

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort One to Fifty

1.

Harry Potter lay on the ground, bloody, battered, and finally beaten. He painfully turned his head to glare at his arch nemesis.

Lord Voldemort smiled nastily. "And so the Boy Who Lives becomes the Boy Who Finally Died." With a grand flourish, he raised his wand to cast the Killing Curse.

Harry watched in shock as a triple-decker, violently purple bus appeared out of thin air. Before it came to a shuddering halt, it ran over the Dark Lord.

Stan Shunpike stepped out. "Welcome to the Knight Bus."

2.

Harry, tied to a tombstone, watched helplessly as Wormtail gently eased a frail looking creature into a huge, bubbling cauldron.

Wormtail raised his wand and closed his eyes, apparently to continue the ritual.

Harry, jaw working furiously, finally spat out the rag Wormtail had stuffed into his mouth. "Peter! Stop! I hereby call in the Life Debt you owe me. Let that that vile creature drown."

Peter Pettigrew looked at Harry in shock before becoming pensive. "I suppose I don't have to do anything, do I? Just NOT do something." He walked over and started tearing the ropes from Harry's bound form. "Besides, that bastard keeps threatening to feed me to his pet snake."

3.

A Death Eater Inner Circle meeting was in progress.

Voldemort was monologuing about how he was going to cleanse the world of all but pure-blooded wizards.

Lucius Malfoy tuned him out as the Malfoy eagle owl soared in and perched on his shoulder. Lucius untied the scroll and read the note from his son.

"Pardon the interruption, my Lord, but I have only one question."

Voldemort, cut off in mid-rant, glared dangerously at his primary follower. "Speak, Lucius."

"You agree that we should kill all half-bloods?"

"Of course."

In a lightning fast move, Lucius raised his wand and pointed it at his Master. "*Avada Kedavra* !"

4.

Harry was crouching behind a headstone in a graveyard in Little Hangleton, mind spinning frantically in a effort to find a way out of this horrible nightmare of a situation.

Voldemort stepped closer as his newly reunited Death Eaters cheered their master and taunted his dueling opponent.

Harry, seeing only one desperate chance, transfigured a sliver of the broken headstone.

When Voldemort stuck his snake-like face around the stone, Harry struck, the newly-transfigured knife in his hand inexpertly but by chance slicing along the side of the Dark Lord's thin neck and into his windpipe.

The Dark Lord screamed and gargled as his blood spurted all over Harry and began filling his own lungs.

The Death Eaters, cheering with all their might, didn't hear the screams of pain and fear for what they were.

The Death Eaters, not being able to see beyond the headstone, couldn't see the final moments of Lord Voldemort bleeding to death from the cut inflicted by a fourteen year old Harry Potter.

5.

The running battle through Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry between Harry Potter and Lord Voldemort ended near the gargoyle guarding the entrance to the Headmaster's office.

Voldemort stood over the unarmed Harry, gloating for just a moment. "Ava -"

CRACK!

Voldemort flew backwards, landing at the top of a flight of stairs before he slid down them backwards.

"You shall not harm Harry Potter!" Dobby the House-Elf declared with a long finger raised.

6.

In the atrium of the Ministry of Magic, Lord Voldemort spoke through the mouth of Harry Potter. "If death is nothing, Dumbledore, kill the boy . . ."

Dumbledore frowned slightly. Showing amazing speed for a 162 year old wizard, he pointed his wand at Voldemort's unmoving body. "*Obliterate* ." He then moved his wand to Harry's twitching body and transfigured him into an obnoxiously cute puppy. Dumbledore walked over and picked up the squirming canine. "Now, what shall I do with you?"

7.

Voldemort entered his chambers after a long but satisfying day torturing muggles and thwarting the incompetent ministry of magic.

Voldemort made it one step toward his bed before his legs were kicked out from under him.

Falling flat upon his face, Voldemort was vaguely aware that his wand had been taken by his attacker.

Bellatrix proceeded to alternately kick and shout at him.

"YOU -" Kick.

"- PROMISED -" Kick.

"- ME -" Kick.

"- A -" Kick.

"- DAY -" Kick.

"- TOGETHER -" Kick.

"- FOR -" Kick.

"- OUR -" Kick.

"- ANNIVERSARY!"

8.

Lord Voldemort strode triumphantly into the office of Albus Dumbledore.

Headmaster Dumbledore, indomitable spirit that he was, smiled, twinkled, and said, "Hello, Tom. Would you care for a lemon drop?"

Voldemort considered killing the meddlesome old fool right then (and killing that damnable phoenix for staring at him like that as well). On the other hand, lemon drops WERE one of his favorite candies from the time he was in that thrice-damned orphanage.

Two minutes later, Voldemort fell to the floor, choking to death on a muggle sweet.

9.

Lord Voldemort had one secret addiction. A vice.

Not just any vice.

No.

It was a muggle vice.

