

Before The Boy Who Lived

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to put it Simply before the boy who lived!!lol

Voldemort and his death eaters before Harry was born and of course that all important 'first defeat of Voldemort' also slight voldybella but not much!

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1 - The Wrath Of Lord Voldemort

Disclaimer: i am not J.K. Rowling!

OK, so this is my first story ever, and as you can see, my spelling and grammar isnt all that brilliant!

But anyway i still enjoy righting even though i have hidden dyslexia! (it doesnt affect my reading, only my spelling and grammar, grrrrrrr).

I never thought i would be that good at righting, because not only do i have dyslexia, but i am also homeshcooled (mum teaches me).

Anyway this is it, read and enjoy!

EDIT! Ok so im going to put this one back up. I dont know why i took it down really, i just hated the spelling and grammer and i geuss i had a bit of writers block. But anyway here it is again! :)

Oh and the old name of this story was Change Overnight!

The wrath of Lord Voldemort

"Crutio!"

Tom Marvolo Riddle was standing in the middle of the room. Crouched beside him was a man in about his late thirty's. His mousy hair was matted and unkept and his rat-like face was drowning in beads of sweat. Peter Pedigrew or 'Wormtail' as his friends liked to call him, looked none the better for his experience. The meeting had, on the whole, turned out rather well, compared to lord Voldemorts usual way of dealing with things!

"Get out," Voldemort whispered dangerously.

With this command Wormtail arose and shaking uncontrollably with the after affects of the curse, scuttled over to the large iron door set into the wall. A loud series of werrs and clanks followed the opening of the door and Wormtail scampered through, pulling the door, (with some difficulty) closed.

Voldemort waited until the loud clanking noise of the door had cleared and the sound of footsteps faded, before turning to the skeletal wardrobe behind him. Inside he knew, were some small magic related objects, (more for his amusement than anything), also a few books on dark magic, some quills, and some parchment, cluttered up the top shelf. He stood staring at the solid oak door for some time before throwing it open. On the inside of the door was a mirror and as Voldemort stretched out a hand to take something from the top shelf, he couldnt help noticing his scarlet eyes glinting in the moonlight. He drew back watching them, taking in the cold empty hollowness about them. His face was flat and warn, with a chalk white mouth and two slit that were evidently nostrils set in the middle. His eyes were thin and snakelike, dark crimson in colour They had an almost sad expression about them. He looked down at his

spider-like hands, they too were ghostly white.

"That fool called Wormtail," he said aloud . "to think he believes his 'plan' greater than mine, LORD VOLDEMORT, the one who has the power to control and even conquer death itself! He is only asking so he can save his skin. But why should I pity him? Why should I give him mercy? The potters son must be destroyed. I shall waste no time in beating about the bush! If Wormtail survives, I shall be surprised. But if he dies in the process's..so be it!"

Voldemort was interrupted in the middle of his monologue by a strong knock on the door.

"Enter", Voldemort sighed. The door swung slowly open on its rusty hinges and there before him stood a small, but attractive woman. Her long black hair fell over her eyes in a side fringe, and her slender body was clothed in a shiny black cloak. Bellatrix Black looked like the most beautiful woman Voldemort had ever seen. Now as she bowed low before him, he smiled, though she did not see it.

"Master!", she panted, "I just this moment found out Wormtail secretly swapped with black". A look of daunting passed over her face, just for a moment, then it was gone.

"I see,"

"He didn't mention it before?"

"no, I guess it must have...slipped his memory. Bring him to me".

Bella removed herself from by his feet and walked purposely out the already open door. Moments later she returned, dragging a very reluctant Wormtail.

"Thank you Bella, you may go", Voldemort said, before turning to face Peter.

OK so that was a very small chapter, but hopefully the next one will be a bit longer, if I can be bothered to update :)

Read and review!

2 - Curiosity

Disclaimer: i do not own Harry Potter...yet evil laugh

Well in this chapter you get to see stuff in Bella's perspective!

Curiosity

Bellatrix closed the door behind her and began to make her way down the pitch black corridor. Something held her back. She stopped outside the door, listening.

"So you changed without telling me?" Voldemorts soft voice drifted loudly through the door, "thought, that rather than obey your master and play the part any other death eater would die for, you would take it into your own head and do as your dear black commanded, did you?"

