. She obviously was blinded by the so called “radiancy” of Albus Dumbledore. On a wall in the hallway leading into the house stood a calendar, stating it was October 22th judging by the lines through every date before it. When Peter went into the house James Potter smiled. The cheeky grin dropped when he glanced at the baby in a worn-down crib that's in the corner of the room; bawling. He glared murderously at the child and ignored him, Memory-Wormtail squinted his eyes in thought, "Why is James ignoring his child?"

Voldemort’s gaze grew calculating when he looked at the features of the child. The hair was artfully messy and the color was a midnight black. His nose and cheekbones were very prominent and aristocratic and his lips were full and plump. However, the most catching feature is his eyes, which are the same shade as Avada Kedavra; quite different from Lily’s emerald ones. It seems to have taken all the good features from both of them; it is quite a beautiful baby. "Why were they treating him like trash?” echoed through Wormtail’s memory, and the Dark Lord heard it as well.

Peter’s quizzical face must of registered in James’ mind. He made a huff and glanced at Lily; who looked just as disgusted at the baby, if not wary. She made a small, and barely-noticable shake of the head. It was like she was saying yes. After the silent conversation was over they started directing Peter onto the couch. After all, Dumbledore said that Peter was trustworthy for the fidelius, why not this? It looked like Pettigrew was about to get a lecture. Lily sighed and glanced pleadingly at James.
as she sat down. He seemed to have taken notice and cleared his throat, "Um, Wormy, whatever you
do don’t freak out.”

Peter’s face gained even more wrinkles as he tried to figure out what was so important. A sudden
thought took center stage in his mind, "Did he find out I was a spy and a Death Eater?" Wormtail’s
face grew pale and he inhaled a shaky breath. "Okay? Jamie you are seriously freaking me out,” he
questioned in what he hoped was a mildly unnerved voice.

Taking a deep breath James got out, "Lily, do the spell,” Looking as if she was about to be sick, she
went up to the baby tentatively; though not for the baby’s sake. Quickly grabbing him she strode to
the floor in front of the couch. She held him up an arm’s length away as if it was the most putrid
thing she has ever seen. She sat him down, not being gentle and Harry started to cry. To Peter’s
surprise, she pointed the wand at the sobbing baby and spoke the most recognized incantation in the
wizarding world, "Amor anima revelare.” It was in a harsh whisper, as if it was a curse word. James
and Lily turned away grimacing as the cursive writing of Tom Marvolo Riddle rose from little Harry.
Memory-Peter stood in shock at the name, as he knew who the person was. Dumbledore was very
happy to tell the Order Members that the infamous blood-supremacist Voldemort was a half-blood.

Voldemort stared at the lettering, half in awe and half in righteous anger; HOW DARE THEY
TREAT HIS SOULMATE LIKE THAT! I COULD VERY WELL TORTURE THEM TO AN
INCH OF THEIR LIFE AND WHEN THEY BEG FOR DEATH I WILL DENY THEM THAT
MERCY!

His mind started rambling at all the torture methods he could use on the Potter parents. He was so far
gone in his own uncharacteristically shown rage that he didn’t realize he was out of the memory and
back into Wormtail’s mindscape. There were very few things that could break his mask, and hurting
what was HIS definitely was one of them. The Dark Lord left his mind and his magic started
swirling menacingly in the air. He definitely needed an outlet or there was a chance he could hurt
himself.

Pettigrew started cowering in fear when magic started to build up in the room. It was like the air was
becoming more viscous and hard to move through. The murderous intent was very easy to feel; it
was like the magic was broadcasting the Dark Lord’s emotions. Waves of anger, tinged with
indignation collided with Wormtail’s puny magic, which was trying to fight off the bombardment.
Voldemort tilted his head and regarded him with a glint in his eye that screamed, danger. In one fell
swoop, Pettigrew started crying and Slytherin’s heir put the cruciatus curse on the rat. Glaring,
Voldemort revelled in the tortured screams emanating from Wormtail. Blood started to dribble out of
his mouth when he bit his tongue to try to contain the screams; it was no use, just like trying to beg
for mercy.

“Tell me where they live!” he spat through gritted teeth. Wormtail obviously did not hear, as he was
still laying boneless on the floor, panting in pain. When he did not move, Voldemort sneered at him
for his insolence. His followers were getting more stupid as time went on. The oppressive magic
crackled in the air. In a flash, the magic swarmed and enclosed part of Wormtail’s magical core.

In witches and wizards, your magic is just as important as blood. It transported magical energy
through as everyone knows that magic and electricity do not mix. When part your magical energy
gets your body. Magical energy is basically what neurons use instead of electricity in muggles, it
basically causes the cells in your body to “malfunction” and die. As your cells are dying, they cause
immense pain and everywhere gets damaged just as fast. It is the opposite to the Cruciatus curse,
which forces foreign magic into your core. The nerves are overloaded and the excess magic causes
waves of pain. Even though they cause the same amount of pain, the type of pain is different. The
Cruciatus causes waves of sharp pains which travels from the head downwards: branching out.
Closing part of your core stops magical flow everywhere simultaneously and it feels like a drowning pain which intensifies the longer you are denied. During this, you are twitching uncontrollably and you feel the irrational need to stop casting magic; even though you aren’t. You do not need to close a lot of it to cause pain, and the amount of magic needed is extremely taxing; luckily, though perhaps unluckily for Pettigrew, Voldemort had it in spades. However, it is impossible to kill someone with this method. It would require someone with the magical prowess and stamina of someone like Merlin to kill someone with this method.

Before Voldemort got close to being magically-exhausted, he let go. He was so consumed in rage he didn’t notice the hoarse screaming of Wormtail; which was still emanating from him even after the ordeal. He was writhing in obvious desperation, as the pain still hasn’t abated, "Where do the Potter’s live!" he snarled, pointing his wand at Wormtail. His eyes met the Dark Lord’s darting back in forth like a cornered cat.

He bowed quickly, "At Godric's Hollow, mi-lord,” he stammered.

“Leave me.” Slytherin’s heir ordered. It was obvious he was not in the best of moods and Peter wanted to leave fast, he didn’t want to be tortured any more. Wormtail practically apperated from the spot, though still wracking in little shakes. Voldemort stared vacantly at the spot of blood on the floor. As if he was still disbelieving, he cast the spell on himself. He had done it before, in his Hogwarts days and a few times after that. It was extremely rare to have one, and it doesn’t show who it is unless they had been born yet. Unsurprisingly, the words "Harry James Potter" rose up from the ground in front of him.

After a few minutes of staring, the Dark Lord shook himself out of his thoughts and whispered into the nothingness, "I’m coming for you, soulmate.” And with that, he evaporated the lettering and continued as if nothing had happened; though when the meeting did come, it was obvious he was distracted.

In Godric’s Hollow, Harry Potter awoke from the dream; crying and unaware that the supposed dream was actually a vision from his soulmate. His mother cast a silencing charm on the crib so her and James don’t have to deal with the crying. She sneered as she walked away in her nightgown back to their room.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the support! It's my first ever fanfic and I'm only 13 so any constructive criticism would be great! Like I said before, anyone who is a good writer should try and get in contact with me. You could help with this ff if you want :) ~Katelynn Irene Lovegood

It was obvious that they held disdain for the child, and Remus frowned. His cub was perfect in every way, what was so bad that they even had an excuse to do it? Even if it was the worst thing in the world, his scent was imprinted in his memory. There was nothing that would stop him from loving his cub; he was one of his own and he would follow where he would lead. He started trying to get closer to James and Lily in hopes to make sure that he gets called often to watch him, if they won’t give him any love then he would have to. He would not give him the same childhood as Siri. Sirius stopped coming over to protest the lack of necessary attention his pup gets; whether it is food or diaper changes. His lover accused him of approving their methods of parenting when he kept trying to get closer to them. However, when he explained his logic he sighed and said, ”Very Slytherin Moony.”

The werewolf felt tempted to go over and steal little Harry to give him a childhood he deserved. Albus however discarded that and simpered,”Now, now. Harry is getting a great childhood with great people. It isn’t fair that you disregard them because you are jealous. Leave them alone Remus.”

Ever since he started Hogwarts, he felt wary around Dumbledore. His aura (which he could sense because he has lycanthropy) was light, but spoiled like curdled milk. It was like adding extra sugar to something to make it taste better, even though it just made it more sickly. His magic was also repulsive, and he knew Sirius felt it too; because he never got close to him the same way Remus had. Siri’s relationship with the headmaster felt forced and strained; it was as if Sirius was a captor; trying to outsmart his captive by creating a relationship with him. His Hogwarts years were hazy and he didn’t remember much; though he remembered feeling great admiration for the headmaster. It took a while to figure out why that was the case; because he also felt great apprehension. It was weird because he only felt the wariness after every confrontation with Dumbledore, it was during the “meetings” that he felt content and admiration to the Hogwarts’ headmaster. The pattern was very subtle and it was a few months after Harry’s birth that he realized it. He got lost in the memory and stared off into nothingness:

Sirius moaned lowly when Moony left him. He closed his eyes and panted into Moony’s neck. Sighing, Remus flopped onto the bed next to him. After a few minutes basking in the afterglow, Siri chuckled, ”We are going to be glued together if we don’t wipe this off any time soon.” Smirking beside himself, Remus groaned when he stood up. His muscles felt thoroughly used and done with the orders his brain is firing at them. He wobbled into the bathroom, got a wet towel and wiped himself off. Sirius was already swallowing a muscle relaxer potion, it would stop him from being sore the next day. Moony threw the rag at him and Siri caught it with his Auror-reflexes. He wiped off his thighs and lower stomach and went back to laying down on his back. His breathing was less erratic, but it was still a tad heavy.

