

Unknown Prophecy

Chapter 2

Lights flashed behind his eyes as the sudden pain hit. Stuffing his ratty blanket into his mouth, Harry cried out. He must have been too loud, because his Uncle Vernon suddenly bellowed, "Quiet in there, boy! We're trying to watch the tele!"

As painful as it was, it still didn't hold a candle to the pain he felt all those years ago. The melding of minds certainly was a trip though. Memories long forgotten flowed into his mind, or was it that his memories were flowing into his former mind? It was all very confusing to him. He felt like the Harry that had just gone into the past, but he also felt like the little kid Harry. All of it was too much to properly handle. Just when he thought that it was starting to slow down, Voldemort's memories suddenly flooded his mind, and the pounding of his head intensified. It sounded as though drums were being beaten inside of his brain. The throbbing got so bad that Harry actually passed out.

When his eyes fluttered open, Harry lay there for a moment, trying to piece together what had happened. His mind felt raw and violated, which wasn't shocking given the circumstances. Moving his hand, he reached over and touched his other arm. When he felt warm flesh and undamaged skin, a huge smile spread across his face. He took a moment to filter through the memories. He was eight-year-old Harry Potter ... not Voldemort or Tom Riddle. That part was very important to him. He could, however, remember everything that Voldemort knew.

"Eight years old ..." Harry whispered in a raspy voice. His throat was parched and his mouth was dry. Older Harry had been shooting for the time period a few months before Hogwarts had begun for him. Clearly, his calculations weren't spot on. That didn't surprise him in the least. There was always the chance that he could be off by a few years. What was surprising was that he could suddenly see exactly where he made a mistake. With Voldemort's unmatched knowledge about soul magic, he could see all the mistakes that he had made. Thankfully, his mistakes weren't anything major.

Harry was shocked at the amount of knowledge that Voldemort possessed. He was immediately thankful that he had gone too far when it came to Horcrux creation. By the time he was done, Voldemort wasn't thinking clearly. If he had been, the world would have been in serious trouble. It was even possible that he possessed more knowledge than Dumbledore. He definitely did when it came to the Dark and Forbidden Arts. One thing he suddenly knew was that Voldemort was definitely scared of Dumbledore. He knew the old man was a more natural fighter and had a flair for magic that he didn't. That was why Harry didn't plan to fight fair.

Listening closely, Harry didn't hear anyone outside of his little cupboard under the stairs. Being back in the little room was jarring, to say the least. He never in a million years thought that he would ever be back on Privet Drive. Harry had to be careful with his magic use. Anything over the top would immediately alert the Ministry of Magic, and thereby Dumbledore. Still, a little bit of

“accidental magic” wouldn’t hurt as it did happen on occasion. Harry pressed his finger to the lock and focused. After a soft click, Harry quietly opened the door and took a peek outside. All the lights were off and he could hear the thundering snores of two fat pigs upstairs. As much as he wanted to curse them right now, he thought better of it. That would bring too much attention to him, but that didn’t mean that Harry had to stay there and accept their abuse. He had no plans of spending the next few years with the Dursleys. In truth, the Dursleys probably weren’t as bad as he remembered. Sure, they were mean and could be nasty on occasion. They made him do too many chores and always gave him things that were secondhand, but at least they were never physically abusive other than the occasional manhandling back to his cupboard whenever Harry got particularly mouthy to one of them.

This was his second chance, and he was going to live the life that he should have in the first place. Before his trip to the past, Harry came up with a rough list of tasks that he wanted to accomplish, both before and during Hogwarts. Coming back a couple of years too early wasn’t the worst thing in the world. In fact, it may well have been a boon. He had thought about what he might do if he came back with a little too much time on his hands.

One goal was to make himself damn near untouchable by Dumbledore. He couldn’t have the old man dictating what he could do. The easiest way to do that was to make himself the hero that every child and adult thought he was. To be specific, he needed to be the Harry Potter in all of those corny books that were sold at Flourish and Blotts. He needed to be the boy that slew dangerous beasts and saved damsels in distress. He needed to have wives and mothers fawning over him while their daughters lusted after him. Now that he was sure that he had at least two years of free time, he could do all of that before he even stepped foot in Hogwarts. That was definitely a bonus in Harry’s book. It would make things so much quicker and easier. Thankfully, he had prepared for that contingency just in case.

Of course, he needed to be careful while doing those things. He already knew that once he left the Dursleys, Dumbledore would be scouring the world for any sign of him. Once he had enough proven fame, Harry would be able to do anything he wanted, and one word from him could turn people against the old man. Dumbledore would step carefully after that.