Voldemorts voice faded to a whisper, so that the words came out disjointed and hard to distinguish though the iron door. Wormtail helplessly whimpered and Bella could just imagine him cowering against the wall, with Voldemort towering above him in anger. Voldemort whispered something she couldnt quite make out, more whimpering.

Bellatrix's wrist watch gave a sudden, loud bleep,

"bugger," she muttered under her breath. The voices stopped. Bellatrix legged it, "damn watch!". There was no point in disappearing, only Voldemort himself could do that in his HQ.

Bellatrix ran flat out untill she came to the door she was looking for, her room. Each of Voldemorts death eaters had there own special bedroom, bathroom and kitchen, the more faithful the death eater, the more luxurious there rooms were. She unlocked the door and went inside. Bella's was quite basic. The bedroom was rectangular in shape. A small, purple fluffy duvet was stretched out over her four poster bed in the corner, and a wardrobe, that looked like it had once been full of clothes, stood empty to the left-hand side. Next to that a dusty fireplace crackled every now and then, with burning wood. On top of the fireplace was a small pot of flu-powder and beside that, a pot plant, (or should i say a pot, the plant looked like it had died years ago.) was precariously balanced. The few items Bella possessed were strewn carelessly across the floor, and the door to the kitchen was left ajar.

Bella flopped down on her bed, she knew Voldemort would find her in the end, no one can hide from him, and this wasn't exactly the most difficult place to find either. She dreaded what he would do to her when he did eventually find her. Bella got up and walked over to the fire, treading on things as she went. She looked at the pot of flu-powder, then down at the fire. She could just get out of this place now if she wanted, she could whisk herself away this very second. Then why didn't she?

"It would just make matters worse," she told herself. Bella took a step back from the fire and, with great strength, walked slowly over to her bed and sat down, facing away from her escape. Suddenly she thought she had heard footsteps and, looking around at the door, saw it was slowly opening. Bella had no time to hide, she just sat there staring, as if frozen, while Voldemort closed the door behind him...

Ok guys sorry about the cliffhanger, i just had to :P

Anyways i will be updateing soon, i like updateing, it makes me happy :o. (you: haha loser)
like always R+R

3 - What the dark lord could not do

Disclaimer: i am sorry to say none of these people are mine!

Ok so this one took me a LONG time to finish even though its so short! But oh well, read and enjoy.

What the dark lord could not do

'How on earth could Bella have been spying on me without me noticing?. Voldemort thought, "shes some crafty woman!'

Voldemort was walking down the corridor towards Bellatrix's room. Never had a Death eater been so disobedient in all the Dark Lords long life, he was fuming.

"Room 14" said a small plaque in a high pitched voice.

Voldemort didn't knock. Voldemort never knocks. He just unlocked the door with a lazy flick of his wand and pushing the door open, went inside.

He looked over at Bellatrix as she sat on her bed, her face almost golden in the light of the fire. She looked skared stiff. A strange sensation came over him as he looked into her eyes, he was felling sorry for her. Hang on, SORRY? What on earth? He thought. Voldemort quickly dismissed it.

"Well well well," he said, "someone has big ears".

Bellatrix shivered as Voldemort raised his wand and pointed it strait at her. There was a blinding flash of light followed by an almighty crash! Death Eaters came running from miles around to see where the noise had come from. Everyone stared at the wardrobe which had been replaced by a pile of ashes.

"Ahem"

Everyone directed there attention towards Voldemort who stood, panting in the middle of the room, his wand still raised. The Dark lord had obviously stopped himself just in time from blowing Bella to smitheries.

"Th th thanks", She stuttered, "for blasting my wardrobe into space!" Bella added moodily under her breath.

"Well?" Voldemort asked, stowing his wand safely in his pocket, "why are you all standing there? Get back to work before you meet the same end as Bella's wardrobe." The Death eaters scattered, leaving Bellatrix alone with Voldemort.

"why did you just save my life?" She asked.

"That will remain none of your concern", he replied, and with that he exited.

'How in Merlin's name was he going to get away with this one?', he thought as he made his way down the corridor, 'And what came over me earlier on? I haven't felt sorry for someone since ... well since school'. The Dark lord tried to put it out of his mind. The problem was, it kept popping up...

As i said VERY short, but they will get longer ... i hope.