He was so intent upon what was in front of him that he didn't hear the door open behind him, nor did he hear Harry Potter sneak into the room.

"I KNOW I'm in a maze of twisty little passages, all alike, you bloody computer!"

10.

As the dust settled, the Order of the Phoenix slowly moved in.

In the center of the devastation, they found Harry Potter, sitting on the ground, breathing heavily but apparently unhurt. Across from him, Lord Voldemort also sat on the ground, looking around curiously.

"What happened?" Remus eventually asked after peering at the confusing scene for a full two minutes.

Harry looked up, grinning in a way that even the former Marauder found disturbing. "He's going to spend the rest of his life believing he's a six year old muggle girl."

"Could someone please braid my hair?" Lord Voldemort asked in an innocent, high pitched voice.

11.

Two armies met upon the grounds of Hogwarts.

At the forefront, Harry Potter stepped forward to be met by Lord Voldemort. They stopped about ten feet apart.

"Are you ready to die, Potter?"

Harry ignored the question. "Tell me, Tom, did you ever watch any of those American western movies on the telly?"

Harry Potter pulled a nine millimeter automatic out from beneath his robes.

12.

The specter that was once Lord Voldemort tried desperately to evade the searchers, but they eventually caught him.

A Containing Spell and a Binding Spell later, the glass sphere in one hand had what appeared to be dark smoke in it.

"Seems that young Potter was correct," Unspeakable Kay observed.

"I'm more glad that we came out here against Fudge's orders," Unspeakable Jay replied.

13.

Coming out to the front lawn of Hogwarts and marching down toward the tall figure standing in the middle of the field of green, Harry went to face his destiny.

Once he was close enough, he said cheerfully, "Hello, Tom. So nice of you to come."

Eyes narrowing in anger at the address, Voldemort hissed out, "Potter. You're bringing your school trunk to our duel instead of your wand?"

"Our wands don't work against each other, Tom. You know that. No, what's IN the trunk is what's important. Here, let me show you." Harry reached forward and opened the trunk.

Harry's boggart took the form of a dementor. Voldemort's, on the other hand, was far different.

"I love you. You love me," sang a plush purple dinosaur.

14.

Leaving the broken and bleeding form of Harry Potter on the front lawn of Number Four, Privet Drive, Voldemort blasted the door in and entered the house.

He was met with the sight of the three most disgusting muggles he'd ever met. Not even trying to hide the disgust he felt, he said, "I wanted to thank

you for effectively destroying that boy. Healthy and at full strength, he might have been a threat. Your treatment of him kept that from happening. So I wanted to thank you for your help before I killed you."

At his words, each of the three Dursleys reacted differently.

Dudley screamed, grabbed his exceedingly large buttocks in his hands, soiled himself, and ran up the stairs, leaving the odors of his bowels and under washed, overweight teenaged male behind.

Petunia started a keening wail that caused dogs three streets away to whimper in pain and fear.

Vernon, mind now occupied with equal parts fear and anger, rushed the suddenly overwhelmed and disoriented Voldemort.

Voldemort got one spell off.

Vernon, now limp, landed his considerable bulk directly on top of Voldemort.

Unable to breath - and therefore speak - with three hundred pounds of muggle atop him, Voldemort silently cursed his frail body as he slowly blacked out, victim of asphyxiation.

15.

Luna Lovegood stepped over the prone and bleeding form of Harry Potter to stand between him and Lord Voldemort.

"Who are you, foolish girl?"

She remained silent.

"I demand to know your name!"

She still remained silent.

"Very well, I'll TAKE the information! *Legilimens!*"

Thirty seconds later, Lord Voldemort fell to the ground, twitching.

Luna shook her head sadly and said, "Your mind is too small and fragile to be wandering around on its own."

16.

"Seize him!" Voldemort commanded Quirrell.

Instead of turning around to see where he was going, Quirrell tried to walk backwards toward Harry.

Unfortunately, he didn't see the stone he slipped on.

Arms pin wheeling, he fell flat on his back and crushed in the back of his skull. Which was also doubling as Voldemort's face.

17.

"Padma, do you have a second?"

The seventh year Ravenclaw looked over at Harry for one confused moment before shrugging slightly and following him into an unused classroom. "What's up?"

Harry smiled at her nervously. "You've heard the rumors that I'm the only one who can kill Voldemort, right?"

She shuddered but nodded.

"And the rumor that the power I have over him is love?"

She nodded again, now more confused than anything.

"Well, you see, the thing is that Dumbledore had this idea . . . Well, maybe it's easier if you just read this." She handed the very confused girl a piece of parchment that had been addressed to her. While she read, he paced back and forth, trying to burn some of the anxious energy off.

Mouth agape, she looked up at him. "You have got to be kidding me."

Harry just shrugged.

"You can't seriously expect me . . . Are you out of your mind?!"

Harry shrugged again. "Padma, it's for the good of the wizarding world."