This was the core of his plan. Have the idiot sheep of the magical world see him one way, while secretly he would be the violent psychopath that they had turned him into. Harry wanted them all eating out of the palm of his hand. He wanted no one to suspect that it might be him murdering and destroying the lives of those who had once acted against him. Basically, he would be a better version of Dumbledore, and the old man wouldn’t know it until a knife was firmly lodged in his back. Once the old goat fucker was gone, he’d have all of England as his playground.

Step one was to get the fuck out of the country and away from Dumbledore and the Ministry of Magic. There was no way he could take them on in his current state. Harry already had a plan that would give him a leg up on the competition. If he left now, the Blood Wards on the house would unravel within a few days, but with a bit of preparation, Harry could keep them going for a

couple of months before they fell apart. Fortunately, the fix was quick and easy. Going into the kitchen, Harry quietly grabbed a steak knife and went back to his cupboard. Closing the door, he turned the light on and pulled up a loose floorboard. Sitting on his lumpy mattress, Harry put the board on his lap upside down and began carving runes into it. After an hour of carving, he had the Runic Array all set. Cutting his finger with the knife, Harry let his blood soak into the Array. Once he was satisfied with the amount of blood, Harry put the board back onto the floor with the Array facing down. No one would ever find it, he was certain. Now with him gone, the Blood Wards would still absorb the low level of magic needed to keep them going from the blood-soaked Array. With that done, Harry washed the knife and put it back where it belonged. Grabbing the pillowcase from his room, Harry stuffed it full of food. Then, without an ounce of sentimentality, he walked through the front door. Hopefully, he wouldn't see this house again until the day came when he could pay the Dursleys back for their hospitality. While he didn't plan on killing them, a few Curses were probably warranted.

As he walked down the dark streets of Little Whinging, Harry got a good sense of his body. He was short, scrawny, and out of shape. This was another thing that he had prepared for, but he would take care of that once his safety was secured. For half an hour his short legs carried him away from his former home until he was beyond the area where the Ministry could track his magic. With that done, he focused on his destination and Apparated away.

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With almost a silent reappearance, Harry looked around and got his bearings. It was dark with only the light of the crescent moon to brighten his path. Harry held up his palm and conjured a ball of light. The ball began levitating until it was hovering just above his head, lighting up a large circle of land all around him. He needn't worry about any Muggles seeing him. Harry had chosen this spot as his first stop a long time ago.

Northwest of Nice, France was once home to a small wizarding village that had the unfortunate distinction of being one of many to be leveled by Gellert Grindelwald. Very few of the houses survived. The area was so saturated in Dark Magic after the attack that every survivor quickly decided to move away. The magical government of France didn't bother rebuilding while the residual magic was fluctuating so much. Eventually, the stain of Dark Magic would fade and they would rebuild the village, but Harry knew that that wouldn't be for another thirty years. And when they did rebuild, they discovered something quite fascinating. In the basement of one run-down chateau, they found one of the most sophisticated and well-stocked ritual rooms in recorded history. Apparently, the man who once owned it was a hidden master of ritual magic. Sadly, he was killed during the attack when the local tavern was blown to bits. Since then, his secret room had been sitting there without anyone ever knowing. Before going back into the past, Harry did his research, and this was one of the things that he made a mental note to take as his own.

With light brightening his path, Harry walked along the overgrown path. The tall grass was nearly to his armpits as he made his way to the door. The house was large, but not overly so. It must have once been a very pleasant place to live, Harry thought as he turned the knob and

opened the door. Harry didn't need to worry about wards or traps. The wards had long since unraveled after their owner's death. The door creaked loudly as he pushed it open. Stepping inside, he could see that anything valuable had been stolen by looters long ago. Thankfully, the ritual room was well hidden and escaped their greedy clutches. Everything left was rotting or dusty and discolored. There was nothing for him up there. Going down into the basement, Harry had to fight off an army of mosquitos and dozens of cobwebs along the way. The basement was typical of this size of a house. It was large with stone walls and had once been used for storage. Like the house above, it had been ransacked for anything valuable. All the leftovers were scattered across the stone floor. Harry walked inside and carefully made his way to the middle before looking around.

Remembering back to his research, the newspaper had shown a picture of the untouched room. His mouth practically drooled as he saw rows upon rows of perfectly preserved ingredients ... some of them being incredibly rare and expensive. The article said that it was located in a secret room and that the entrance was discovered behind a bookshelf in the basement. Looking around, he saw that one wall was lined with thick, heavy-looking, oak bookcases. Carefully making his way closer to the wall, he held out his hand and flicked it to the side. Instantly, the bookshelf toppled over with a loud crash. He did it again, and the second did the same. The third bookcase creaked loudly but didn't topple over. Going over there, he closely examined it. It took him several minutes of searching, but he eventually found a cluster of runes carved into the side of the bookcase. Harry touched it and added some magic. Instantly, the bookcase slid backward and then slid to the left, revealing an opening to the secret room.