4 - Breaking the news

Disclaimer: i do not own harry potter (awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww)

OK, so i loved righting this one and i hope you enjoy reading it too :)

Breaking the news

Meanwhile Sirius was flying through the jet black sky.

'Lucky theres clouds tonight', he thought 'this means's i can use my motorbike, rather than having to ride on a weird 'trainy thing' or whatever they call them.'

The sky was indeed dark, infact it was so dark it was almost as if someone had spilled ink over the fluffy white heavens. This was a good thing because if any muggles happened to be looking up right now they would not see a humongous motorbike, or its rider, racing across the sky (don't ask how Sirius came to posses such a thing, its beyond me!) As he thought this, Sirius dipped his bike untill it was pointing towards the ground. Now most people would have made the bike 'float' down dramatically, but oh no, not Sirius. The motorbike hurdled towards the ground at about 80 MPH with Sirius hanging on loosely.

"WAHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!"

Sirius pulled out of the dive just as he hit the ground. He speeded along the road for some time before skidding to a halt out side a old, run down farm cotage. Leaving his bike parked behind a bush, Sirius strolled confidently up to the pealing blue door and rapped loudly with his knuckles. Almost at once the door opened and a smiling Lily appeared at the gap.

"Hey Sirius," she exclaimed, pulling him into a tight hug "Remus arrived a few hours ago, we didn't expect you too. Come on in!" She gestured him into the living room were James and Remus sat laughing.

The potters living room was pretty spacious and had that 'homey' feeling as soon as you entered. In one corner, next to a bookcase, sat James in a squishy beenbag. Opposite him Remus had spread himself out over the biggest pillow Sirius had ever seen. As Sirius entered the room, James got up.

"Hey Padfoot old mate, we weren't expecting you untill Monday!" and with that he pulled Sirius into a strong, but bearable, man-hug.

"Sirius," asked Remus, shaking his hand, "whats up you look quite pale?"

"Yeah well, you can talk" James remarked.

Sirius felt sorry for them as he watched them laugh, they didn't know about Wormtail. Sirius didn't really want to be the one to tell them, but if he didn't say something...who knows what might happen.

"There's something important I wanted to tell you and Lily" He said regretting every minute. James wasn't taking any notice as usual,

"Wow Paddy what's come over you? Stop being so Sirius".

"That's gonna be more difficult than it sounds," giggled Lily, coming in with a tray full of drinks.

"HmMMMMMM well I feel that whatever Sirius has to say could be important, common Prongs, be Sirius now!"

'They haven't a clue,' thought Sirius as everyone laughed, "Look guys, it has something to do with Wormtail"

"What's he gone and done this time, blown himself up?" asked Remus in a bored tone.

"Wouldn't be surprised if he has."

"James, can't you see Sirius is being Sirius for once", scolded Lily.

"Really? I thought he was Voldemort,"

"James! Behave,"

"Sorry Lils, you were saying Padfoot" Sirius didn't know how to brake it to them.

"Wormtail has joined Voldemort", he blurted out. Lily looked confused, James laughed,

"What was that again, something about Wormtail poisoning the mold on his bald spot". Lily chuckled, but Remus looked stunned, he turned a pale face to the two potters,

"Sirius said..." he gulped, 'how on earth could he put it?'

"Wormtail has joined Voldemort", he finished.

The reaction was just as he had feared. With a smash Lily dropped the tray she had been holding. Coke and glass went everywhere, staining the cream rug where she had been standing. Lily hadn't seemed to notice, she just stared at what Remus had announced.

"What did he say again?" she asked, pointing at Remus, who hung his head solemnly. James, who had gone very white by now, spoke,

"But, but, but he's our secret keeper," Sirius nodded, his face expressionless,

"That's what I've been trying to get at." Lily recovered first,

"What do you mean, trying to get at?" Sirius decided to tell them,

"Wormtail has split on your hiding place". James's jaw dropped a mile.

"Close your mouth Hun, before something crawls in and has baby's!"

I loved righting that one! anyway R+R please

5 - Shock

Disclaimer: i do not claim any of these people!

I had this one written ages ago but just never got around to typing it up :S dont kill me for it *hides under the table*

Shock

James stared, 'How in merlins name could Peter have done this to them, how?'

"Are you sure about this Sirius," Lilly asked, her eyes wide with horror, "how do you know?" Sirius thought about this for a minute.