"Well, maybe, but . . . An orgy with you and fifteen girls?" she asked in disbelief.

18.

Harry coughed and spat some blood out.

Voldemort stood over him and gloated.

Even without an audience of Death Eaters, Voldemort still spoke, "Behold the Death of the Boy Who Lived!" He dramatically raised his arm.

This slight delay saw the arrival of a small ball of fire that impacted Voldemort, throwing him backwards and setting his robes on fire.

A male veela, sex appeal oozing out of every pore despite his bird-like features and wings sprouting from his back, spoke in a voice that was still recognizably that of Draco Malfoy. "You shall not touch my Life Mate!"

19.

"You failed."

"Master, please. That plan should have worked! How Dumbledore and his infernal Order knew to arrive at that time -"

"Silence." The standing figure studied the kneeling and trembling form in front of him for a few moments. "I have given you three years to destroy that boy. You have only managed to embarrass yourself. Repeatedly."

"Please, Master. Give me one more chance."

"*Avada Kedavra* ." He sighed and shook his head at the slumped figure. "Good help is so difficult to find these days." He stepped away from the body of his faithful but incompetent follower, Tom Riddle.

Out of the room came Dark Lord Else-Norway, wondering idly if he could find another anagram for his name.

20. Bunny by SonicDale:

"What happened, Lieutenant?"

"There was an electrical short in my bomb-release, sir. I did NOT intend to drop it, but it fell off my aircraft anyway."

"What was it?"

"An M.K. 81, sir."

"Well, at least it was only 250 pounds. What'd it hit?"

"According to local authorities, an abandoned home near a small town called Little Hangleton. Family by the name of Riddle died out twenty years ago, apparently. Anyway, the bomb did a good number on the house, but as nobody was there . . ."

21. Bunny by David Thacker:

"Are you absolutely sure, Severus?"

"Yes, My Lord. I have modified the wards around the brat Potter's hideout. Among your forces, only you have the power to exploit the breach I introduced. Here are the apparition coordinates."

"Very well. If your information is accurate, you will be rewarded."

"You are too kind, My Lord."

Studying the parchment one last time, Voldemort drew his wand and apparated out.

He chose to apparate to 100 yards from the indicated spot. He didn't trust Severus Snape not to try to lead him to his death.

Unfortunately for him, he apparated into a small, unlit room. He coughed on the soot in the air.

Five feet away, Harvey the crematorium worker pressed the series of buttons to start up the system.

22. Bunny by Alara Moonrunner:

Voldemort stared. "What is this for?"

"My Lord, you swim in the water."

Voldemort gave the St. Mungo's physical therapist a withering glare and fingered his wand. In a deadly voice, he said, "I know I am to swim in it, idiot. What I wanted to know is WHY."

"My Lord, it was my understanding that you wanted to build the flexibility and stamina of your body? If so, swimming is one of the better methods of doing so."

"Why can't I just drink a potion?" If he weren't the most feared dark lord in history, he would have sounded like he was whining.

The therapist answered carefully, "Due to how you . . . acquired your body, using magic or potions to alter it may have . . . unfortunate consequences. Therefore, physical toning would be the easiest way to get the results you require."

Voldemort sighed. "Very well. Leave me."

The therapist bowed and scurried from the room.

From his time as a young Tom Riddle, Voldemort DID know how to swim. He actually had enjoyed it as a young student at Hogwarts, truth be told.

He jumped into the Olympic-sized pool cleanly and started swimming toward the deep end, staying underwater as long as he could.

The problem was that he didn't have the lung capacity or physical stamina that he thought he did.

He drowned before making it through the first half-lap.

23. Bunny by Ed Regal:

Voldemort was stalking Harry Potter through London. He KNEW the little brat had entered this building. The only problem now was to find him . . .

He quietly entered a large, open room. Strangely, the floor felt as if it were padded. Probably had something to do with whatever kind of "studio" this place was, according to the sign above the front door. Shrugging off the minor mystery, he crossed toward the other door he saw.

A movement out of the corner of his eye was all it took. Smoothly, he brought his wand around, aimed, and spoke, "*Avada Kedavra* !" It took less than a second for him to get the spell off.

It took a lot less than that for the spell to go out, hit the mirror, and come back at him.

24. Bunny by Meghan:

The critical moment of the ritual arrived. Thirteen Death Eaters raised their wands at Lord Voldemort.

Twelve of them cast, "*Spurlinium Sucorus Sufuruous Spelannius* ."

Goyle cast, "*Spurlinium Sucorus Sufuruous Spelankius* ."

The resulting magical explosion, centered on Lord Voldemort's chest and ending with little bits of Voldemort sticking to every surface in the room, proved two things.

One, dark rituals are dangerous.

Two, mispronouncing a spell is a BAD THING.

25. Bunny by Brandon West:

[You promised us sustenance.]

"And you shall have it. AFTER I have control of Wizarding Britain."