When Moony went into the bed, Sirius nuzzled into his warmth and crooked his head into the area
between Remus’ neck and shoulder blade. He kissed it lightly and bit it playfully. Remus laughed at him and smacked his ass. Sirius yelped and Moony taunted, ”Bad dog.” The Grim Animagus looked at him with a crinkle in his eyes that shows up when he is amused.

After a while of content silence Sirius said,”Moony?” It was in a very worrying tone, like how someone would say your name if you were acting weirdly.

Remus turned to him with a confused look on his face and said, ”What is it?”

Sirius took a deep breath and questioned in an uneasy way, ”What is your opinion on how James and Lily treat their son?”

The werewolf looked at him startled, ”Honestly? When Lily first gave birth to Harry it was obvious they adored him. I don’t know what changed, but it is obvious they hate him now.”

Sirius stared at him as if he was a puzzle, ”You never said what your opinion is. Do you agree with it? You seem to hang out with them a lot.” He said that in an accusing tone, with a bewildering look on his face. It looked wary, hopeful, and hateful.

Remus eyes suddenly got wide and he shook his head quickly, seeing the insinuation, ”Oh no, no, I hardly condone it, I would never do that to any child.” He paused to collect his thoughts, ”Dumbledore,” he sneered, ”is letting it happen. You know how I don’t trust Albus; but I at least expect him to help a defenseless child. It turns out I’m just jealous and they are wonderful parents.”

Siri looked for the most part relieved but there was still a niggling doubt in his mind. He questioned, ”Then why are trying to be ‘buddies’ with them?” making his tone sarcastic with the last part.

”I need them to trust me so I can be around Harry more often. I don’t want my cub to grow up without love.” he stated firmly, passionately.

Siri smiled sadly at the werewolf,”Very Slytherin Moony.” And Remus smirked. He laughed at that, ”Remi when you do that it makes me question that you were a Gryffindor!” He suddenly frowned as if a thought came to him, ”Why do act as though you hate Dumbledore?” he paused to wave off the indignant look of Moony’s face, ”Not that I don’t, but when you are around him I see the looks of adoration on your face; but when you are here it is obvious that the looks of disdain are not faked,”

”Well,” Remus started after a meaningful pause, ”I do feel as if-“ he stopped suddenly and gasped,”No!” His eyes were blinking rapidly and he started laughing uncontrollably; a little maniacally.

Siri snapped him out of it with a shake of shoulders, ”What is it!” he demanded.

”Oh Albus is even more of a bastard than I thought,” he whispered incredulously. Sirius still looked lost so he added, ”They are compulsions.”

Sirius had a blank face for a second, and then slowly but surely his face turned into an amused disbelieving one. He started cackling and it honestly looked like he was convulsing, ”Oh Alby,” he choked out through laughter, “you have fucked up.”

Remus chuckled and kissed the animagus on the lips, moving in coordination with the other. He brought his hand to his Black Patriarch’s long hair and brushed his fingers through the silky locks. He put all of his love, devotion, and adoration into the kiss. When they let go they panted for oxygen and put their foreheads against each other.

(Present)
Shaking himself out of the thoughts, Remus looked at Harry; who was in his crib. He looked peaceful, unaware of the hate his own parents felt for him. Moony choked back a sob when he thought about all the things he has seen happen; he got slapped in the face for bumping into them when he first started to walk, he never got hugged after his birth, and he already has a mask. He already has learned to hide his emotions when he gets ignored by his parents. He only ever cries anymore if he is in physical pain.

Sighing softly, Remus looked around the house. It was very boring and looked like muggles lived in it; the only magic related items were books and James’ first ever practice snitch. He smiled softly at the memory and then scowled when he realized that the person he had came to love as a best friend decided to be a child abuser. The werewolf huffed and glanced at Harry; still asleep in his cheap crib. He checked the time and decided that Harry needed to eat.

Remus went up to the crib softly and gently smoothed down his hair to wake him up. When he first woke up it was instantaneous; his avada kedavra eyes sprung open and he flinched violently. He scooted back almost instantly and glanced warily around the room; all the while magic seeped out into the room almost as if it was a protecting him, warning others to stay away. The magic seemed to come from Harry; but at the same time it didn’t. Remus could not come up with an analogy, it was too bizarre. It crackled in the room, letting out a dark aura and saturating the air around it. When Harry saw Remus’ startled, but kind face, he immediately relaxed and let out a small smile. If it did not get any more weird the magic lingered, almost judging the werewolf’s presence. He could hear the intent behind it; it hissed lowly, “mine, protect… werewolf! Stay away!” When he heard the last part he started backing away, however the magic pushed outwards after giving a last “hug” on Harry. Remus flew backwards and landed in a crash into the couch, effectively making a hole in it.

He panted at the adrenaline and absurdity of it all and cast a ‘reparo’ at the broken cushion. Over the ringing in his ears he could hear a broken voice wailing, “Moony!”

He winced and touched his cheek with his fingers, looking at the crimson blood that collected there. Then pure white magic spilled out of Harry; with black swirls dotting it randomly, showing the abuse his magical aura has had from his treatment. It went towards Remus and surrounded him protectively, pooling in the damaged areas of his body. The other magic danced with the other, almost lovingly, providing reassurance to each other. He felt the white magic stitch together the broken skin and blood vessels, soothing the bruises and removing the cuts from the body.

Bewildered and uneasy, Remus gaped at Harry, “What the fuck?!” he exclaimed, it was unheard of for kids that age to do accidental magic; but having two different auras? That has never happened before. The werewolf shuddered at remembrance of the dark magic. It felt seductive, alluring, and the wolf inside of him called out to it. He literally felt the pleased whine that Moony made in his subconscious. He noticed that the dark magic was getting dimmer and dimmer, as if it was getting extinguished; but Harry didn’t seem at all magically exhausted. He was still in his crib desperately trying to get to his favorite person. Once the dark magic was gone, the light slowly went back into Harry as if nothing even happened.

Tom Riddle was lying on his four-poster bed. The posts were made out of a dark oak, shined to perfection. Engraved in it are snakes and protection runes; just incase an attacker got past the charms on his door and windows. His sheets were made out of black silk that was cool to the touch, along with his pillow sheets. His comforter was made out of white fur that was marbled with brown and black. Bedding aside, being a Dark Lord wasn’t all that it cut out to be; in fact it was more often than not paperwork and dealing with his dull followers’ mistakes. However, he wouldn’t trade it for the world. Magic was being diluted with muggle blood and many practices are being discontinued because it is supposedly “dark magic” Even if it is, magic is not good nor evil; it’s connotation depends on how you use it.
Dark Magic is merely magic that requires a sacrifice that isn’t just your own magic; doesn’t even have to be a living thing. You need something to be used in order for dark magic to work. Any type of transfiguration is a type of dark magic, because you use the matter of one thing to change it to another. Rituals are dark magic because of their usage of sacrifices, along with blood magic because you are using your own blood. The most surprising dark spell is the patronus. It isn’t even a charm, it’s a dark ritual. You have to sacrifice happy memories to use the spell. Light magic is magic that doesn’t require anything except intent and your magical energy. Charms are an example of this, and it isn’t dark because even though you need an object to cast a spell; the only thing that is used to create the effect is your own magic. Elemental magic also is light magic, because your element already exists. It is merely being influenced using your magic to do your bidding. Most “dark” curses aren’t even dark at all. The Imperious curse and the Cruciatius curse are not “dark.” They only use your own magic to complete the task; pain and mind-control. However, the Avada Kedavra curse is dark magic. The sacrifice needed to take someone’s life is a tear in your own soul. Not many people know this, but only that specific curse causes it to happen. Any other acts such as torture or killing doesn’t do anything to it. Neutral magicks includes magic that requires you to have magic, but it doesn’t use it; such as potions, herbology, runes, etc. Your core is the color of your natural affinity.

Sighing, he got up for the day. He briefly thought about his soulmate. Softly smiling to himself to the lovely image of him grown, he put on his acromantula silk “Dark Lord” uniform; which was pitch black and had Avada Kedavra green thread. He got it when he discovered his soulmate’s beautiful eyes; though his Death Eater’s think it has to do with his favorite spell. It really isn’t though; it is bombarda because it is the closest spell that matched his first case of magic usage. He was in the orphanage and a kid named Walter Perkins stole his only blanket. When Walter was caught holding both of them, his blanket exploded; the weirdest thing was what happened to his own. Perkins’ face was ashy and tears were dancing along his cheeks. On the ground were the remains of Walter’s blanket; covering his untouched one in black dust. It defied all foreknowledge he had at that point; he wondered why his didn’t get turned to ash and why it exploded. A few days later he discovered what it was. When he was concentrating on making the explosion it happened again; this time with a bible he stole. He smirked vindictively and in triumph when he discovered his gift and the fact he destroyed a bible.

Tom grabbed the Light Arts book he accidentally fell asleep reading and put it on his bookshelf. Even though he knew he was specifically a dark lord, learning all kinds of magic was fascinating to him; and even if he didn’t care for light magic, it still is intensely useful to understand the magic your enemy primarily uses.