"I guessed, i mean i know about him joining Voldemort but i ..."

"So you dont really know?" Interrupted James.

"Well its kinda obvious that Wormtail's told him by know, wether he wanted to or not." Sirius stated. "You all know Voldemort can read minds." Lilys face was one of horror,

"But what about...you know...little Harry?"

"I I I I dont know," James stuttered, then his face changed and with a stern look he turned and said, "but Voldemort will never get Harry even if i die trying to save my own beloved family!"

"Oh James!" Lilys eyes were sparkling with tears by now and she clutched her husband desperately. "Its never going to come to that, V V Voldemort will never be able to kill us or Harry!" her voice wavered and fell as she broke down and sobbed helplessly of James shoulder, who was also crying.

Sirius felt terrible, 'how could i have trusted Wormtail, how?' he thought.

Remus jumped up to comfit his friends,

"Im really sorry about all this," he said as he patted Lily on the back, "But there is still hope, it evolves moving house of course, and finding a new secret keeper, but im sure we can do it!"

* * * *

Harry woke up. 'What was his mom crying about?' He thought as Lilys howls came floating up the stairs to Harrys ears. Harry looked out the bars in his cot. He could hear his fathers sobs by now, then Lupins trembling voice met his ears also,

"Please dont worry, im sure Dumbledore will be able to sort things out...erm...dont you agree Padfoot?"

That was what Harry's daddy and his mates called Sirius. Harry liked Sirius, he was always joking, smiling and laughing. Once he even let Harry ride with him on his giant motorbike, much to his mom's disapproval.

"As Harry's godfather, if anything happens to you both, I will always look after Harry with my whole life...and so will Moony!"

Harry had never heard Sirius's voice sound like this before. Argent, worried and frightened for his best mate's lives. As his parents' crying reached a climax, Harry couldn't take it any more and standing up he screamed the loudest he could, small tears running down his tiny face.

* * * *

Lily looked up from her husband's shoulder,

"It's Harry!" she whispered and, her face streaked with tears, she raced upstairs, James following shortly afterwards.

Lily stooped to clean the rug, which was now not so cream but had stained a sticky brown colour, then she stood up.

"I think we had better leave, Sirius. There's nothing more we can do now except get in the way and I think the family should have time to think this all over together." Sirius stood up too,

"I think you're right Moony, I'll just go, say goodbye and give them my reassurance." With that he opened the door and walked up the stairs. What he didn't know was that this was going to be the last goodbye he ever said to Lily and James Potter.

Awwwww it has a sad ending this chapter does :(

But anyway I hope you like it! please review!!!! pretty please *begs* you know you want to.....

6 - Jewelry

Disclaimer:

i do not own anything, apart from the medallion, the medallion is mine!!!!

Ok this is really short! and i think i made Voldy a bit too soft, but anyway, i have finally got the story plot planned out, but i have no reveiws :(

i know its not great but please tell me what you think, dont be frightened, i can do you no harm!!! :)

evil grin no seriously!

Jewelry

Voldemort closed the door sharply behind him.

"What was i thinking, trying to kill Bellatrix like that," he thought out aloud, "its a good thing my brain realised just how good a death eater she *could* be, before i rashly destroyed her!"

As Voldemort had been walking back up the long corridor towards his private room, he had been talking it over with himself about what the 'sorry' feeling he had experienced a few minutes ago had really been. He had finally come to the conclusion the his unconscious mind must have seen her potential as a Death Eater and thus stopping him from doing anything too 'drastic'. The fact that he had been feeling sorry for Bellatrix had not played a part in it at all.

Uplifted and confident that this had been what had really happened, Voldemort stormed on, he reached out a spider-like hand to open the door to his bedroom.....hang on.....what was this in his hand? Voldemort stopped, his arm still outstretched towards the green, snake-shaped door handle. Something silvery and cold glittered in his half open fist. He brought back his hand and there sitting in his white palm was a magnifiscent, curvy, unicorn medallion.

The body of the beautiful beast was made out of solid silver yet inspite of this, it was as light as a feather. Set into the hooves and the amazingly detailed spiral horn, were a number of tiny jems, presumably dimonds or some other priceless jewl of the same value. Voldemort staerd at it,

"What in merlins?"....he had no recollection of stealing this miniature beauty away from its rightfull owner....was this somones idea of a joke?.....Oh well he couldent do anything about it now, it was getting on for two in the morning. The Dark Lord turned the handle and let himself into his room.

