

## The Abyss

My name is Harry James Potter.

It's not a very exciting name. It's no Kingsley Shacklebolt or Cornelius Fudge. It's an ordinary name. I liked it because of that. It represented what I wanted: normality.

Now I wonder why I even have a name.

What does a weapon need with a name?

That's what I am. A weapon. Nothing more, nothing less.

I was forged through hate and misery, through suffering and contempt.

I grew up as 'Boy', shunned and locked in a cupboard.

At school, it changed, I was Harry, or Potter, and then things got back to normal. I was an attention seeker, a troublemaker. I was mad, dangerous, deranged.

For a brief, glorious time, I was called love.

I had what I wanted. **\*She\*** was what I wanted. Sweet, fiery, impish, beautiful, intelligent, and challenging. If I could have written out what I had wanted from a girl, she would have checked every box.

I guess I just didn't understand women. It's not a surprise; the major females in my life were either uncaring relatives, or authority figures.

Foolishly, I believed that if someone kissed with their whole being, it meant that they felt something.

I was wrong.

It meant nothing.

I can still hear her voice. "I'm sorry, it was just a crush. I don't love you."

It was so calm, so serene, like she was discussing lunch. I looked at Dumbledore, I don't know why, perhaps hoping that he would tell her to take it back, tell her that she did love me, but his pale eyes just twinkled slowly.

And so, again, I was alone.

Friend.

That's another word I was. I'd pushed Ron and Hermione away in my fifth year; in my sixth, they listened and went.

Charlie died. There was a Death Eater attack, and Ron blamed me because I didn't know about it, didn't warn him.

Hermione was torn, I knew that. But she had a choice; stay with me, or with Ron. She was dating him, and I pushed her away. She went.

I was quiet, sullen, and moody. I know it; the only time I wasn't was around her. She never agreed with Ron that it was my fault, and she gave me hope, a reason to live.

I don't have that reason any more.

We found the spell. We'd spend our evenings in the library, kissing and studying. It's not as if it's difficult for me to get into the restricted section any more. So we studied them, our heads together, occasionally craning our necks for a kiss.

I'm almost embarrassed to say it, but that was the best time of my life. She was so close, smelt so good, and was so warm and loving.

The spell was banned over a thousand years ago. It took all your magic, all your power, and removed it from your body.

It wasn't difficult for us to change it slightly, so that the magic was focused. But then we looked into the spell closer, and came upon a startling discovery.

It would kill you.

So we moved on, not really caring, the search wasn't as important as the time we spent together.

It's strange. That was the last night.

It was the next evening I was called into Dumbledore's office, and that's when she told me, as he looked on.

I pulled out of my classes then.

Didn't see the need; with nothing to live for what's the point of pretending to care? I practiced, with Tonks, with Kingsley, with anyone who would teach me. I didn't get close to them. What was the point? I was a weapon now.

I was created to kill Voldemort, and that's what I will do. Not for myself, or for her, but as revenge for my parents, and maybe so that another boy will get to keep his name, and not be forced to become what I have.

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Voldemort is here.

I have no fear.

Weapons don't have feelings. They are created for a purpose.

My purpose is to end his life.

Students are panicking around me. They are looking to me now, expecting me to save them.

I'm almost tempted not to. Almost tempted to leave them all to die, but I can't. I can't leave her to die. I shouldn't care about her, but I do. Still. Despite everything. It must be a female thing to be able to turn off your emotions like that, I guess.

I walk and the students part before me, like the Red Sea in front of Moses. I wonder if God exists. I know the Bible quite well; Petunia would force me to church on special days so everyone could admire how pious they were. I'll be meeting Him soon enough, if He does exist.

There's a Death Eater in front of me. Idiot. Doesn't he know that I am a weapon?

Well, he does now. He's suddenly caught a mild case of death. Death for a Death Eater. I giggle. It's probably not a reassuring sound; the students are looking at me strangely.

As if I care.

"You're going to die, Potter," a voice spits at me.

Well, of course I am, you idiot. That's hardly news. I turn to face the sound. I should have known. Draco Malfoy. On a whim, I decide to do future generations of this planet a favour.

I cast a spell on him, another we had found in the forbidden section. This one isn't that old. It was used in Italy, to make eunuchs out of the male choir. Back then we had giggled over the idea of Draco becoming a member of the Castrati.

So I did it.

I guess it must be more painful that I had thought, because he's now on the ground, squealing in agony. I throw a silencing charm around him, because I don't want to distract the others.

I should feel guilty, but I don't. Weapons are created to kill, to maim, to destroy, that's their purpose in life. Besides, some poor girl has just been saved from a fate worse than death.