He stopped thinking to himself when an unknown emotion trickled into his mind. Tom started to grow paler, his hand started to shake, and a cold sweat manifested on his neck. Even though he was experiencing the emotion; it felt strangely detached. He listed off all of the symptoms and it is… fear? his mind supplied helpfully. He has never experienced it at this intensity before, unless he didn’t remember it from when he was in the orphanage. He frowned to himself in thought, Why am I scared? His own dread filled his body as he got paler. “Harry,” he whispered, almost reverently. He focussed on the connection and pushed his consciousness through it, effectively transporting to his soulmate’s mindscape. The room was not a never ending abyss; to be fair it was huge, but it only accommodates the memories of a small toddler. He saw a small door with a light gold hue surrounding it, and he walked through. When he saw a man in front of him he hissed in anger; no one will harm his Harry. He let go of his ironclad control of his magic and let it saturate the blurry room. It was obvious he needed glasses. Tom sneered once again at the elder Potters. He would make them suffer.

His protective magic surveyed the man in front of him; it went inside of his skin and took note of his magical core. He has never seen anything like it before; it was a dark, wild, animal-esque magic that was eating at a small portion of the same dark magic; but it didn’t have the animalistic tendencies.
After a moment of pondering he realized it was a werewolf who has not accepted his Wolf yet; that was why the disease was still fighting his core. He scoffed at the idiocy of the man for a moment; accepting your wolf makes your transformations painless. After that moment had passed, he gave his magic intent; protecting his soulmate. From the limited vision, he saw the man being thrown back. Suddenly, another emotion filled his mind; worry. He realized it was for the man he blasted away.

He gasped when he felt it; Harry’s magic. It felt pure, tranquil, and a polar opposite to the dark chaotic magic of his own. (Not dark in the sense of affinity) It mingled slightly in the air, affectionately. He smiled softly when he realized his Harry’s magic recognized his soulmate’s. After the greeting, the magic rushed to save the werewolf; the intent was crystal clear. It was going to heal him. He knew the Potter patriarch was not a werewolf, but it was not necessary to know who he hurt until now; maybe it is one of the only people who treats him kindly? Either way, he decided to trust his soulmate. He felt his detached body start to feel the symptoms of magical exhaustion. He mingled with the light magic for a few more seconds; and he left Harry’s mind before he crossed the threshold into being permanently harmed. When he was in his own mind again, he was panting. He winced when he realized he was on the floor; if any of his followers saw him like this…
Chapter 3

Harry sat in ashamed silence. He understood the uncomfortable and depressed feeling of not being loved, or acknowledged. When he was alone he took off his mask, and wallowed in the sensations of worthlessness. Tears rolled down his cheeks silently, he didn’t, however, know why. It was a mystery to him and he always pondered it. He never knew how he was supposed to be treated, he thought it was normal. He didn’t know that being unloved was wrong because he had nothing to compare it to, the only people he had ever met were his parents, a man named Padfoot that he only saw a few times, Moony (which was his favorite), and a man with a longo white beard that gives him the creeps. Guilt was always a factor in his life. He thought that he was doing something wrong to his parents. He tried being happier, whinier, cuter, more independent etc. It wouldn’t work and now he just doesn’t even try. He was always very intelligent, almost prodigious, and already knew how to speak; though he hasn’t tried doing it yet because he was afraid his parents wouldn’t like it. Being in this state was worse than useless; he calmed down and tucked away his emotions. Self-pity would get him nowhere.

He wiped his eyes while floating some applesauce to himself his mother had let out for some reason. He was noticing his mother was acting strange. It was almost as if she was fighting an internal battle of wills. He imagined that her inner self was in her body trapped, banging on prisoner walls. One moment she would be frantic, sobbing, and through the choked sounds would be a word he had no idea about, “kompolshons” or something similar before it reverted back to the perverted, disgusted look she always glances at him in. She always was confused afterward, for she never remembered why she was crying and there in the first place. His father never has such episodes and always gave him genuine mirthless smirks when he noticed him gazing off into the distance with a look of depression and self-disgust. That was before he had learned to hide his emotions, however he still does it when he purposely withholds food. He will have his revenge on his father, however he doesn’t know what his mother’s deal is. She has been bewildering Harry lately.

He grabbed the small bowl with his small fingers by holding the rim of it. Harry looked around for a second before putting it to his lips and tilting back. The thick, pulpy, and cold sauce filled his mouth and he swallowed. The food went into his stomach and his hunger pains abated somewhat before he continued. After it was done he unconsciously cleaned himself and the bowl before purposely floating it back to the same position on the hardwood floor.

The silence after every day was always the best part; he could think, practice his magic, and pretend his parents don’t exist. He has entertained the idea that he isn’t related to them, but it sadly isn’t true. After a few glances of himself in a mirror he has noticed the messy raven hair and the emerald eyes, he was definitely their son. Closing his eyes, he centered himself; trying to call forth his magical core. He has only started regularly achieving it since a month ago and he first did it, accidentally, a month before that. After a few minutes of trying, he opened his eyes. A glowing ball of pure white was in his left palm, flickering when he lost and regained concentration. Willing the sphere to move, it started rolling in small circles in his hand. After a few seconds, it flickered and died because he had lost focus. Harry huffed and blew a piece of his hair from obstructing his vision. It flew up and landed in the same spot. He glared at it and stiffened when he heard a door softly opening. It
sounded like it came from the front.

A bone-white serpent like man walked in the house, mostly obstructed by the wooden beams and arch. He scanned the area for threats with his wand before relaxing minutely. Striding silently, he briskly walked towards the back room, which was a secondary living room. The Potter’s use it for a sort of “hang out” room or something similar. It was only used by their good friends. Harry curled his body in on itself and he used his magic to create a barrier surrounding him the same way. The air looked like there was distortions that came from an invisible liquid. When Voldemort got to the doorway, the Dark Lord stopped and involuntarily shuddered. Harry tilted his head curiously and looked warily at the new threat; searching their body language for hints of any bad intentions. Voldemort gaped at him and fondly smirked at the magical prowess of his soulmate, though it stopped when he realized Harry was taking on a body posture reminiscent of children who get abused. “Oh Merlin,” he thought, livid at the Potters’ for causing psychological damage to his soulmate. He removed his glamour, leaving a twenty-something year old man, with dark hair that has a persistent curl in between his eyes, pale skin, and pale eyes with a red rim around it. He tentatively walked towards him, trying to be as friendly and not threatening at all to the wary child. When he got to the crib he knelt down and looked him in the eye. A spark lit between them and enveloped them in a cool silver glow, with AK green accents. It felt like a warm hug as their magic bonded together.

A soft smile overtook Tom as he went to grab his soulmate’s tiny hand. As soon as he touched it, a warm, pleasurable sensation spread down his hand. It felt like when you step into a hot shower after being out in the cold. He gazed silently at is soulmate and whispered, “I have found you, Harry.” He hungrily took in his features, because he never thought he could ever have a soulmate; very few witches and wizards have one and he was very lucky.

He froze when he heard a small gasp. Out of instinct he turned around and pointed his yew wand at James Potter. The look of shock overtook Potter’s features before his eyes narrowed and also pointed his wand at the other man, ”Who are you?!” he demanded accusingly, his stance in the primary Auror dueling pose. The Dark Lord smirked and stood to his full height, turning his back to child in a defensive and protective position. He waved his wand from the top of his head to his torso, and his handsome face turned into the one of Lord Voldemort. James blanched and screamed, “LILS!”

The Dark Lord glared at the man and cast a whispered body binding and “silencio.” Voldemort was surprised that it did hit him, he thought for sure he would block it or dodge. Today’s Aurors are pathetic. He watched as he fell with a stiff back and tilted his head at him as if considering what to do. Flashes of memories stopped him from just killing the man with a swift and precise difindo. He remembered the daily checks he had Wormtail do:

‘His soulmate glared at his father as he ate food delightedly in front of him. He was at the desk next to the crib sorting paperwork for the ministry. When the Potter patriarch got fed up he sent a stinging hex at him and Harry let out a tiny gasp in pain as he clutched his shoulder with a wince. He continued glaring, disobeying, trying to beat him in anyway possible.’

‘Lily softly exclaimed a curse word when Harry got caught floating food. It was a measly serving of mashed potatoes. She slapped it out of the way and it landed in a heap on the floor, spilling mashed potatoes everywhere. She stalked up to the small crib before James came up from behind her and snarled at him, “Don’t you dare eat that, you freak.” He smirked widely before walking away. His mother looked at her and there was a random flash in her eyes. However, it left as soon as it came and she resumed her disgusted gaze and briskly walked away with a huff.’

He walked towards the door and closed it, his usual silent steps loud due to anger. The Dark Lord’s magic was released. It went towards Potter’s magical core before stopping and retracting. Two can play at causing psychological damage. Voldemort growled, putting all of his hatred and intent to
harm into the wordless torture curse. All of a sudden there was a flood of agonizing screams; piercing through the air like a sharp blade would flesh. It was a symphony to Harry, for he knew instinctively it was the father he abhorred. He smirked softly and started giggling while it rang delightedly in his ears. The Dark Lord stood over the writhing man, with his wand pointed and face lined with fury.

Over the high-pitched resonance that is James Potter there an unheard frantic thumping and a shrieked, "JAMES!" in the same terrified tone that her husband had; she had obviously heard the scream of warning that came from her husband. She ran down the staircase in only her underclothing, clutching a small throw blanket over her torso while holding her wand in the other. Lily was puzzled and unnerved as she sped down the hall, for there was no sound. She slowed down and crept towards the back room. The door was emanating a soft hue of red in between the cracks. As if she passed an invisible line, an array of sounds exploded from behind the door to the room. When she opened the door, it made a loud creaking noise. Lily winced.