[No. You said we would have sustenance and we WILL have it.]

"You will feed when I SAY you can feed."

[No. Now.]

Voldemort laughed.

The dementor in front of him moved forward.

Voldemort abruptly stopped laughing and cast three different spells. They merely slowed the dementor down, not stopping or harming it at all.

Hissing in vexation, Voldemort said, "*Expecto Patronum* ."

Nothing happened. His history, delving ever deeper into the blackest of dark arts, had rendered him completely incapable of casting a patronus.

Now desperate, Voldemort cast spell after spell, frantically searching for anything that would stop this monster in front of him. Nothing worked.

Magaically drained, tired, and feeling cold, Voldemort vaguely heard screams of terror coming from his Death Eaters outside of his audience chamber.

Occlumency shields crumbling, Voldemort finally succumbed to the dementor's aura. His last conscious thought was that it was utterly ironic that his greatest fear wasn't death as he'd always thought. His greatest fear was of Nothing.

26. Bunny by hedwig_edwiges:

Voldemort walked into Severus Snape's potions laboratory in the Death Eater headquarters. "You sent for me, Severus? Whatever it is, it had better be worth bringing me down her instead of you coming to me."

Snape shuddered. "I apologize, My Lord, but one of the steps in the Alexander's Potion of Power Tap requires a step that would best be accomplished here instead of in your throne room."

"Very well. What is needed?"

Snape opened a cage and drew out what looked like a small, brown pillow. "By your hand, My Lord, a puffskein must be killed and the blood drained into the simmering potion."

"Very well. Give me the infernal animal and a knife."

The instant the cute, furry animal touched his hand, it began emitting a keening wail. The sound seemed to penetrate into everyone's brain and cause a migraine in about two seconds.

Unnoticed by either wizard, Voldemort's skin had an allergic reaction to the puffskein fur. Purple blisters formed and began spreading up his arm rapidly.

By the time another Death Eater burst into the room, Snape was on the ground, head in hands and screaming in agony.

Voldemort's body was covered in purple spots and he'd died of an allergic reaction to the cutest, furriest, most harmless animal in magical Britain.

27. Bunny by Anonymous Reviewer (I seem to get reviews from this person a lot):

Harry Potter, tied to a tombstone, watched the end of Wormtail's dark ritual in horror. Finally, steam billowed out of the top of the cauldron.

Just at the moment Harry expected a form to step out of the mist, a thud and then a snap sounded. As if a light had gone off, Harry's scar stopped hurting.

Still whimpering over his severed hand, Wormtail scuttled forward and peered into the now quiet cauldron. "Damn," he whispered, "I KNEW I should've gotten the larger size of cauldron."

28. Bunny by Finbar:

Voldemort seethed as he flew off. The Order of the Phoenix had managed to find his hideout and made a raid on it, killing everyone inside. Outnumbered, no allies, and facing both Potter and Dumbledore, Voldemort had taken one of the brooms and fled.

So intent on his simmering hatred, he didn't hear the sound coming up from behind him. Turning at the last moment, he saw an image that no living soul had ever seen before.

The intake of a jet engine coming at him at 400 knots from a distance of ten feet.

29. Another bunny by Finbar:

Walden Macnair, formerly of the Disposal of Dangerous Magical Creatures Department of the Ministry of Magic, swung his huge battle-axe with glee. He didn't care that the Death Eaters had launched a surprise attack on Hogwarts. All he cared about was that he could use his axe again.

Missing his target, an auror that was rapidly moving away from the huge berserker, Macnair couldn't check his swing and ended up spinning in place when the axe's momentum pulled him around.

He turned his head just in time to watch the axe in his hands cut through Voldemort's chest.

Macnair, now wearing copious amounts of Voldemort's blood, blinked and said, "Oops."

30. Bunny by Matthew:

Harry was running. He'd been duelling, if you could call it that, Voldemort for several hours now. Considering how much more powerful the dark wizard was, it was a testament to Harry's running stamina and Apparition skills that he was still alive.

Unfortunately, after that last Apparition, he didn't think he could do so again, even if his life depended on it.

So he ran.

Cold, mocking laughter echoing behind him, Harry ran into a stadium. He had nowhere else to go.

Unfortunately, there was a football game in progress. Using a couple Blasting Curses on the security gates, Harry went onto the field, praying that there was nobody on the field at that point. Either way, he was guaranteed fewer people on the field than in the stands. Unfortunately for him, the game was going on as he tried to move across the open field.

Voldemort Apparated to just behind Harry. One of the football security guards, chasing Harry, crashed into him. Voldemort did with this Muggle as he did with all Muggles that annoyed him. Namely, he killed the guard and then the nearest two football players.

The resulting riot took three hours to break up. Voldemort's broken wand and mangled body was found the next morning, stuffed into a stadium trash receptacle.