After lying down on his horned four poster bed and pulling the warm covers over himself, he

realized with a surprise, that his hand was still closed around the glittering peice of jewelary. He reached over and hung it, on one of the horns on his bed, by the small siver chain it was atached to.

Voldemort lay in the darkness, watching the unicorn swing slightly in the breeze coming from the open window. As he did so, he found his thoughts wandering over to Bellatrix.....

Told you it was short and slightly soppy!

Oh well still hope you enjoyed it because i enjoyed writing this one, especially the description of the unicorn medallion!

7 - Cloaks

Disclaimer: I do not, i repeat, do not own Harry Potter i would love to though!!!!

Well here you go, the next chapter is finally up and i hope you like it!!

Cloaks

Bellatrix threw her death eater mask back on the floor for the third time and slumped down on her bed, just as someone rapped softly on her bedroom door.

"Damn medallion," she muttered, blasting it open with an easy flick of her wand.

"Bella what are you doing? You've been crashing around up here all morning." There, standing at the doorway was quite a tall girl who looked to be in her late twenties. Her dead strait hair was almost inhumanely blond and the cloak she had around her was a very deep shade of pink. Her startling blue eyes were fixed on her sister.

"Oh its you Cissy!" Bellatrix said, relaxing a little, "its that stupid unicorn medallion, its gone and lost itself again, only now i cant even seem to be able to summon it back!"

"Calm down Bella, its just a medallion."

"Just a medallion!?!?!? That thing may look rosy and sweet, but it actually happens to be a rare and valuable piece of dark magic and grants one-time protection to the bearer. There was only ever one made and it was given to me by someone very close."

"Oh Bella stop exaggerating, don't you think if it was that valuable the dark lord himself would have it by now?" Bellatrix looked at her sister.

"Can you honestly see the darkest man on earth walking down the street with a pure, white, sparkling unicorn tied around his neck?"

"Well no, but then again, can you honestly see the darkest man on earth just walking down the street in the first place?"

"Haha, very funny!", Bellatrix said dryly, "Have you seen any death eaters around today?"

"Well to be frank i haven't been down to the common room yet, but i have spotted Wormtail, Snape, Rodolphus and" Narcissa smiled and her heart seemed to melt, "Lucius Malfoy." She finished.

"Oh will you just give it a break, this is a place for death and destruction, not bloody romance!"

"Come on Bella admit it, isn't he just too hot?"

"To be honest i would rather go and snog a cabbage!" Bella smirked.

"You know what Bella? You have no taste!" Narcissa replied stiffly.

"All i care about is my master and serving him, i didn't become a death eater just so i could get the man i wanted, although i sometimes have doubts about you"... Narcissa looked at her sister with teary eyes.

"That's your problem Bella, The dark lord really is all you care about, there's no room in your heart left for anybody else!" and with that she ran from the room, slamming the door behind her.

"Cissy i didn't mean...oh thats just fine then!!!!" Bellatrix said and she fell back onto her bed, punching the pillow as she did so.

* * * *

Bellatrix Black didn't know how long she lay on her bed for but when she got up, her mind seemed refreshed, and then quite suddenly, as she bent down to take her hairbrush from the floor, she remembered; she must have left the medallion in one of her cloak pockets. Bellatrix groaned for not having thought of it before and, throwing her hairbrush back down, rushed off to the 'Airing' room, where the death eaters always left their cloaks.

The 'Airing' room was just like any other drying room. Around the edge of the walls where a line of shelves made out of four or five boring blanks of wood, the kind you might find in changing rooms, and dotted around the middle were rails for hanging your stuff on. It was always incredibly stuffy in there because the ceiling was so low and before Bellatrix entered, she took one long, deep breath of fresh, cool air. She opened the door and stepped inside. She always hung her stuff on the big rail in the middle of the room, the one Voldemort himself and his most loyal death eaters used, so she headed straight for that and started searching through the endless supply of black cloaks and pockets. After about half an hour of hopeless looking she gave up and made her way towards the door, but just as she got to it, the door handle opened and Rodolphus stepped through the opening.