Suddenly, the screams stopped and Voldemort stilled. Creating a AK green light at the tip of his wand he pointed it at James and waited for Lily to enter the room. Once she did she gasped and scanned the room. In the crib, Harry was standing and gripping the barrier. His eyes were glazed in glee and it looked like he was eagerly watching. Lord Voldemort was standing over James, smiling at the intruder with a mirthless smile and pointing the still-lit wand at him. She blanched and the Dark Lord whispered in barely concealed glee, "Drop your wand and get on the chair Mrs. Potter.” Lily glanced pleadingly at him before the wand slid from her grasp and she sat down, shaking in fear.

He tied her to it using a ‘incarcerous’ and with a shark-like grin surveyed them, “Well, well well, how the mighty have fallen. I admit I am surprised how easily you both submitted. I thought you two were the best Aurors.” He glanced at them in acknowledgement. “Now, you both know why I am here. You were abusing MY soulmate.” Voldemort stressed the last bit with a vengeance and his magic threateningly caressed their skin. They both blinked slowly while panting from the effects of the magic.

Lily at least had to decency to look ashamed, but Potter had the gall to hiss, “Exactly. It is your fault he got abused; you are the creature’s soulmate. He is no son of mine if he is destined to be with the likes of you,” somehow breaking the part of the body-binding that prevents speaking. The Dark Lord stilled again, closing his eyes in anger, employing occlumency techniques. When his eyes opened, they were not red like before, his eyes, pupil and whites, were glowing an intense AK green; the same shade as Harry’s. Growling softly, he pointed his wand at his heart before a brilliant ruby light covered him. Even though he was rigid in the body-bind, his eyes have away his fear, widening almost comically. It slowly started filtering into his skin and he whimpered. It continued and he started screaming; once all the light had been absorbed, he was shrieking in pain. His eyes were rolled in the back of his head and he continued a one-tone pitch.

Lily was obviously in shock. Her shoulders were hunched and she was shaking violently, whispering meaningless nothings like, "It will be fine,” or “I’ll be alright.”

A few minutes, or hours had past. No one really knew how long James was under the cruciatus, screaming shrilly whilst staying as stiff as a board. Once Voldemort recovered from his fit of rage, he let go, blinking as if he had lost himself; which he had. The AK green left his eyes, leaving behind the familiar ruby. His eyes were still trained on the still Potter patriarch. He was breathing heavily and his eyes were clouded with the tell-tale sign of insanity. He gazed off distantly and hummed to himself when he got his breathing under control; oddly content and emotionless. Lily looked at him at horror.

Lily glanced again at her husband before retreating back into her mind, muttering to herself. A big
boost of energy brought she and Voldemort out of their musings. The Dark Lord narrowed his eyes and cast a quick ‘diffindo’ to slit her throat. It looked like she had accepted what happened, for she sighed and just closed her eyes, waiting for death. It unnerved Harry slightly, he didn’t think that it was his mother’s fault that she was an abuser. It seemed like she tried to fight what made her do it. There was a loud bang and Tom whirled around, putting has hand behind his back, in a protective stance in front of Harry. After hesitating slightly, he went up and picked Harry’s light body and clutched him tightly against his chest, moving his body slightly to partly cover his soulmate. His eyes were staring at the door, wand in hand. He didn't have time to leave. He would have to fight his way out of this one.

Dumbledore walked in in his long-bearded glory, with a bright red gaudy robe decorated with yellow stars. He had on his genial mask and his eyes were twinkling merrily, smiling widely. It was almost as if it looked like he was visiting an old friend; though from the tenseness in his stance it was obvious he was not, “Why, hello Tom!” he started, his eyes dimming a bit when he realized who he was holding, and what happened to his precious followers, “Who have you got there?” he asked benignly, knowing full well the answer.

Voldemort glared at him and hissed in anger, clutching tighter to Harry, “My soulmate. Tell me Albus,” he spat, ”-did you or did you not know he was being abused emotionally and physically by the mudblood and her husband?”

Much to the Dark Lord’s dismay, his grin widened and he started chuckling, “Why Tom, I never knew you cared! To be quite honest I thought you only wanted Harry because of his power.”

Voldemort scoffed, “He is my soulmate. Of course he has power, even so it doesn’t matter. He will be mine even if he didn’t.” He tilted his head at Dumbledore, challengingly, daring him to contradict.

Albus made a sad smile and nodded, “Of course Tom, I would hope you wouldn’t abandon your chance at love due to power. Even so, you can’t have him.”

His head tilted even more as his face turned stony, “And why is that?” he whispered softly, though everyone alive in the room could hear him.

Dumbledore wrinkled his crooked nose at him and looked at him like he was stupid, “Seriously Tom, it would give the Dark Side too big of an advantage. You know this.” He smiled maniacally, showing his true self for the first time since Grindelwald. Voldemort looked faintly surprised before hiding it away in an efficient manner. Albus continued speaking, “Plus, he would make a good weapon,”

Voldemort would have gaped if it wasn't for his rigid control of his facial features. He knew Dumbledore had an amazing mask, but this changed everything. The Dark Lord’s glared at the headmaster for saying that about his soulmate. If looks could kill, everyone within a 2 mile radius would be dead. The wand in Albus’ hand twitched and so did Voldemort’s. No one knew who cast the first spell. A bright yellow light came from Dumbledore’s and a pale purple came from the Dark Lord’s. Albus used a shield while Voldemort sidestepped, still holding his soulmate. Using the time the headmaster took to create a shield, he cast a water charm and froze it beneath him, causing Dumbledore to lose his footing for a second. Harry was staring silently as he watched the battle unfold. Apparently the bad guy his parents and Dumbledore fought against was… his “soulmate”? He didn’t really know what to do or what that was. Voldemort used Dumbledore’s’s slip to his advantage and sent a bright green curse, Avada Kedavra. All the headmaster did though was smirk. He conjured a mirror. It reflected back. Dread filled every fiber of Tom’s being and his mind was screaming at him to get out of the way, to move, to live. Everything was in slow motion, the green light kept getting closer and closer. His soulmate was watching the light with fascination. Harry’s
eyes. He closed his eyes and turned completely, protecting Harry from the inevitable death. It hit his back and he grunted slightly, before falling, with his soulmate still in his arms; his last thought his beautiful eyes. A piece of him ripped off, and it attached itself to the soul with the most likeness to itself.

Dumbledore walked up to Harry and smirked. His plans have gone nicely. He took off the Dark Lord’s robes off of Harry and held him. The headmaster cast a magical block and a compulsion to not tell anyone about the homelife he will inevitably have. After casting both of them, on such a powerful wizard, drained him. It is hard work to keep such raw magic confined in his core. Smirking to himself, he sent a patronus to Hagrid and waited in the living room for him; with the unconscious Harry Potter in his hands.
Beams of painted wood stood out against the darkened porch-cover. A light bulb hung from the point of the hollow pyramid, held up by beams of wood, hovering over the concrete floor. It was flickering slightly and all anyone could hear is the slight breeze of the autumn night. Harry sat there, bundled in blankets in a small basket. It was eerily quiet at Privet Drive, aside from the occasional hoots of owls or the barks of disturbed dogs. Bright yellow light flooded Harry’s face, and he blinked and covered his eyes with a whimper. There were tear stains on his cheeks. After the green light hit the man, a tearing feeling engulfed his tiny body. It was like a piece of him was gone. He didn’t even have a mask now, all of his emotions just came out in waves. A scream brought him out of his musings, and he looked up. A blob of a pastel nightgown and black hair engulfed his vision as he got picked up. “VERNON!” the woman shrieked, effectively disturbing the perfect silence again.

After a moment of silence, only broken by the woman’s heavy breathing, loud thumping sounds came from inside the house. It became louder and louder until a bigger blob came from behind the woman; Harry guessed it was Vernon. He got carried into the house and got set down on the table, still in his wicker basket. He squinted to get a better look at the couple. They both looked pasty white as they both looked up and down a letter that was probably attached to Harry. Again, the woman said, “Vernon...” but it wasn’t in a scream; it was in a broken whisper. A choking noise came from her, “My sister… she... this is her son. Lily and her freak of a husband got themselves blown up. He has nowhere else to go…” she trailed off, obviously reminiscing.

“But Pet..” Vernon groused, “I don’t want the spawn of freaks in our house;” he paused with a sudden revelation, “Think of our Dudders! I don’t want him near the freak,”

She nodded at him sympathetically, “I know Vernon, but if the letter insists,” she sneered, “-other freaks may come and force him on us If we don’t take him. Who knows what the neighbors might think!”

Vernon shivered and shook his head fondly at his wife, “Your right Pet, as always,” he teased, “-and maybe we can beat the freakishness out of him if we really tried; maybe they won’t let him go to that school… Pigfarts?”


‘Vernon’ looked at her oddly, “Hogwarts yes.. Sounds like an asylum. Makes sense if it was.”

The woman nodded vehemently. A sinister thought broke into her racing mind, “You were always second to perfect Lily, you were never good enough to know about magic, let alone use it.” She squashed it without remorse, cringing a bit from the frankness and jealousy, along with mounds of grief. It had finally registered that she was dead. Cold. Unmoving. Unfeeling. Free? The afterlife was iffy for her, she pretended to be Christian because it was against witchcraft or whatever freakish stuff ‘they’ do nowadays. Another plus was the fact that it looks good in front of the neighbors; the perfect, Christian family. To be perfectly honest though, it didn’t seem logical that just because a
book said the world was made in 7 days it was true. She would never say anything out loud, though. Obviously.