A wide, shit-eating grin spread across Harry's face as he walked into the room. There must have been some kind of enchantment on the room because it was completely free of dust. Harry shook his head remembering that this was a high-end ritual room, so of course, it would be enchanted to stay clean. Dust or dirt could seriously hamper certain rituals that required extreme precision. Just like in the picture, the middle of the room was filled up with a massive slab of pure black obsidian which glistened beautifully under the light. One wall was filled with floor-to-ceiling cabinets that Harry knew were filled with the ingredients that he saw in the picture. The other three walls had always been a mystery to him since none were present in the picture. One wall had a desk against it and appeared to act as his personal office. There were papers stacked up, notebooks lying on the desk, and more bookcases that were filled with books.

The second wall looked to be dedicated to potion-making. Potioneering was a necessary part of Ritual Craft. Some rituals required taking certain potions in order for them to work properly. Over the years, Harry had gotten pretty good at making potions. Even so, he never had the natural talent that his mother supposedly had. The final wall was the one with the entrance. That wall was still bare. Harry walked over to the desk and sat down. The chair was old and squeaky, but it was still serviceable. He picked up a notebook on the desk and flipped it open to the last page.

"Saltpeter did not work. I may try something acidic next. The neutrality caused a minor explosion which singed my scalp," Harry read the French writing. Harry made sure to learn French since

he would be spending a lot of time in France. Flipping back a few pages, Harry discovered that he was trying to create a ritual to reverse hair loss. Apparently, there was a buxom lass in the village that loved men with long, flowing hair. Sadly, the owner of the notebook was no spring chicken and had been bald for over twenty years. As he continued flipping through the pages, Harry saw that the man had been obsessed with achieving physical perfection in his later years. 'That busty barmaid must have had a mouth like a Hoover vac,' Harry thought to himself as he closed the notebook. Harry rolled his eyes and tossed the notebook back on the desk. Surely there would be other rituals that were far more interesting than that somewhere within the dozens of filled-up notebooks. Even so, he may be able to use some of that knowledge in the future. Pulling open a drawer, he found old quills that needed to be tossed in the trash, bottles of ink that were all dried up, and a small bag of coins that Harry pocketed. In another desk drawer, however, Harry pulled out two wands. Examining them both, he found that one had a severe crack while the other was old but usable. He could see the unicorn hair barely showing through the tip.

"Must've been an extra," Harry said, giving it a swish ... no explosions, but no sparks either. He gave it another wave and butterflies burst from the tip and flew around his head. "Not perfect, but good enough for now," Harry smiled. He would need a better wand soon, but at least he wouldn't need to count on his limited wandless magic for the time being. That at least saved him one trip. He had planned on scraping together a few coins and buying a used wand on the Black Market.

With a happy sigh, he rolled up his sleeves and got to work. This room would likely be his home for the next few months. With a combination of his and Voldemort's knowledge and skill, Harry was able to conjure a small but ornate bed that wouldn't look out of place in a royal palace. Why he chose such a design, he didn't know. Harry never cared about that kind of stuff in the past. It was then that he realized that when he absorbed Voldemort's soul shard, he gained more than just memories. He gained some of his personality as well. He suddenly wanted the finer things in life and was much more comfortable showing off. The biggest change, however, was the fact that the thought of him killing people didn't make his stomach turn anymore. In fact, Harry didn't care one way or another. He had no desire to kill just for the sake of killing, but he wouldn't get sick over the prospect of having to do so. Deciding that he'd figure it all out as he went, Harry went to the ingredients cupboard and grabbed what he needed to create more of his Bone Chalk. Thankfully, he had a perfectly good potions lab right here. Smiling widely at his success so far, Harry went to work.

Harry finally went to sleep once morning time came around. He had pulled the liquified bone out of the fire and poured it into a conjured mold. Since it would take several hours to fully cool, Harry decided to call it a night. He never expected to wake up twenty-two hours later. Checking the time with his wand, Harry was surprised.

"Shit ..." he muttered, still groggy from waking up. "Time travel and soul mutilation must really take it out of you," he reasoned as he yawned and scratched his ass. Going over to the mold, he pressed his finger against the small, pale-white tubes of chalk. Feeling that they were hard and

cold, he carefully removed them from the mold. Holding one up to check it, Harry nodded. Writing a short line on his desktop gave satisfactory results. Wiping the line away with his hand, he set the chalk down and went to get breakfast from his pillowcase.