I'm at the entrance to Hogwarts now. Death Eaters are leaving me alone. They approach, look at my face, then quickly turn away, looking for easier options.

Pain.

I guess I'm supposed to fall to the floor, writhing.

Pain.

I can feel it. It's unpleasant, but how does pain stop a weapon? It can't.

I turn, and face the source of my pain. Again, I should have known. Lucius Malfoy. He looks annoyed. I wonder if he's annoyed because of what I did to Draco.

I wander towards him. The pain's bad, but not as bad as when she told me she didn't love me. That's real pain, that's where it really hurts, when all you want to do is run and hide, to beg for it to be over – that's when you withdraw into yourself.

I guess it's because I'm a weapon. Who truly loves a weapon?

I wonder if people ever called Lucius 'Lucky' as a nickname. It kinda fits him in a way. He's still casting the Cruciatus on me, and I can tell he's

scared because it's not working. It is working, but of course, he doesn't know that.

I should try and keep focused; there is a battle going on, after all. I glance around briefly. The Order and Death Eaters are fighting half-heartedly; I think they would all prefer to be looking at me.

Oh, yes, can't forget about Lucius. He's given up on *Crucio* now, and has moved on to some other curses. I'm bored with him. I reach out and touch him.

I've finally decided what to do with him. He gave the diary to her. He was the one who forced her to grow up early. He was the one who nearly killed her. I can't forgive him for that. I enter his mind. Legilmency is a useful skill. I take his fears, what scares him, what makes him wake shivering in the middle of the night, and I move them. I take them from his subconscious and lock them in his conscious mind. I'm guessing that this will drive him insane. Seems fair to me. Weapons are good at revenge.

I guess he's not so lucky now. He's crying, curled up into a ball on the floor, shaking and rocking. I'm tempted to feel sorry for him, but weapons don't feel pity.

I turn, heading back towards the door. I sigh audibly; now there are a few Dementors in the way. If I didn't know better, I'd say that Voldemort doesn't want to meet me in a straight fight. Strange really.

I must admit to being a little concerned now. Weapons don't really have positive emotions. Or negative emotions. I guess I'm going to have to remember back to that night, when she kissed me for the first time, when I felt I had a purpose.

It's strange, I can see the feeling I had then, I can see it as happiness even though that emotion doesn't mean anything to me now. So I figure I should just use it, like a shield.

I walk up to the Dementor; it's trying to suck away my happiness. I have none. I wonder if it's scared, if it realises what it's got itself into.

I doubt it.

I reach up and push back its hood. It's trying to grab me, so I let it. It's going to suck out my soul, so I touch my finger to its forehead. I release the happiness, directly into its brain.

It screams, and releases me, before it falls to the ground, dead.

Well, what do you know - you **\*can\*** kill a Dementor. I look around. The fighting has stopped now. Everyone is looking at me, stunned I guess. Oh, I don't mean magically. The other Dementors are retreating. I guess the idea of death scares creatures that thought they were immortal.

Finally.

Tom is here. He walks through the door, and I giggle at him. I guess he thinks he looks deadly and mysterious. I think he looks like a balding hybrid with bad teeth.

"What are you giggling at?"

"Nothing, Tom," I say. "Absolutely nothing."

"*Crucio*," he hisses, pointing at me.

I yawn. "Lucky already tried that," I advise him, pointing to his deranged servant on the floor. It hurts. More than when Lucius did it. I actually feel like screaming in pain. I guess it doesn't show though, because he gives up, and now he's looking at me. Not that he wasn't, before.

He's trying to get into my mind. I laugh. The last time I laughed was with her. I'm almost sad again. I let him in, and show him the emptiness that I have become. I wonder if he likes it. I wonder if he enjoys seeing what I have become. A weapon to kill him, pure and simple.

"The prophecy?" he asks, backing up, scared now.

"The prophecy was wrong, Tom," I tell him sadly. "It said that only one of us could live, and the other would die."

"What do you mean it was wrong?" Tom asks.

I smile at him. At least I think I do. It's hard to remember how to smile at all.

"Because we are both going to die," I tell him calmly. I cast a spell. All the doors lock, the windows too. He's trapped, all of them are. They can't Apparate out; Hogwarts' wards won't let them. I guess that was a mistake on their part. Expecting an easy victory.

Everyone's watching us now; students are coming out of hiding to watch this final duel.

Only it's not a duel. It's an execution. Tom's talking, trying to tell me to join him or something. I'm not really paying attention. I'm performing the spell. Wow, I've got a lot of magic. I've always been powerful, but this is excessive.

Tom's working himself up, getting ready to duel for his life, for everything he believes in.

"Die," I say simply, pointing at him.