A sniffle brought her out of her thoughts and she scoffed, what a pathetic little thing. She glared down at the boy in front of her, roughly wiping the little droplet of blood from the lightning scar on his forehead with his own blanket. She would not have filth touch her belongings, even a rag.

“Where are we going to keep the freak?” murmured Vernon, his glazed eyes showed he was in deep thought. It startled her slightly, though she inwardly snorted when she realized that was the first time the expression came on his face.

“We obviously can’t keep him with Dudley,” she shivered, “-he might contaminate him,” she stated in a matter-of-fact manner. It was hard to glare at the baby. His eyes were unnerving her. Lily’s eyes, though a much lighter green. They looked utterly broken, as if his world got torn apart; to be fair it did, but he should be too young to fully understand. Right? She hoped that the dull eyes were just a trick of the light.

“I agree Pet. We also shouldn’t let him use the other two bedrooms. One of them is for Margaret. She wouldn’t want filth near her bed. The other one is going to be used for my, and in the future Dudley’s Gaming Room.”

“Then where would we put him?” she asked patiently, though judging by her voice it is a facade. Vernon smiled nastily, “The cupboard under our staircase would make an amazing substitute.”

A flicker of hurt went into his wife’s eyes before it was covered with a mask, “Yes.. yes.. That will work splendidly,” she agreed.

He clasped his meaty hands together. “Where will he sleep tonight though? He can’t sleep in the cupboard right now, it has too many valuables. He can ruin them,”

“We should put him in Margaret’s room for now, I don’t trust the freak near any of our things.” Vernon’s gaze intensified and it glared lightly at his wife’s face, “But she’s my sister.”

She rolled her eyes exasperated, “Obviously. Would you rather he be with Dudley?”

He paled and shook his head quickly. A baby’s wails interrupted them and they stiffened. They both unconsciously relaxed when the realized it was muffled. It was their son’s cries.

Vernon chuckled and looked at her with a knowing look, “I get him, you set the changing table?”

She nodded with a small smile, “Agreed.”

(5 years later)

Harry glared at his toy soldier coldly. He tried concentrating again but it was no use; he has found that if you weren’t calm you can’t use the ‘thing’. He huffed and put his knees to his chest, laying his cheek on the two of them. Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on his breathing. Whenever he caught himself straying from this, he viscously squashed the unwanted thoughts. Ironically enough, he thought of “squashing thoughts” as well. It was infuriating. He sighed and sat up, stretching his arms as much as he can in his confined cupboard. A rapping noise brought him out of his peaceful stupor, “UP!” his aunt shrieked. Her voice honestly made his ears bleed, he wondered how Dudley can deal with it and still be the favorite.
“Coming, Aunt Petunia,” Harry dead-panned. He put on a mask of boredom and indifference and briskly stood outside the cupboard door; waiting for his chore list. In front of him is a horse like creature, with an extremely long neck, thin lips, and granny-esque black hair. The only feature that was nice about her is her health; she is very healthy, almost obsessively. Though, it doesn’t help her curveless physique. She had a paper in her hands; presumably the list. What was funny was the fact she always took the time to print it out. Every day. It was utterly stupid. She held out the paper to him, waiting impatiently by the tap of her foot. He quickly grabbed it and purposely tried to give her a paper cut. He smirked slightly when she hissed in pain, though she didn’t complain because she didn’t want to admit to being bested by a six year old. His aunt walked away with a pointed sashay; unconsciously trying to prove that she is the better.

“BOY!” another voice yelled. Harry nearly whimpered when he realized it was his uncle. He wasn’t afraid of his aunt, but his uncle is a different story. He is the complete opposite of his wife; no neck, a triple chin, and obviously not healthy at all. His only good attribute was the fact he had survived this long without diabetes or heart-attacks. He walked into the sight of a hungry Vernon, sitting on the couch watching Nascar.

“Yes?” He flinched slightly when he looked at him sharply.

“Watch your tone, boy.” he snarled. He stood up violently and glared, stalking closer with his waddle-like walk.

“Sorry Uncle Vernon,” Harry whispered. He bowed his head and waited for his punishment. A fat hand connected with his cheek, making a loud slapping-sound. A burning-sensation pooled onto his cheek, collecting into the shape of a hand print. His cheek started to turn hot and he whimpered in pain. Self-loathing creeped into him like water would cracks.

“That was for your cheek,” Harry realized that was an unintentional pun, though he wasn’t amused. He was in too much pain; physical and mental. “You do that again, and you will burn,” he held up the candle-lighter that was on the coffee-table next to the leather couch. Harry paled and rubbed his chest absently. It was easy to feel under the thin baggy shirt the disturbances in the skin; the burning scars. He shivered in remembrance. “Now Boy, go get me crisps,” he barked.

Harry all but ran from the room. Once he got into the kitchen, he quietly turned on the faucet and rubbed the cool water on his burning cheek. Once he was done, he gently tapped a rag onto it and siphoned the water off. Turning off the water, he sped to the pantry and grabbed the Party-Size bag of crisps and tentatively walked back into the room. His uncle was back watching the TV, and he was making a ‘gimme’ motion with his hands. Harry’s stomach made an absent growl though he purposely crinkled the bag loudly to drown out the noise. He handed it and let it go quickly, scampering away.

(Flashback)

A loud crash echoed through the house, and Harry froze in dread. There were broken glass pieces on the floor. He quickly tried to shove them under the small table, but thumping noises came towards him furiously; loudly. He got paler and his mind was repeating a mantra, “Oh god, oh god, oh god..” Suddenly the noises stopped and it became eerily silent, except for small angry breaths emanating from behind. Harry turned around slowly and his pupils became even wider. In the doorway stood his uncle, an angry purple color looking emotionlessly at Harry. His face turned into a hideous scowl after looking at the broken glass, eyes looking wildly at his nephew.

“BOY!” he screeched, livid at the freak for breaking his wife’s teacups. He thumped towards him and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, pulling him towards the soundproofed game room. He got thrown onto the swivel chair. Harry looked around warily, wondering why he was even in here. He
never was allowed in here, even to clean. He looked back at uncle, searching for the reason on his face. What was surprising, is that the anger was gone. What replaced it though was even more frightening. A malicious smirk overtook his lips, along with a madness glistening in his eyes. He looked like a predator; ready to stalk prey. His smirk widened when he noticed how Harry was shaking, “Now Boy,” he started, in an extremely soft, malicious tone. Harry’s jaw dropped. He had never had this tone of voice before, “-looks like we are alone. Stay on the chair. Don’t move. If you do you’ll be sorry.” He strode away in a fashion that makes no sense for a middle-aged obese man. He was obviously excited. Ideas flashed through his mind, each of them wilder than the last. After a while, Harry’s nerves intensified. He had never been this anxious ever. He tried to calm down by taking deep breaths, but when the door opened again his chest started beating wildly.

He looked calm and collected, though the madness was still in his eyes. A bundle of rope was in one hand while a candle-lighter was in the other. “No,” he whispered, disbelievingly. His mind went to an utter stand-still. He knew his uncle was cruel, enjoyed causing the pain of others. But Harry never thought he would torture, at least not until now. His heart was digging out of his chest, painfully, and his lungs started constricting against it’s orders, causing hyperventilation. He numbly noticed that his wrists were being tied to the arm rests. A piece of rope went from his neck to around the backing of the chair. It got tied and it became slightly harder to breath from the pressure. His feet also got tied to the ground to prevent kicking. Colors were swirling all around him. Fear gripped his heart tightly, afraid to let go. His muddled thoughts realized that he was done and looking at him in distaste. Small stomps echoed in his mind, though they weren’t registered completely. He felt sluggish and he couldn’t attempt to even writhe, let alone try to get free. The stomps came back. If it was even possible, his heart rate sped up. The rational part of his brain knew he was going to knock himself out if he continued.

He broke himself from his racing thoughts when he felt water being splashed onto him. He was still hyperventilating, but he was out of his stupor. He shook his head to get, he assumed to be water, off of his face. He stared at him in horror, finally glancing at what was in his hand. In one was the cup he used to dump water on him, and the other still had that lighter. ‘Fire..’ a part of his brain told him, mockingly.

He put it on the table and with an eager face, reached and tore open his wet shirt, leaving his dry, thin, chest exposed. His ribs were sticking out due to malnourishment. He hummed to himself as he turned on the lighter. A fire appeared and flickered on the top of the tempered plastic. Looking at it objectively, fire was beautiful. The brilliant orange, yellow, red, and blue colors danced together in a sort of song. His uncle was grinning widely, slowly inching the open flame towards his chest. It stopped a few inches before it, licking the skin with its heat. It was kept there for a while, and he held his breath and sucked in to get away from the slight tinge of burning pain from the affected area, like when your hand was hovering over a hot stove. With a sudden jab, he put the open flame directly on the skin. Harry shrieked. He removed it after a a few seconds, but the initial pain wasn’t the worst. His flesh was cooking, his nerves were racing signals of pain to his mind. His vision turned white and he closed his eyes, taking deep breaths of air. It felt sharp, and it scattered agony all across his chest. Looking down, he noticed that it turned an angry red. He whimpered, writhing slightly in the constraints.