31. Scene submitted by Tommy L aka Fanfix. Used with permission and posted without modification:

The brat had hidden in this building, he was sure of it. Voldemort walked stealthily towards the modern-sized building, ignoring the squeaking of his bunny-slippers. His tracking charm had found Potter while he was taking an afternoon nap, and he'd had no time to slip into his robes; the slippers' and heart-decorated pink pyjama would have to do... Entering the building the Dark Lord took a look around, but saw nothing suspicious... There, inside the closest door, was Harry Potter with a bunch of muggles, all dressed up in some white funny clothings. The Dark Lord snickered; he had him this time... now, in three he would spring into the room and kill his nemesis; One... two... tree...

He never noticed the sign above the door; Shaolin Style Kung-Fu... And in a small and lit room in Little Hangleton, on a desk, a muggle found a strange black stick with the inscriptions; Belongs to Lord Voldemort (with the crossed out words 'Tom loves Myrtle' at the top).

32. Scene submitted by Meteoricshipyards. Used with permission and posted without modification:

"You cannot escape, Potter! You have no wand! No portkey! No floo powder! No friends! No way to get through my anti-apportation wards! This is your final moment!" The nose-less fiend gloated. He won! This was it! Potter cowered against the wall of his cottage.

Suddenly the door opened and a skinny blond stepped in. She had no wand, so the Dark Lord didn't kill her immediately.

"Harry! Guess what!"

"Not now Luna, I'm about to be killed."

"Harry, this is important. I found a Crumpled Horn Snorkack!"

"That's great Luna, but this really isn't the time for it."

"You're right. We have almost no time." She rushed over to Harry, ignoring the Dark Lord.

"Girl, get away from him, unless you want to die too."

Noticing the Dark Lord for the first time, Luna said, "Oh, hi! You don't want to stand there, you know."

"No one tells the Dark Lord where to stand! Now you both die! Avada Kaaaaaa!"

Voldemort's spell was lost as the wall of the cottage collapsed on him. Luna quickly got Harry out of the building before the rest of it fell. Harry stood next to Luna looking at the twelve meter tall, vaguely deer like animal.

"So that's why they call it 'Crumple Horned'," he said, looking at it's head.

33. Bunny that is a hybrid of bunnies from Dorothy McComb and Michael Foerster:

"Hey, Tommy. You have something of mine and I want it back."

"Don't call me that, Potter. What is it that you think I have of yours?"

"*Accio* my blood!"

34. Bunny by Ishtar:

"Today, class, we have a visitor. He is going to give us something for the entire class to enjoy."

"Hi, kids. My name is Harry Potter. And I've brought you . . ."

"Eew. Is that a rat?"

"No, it's a weasel."

"Actually, it's a ferret."

"What's it's name?"

"I've named him Voldy."

"Voldy? What kind of name is that?"

"I thought it fit him. If you'd rather name him 'Fluffy', then be my guest. He's for your second grade class to take care of, now. Careful petting him, though; he might bite."

35. Bunny by raining_lilies:

Voldemort stared at Wormtail. Apparate onto the Hogwarts Express, kill the brat, apparate out.

It couldn't be that simple.

Could it?

"Wormtail, if this plan succeeds, you will have earned a high place among my Death Eaters."

The cowering rat relaxed, realizing he wasn't going to get in trouble after all. "Thank you, Master."

Without another word, Voldemort apparated out.

Harry Potter, sharing a train compartment with his friends, felt the carriage bump over something. "What was that?"

"Something on the tracks?" Ron wondered aloud.

36. Bunny by Sim:

Voldemort finally broke through the wards around the Weasley property and entered the grounds of one of his numerous enemies. The Potter boy was having his birthday party (useless waste of time, that) and so everyone was in one place instead of tending to locational security.

Passing through the house (what a miserable dump!), Voldemort absently picked up a piece of candy off of the kitchen table (ward breaking IS hard work) and ate it.

Just as he stepped into the back yard and his arch nemesis came into view, Voldemort felt a strange sensation in his stomach. And then the entire world started getting larger.

It took only moments before he realized that, in fact, he was getting smaller. Once he stopped shrinking, he darted behind a rose bush to give himself time to think and reverse the enchantment.

"Wha' do we have 'ere?"

The two inch tall Voldemort turned around to see what looked like a huge potato with legs.

"What was that?" Harry asked, looking over toward Molly's garden.

"Just the gnomes," Ron said.

37. Bunny by ThadiusZho:

Voldemort cast a hail of arrows, stunners, fire sprays, killing curses, and assorted other dark curses at Harry. For his part, Harry deflected, avoided, shielded, and generally jumped around to stay out of the way of the destructive spells being cast at him.

During a momentary break in the duel, Voldemort said, "I will admit that you're good, Potter, but not good enough. Any last words?"

Harry nodded cheerfully and cryptically said, "What goes up must come down."

Suspecting a trick, Voldemort kept one eye on Harry and glanced up.

Just in time to see arrows, gravel, rocks, and fireballs come back down at him.