I can feel the magic draining out of me. I can feel my life force leaving me. I hope I go to heaven, and see my parents, and Padfoot. That'll be nice. I wish Moony had been here, I'd've liked to say goodbye to him.

It's almost gone.

She's standing there, in the corner, near Dumbledore.

I look at her.

She's so beautiful.

"I love you, Ginny," I whisper softly, as the last of my life-force leaves me, and I die.

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Everything is so pretty. So many different colours. They swirl. They dance. They keep me entertained.

It's strange. I can hear words. Someone is telling Harry that they don't love him, that it was a crush, nothing more.

Poor Harry. I know how much rejection like that must hurt him. Still, it's not all bad. He'll always have my love. He's had my love since I was old enough to give it to someone. I love him so much it's scary, because I don't know what I would do without him.

I've been so happy recently. It's just been the two of us. Ron blames him for Charlie's death. I don't. Charlie died protecting his dragons from Voldemort. He died doing what he loved most. It wasn't Harry's fault, there was nothing he could do. I know he feels guilty, like there was something he should have done. I cried when I heard, and there's always going to be a hole in my heart where he was, but it's been healed by having this wonderful man with me. I call him a man, because he is. Everything he's been put through, everything he's done, if that's not the measure of man, I don't know what is.

It's weird. Every time I seem to see him, I get distracted. It's like my mind's made out of soap. Slippery. It's a good word, it's a great word. Not as great as Harry. But a good word in it's own right.

Harry looks heartbroken, I want to go over to him, but colours distract me, and I can't remember why he is upset. It doesn't matter, when we're finished I'll cheer him up, remind how much I love him, that he is my life's focus. Maybe it's time I encouraged our making out. He kisses me like a dream, but keeps his hands on my hips. I giggle to myself, I'm thinking of moving one of them to my breasts. I shiver when I think of him touching me, claiming me as his.

But it's so colourful here, and I can't remember what I just thought. I giggle again, only no sound comes out. Someone's saying something, but I can't tell who or what.

I relax, falling asleep.

Sometimes I forgot who he is, but then I remember, and wonder how I could have forgotten.

He is my life.

I think time is passing. Sometimes I awaken and I'm in class, answering questions. It's like a really strange dream. I wish I was awake so I could see Harry.

That's strange.

The colours are fading. The swirls are slowing. Things are starting to make sense again.

Harry. I must find Harry, something's happened to him, I know it.

Professor Dumbledore is here; he'll know what to do, he always knows what to d...

The colours are back, and they are so pretty.

They swirl and dance, and remind me of Harry. I love Harry.

The colours are fading again. I look around, and see there's fighting going on. I reach for my wand, but my hand doesn't work.

There's Harry. He's looking bad, like no one's been looking after him. Oh physically he's fine, but his face is drawn and tired, and emotionless.

I don't like that.

I try to move, but can't. Things are coming back to me now. This strange feeling over the past few weeks. It's going.

I watch as he kills a Death Eater. Oh my poor Harry, I weep to myself. It must be killing him to have to do this.

Draco says something to him, but I can't hear what. I smirk to myself as Harry does something. He's done it! I should be shocked, but I'm giggling too much. I wonder if it will improve his singing.

I feel like I should know what the problem with me is, like I've experienced it before.

Oh No! Lucius is casting the Cruciatus on Harry. My poor Harry. What have they done to you? Something's happened to him now. He looks implacable, as if he has no emotions, like the pain doesn't hurt. I know it's hurting him, I always know when he is in pain.

Something's happened, to me, to him. I need to know. I have to know. I can feel the colours start to swirl, again, but I snarl at them. My Harry needs me, and I can't watch colours anymore, not when he's in need.

Oh, Lucius is on the floor. Good. But now he has to face a Dementor. He hates them; he told me what he sees. I have to get to him.

The colours are starting to break down. Good, the damn things are standing in my way. I start to move through them.

He's killed the Dementor. Wow, my boyfriend's amazing. Damn, I love him.

Tom's here. Tom. Tom. Why does that name sound familiar? Who is Tom? Why do I feel like I should know it, like this feeling I've had recently has something to do with that name. Tom. Tom Riddle. Tom Marvolo Riddle. I Am Lord Voldemort.

I jerk.

Voldemort. He controlled me. He made the colours dark and evil, and I fought them. I fought them for so long.

I've been tricked.

Harry needs me and I've been tricked. I thought the colours were good because they were pretty, but they're not. They've been controlling me again.

I can see Harry talking, Voldemort backing up.

Oh God, he's going to use that spell we found! Oh God, please, no. Harry, don't! It will kill you. I can't live without you.