His uncle looked at it in fascination a dragged a cool, fat finger down it. Smiling blandly, he randomly selected a place on his chest and put the flame close to it. Harry was very still in perverted anticipation. After a few seconds, he jabbed it again and Harry bit his tongue to stop his screams. The pain raced down his veins, scratching without remorse through the abused nerves. He randomly noticed that his hand had a death-grip on the armrests. He clutched it harder and inhaled sharply as it, again, came nearer.

It happened over and over again, marking his chest in small, circular burns. As Uncle Vernon got more enthusiastic, he didn’t even provide the small break by moving it slowly to the chest. He left the flame on, just jabbing it left and right.
Jab. Agony.

Jab. The smell of burning flesh.

Jab. He let out a high shriek.

Each one didn’t even have a separate pain anymore, it melded into an acute, never-ending note; scratching it’s excruciating talons down from his chest to around his back and down his toes. It came in waves, saturating the air with ear-splitting screams of agony. Every jab just brought a slight pressure and the pain slightly intensified; after awhile it became clear that Harry was going to pass out. His head was lolling to the right, and his eyes were half-way closed in exhaustion; leaking copious amounts of tears. He finally stopped. The bloodied and cooked flesh was covered in circular marks, like a hole-puncher. Drips of crimson ran down and coated his baggy jeans. His uncle stopped and surveyed his work. He nodded and wiped the thin coat of blood off the lighter with Harry’s shirt. He untied his restraints and barked at him, “You will clean up this mess, freak, and don’t think about telling anyone. Got it?” Harry merely whimpered. “GOT IT?!”

In a harsh voice, cracking from the precious screaming, he spoke, “Yes Uncle Vernon,” A small tear dropped down at that pronouncement.

(End Flashback)

He was still rubbing his marks when he had ended the daydream. A violent shiver wracked his spine. One day they will pay. His ‘thing’ will see to that. Not unlike the fire from before, it lit up in his eyes in an AK light.
Harry? Soulmate? Where.. Am I?

Cold. I am cold. Why?

Memories slowly trickle into the wraith-like creature. His childhood comes first, flashes of bunny’s hung from rafters suddenly blink into existence. It fades away to Hogwarts memories, each blurb adding new connections to his muddled thoughts, making everything seem clearer. Bright lights swirl around the specter. Non-existent hands reflexively cover his eyes in an attempt to cloak the overwhelming light. No hands do come up. He is still pulling, forcing his muscles to react to the penetrating force of the light. Tom winces and he breathes heavily, though it hitches when he didn’t feel the tell-tale sensation of air entering his lungs. His eyes are still closed, trying to escape from the brightness. It surrounds him and pressed from all sides.

Burning.

stop

Stop.

STOP.

The pure light digs into his skin, burrowing deep and whispering meaningless words which all mesh together to a loud chatter. Each one feels like a microscopic needle, on its own not giving off pain. It is like the phantom pains you feel when you expect something to hurt. He begins to scream from the sensation, and the lights start to reverse its expansion. It closed in on him and Tom didn’t have time to think.

He woke up minutes later. He gasped when he opened his eyes. Delicate threads were spread throughout ‘here’, providing structure for the unknown brightness. Each one didn’t have a color; they were clear. Though you can clearly see them due to the distortions in the bright white. Feeling foolish, he poked one. A burst of air went into his lungs, making the small lights brighten everywhere before turning dimmer at the exhale. He touched it again and it made the lights dim and life flow more quickly into him. He felt an indescribable urge to follow the thread. The burning white light gave away to a periwinkle, and looking at what he assumed to be down engulfed him in a lively green. Everything was still blurry and lacked dimension, and aside from the threads he couldn’t see anything definitive. He grabbed it like a rope and descended into the green.

He was tiring himself out quickly and breathed in raggedly. With a final push, he touched the soft ground. “Grass,” he breathed, thankful for the reprieve. Letting go, he collapsed and gulped precious oxygen. He had no idea what was happening, and it was frightening him. Everywhere was a blurry
mess of various shades of greens, along with a few browns. Tom curled into himself in a fetal position and waited. He did not know what for. A broken voice soothed him and he felt a feather like touch smooth his hair. He hummed contentedly. He opened his eyes and winced when the noise echoed back at a higher volume. The wispy hand that carded through his hair tightened minutely and resumed brushing the locks. The voice continued to whisper to him, soothing his fears. Tom forgot the world and leaned into the cool touches.

He opened his eyes suddenly, tensing. His instincts have never been faulty, and something feels different, wrong even. Anxiety flooded into his mind and his vulnerable position didn’t help. He sat up and looked around at the blurry mess. He breathed in sharply and to his dismay he didn’t feel the life-giving air enter his lungs. Tom listened intently and heard a soft rustling sound from behind him. It echoed back louder. It continued until the rustling noise turned into an indistinct buzzing. He walking backwards and luckily it subsided. Though it came back in equal vigor and it actually got louder. He winced when his ears started burning from the intrusive noise and he was fighting from screaming in pain when it hit its peak. It suddenly became silent. It wasn’t like the comfortable silence from before, however. It was eerie. The scream finally came out when he felt a crushing sensation not unlike apparition. The pain made it differ. Blackness overcame the green.

He woke up, again. Looking around, he noticed thankfully that he could finally see dimension. He tried sitting up, and he did come up. His back started shaking in exhaustion and he collapsed. Tom opened his mouth unconsciously when he tried to take a deep breath. A forked tongue came out and tasted the air. He faltered and a single thought invaded his mind, ‘I’m a snake.’ He started maniacally laughing and it came out in low hisses. In his fit, the snake he was inhabiting noticed a red object in the corner of its eye. A single mantra took over and the human side fought to stay in control, ‘MICE!’ This will turn out splendidly. Note the sarcasm.

Harry smirked when he gazed at the floating knives, all poised to dig its sharp point into someone’s unwitting neck. They fell down in a clatter.

Harry Potter was not someone to mess with. At 8 years old he has unheard of levels of control of wandless magic, though he never referred to it by that term. It was his ‘thing.’ He can levitate objects and fly them across the room, change the colors of objects, conjure fire, and heal himself, bring objects into existence, and so on.

Without a care, Harry opened up an oak cupboard and hummed in anticipation. Yes, it was going to be brilliant. He dragged his knuckles down the fine, night-shadowed wood and kept his face blank. With a sharp stare, he pushed it by the small circular handle and made a loud bam, vibrating on the wooden frame to create quieter noises until it was silent once more. He listened intently for the tell-tale sign of steps. He heard it. It was very quiet at first and he had to strain his hearing, though they got louder. Harry knew that if he failed this and didn’t concentrate this could possibly end his life as he knew it. Images flashed through his brain of orphanages and burning flames on flesh. He squashed the specific memory down without remorse and blanked his face except for sparkles of malicious glee in his brilliant green eyes.

Ever since he became an orphan he always had dreams; more like nightmares because they caused irrational fear. ‘A bright green light coming towards me, a blurry man holding me, a ripping sensation across my entire body. The light the same color as my eyes.’ It makes no sense. He assumed that ever since that night ‘it’ happened. That ripping sensation shredded his sense of self, happiness, and hope. It feels like a piece of himself is missing and his other emotions rushed in to fill in the gap; boredom, despair, self-loathing. He felt empty except for the small amount of vacancy that those feelings have taken. Nothing excites him, makes him feel childlike joy, and the world seems like it was washed of colors. Even so, with the mutilation his ‘self’ has endured, there is still a
pulsing light in the very corner of the darkness. A sliver of hope in the vast emptiness. This light provided comfort and safety during the many years of his abuse, and it only allows him to feel good emotions when it feels like someone, or something has approved of what he was doing. It was mostly when he was doing revenge. He would have thought he only got happiness from hurting others, especially those who have wronged him, but it had flooded him with feelings of frantic assurances, underline worry, and hope when he tried to commit suicide. It was a few months after the torture and he remembered it vividly. ‘Silent, salty tears were streaming down his face and he was staring at the cupboard ceiling with a small bread knife to his throat. Quite suddenly, a barrage of what he can only describe as ‘happy’ feelings invaded him. The knife clattered on the laminated ground when it dropped from his hand, leaving a faint indent with tiny droplets of blood on his pale neck.’ He knew that the emotions didn’t come from himself. It was a mystery.

He, again, felt the anticipated glee of what will occur. The steps stopped and his uncle and aunt were glaring at him, both in their nightwear. His uncle’s face was the color of puce and his aunt’s face was flushed with a faint red; hard to see in the dead of night, only illuminated by the small light at the stove. They were both breathing slightly harder than normal in anger. His uncle started to screech his name, but it faltered to a whisper when they caught eye of the floating knives, revolving around his torso in a slow circular motion. He stared at them in fascination when Petunia turned white as paper and Vernon turned even more purple, “STOP THIS FREAKISHNESS AT ONCE, BOY!”

His aunt turned even more pale and started shaking his arm to the stop screaming, though it only stopped when the knife glided towards his uncle pushing him back against the wall. He tried grabbing the handle and wrenching it away, though it wouldn’t budge. Harry grimaced when his ‘thing’ tried to hold the force off. When it held he let out a sigh of relief, a small drop of sweat running down his face. He tried grabbing the handle and wrenching it away, though it wouldn’t budge. Harry grimaced when his ‘thing’ tried to hold the force off. When it held he let out a sigh of relief, a small drop of sweat running down his face. They luckily didn’t catch the struggling. He smirked when the sadistic glee flooded into him again like a wave, receding then coming back again at full force. Concentrating, he forced the tip of it to pierce his fat chest and they both hissed, one in pleasure and one in pain. Harry smiled mockingly, tracing the cotton with red lines as he continued to use the knife. His bright green eyes glowing in mirth.