38. Another bunny by Hedwig_Edwiges:

Voldemort, in his animagus form, crept into Number Four, Privet Drive. Foolish of the old man to base the wards on blood. He and I share the blood, so the wards do not affect me!

He made it exactly two and a half feet past the front door before a foot came down and crushed him.

The last thing his fading consciousness heard was, "Boy! I don't know what kind of unnaturalness you're spreading, but now you're making COCKROACHES appear in our prefectly clean house!"

39. Bunny by Killer07:

Instead of simply biding his time in the forests of Albania, the spectre of Lord Voldemort travelled across the ocean, trying to find a land unprepared for his presence.

Needing rest and nourishment after his long over-water trip, he spent some time in the first major city he stumbled across.

About to possess yet another weak-minded muggle, a stream of energy caught him from the side. Struggling mightily against the unexpected attack, Voldemort nearly broke free before something pulled him down and into a prison of some sort.

"What the hell is that thing, Egon?"

"Not sure, Venkman. A class three phantasm, maybe. Doesn't really matter. We'll just store him with all the others."

40. Bunny by Heather:

Severus Snape was sweating.

It had nothing to do with a fire under one of his potions. Nor did it have anything to do with fear, though he was standing in the midst of the gathered Inner Circle of the Death Eaters.

No, the cause of his overheating was much more prosaic and currently Disillusioned.

Finally, he thought as Lord Voldemort entered the room.

Moving quickly, Snape pulled a large, wiggling item out from under his robes and canceled the Silencing Charm before placing it upon the floor.

Distantly hearing the wails of a fully-grown mandrake, Snape nonchalantly walked out of the room as every Death Eater fell to the ground behind him.

Finally I can get these damn pink earmuffs off!

41. Bunny by Anonymous Reviewer:

Voldemort stalked his prey through muggle London.

Strangely, it didn't feel as foreign to him as he expected.

Unfortunately for him, that was because he was currently walking through the darkest, most crime-ridden neighborhood the great metropolis contained.

He didn't even feel the knife enter his back as the burned-out junkie desperately tried to steal enough money for his next fix.

42. Scene submitted by BadVoodoo. Used with permission and posted without modification:

"So I have an idea for stopping Voldemort."

"What is it Ron?" Hermione asked as the pair snuggled on her parents couch watching television.

"We set a trap for him," Hermione looked at him with a look that could not be interpreted in any other way than 'well, duh'. Ron continued, "We set up a field and somehow tell him that Harry's going to be there, we put anti-apparation and anti-portkey wards up around it. We put Harry in the middle, then surround him with fallen rakes; hundreds of them!" His voice carried a hint of excitement as he finished relating his idea.

"Rakes? You can't be serious." Hermione replied.

"No, think about it, he apparates or portkeys to the edge of the field, then he's walking along and BAM," he clapped his hands loudly, "he steps on a rake; it swings up from the ground and pounds him in the face."

Hermione looked at her paramour, waiting for him to continue and instead saw his hopeful face looking back at her expectantly. "That's it? We get him to step on a rake?"

"It worked before on the muggle vision machine. That character Sideshow Bob was always stepping on rakes and losing to a child."

43. Bunny (slightly modified) by Killer07

Voldemort scuttled into the Great Hall of Hogwarts during evening meal.

Though he would have definitely preferred to stride in forcefully, in full view of his defeated enemies, he was forced to use his animagus form. Soon, though, he would change and cause panic among all these pathetic children.

Senses alerting him to danger, Voldemort turned his attention to the right just in time to see an extremely thin cat with lamp-like yellow eyes pounce.

Mrs. Norris licked her lips after her dinner of a live mouse and trotted up to the Head Table to rest at Filch's feet.

44. Blame Treck for this one

"I would not think to question your orders, My Lord, but I would remind you that she has proven useful to your cause."

"True enough, Lucius, but only as a byproduct of her actions. She was cruel to the Potter boy because she wanted to, not because I ordered it. If she will not join us, she shall die."

At that moment, Dolores Jane Umbridge exited her bathroom, one pudgy hand holding the ends of her towel together after her shower. One look at the two intruders in her hallway, and she screamed, hands flying akimbo.

The towel dropped.

Voldemort's brain spontaneously combusted at the image thus revealed.

45. Another bunny (modified) from Killer07

Bound to a tombstone, Harry watched the Dark resurrection ceremony in horror.

A dark shape was visible through the billowing steam. After a moment the steam dissipated, revealing a red skeleton.

A long second later, it fell to pieces, clattering to the bottom of the empty cauldron.

Horried and still in pain from his part in the ceremony, Wormtail looked down. His severed right hand lay in the grass beside the cauldron.

Huh, Harry thought, so that's what happens if you're missing flesh in a resurrection ceremony.

Neither Harry nor Wormtail noticed the pack of wild dogs that peered into the graveyard, drawn by the smell of blood and fresh bones.