He turns to face me, and I know it's over. I've lost him. He's saying something.

"I love you, Ginny."

"NO!" I scream, banishing the colours.

The memories hit me again and again.

Oh God!

Oh God! Oh merciful God!

It was me!

I told him I didn't love him. It was me. I saw him become that parody of the man I love. It was because of me.

Ron's in front of me. Saying something about it was only right, that Harry had to do it, trying to assuage his own guilt.

I punch him. Hard. Some friend he was. God, he's pathetic. I hope I knocked some of his teeth out.

I run, through the battlefield, ignore Tom Riddle's dead body, and fall to my knees against Harry. I desperately feel for a pulse, for a sign, for anything that he might still live.

Nothing.

I understand now.

I turn, to face him. I once thought he was the greatest man in the universe. So wise, so old, so secure in his power and knowledge.

Now I know he's nothing but a killer and a rapist. He's scum.

"You put me under the Imperius," I state loudly, staring at him.

He avoids my eyes. He knows he's lost me, and he'll never get me back.

Harry's dead. The man I love more than life has been murdered by this interfering old man in front of me. I turn my back on him. Oh God, I hurt Harry so much. Dumbledore forced me to rip out Harry's heart, so he'd kill Voldemort.

I look around; the Order members are gathering around us, the students behind. They are looking shocked.

I can make it up to Harry. I can apologise. I know I can.

I smile at my parents softly, whispering goodbye, and cast the spell.

Yes.

That spell.

The same spell Harry used to kill Tom.

Oh, I'm not going to kill anyone. That wouldn't be an apology.

I take everything I know about Harry's life. The pain. The fear. The loneliness. The betrayals. The abandonment. The longing. I take growing up in a cupboard, and watching Cedric die. I take being bullied by Dudley, and Sirius falling through the veil. I take his moments of happiness with me, and the despair I know he felt when Dumbledore took it away from him. I take his love for his friends, and his sense of protectiveness. I take his motivations, his pride, and his weaknesses. I take everything. I add my love for him, my pain right now, and my experience under the curse from Dumbledore.

And I give it.

To everyone.

All my magic in one single spell, so that everyone knows the real Harry Potter.

So that everyone understands the real Harry Potter.

Skeeter can't taint this.

Every single wizard on the planet will know Harry Potter and what he stood for. Every one will know what, when, where, and more importantly, *why*. Everyone will know what Dumbledore did.

I can feel the magic draining out of me. I can feel my life force leaving me. I hope I go to heaven, and see Harry there. And Charlie.

There's a light. It's bright. But it feels warm, like one of Harry's hugs.

I gasp. He's here! He's smiling at me. The glorious green eyes of his are smiling at me.

He forgives me!

"I'm so sorry," I say. I need to apologise, even if he does forgive me.

"I know," he whispers, opening his arms to me, a hesitant look on his face, as if I might reject him.

I'm in his arms before he can blink. I'm never leaving him again. Not for a single second.

I feel him pick me up, and carry me into the light, and I purr against him, loving the feeling of his hard body against mine.

"Where are we going?" I ask, unafraid.

He grins at me, "To the next great adventure."

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Minerva McGonagall was the first to move. A single tear track laid testament to the pain and anguish she was now feeling, as she understood the boy she had taught for so many years. She regretted not doing what she had wanted to do the first time she had seen him. Pick him up into the biggest hug of his life, and mother him completely.

She turned to face the man she had admired more than any other, the man who had gently advised her not to. She walked up to him. Begging him to deny what she now knew was the truth.

He didn't.

He couldn't.

She turned her back on him. Her elation that they had won was gone. The price they had paid was too high. Two innocents had been sullied. Two innocents were dead. She felt dirty. Filthy. And it was a filth that would never come off.

She half watched as the remaining Weasleys walked over to the two children lying on the floor. They were all crying. Ron and Hermione the most, as they knew how much Harry had loved them now, how much he had wanted to keep them safe. How much it had hurt him to push them away, and how relieved and sad he was when they went.

They levitated the two of them, and left the school, not even glancing at Dumbledore.

One by one, the hundreds of Order members, Aurors, students, and Professors turned and walked away in silence, still feeling the effects of Ginny's last spell.

In the end, there was only the hunched over form of Albus Dumbledore, tears dripping down his beard as the full weight of what he had done bore down on him, a visibly upset Severus Snape, who finally realised just how badly he had treated the boy, and the dead bodies of all the Death Eaters who had followed their master into the next life.

She watched Severus walk over to Albus.

"Come on, old friend," he said gently, wrapping an arm around the frail old man and leading him out of the school, and away to where ever.

"You spent too long staring into the abyss."

Fin.