

My Guardian Angel

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Harry Potter lives his not-so-normal life at the Dursleys, and survives with the letters that are sent to him every year. And finally, he gets to leave the Dursleys in his Guardian Angel's arms, never to return.

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My Guardian Angel

It was an almost normal day in the life of one Harry James Potter. He wasn't being yelled at as much as normally, he wasn't slapped for making the potatoes too watery, but instead sent outside to weed the garden. It wasn't so bad, really. Well, if you didn't count the sun burning down on his already sunburnt skin. That was torture. Apart from that little fact, he was okay, if Harry said so himself. If a little thirsty.

He had just turned ten a few days ago and as usual didn't get any presents from his relatives; only more chores to do. He was always getting chores to do around the house, while his cousin Dudley sat on the couch in the living room and watched the television. Harry himself wasn't allowed to. He was never allowed to do anything really. Which was almost fine with him – the only problem was that he wasn't allowed to shower for more than five minutes and only with cold water. He didn't like being smelly and dirty, but alas, he couldn't help it. He wasn't worth the money, his relatives said.

He had an aunt and an uncle, for your information. His aunt's name was Petunia Dursley, she was a thin woman with an almost horse-like face, and his uncle's name was Vernon Dursley. He was an obese man, with moustache and he could get purple really quickly if Harry annoyed him. And Harry annoyed him often. It wasn't Harry's fault, though. The Dursleys just despised him, called him a freak as often as they could, told him that he wasn't worth anything, gave him Dudley's hand-me-downs, made him sleep in the cupboard under the stairs and generally made his life difficult.

It would make any young boy believe what they told him, if not for the letters that he kept hidden in his cupboard. He didn't really know who it was that sent the letters, but the sender always told him to be patient, that he would get out of there soon enough. And Harry was inclined to believe him, although it took a while. Now, he had something to hope for, and that made his life with the Dursleys more bearable.

He had gotten another letter on his birthday, carefully brought to him by a red-and-gold bird that Harry didn't know if it existed at all. It was a strange bird. It had black, beady eyes, and a long red tail, a black beak and its song made him calm down and be able to face his fears with more courage.

The letter said something about being only one more year and he would be gone. Harry couldn't wait for that to happen. It really was getting more and more difficult to live with the Dursleys. His Guardian Angel, as he called him in his mind, always seemed to know what was happening in the house and he sometimes sent him some really weird stuff to drink. But it always made him feel better, especially if he was bruised or had a broken bone – it was almost like magic! But Harry didn't dare believe that, it couldn't be true! His uncle clearly told him that there was no such thing as magic.

Sometimes he was angry with the one sending him letters. If he knew what was going on in the house, why didn't he come and get him? But his Guardian Angel always said that he couldn't, even though he

would like nothing more. But it wasn't until he was eleven that something of importance happened. On the day of his eleventh birthday, he was sent to check the mail under the orders of his uncle Vernon. There were a few bills, a postcard from Aunt Marge, and a letter for Harry. It was in the familiar envelope made of parchment and his name was written with the familiar green ink. He didn't recognize the handwriting though.

He was unfortunate enough to walk in the dining room with the letter still in his hand as he handed over the mail to his uncle. It wasn't until his cousin shrieked, "Dad! The freak's got a letter!" that Harry realized that he made a mistake by not hiding the letter he still held in his hands. It was gone in the next few seconds. The seal with the four animals was broken and the letter read over by uncle Vernon, who paled as he shrieked for aunt Petunia to come. They both glared at the letter for a few moments and then ordered the two boys to get out of the room.

Harry never got his letter back.

The next day, there was another letter and his uncle threw it in the fireplace in front of Harry, with a very satisfied smirk on his purple face. Harry didn't give him the satisfaction of knowing how much that hurt. Instead, he went inside the living room and started cleaning the dust around it, as he was ordered to do. There was also the incident with the twenty strange letters in the eggs that aunt Petunia shredded in the mixer. It wasn't until Sunday that things started to get more hectic.

Suddenly, there were about a hundred that suddenly started to fly in the house from every nook and hole that uncle Vernon put so much hard work in to get them closed. The most letters came from the fireplace though. Uncle Vernon had had enough, they were ordered to pack a few things, and they left for the place unknown. Harry didn't have many belongings, but he took special care to hide the pile of letters that he had gotten from his Guardian Angel inside the blanket that was his ever since he was delivered on the Dursleys' doorstep, wrapped inside it.

Really, it was the only thing he could really claim for his.

They spent the night at a motel called the Railview Hotel, but then departed the next morning, after Harry got about a hundred letters from the same sender that he, of course, wasn't allowed to see. It wasn't until that evening that uncle Vernon seemingly found the perfect place for them to stay. It was on a rock in the sea that Harry had to row to. His hands were burning when they finally landed at the shore and he was barely conscious as they walked up to the small shack.

It was cold inside and he wanted nothing more than cover himself with the blanket and go to sleep. But it was not to be. He was ordered to clean the shack up a bit, so that the Dursleys could go to sleep. It wasn't until ten at night, that Harry had the chance to lie down in the dusty corner of the shack, watching as his aunt and uncle took the bed in the next room after tucking Dudley in with the remaining blankets, and left him sleeping on the couch. Nothing remained for Harry, of course.

Harry himself didn't dare use his blanket for the fear of his letters being discovered and thus hugged his knees close to himself to get himself to warm up a bit. His hands were still burning from all the rowing he had to do and finally, his exhaustion took the better of him. His eyes drew close and he fell asleep. It wasn't until there was a bang on the door, that he roused himself and went on alert. Just who was banging on the door!

The doors to the shack suddenly exploded and then there was nothing but dust settling on the floor. For a few moments there was a tense silence, until his aunt shrieked in fright and came out of the bedroom, hiding behind her husband, who was purple in the face and pointing a rifle in the door's direction. A soft word of 'Expelliarmus' took care of that and uncle Vernon was left with nothing in his arms.

A dark shadow stepped inside the door, his black, bottomless eyes roaming around the small room. They finally landed on Harry, who was looking at him with wide, green eyes, from where he was standing in the corner, clutching his blanket close to him. The black eyes softened slightly, but turned to glare at the Dursleys again. There was something familiar in the man, Harry found out. It wasn't until the man started to talk that he realized just who it was that was standing in the doorway.

"I do believe that your pathetic tries to hide yourself were very fruitless. You will not be seeing Mr Potter again, let me assure you."

The man turned to Harry and with a slightly softer voice said, "Come, Harry."

Harry came over without complaint. He knew who the man was. It was his Guardian Angel. He knew he could trust this man. As he came to a stop just before him, the man looked him over and seemed to notice the trembling in his hands. With a silent glare towards the Dursleys, he pulled something out of his pocket – it was one of the drinks he had in the past – or as it said on the label, it was a Muscle Relaxant. One of his hands was softly brought up and the warm hand started massaging the medicine into his skin. Harry couldn't help but let the sigh of relief escape his lips as the burning in his hands lessened, until there was nothing left.

He felt himself being drawn close to the man, and he closed his eyes with a sigh, letting his small arms come around the man. He felt a hand on his hair, petting him softly, and a whisper, "We're going to apparate now, Harry. Hold on me tight, and don't let go."

He nodded, as he buried his head deeper into the black folds. The arms around him tightened and there was a feeling of being sucked into a tube and spat back out. He felt a bit dizzy until a hand came to his head again and his hair was ruffled. He looked up to the man in front of him and couldn't keep the words tumbling from his mouth in glee, "You came!"

The man raised his eyebrow, but let a small smile blossom on his thin lips as he ruffled his hair again. "I did," was all the man said and that was that.