46. Yet another bunny (modified) from Killer07

With a small pop of displaced air, Voldemort appeared in a dark room. The portkey had been set for him by Wormtail, so he wasn't aware exactly where he was. His instructions to his minion were only to get him within striking distance of one of Potter's allies.

Red eyes scanned the room. Boxes filled the space, nearly hiding the trap door from sight.

With a contemptuous sneer, Voldemort raised his wand and cast a Blasting Curse to clear the way.

He hadn't noticed the stylized WWW logo on the side of the box.

The resulting explosion registered as a 4.3 on the Richter Scale.

47. And another bunny from Killer07

Lord Voldemort ignored the glazed look in the guard's eye as he entered his throne room.

What he saw gave him pause.

Four other Lord Voltmorts were all glaring at each other and now him.

"Who are you, and what do you think you're doing?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing, imposter."

"Imposter! You're the one wearing my image!"

"No, you're wearing mine!"

All five versions began shouting at each other. It quickly degenerated into a free-for-all duel.

At four points around the country, behind elaborate defenses, sat magical artifacts that once were called Horcruxes but were now merely empty shells.

48. Another bunny from Killer07 (whoever gave him the carrot-flavored clothing, I wish to thank you, but I think he's getting a touch irritated by all these bunnies)

[Hello, young Speaker.]

Nagini. Fancy meeting you here."

[I do not understand.]

"It's a figure of speech. I'm just surprised that you're approaching me here in the Hogwarts greenhouses. As you haven't tried to attack, I'll assume Tom didn't send you to kill me?"

[My former master has had many plans to kill you. None succeeded. That is why I am here.]

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

[He forever promised me good eating. He never fulfilled that promise. Only one magical human have I eaten in the past forty moon cycles, and he was five days dead. Only three humans, and they were all chewed up before I was allowed to eat them. Always it is mice and rats, and never the one they call Wormtail.]

"This is all interesting, Nagini, but I don't understand why you're telling me this."

[I wish a new Master.]

"I'm flattered, but -"

[In what you humans call, "Making a good first impression," I will tell you that I killed my former Master before seeking you out.]

49. Another bunny from Killer07

Voldemort stepped over the bodies of the muggle security guards and through the heavy, reinforced door that he'd just spent the past two minutes blasting through.

"Lucius, why are we attacking this place?"

The Malfoy Patriarch shrugged. "It's guarded, Bella," he pointed out. "Whatever this place is, the muggles must think it's valuable."

"Yes, but what, exactly, is the 'radiation' that sign is warning us about?"

50. Another bunny from Killer07

Out of breath, Lord Voldemort glared down at his fallen opponent. "That was a good duel, Potter, but not good enough. Avada Kedavra."

Voldemort hadn't noticed that one of Harry's Cutting Curses earlier had nicked his wand. None of the curses he'd used since then had been powerful enough to require the full channeling power of his wand.

This one was.

Just like he had seen below Hogwarts in his second year, Harry watched a spell come out the wrong end of a compromised wand.

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort Fifty-one to One Hundred

51. Another bunny from Killer07

"We will all Portkey to the Hogwarts front lawn, inside the wards. You all have your assignments. Anyone failing me will wish for a quick death. Is that understood?" Voldemort glared around.

All Death Eaters were nodding with varying levels of enthusiasm.

"Portkeys activate in five seconds. Prepare yourselves."

All the Portkeys activated at the same time. All of them were set to deposit their passengers standing upon terra firma.

That's why all of the Death Eaters immediately started drowning as they appeared at the bottom of Hogwarts Lake.

Voldemort, wanting to stand out from his followers, had set his Portkey to appear a short distance away from the rest of them. Instead of underwater, he appeared just in front of a tree trunk. It took until the first branch hit him in the side of the head, dazing him, before he realized it was the Whomping Willow.

52. Another bunny from Killer07

Voldemort lowered his wand. "Fool. A muggle attacking the greatest Dark Lord to ever live with a sword? Well, a dead fool now."

He turned his back and walked away. He only made it a short distance before his head was removed from his shoulders by a single cut.

The Immortal stood still, arms outstretched. After nearly a minute waiting for the Quickening, he shrugged in confusion. "Well, he must not have been Immortal after all. Must've felt the Buzz from something else."

53. Another bunny from Killer07

Battle-ready, the Death Eaters arrived by portkey.

Instead of in front of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry, they found themselves in a jungle.

Voldemort spun in place. "Goyle! What did you do wrong with the Portkeys?"

"My apologies, My Lord," the large and not very bright wizard simpered. "I will have them recast in a moment."

From one side, a voice spoke up. "My Lord? There is a ruined muggle building over here. InGen Corporation?"

From another side came a shriek. "Help! Huge lizard thing!"

From a third side, an overlapping voice shouted, "A dozen upright lizards! Ava -" The voice cut off in a gargle.

The final noise Voldemort heard was an unearthly roar as a tyrannosaurus stepped into view.