Rodolphus Lestrange was one of those people who always looked the same as everybody else. He had brownish coloured hair, which wasn't too short or too long and looked to be in about his early Thirties, average in height and weight, in fact the only thing that wasn't normal about him was that this man happened to be a death eater. (Also he was wearing a lime green cloak but thats not important)

"Afternoon Bella," he said brightly, "nice day today isn't it?"

"Not for me it isn't!" she replied grumpily.

"Oh whys that?"

"I've lost something very special to me, Ive looked everywhere but i still cant seem to be able to find it!"

"Maybe you should do something to take your mind of it for awhile. I find i can never remember were i put something if I'm constantly looking for it, but its when I'm not trying that i always seem to find it."

"Take my mind off it? But what with?" Rodolphus thought for a moment and then went back to hanging his wet cloaks on his rail.

"Maybe you could do something creative. Last time i got stressed out, i dyed my cloak a lovely shade of green, as you can see, and i felt much better afterwards. Maybe you could do something of the sort? I have some different coloured dye in my room you could use."

"Weeeeeell," Bellatrix thought, "do you have any purple? i wouldn't mind a purple cloak."

"Yes for a matter of fact i have," he replied, hanging his last cloak up, "I shall come around and drop it in sometime," and with that he walked back out through the open door. Bellatrix went to get one of her older and more unwanted cloaks, when she remembered; she didn't know which ones were hers. She looked up and down the rail, but there didn't seem to be much difference that she could see, so she took one at random.

"No one will miss it!" she thought as she made her way back to her bedroom.

* * * *

Bellatrix lay on the fluffy purple rug in the middle of her room, waiting. She reached over and felt a corner of her newly dyed cloak. Still not quite dry! After about ten minutes she reached over and felt it again. Finally! Bellatrix stood up and unhooked it from the curtain rail. Funny, she didn't seem to remember any of her cloaks being this long before. She put it on and it wasn't until then that she realised that all she needed to have done back in the 'Airing' room, was look at the lengths of the cloaks hanging up to determine which ones where hers and which ones were not. This one was certainly not.

"Oh well, I'm sure no one will tell it was once theirs," Bellatrix told herself with a nervous laugh, "I doubt they will even notice anyway, especially if i cut a small bit off the end." Bellatrix got out her wand and was just in the act of stripping a huge chunk off the bottom when the door into the room opened very slowly and the sound of footsteps dangerously traveled towards her. Bella froze and although she was facing the opposite wall, she knew that her master had just entered the room and she could sense that he was in one of his avada-kedavrish moods and definitely not a happy Dark Lord. She looked down at the cloak that she had been redecorating and then realised, with heart-stopping horror, that she had just been caught dying and then cutting none other then one of Lord Voldemort's cloaks.....

At the end i almost wrote 'that Bellatrix had just been caught dying and cutting none other then Lord Voldemort' lol but i fortunately caught myself in the act!!!

Pls reveiw! :)

8 - The death of the potters

Disclaimer: i think you can tell by now but if not.....I DONT OWN HARRY POTTER!!!

I got a bit of writers block but I'm back on track now! ^^

You will probably notice that this doesn't really fit in with the 7th book, i wrote most of it before the last book came out so i didn't know what there house was like or what had happened!

But anyway enjoy!

The death of the potters

Voldemort was walking down the small, dusty country lane that led to the Potters house. The sun was setting, the clouds where a warm orange and the sky was stained a beautiful deep blue, even the dark lord himself had an extra spring to his step, in fact he was so happy he might have actually jumped if he had not been the darkest man on earth. Not because of the weather though, that was not the reason for his joy and it wasn't the fact that he was on his way to eliminate the Potters either, no. Lord Voldemort had finally managed to do it, the one thing he had been wanting to do since his meeting with Wormtail early on in the week.

Voldemort smiled evilly to himself, he could see the Potters house on the horizon by now, only a few more minutes and he could finally say goodbye to another muggle loving family and destroy the boy who might threaten his existence if he was left to live.

He walked on for some time until he reached the dusty front gate that led to the Potters garden. Voldemort pushed open the gate and proceeded up the pathway to the front door but before blasting it to smithereens he stopped, listening to the sounds of voices easily making there way out of the top window.

"Well thats all of Harry's things packed safely away!" James loud voice drifted slowly through the open window.

"I'm so glad we are moving tonight," came Lily's voice, "these past few days have been like torture, i really do hate living on the edge like this!"