After he had had his fill, Harry took stock of exactly what he had. He was quite glad to see that the potions area had an extra-large, copper cauldron which was typically used to brew standard potions in large quantities. It was what professional brewers used to supply hospitals and apothecaries with burn pastes, pimple and bruise removers, Pepper-Up potions, pain relieving potions, and all the other easy-to-make recipes. Harry didn't intend to use it for that though. Instead, he was going to use it for another ritual that had taken him several years to perfect. Harry took the time to make sure all the cauldron and instruments that he would be using were sparkling clean. Dirt and grime were not an ally to this particular ritual. With a wave of his wand, he levitated the large, shiny cauldron to the center of the obsidian slab. Setting it down carefully, Harry grabbed a piece of chalk and began drawing a ritual circle all around the cauldron before starting on the chain of runes which was the "instruction manual" for the ritual in question. All of this drawing and writing took over ten hours of work. In the end, Harry was wincing and rubbing his sore wrists and hands. Looking down, he still couldn't get over the fact that he had a working arm again. Now that he was done with the most tedious part of the preparation, he got to work on the rest.

At the potion station, Harry turned on the flames and set a medium-sized, pewter cauldron down on it. Pointing his wand at it, he began to fill it with pure water. Once nearly full, Harry stopped and pulled out a silver knife and marble cutting board. From the cabinets, he removed three crow's feet, half a kilo of powdered mandrake, three dozen ribwort leaves, a dash of desiccated flobberworm guts, a bezoar to keep the mixture from becoming toxic, and finally, the main ingredient which would give the concoction its magical overcharge ... a full pint of dragon's blood.

Once the water began boiling, Harry poured in half of the blood, which instantly turned the water pink. Stirring until it was fully mixed, Harry grabbed the ribwort leaves and used a mortar and pestle to grind it up. He tossed the plant matter into the cauldron. Making sure there was no change in appearance, Harry then poured the rest of the blood into the mixture. Exactly forty-four clockwise stirs later, he then gave nine counterclockwise stirs and watched as the dark pink mixture turned deep purple in color. He gave it a sniff.

"Excellent!" Harry praised. It smelled exactly as it was supposed to ... like dirty gym shorts. Not many people knew that smells were a very good indicator of whether or not a potion was being brewed correctly. He turned the fire down and let the mixture simmer for just shy of an hour. When the mixture lightened in color, Harry knew it was time for the next step. Tossing in one of the crow's feet, he waited for five minutes and then turned the heat back on, bringing the cauldron to a boil. Harry began sprinkling in the powdered mandrake slowly, carefully watching the color. When the color just slightly darkened, he put the powder down and dumped in the flobberworm guts. Harry had to stand there for over an hour stirring before he could continue. Taking the knife in hand, Harry removed the toes from the remaining two crow's feet and tossed

the rest in the trash. He scraped the toes into the boiling mixture and nodded when it turned green. The fumes wafting from the hot cauldron smelled toxic. Tossing in the bezoar took care of that. The color remained, but the toxic fumes went away and were replaced by an indescribably unpleasant smell. With that done, he poured in the rest of the mandrake powder and stirred counterclockwise until the mixture turned from green to light blue. Once the correct color was achieved, Harry turned the fire off and wiped the sweat from his brow.

Checking the time, Harry could see that it was getting late, and the tiredness was beginning to catch up with him again. He kept forgetting that he was only eight years old. The next part would be painful, but he reasoned that it would be better to do it tonight rather than wait until morning. Filling the copper cauldron halfway with water, Harry then levitated the pewter cauldron over and carefully dumped the mixture into the copper one. When the mixture hit the water, it immediately began bubbling. It was important to let it bubble and to not try and stir it. Harry learned that the hard way back when he was creating this ritual. It took over a month for his eyebrows to grow back.

With nothing left to do, Harry stripped down completely and carefully stepped into the circle with his wand in hand. He climbed into the cauldron and stood waist-deep in the bubbling liquid. Pointing his wand at the activating rune cluster, Harry called out the incantation. When the cluster burned bright, Harry quickly tossed his wand out of the circle, sucked in a deep breath, and dunked his entire body into the bubbling mixture. Harry screamed when the mixture turned icy cold. On the inside of his body, however, it felt as though boiling tar was flowing through his veins as his magical pathways widened and expanded. Instead of only several main channels, they now branched off into thousands of subchannels that reached areas of the body that had never had them before. As one could imagine, the pain was excruciating. Harry learned through his new memories that Tom Riddle had done something similar, though he did it after he had graduated from school. However, his body had already finished growing and maturing, so the benefits were minimal. Harry was doing this before his first magical maturity at age eleven. His benefits would be severe.

Over the next few hours, the mixture seeped into his skin until the cauldron was bone dry. Harry was barely able to stumble out and crawl to bed. As soon as his head hit the pillow, he was out like a light.