His aunt was watching with horror and glanced at Harry pleadingly. She reached out to grab the knife cutting at her husband but abruptly stopped when another knife rested against her throat, digging slightly causing small beads of red to appear on both sides of the metal. She walked backwards slowly, but it followed her. She ended up with the small of her back pressed into the island counter.

He tilted his head at them calculatingly while holding his hands at his hips, almost judging their presence. His eyes glazed and the hold the ‘thing’ held on the knife faltered, but not enough for them to pull it away. Blankness surrounded him and he imagined rope. The rough, scratchy quality of it. The light brown color and the way it ties in knots; the flexibility. He imagined the way it felt when he was tied up to be tortured. He opened his eyes with the image in mind and used his ‘thing’ to make it real. With a light ‘pop,’ it came into existence and they both landed harshly on the ground with twin grunts, their feet and hands bound.

“You know,” Harry started conversationally, “I have always wondered if you knew about what I can do, the ‘thing’ I coined it. It turns out you both do.” He surveyed them, satisfaction gleaming in his eyes. He pointed at Petunia, “When I levitated the knives, you looked at me in horror, but there was recognition in your eyes.” He turned away and smirked at Vernon, “And you. You told me to stop the ‘freakishness’ but you weren’t surprised. That shows you both knew about it beforehand.”

Petunia turned paler and opened her mouth to speak, but only an indistinct whimper came out. Vernon had no such troubles. He growled lowly and yelled at him, spit flying everywhere, “Of course I knew about it beforehand! It is that magic business!” He spit ‘magic’ like it was a curse
Harry’s jaw dropped. His thoughts were going a mile a minute, and an ever increasingly paced mantra screamed in his head, ‘magic. Magic. Magic! MAGIC! MAGIC!!’

Vernon continued, “Your freak of a Father and Mother got themselves blown up. Good riddance I say, I guess the one, ‘moldywart’ or something, isn’t as bad as the others. Killing its own species, like the pests they are.” He continued babbling until something abruptly interrupted his tirade. Harry was shaking in anger, intensified by the indignation and burning rage that also came from the characteristic waves.

Harry screamed at him, unintentionally lining his words in magic, “SHUT UP!” Vernon’s face turned pale as tendrils of pain caressed his skin. The sparks of prickling pain followed wherever the small pressure rubbed against his skin, ignoring the pajamas he was wearing, seemingly going under them. Raw redness started to appear, trailing across the swirls that Harry created with his magic earlier. They slowly started to look charred, black edges surrounding the outline of it. Every so often, Vernon lets out a cry of pain which he fought to keep in. His skin was covered in squiggles of black-edged redness, the ones created at the very beginning starting to bleed.

After a particularly loud exclamation, a small click was heard and a bit of light flooded down the staircase. A small yell of annoyance was heard as loud thumps came down the staircase, “MUMMY! YOU GUYS BETTER NOT BE PLAYING WRESTLING AGAIN! WHAT’S WITH THE SCREAMING?”

Harry made a look of warning to them, and they both knew it was for them to keep quiet. Vernon had no trouble as he was not yet coherent, though Petunia ignored the glare, “DUDDY! R-” In the middle of her desperate scream she suddenly lost her voice. She quickly shut her mouth; though her eyes were running wildly up and down the stairs, partly visible due to the narrow doorway. When he finished trekking down the stairs, huffing with irritation he stopped at the doorway, his eyes went wide as saucers. He gaped at the scene, floating knives, a bloodied father and a teary mother, soundlessly trying to scream as she stared at him in horror. In the middle of it all stood his freak of a cousin. That is what his parents told him, that he was a freak who didn’t deserve the air he breathed.

Dudley glared at him with small eyes, with his fat rolls shaking in angry trembling, “WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MUMMY AND DADDY YOU FREAK!” he shrieked, ignoring the frantic shakes of the head his mother is sending at him. Harry smirk widened and strut towards the fat boy, who to his credit only cowered minutely before raising his meaty fists and in what was supposed to be a snarl, “Get away from me and Mummy and Daddy.”

Harry’s smirk turned into an all-out grin now, and for a sudden moment time seem to stop before an ear-splitting shriek resonated through the Dursley household.

The neighbors around them noticed the changes the Dursley’s took. They acted subdued and scared. They always flinched when there was a sudden movement or sound. Dudley had panic attacks whenever he saw fire, whether in a fireplace or when the neighbor’s house burnt down. What was the weirdest of all, is that the young Harry wasn’t affected at all by the surely traumatic event that took place if it reduced the normally proud family to this. Anyone who saw Harry’s sadistic smirk shivered in fear before noticing that it had changed into a childlike expression, youthful and bright. They guessed it was the trick of a light.
Hello everyone! If anyone is wondering if I have a set schedule (or dates for updates) I just wanted to say that I don't. I only work on this if I want to. This is for fun and I don't write well if I force myself. Enjoy! :) ~Katelynn Irene Lovegood

Harry turned to the next page of his chemistry book, which he borrowed at the library. Like he always does when he is reading, his eyebrows crinkle in concentration and everything around him becomes inconsequential.

He has always understood everything that was being taught in school. Teachers have gone as far to say that he was a prodigy. On the other hand, the fifth grade math teacher hated Harry with a fiery passion. He despised how Harry could just ignore a lesson, but get full marks on a test or quiz without seemingly any effort. Mr. Davis always forces Harry to stop reading, or whatever he may be doing during the time. The other teachers have given up by now; but Mr. Davis thinks they are lazy. “They should let him teach, if he doesn’t pay attention to the lesson,” he says, multiple times during a teacher meeting. The other teachers look at him incredulously, like they haven’t seen him until now.

Harry only ever gets detentions and other so called ‘punishments’ during this class. He also dreads it; boredom is extremely prevalent when he is trying not to zone out on a lesson he already knows. When Mr. Davis catches him daydreaming, he always smirks at him and often scolds him in his characteristic tone, reprimanding and patronizing. The students in the class always giggle afterwards while Harry shoots him a bland smile. In fact, most people think his favorite phrase is, “Mr. Potter, would you kindly get your nose out of the book and listen to the lesson at hand? You don’t always have to flaunt your knowledge out to everyone.”

The children in his grade always laughed at him when it happened, calling him a ‘nerd’ or a ‘bookish freak’ under their breath. Mr. Davis never denied it, though luckily the other teachers often glared at the perpetrators, and on more than one occasion they gave them detention or a scolding. Remnants from the prior abuse he took from his relatives always made him flinch, and it just made the students jeer harder. He could feel the protective growling of the light. It wasn’t very small anymore, however. That night, he was in his room, flipping through an astronomy textbook recreationally when it happened. If the emotions he had experienced before were waves, the ones he was experiencing now were tsunamis. They crashed into his very soul, making small lights flash in his now limited vision. Excited glee overtook the previous content relaxation with a landslide, making Harry breathe heavily and his pupils dilate. He went to the ‘light’ and made his way towards the source of the emotions. Harry’s breath hitched in surprise when he had to cover his eyes due to the overwhelming brightness. Eyes now squinted, he treaded carefully towards it, turning his head at an angle. From the limited vision, he can see that the light was swallowing the darkness, overtaking it. It stopped halfway through.

He was a loner. Though it was preferable to being friends with the brainless muggles. What pathetic beings.

Harry blinked in confusion. He was staring at the same page for a while now. He closed the hardcover and shook his head slightly. He sat up and put it on his bed, the page dogeared. Cutting
like glass, an intrusive noise brought him out of his wandering thoughts. A loud knock resonated throughout the Dursley household and he peeked his head out of the door. The knock was too loud to be made with knucled. It seems like it was created using an unidentifiable, blunt, large object. It piqued his curiosity. He walked up with a confidence he had never had in his early childhood, and the Dursleys watched warily. Harry glared and put a finger at his lips in a conspicuous manner.

Harry knew they would obviously get the hint, for they needed to learn how to understand him when he became in charge; and if they didn’t, well that was their problem and they would suffer the consequences.

Harry prepared his face for anything, so he left it a blank slate. If it was an intruder, he needed to become threatening. If it was just a fluke that it was a weird noise, he needed to be friendly and charming.

He opened the door and he gaped slightly before rearranging his face to be sharp and inquisitive, “Yes?”

A large man stood outside, atleast 15 feet tall, ducking under the porch cover. He would of looked vicious if it wasn’t for the kind eyes and blinding smile. He had long, frizzy, unkempt generic-brown hair with a matching beard. His eyes were so dark they were black. He had on a giant jacket that was patched at some places, heavy looking and warm, going down to his knees with a fleece inside.

There was a shocked radio of silence from the ‘light.’ Harry briefly wondered what it was about before the beaming man bellowed, “Harry! Yer look so grown up!”

Harry squinted in intrigue and tilted his head, “I’m sorry,” he smiled apologetically, “-but who are you?”

His grin widened and he continued booming, “Me name is Rubeus Hagrid; Gamekeeper of Hogwarts school o’ Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

Understanding flooded him and he relaxed unconsciously, though he remained on guard, “Oh, I thought the Deputy Headmistress was supposed to come on my birthday with my letter,” he trailed, off, obviously waiting for an explanation.