"Just in time," thought Voldemort as he silently unlocked to door and pushed it open, "they wont have to be living on the edge for much longer," The dark load walked up the stairs as silently as if he was treading on air itself. He could still hear them talking as he climbed higher.

"What was that James?" and Voldemort heard the sounds of footsteps, then,

"Merlin's beard! ITS HIM! Lily take Harry and go!!!! I'm going to try and hold him off!!!!"

"But you cant James, you cant, you will be killed!!!" Lily's screams echoed around the small room.

"Then I'm going to have to die trying to save my family!" James said as he came stumbling down the stairs, but he hadn't bargained on Voldemort already being halfway up them. The dark loads pityless laugh bounced off the blue wallpaper as James came tumbling to a halt just in front of him.

"fool," he whispered before pointing his wand at him and saying, "Avada kedavra!"

Lily screamed even louder as she saw a flash of green light and then a limp hand flopping down from around the corner of the door, then the dark lord himself entered the room.

"Move aside you silly girl!" he muttered as she instinctivly stepped in the way to shield the small cot that Harry was in.

"No never....take me instead....kill me.....have mercy...."

"Move aside and i wont hurt you....just give me the boy!"

"No please....take me instead....don't kill Harry...."

Voldemort saw that this wasn't going anywhere and he raised his wand and pointed it straight at the sobbing Lily, "Avada kedavra!" there was another flash of green and she lay dead in front of him. He turned to the small boy clutching at the edge of the cot confused and frightened. Where was his Daddy? Why was mommy lying on the floor? Who was this nasty Bald man with a funny face? and what was that in his pocket?

As Voldemort made the decision of heart or head Harry reached out and took the shining unicorn medallion from the dark lords cloak.

The dark lord didn't seem to notice as he raised his wand and pointed it at Harry's head. He didn't notice the little boy holding the medallion, didn't notice as his tiny hands raised it above his head. Voldemort was too full of his triumph to pay Harry any attention as he cast his final curse, to secure this boys fate. He watched in slow motion as the spell rocked towards the smiling child, as it came into contact with the silver unicorn medallion and before smashing the beast (which is what scared Harry for the rest of his life), it bounced, deflected off the shiny surface and headed back towards the evilest man on earth, and Voldemort had no time to move, jump out of the way, avoid the killing curse, but instead he watched as it hit him, and the most pain he had ever felt filled his whole body and ripped him from it.....that was the end of lord Voldemort.....or so they thought.....

Dun dun dun!!

Sorry its a bit crappy, but hey!

Tehe i thought it would be funny if i changed it a little...

Only two more chapters left now.....dunno, might be three ;)

9 - Sirius's little 'meeting'

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter, although I love all the characters!!

I had already written this one (roughly) after the third chapter! It was a great one to write so I hope is a great one to read too:)

Sirius's little 'meeting'

A few days later Sirius was walking through London, mourning over the death of his best friends. It was horrible, the scene still hadn't left his mind, the whole of the top bedroom had been blasted apart. Sirius looked up to see a very familiar face looking back at him.

"So, traitors are we?" whispered Black pinning Peter quickly with his wand.

"But Sirius, my good friend, I was under a curse, the dark lord made me, I had no choice....," whimpered Peter, backing away into a corner.

"No excuses Peter, you know as well as I do that I am no longer your friend, but your enemy," he replied coolly.

"So what happened to 'once a Marauder, always a Marauder?'"

"You destroy the trust of one Marauder, you destroy the trust of all. I am no longer associated with you Peter Pettigrew." Peter looked annoyed,

"What do you mean? No longer associated?"

"What I mean is simply this, if you really are a decent man then come with me and give yourself up to the ministry like any true Marauder would do."

Peter looked dumbstruck, then his face brightened. Suddenly he started yelling.

"ITS HIM! THE ONE WHO KILLED LILY AND JAMES POTTER. NOW HES COME TO FINISH ME OFF. HE'S BEEN IN LEAGUE WITH YOU-KNOW-WHO FOR YEARS."

Sirius looked taken aback. Muggles were stopping. Peter took his chance and carried on.

"HES GONE MAD! HE'LL START ON REMUS NEXT, JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE, HE WAS THE POTTERS SECRET KEEPER INTILL HE TOLD YOU-KNOW-WHO WHERE THEY WERE AND THEN YOU-KNOW-WHO...HE...HE..." Wormtail pretended to break down and cry.

By this time Sirius really was mad,

"LIER," he bellowed "I SWOPPED WITH YOU JUST BEFORE YOU HANDED THEM OVER TO VOLDEMORT." (Some of the nearby crowd who had stopped to see what all the noise was about, gasped.)

"SWOPPED? SWOPPED? I WISH I HAD SWOPPED, PERHAPS THEN LILY AND JAMES WOULD STILL BE HERE IF YOU HAD LET ME SWOP!"

Just as Sirius was raising his wand, about to curse him, Wormtail ceased his opportunity. With his wand behind his back, he skillfully blew the whole street behind him apart, killing 13 muggles. Then without further ado, he chewed his own index finger off and transformed into a flee bitten rat, disappearing down one of the sewage pipes that had blasted open with the force of the spell!

Sirius stood there panting, his wand still raised, trying to get to grips with what had just happened. All around him people were shouting and pointing, but that didn't matter to him now, all that mattered was that Wormtail had got away, the Potters murderer had escaped.

Sirius was awoken by many hands shooting out from all directions, trying to grab any part of his anatomy that was spare.

"Wha, what?" he exclaimed, surprised "what on earth are you doing? Why aren't you trying to capture Peter?"

Then he realised how it must have seemed to a passer-by. Peter shouting, Sirius raising his wand, the whole place blasting apart, peter had disappeared, muggles dead, people screaming, everything a mess...and quite suddenly he started laughing. How could these people think it was him...how? Sirius was almost hysterical.

"Come quietly please." said a voice out of nowhere. Sirius looked up to see a red faced Auror bending over him. Apparently he had fainted although Sirius couldn't remember doing so.

"But I didn't...I mean...I meant...I haven't..." he replied meekly.

"Just follow."

And without any further ado, Sirius was whisked away to the Prison of Azkaban!

Well i hope you liked this one! Sorry its a bit short. Only one more chapter left to go! Please review, even if its just something like, 'man this is awesome' or, 'dude this sucked', Its still nice to get something:)

Mysti AKA 'Wax'

10 - Bellatrix's Memory

Disclaimer: I don't own these characters etc etc etc

Well this is the last chapter, its short and sweet and straight to the point. Anyway if you've been following the story from when I put up the first chapter then I hope you like it, and if you've only recently just started reading then I hope you like it too!

Here goes.

Bellatrix's memory

Bellatrix sat in her room thinking. Where was her master? Her beloved dark lord who never did anything wrong? He was out there somewhere, Voldemort doesn't die just like that and she knew it. But then how could she explain the fact that when she had summoned him out of desperation he had not come? She thought back to the last meeting she had had with him. Why oh why had it ended this way? She remembered it as if it was yesterday even though a week had past.

She, Bellatrix Black had been sitting on her bed facing away from the door and holding in her hands a single purple cloak. She had just been in the act of cutting a huge chunk off the bottom when she had heard the sound of the bedroom door being harshly thrown aside. At first she couldn't think why he was so angry with her but as soon as she looked back down at the cloak she began to understand. This wasn't hers after all...Oh no...

Bellatrix had never felt this scared in her whole life. She didn't dare turn around, she didn't even dare move. The only thing she could do was watch the misty reflection in the window opposite her.

Something was wrong.

As she stared into the window she saw someone very unlike the dark lord. Someone handsome, with black hair and scarlet eyes. He approached her but didn't raise his wand. Bellatrix couldn't see then expression on his face through the reflection in the window but his body language told her that he wasn't as angry as he should have been.

"Master?" She said but he didn't answer her. She watched him as he walked over to the bedside and stopped right behind her. Then to her utmost surprise he bent over and kissed her on the cheek, she turned around just in time to see lord Voldemort's black cloak whip around the edge of the door.

"Maybe," she thought, "maybe he does have feelings after all..."

The End

There you go, comment/criticism time and before you say it I already know its a bit cheezy, in fact the whole story's cheezy but at least it isn't as cheezy as the end of Deathly Hallows!!!!
Anyway that's it, the end, hope you liked it and for goodness sake comment even if you just say 'good,' or something, I would still really like to hear what people think.

Thanks for reading.

Mysti AKA 'Wax'