Rubeus turned a little uncomfortable, “Dumbledore, the headmaster, ‘sisted I go ter yeh’re house,”

Before Harry could ask why, Hagrid pulled out two things; a cardboard box and an envelope. Harry looked at the letter in awe, and he could feel the stares on the back of his head. He turned around, regarding the three Dursleys, and in a sugary voice he said, “Aunt Petunia, can you please turn on the kettle?” Her eyes were wide with shock and fear and she jerkily nodded, briskly walking towards the kitchen. With a movement in his eyes both Dudley and his Uncle waddled and went upstairs, as it did not require them. Uncle Vernon seemed the most eager to leave the room, as his Freak nephew was in it. He would never say that of course, for he made that mistake after the rule change. Let’s just say the swirl scars are nothing in comparison.

Hagrid turned a little more nervous and he put his hands behind his back, rocking his foot back in forth on the ground in an anxious motion, “I got yeh a early bir’day presen’,” He held out the cardboard box for Harry to take.

Harry looked at him with wide eyes, looked down at the box, then looked at him again. Hagrid smiled encouragingly and handed it to him. Harry opened it and looked inside. It was a cake, with lime green frosting and a pink border, slightly drooping towards the side with the words ‘Happy Birthday Harry’ written in the same pink. Harry smiled thankfully and whispered earnestly, “Thank you, Hagrid, that was really thoughtful.”
Hagrid beamed and said, “No problem Harry!”

Harry invited him in and he sat on the loveseat, taking the entire chair up with a squeak of protest from the furniture piece.

Aunt Petunia came back with Earl Grey tea, milk, and some sugar cubes. Hagrid gratefully took a cup, too small for his large hands, and dropped one sugar, cutting through the steam; no milk, Harry noted. Harry took one and put in a smidgen of milk and two sugar cubes while his aunt took the last cup, with only tea, no milk or sugar. After taking a small sip, Harry smiled disarmingly, bashfully, and set the tea down, “So, Hagrid,” he paused, collecting his thoughts, “-why were you sent here early? My Aunt told me you were supposed to come on my birthday,” gesturing towards her. She paled slightly but regained composure, content to just listening.

“I dunno, but Dumbledore said I go’ teh go today. An’ anyways, I go’ an errand teh do so I migh’ as well.”

Harry shrugged, but inwardly was clapping for joy. He couldn’t wait to go to Diagon Alley ever since his Aunt told him about it. He tried to control his face but a small smile graced it and he said, “When are we going to go Hagrid?”

“Well.. uh,” Hagrid said in a hopeful voice, “I was ‘ere hoping yeh could go now, but if yeh’re busy or wha’not, we could go later.”

Harry shook his head violently and grinned wider, “Oh no, I’m not busy, not at all! I would love to go, Aunt Petunia has told me all about it! Right Aunt Petunia?” He looked at her inquisitively.

Said person had fear flash in her eyes before she said, stuttering only once to Harry’s disbelief, “Y-yes, I remember it vaguely when I went with Lily,”

Hagrid stared oddly at her, but shook his head and asked the woman, “Assumin’ Harry has permission teh go,” he glanced at Harry, then moved his gaze back to her, “wha’ time do yeh wan’ him home?”

A little too quickly for Harry’s taste, she blurted, “I don’t care!” when Hagrid looked taken aback, she amended, “I don’t care when Harry comes home, it actually would be good if he got fresh air, he has been inside for far too much,” She then laughed, a little maniacally; finished with the rambling. When Hagrid and Harry both looked at her, she stopped abruptly, awkwardly, and took a sip of her tea.

Hagrid shifted in the couch cushions and said, “Well, uh, we best be goin’,” He nodded to himself, “Ready teh go?” Harry nodded and walked to the door, grabbing his pair of shoes from the shoe rack and putting them on, lacing them tightly.

When they walked out Hagrid took out a pink umbrella and Harry looked at him quizzically, then at the sky to make sure it wasn’t about to rain. It was clear and no clouds were in sight, “Hagrid,” Harry cautioned, “Why do you have an umbrella out?”

To his surprise, Hagrid chuckled, “This isn’t jus’ any umbrella, it’s goin’ to be summonin’ teh Knight Bus.” He walked to the curb and stuck it out over the sidewalk, creating a shadow over the asphalt of the road. With a startling bang, a purple bus raced towards them, and Harry goggled at it.

When it stopped, a man with scraggly gray hair stood in the entrance, and said in a monotone voice, “The name’s Stan Shunpike n’ welcome to the Knight Bus, I’ll be your cond-” He stopped suddenly when he caught eye of Harry’s scar. His eyes widened and he gasped comically, “Blimey! It’s Harry
Potter!” He turned around and looked back into the bus, “Ern! It’s Harry Potter!”

Self-consciously, Harry flattened his hair down. He was used to people staring at his scar, but no one knew who he was just because of it. He elbowed Hagrid slightly to get his attention and just made a slight ‘hm’ sound, “Hagrid, why do they know who I am because of my scar?”

Hagrid suddenly looked fearful and he looked at Harry with a slight grimace, “I thought Petunia explained it all ter yeh.”

Harry narrowed his eyes, he did not like how this was going. If his aunt didn’t tell him something important, she is in big trouble, “What was she supposed to explain?” he asked, the demand hidden under the kind tone.

Hagrid turned to him, and he opened his mouth, but closed it. It looked like he had trouble collecting his thoughts. Luckily for Hagrid, Stan Shunpike, a little to ecstatic for Harry’s likes, grabbed his hand and shook it, the words ‘thank you’ and ‘leaky cauldron’ interjected in the confused haze which followed. Harry decided to stay silent, only nodding in affirmation when Stan said that the ride was free for him. When he and Hagrid sat down, a deep rumbling startled harry slightly, followed by little tremors. Hagrid seem unfazed though, and grabbed a newspaper, which read ‘The Daily Prophet’. Hagrid suddenly looked up to him and said, “Yeh migh’ wan’ teh hold-,” before Hagrid can finish the sentence, an identical bang sliced through the air, and he felt his admittedly small body being glued to the edge of the seat. His head got thrashed around Harry started fearing for concussions. Nausea overwhelmed his stomach and as suddenly as it came the bus stopped, crashing Harry to the other side of the seat. This happened a few more times and at the end of the last stop Harry grabbed a small paper bag (which they reasonably provided) and belched. Repeatedly. Embarrassingly, Hagrid patted his back comfortingly and looking around; he inconspicuously grabbed his umbrella before vanishing the bag, with its contents, when he saw the coast was clear.

With scorn on his face, Harry wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. His eye gave an irritable twitch and he spoke, slightly hoarse, “I’m fine,” To his dismay, Hagrid just chuckled.

When they walked out of the bus, Harry swaying a tiny bit, Stan grinned at the pair and said, waving, “See ya Harry!” He then gave a curt nod, still smiling despite it, to the half-giant, “Hagrid,” “Stan,” he said with an equally large smile.

They began to walk towards the Leaky Cauldron.

Despite the Nausea, Harry noticed something was off. The ‘light’ inside him kind of jostled, not unlike himself in that wretched bus. It seemed to be trembling in ecstatic anticipation. Harry wondered what it was about, before walking through the door.

He almost gasped. It was so completely filled with what Harry could only describe as ‘magic.’ floating cups were everywhere, tons of people with questionable fashion choices sipped tea, while laughing at something their partner said. There was a lot of amiable chatter Harry immediately felt his unease leave him, leaving behind a neutral feeling.

Completely out of nowhere a complete feeling of rightness overwhelmed him, like the satisfaction of finishing a really good book, or stepping into a shower on a cold day. His very soul was singing and it was hard not to melt into a puddle of blissed-out goo. It was tugging towards his right and he looked in that direction, confusion in his gaze. To his surprise, there was a man with aesthetically pleasing purple robes, which went well with his complexion. At least he knew color coordination, unlike some of the others in this room. He had on a turban with the same color and the cloth hung down at his back.He had pale skin and his pale blue eyes were wide with adoration. He was gaping
at him in shock. They just stared at each other for a moment before the amazing feeling just went away, leaving no trace. Harry frowned slightly as the other man’s face turned stoic, emotionless. Harry was brought out of his stupor when Hagrid guided him to the bar, saying plenty of ‘Pardon me’s and ‘Excuse me’s. He almost groaned out loud when Hagrid, bless his kind dumb heart, said, “I’m ‘ere takin’ Harry teh go to Diagon Alley fer the first time,” with a proud smile on his face.

Harry cowered slightly as people began to mob him. His magic protectively covered him and gave an aura of danger, like a cornered cat which may strike if they felt threatened. Everyone breathed a little heavier because of it, and they felt the alarming compulsion to back off.

Harry was sure he felt an extremely familiar strand of magic come from the back. It made its way towards him, but backed off satisfied when his own magic protected him. Hagrid didn’t notice and hummed to himself as they crossed the hallway into the… a brick wall. Harry has learned that everything in the magical world wasn’t what it seemed so he just waited patiently. To his amusement, Hagrid tapped the wall with his umbrella in a pattern, though he let out a cough of surprise when it started to open into a walkway.

Harry gasped in shock and goggled at the sight before him, and Hagrid just said, “Welcome, Harry, teh Diagon Alley!”
Hello! I am honestly kind of embarrassed that this is how I used to write... lmao

Fear not readers! I will be reposting this story; rewriting all the shoddy characterization and plot points :) It will definitely be better, so be on the lookout on the next few weeks!

Thank you for all the kind comments on these six chapters. I was in eighth grade when I wrote this, and frankly I've gotten exponentially better at writing and I've improved my vocabulary.

I hope you like this re-upload as much as I'm enjoying rewriting it!

Bye :)

~Katelynn Irene Lovegood
Chapter 8

Rewrite out!

Check out my works to find it :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!