54. Another bunny (modified) from Killer07

Voldemort, riding in the back of Quirrell's head, snapped, "Touch nothing, fool, except the stone."

"Yes, My Lord." A moment more of spell work, and they appeared in vault 713.

A small pile of galleons was there, but nothing else. In desperation, Quirrell started sifting through the coins, hoping the stone was buried among them.

"Touch nothing, I say!" Voldemort shrieked just as they were removed from the vault by goblin magic.

Goblins work under the theory that thieves should be dealt with, with a minimum of fuss.

Therefore, Quirrell - and Voldemort - were transported three miles straight downward.

Unfortunately for them, there was no open space at their arrival point.

55. Bunny (modified) by David Thacker

Voldemort was beyond angry.

The running fight had been going throughout the hastily abandoned St. Mungo's Hospital for the past hour. Most of his Death Eaters had been wounded in one way or another and been revived to continue the fight.

How Potter and his ragtag group of allies, especially that thrice-damned family of redheads, could resist his forces this long was something that Voldemort couldn't comprehend.

The Dark Lord and a handful of followers finally cornered Potter and two of his redheaded friends in the potions preparation area.

"Any final words, Potter?" Voldemort snarled.

"Yes, actually," one of the twins said. He pointed to a Death Eater on Voldemort's right. "That purple glop he fell in? It's flammable." A short wand flick later, and the wide-eyed, panicked Death Eater went up in flames, catching several of his fellow Death Eaters in the sudden fireball.

Voldemort jumped away from him just as the second twin said, "That green powder all over this other Dead Muncher explodes." Another wand flick and the unfortunate Death Eater with green powder in his hair and all down his shirt was suddenly flying face-first the three feet toward his Master.

56. Another bunny from Killer07

Voldemort led Rookwood, Macnair, and Wormtail through the ancient ruins somewhere in a South American jungle. According to his research, a forgotten magical civilization had left behind numerous dark artifacts behind, and he was determined to get his hands on a few of them.

Stepping cautiously through a dark tunnel, Voldemort was amazed to find a muggle wearing all brown clothing - down to a floppy brown hat - come running toward them.

"Run!" the muggle yelled as he went barreling past the four wizards without slowing.

Blinking in confusion at the unexpected sight, Macnair looked back forward just in time to see a huge round rock come rolling down the tunnel at them.

57. Bunny by Tommy L aka fanfix

A sixteen year old Tom Marvolo Riddle stepped into the Chamber of Secrets for the first time.

Gazing around in wonder and fantasizing about all of the power that would shortly be at his fingertips, the young wizard did not hear the sound of a large snake as it came up behind him.

58. Another bunny by Tommy L aka fanfix

Instead of retreating to Albania after his incompetent follower Quirrell had perished, Voldemort started possessing the small animals of the Forbidden Forest.

He needed to be near Hogwarts. All of his plans required him to be here.

Just as Voldemort was about to possess his twenty-sixth snake, a crashing noise and bright light distracted him. Before he could do more than turn his attention that way, a large object came right through the area he'd been floating in, somehow swallowing the Dark Lord whole.

Arthur Weasley's Ford Anglia let out a large backfire.

59. Another bunny by Killer07

Standing with his back to the Forbidden Forest, Harry was flanked by the D.A. and the Order of the Phoenix.

Standing across from them were Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

The numbers were not in the Light's favor.

By a lot.

Voldemort was smirking. "You know you cannot win."

Instead of answering the comment, Harry turned his head fractionally and said, "Headmaster, I must admit that I lied to you years ago."

"About what, my boy?"

"When I claimed to have killed something." He then hissed something that only Voldemort understood, causing the evil wizard's eyes to widen in fear.

The head of sixty foot basilisk appeared from behind a large tree.

60. Another bunny by Killer07

Harry and Voldemort were in a duel that was running all over Hogwarts castle.

Finally wearing his young adversary's energy down, Voldemort disarmed Harry. Smirking, he was standing at the top of a staircase and looking down at his beaten foe laying on the landing below.

Voldemort forgot that Hogwarts was, in several ways, sentient. More importantly, she was very protective of her students.

Before the Dark Lord could say another word, the staircase lurched into motion, throwing him off his feet. At which point he was pounced upon by one-hundred twelve house-elves, seventeen ghosts, six suits of armor, and a poltergeist.

61. Bunny by Art

In front of Harry's horrified eyes, Wormtail dropped the infant-sized Voldemort into the bubbling cauldron.

Before Wormtail can perform the next step, the misshapen form that Voldemort was wearing, now a bright red, screeched in pain, pulled itself out of the cauldron, and fell to the grass. It immediately burst into flame.

Wormtail blinked down at the smoldering corpse. "Huh. Must had the flame set too high."

62. Another bunny by Art

Voldemort stared at the box of chocolates in suspicion. Who in the name of Merlin would send him chocolates and sign it "A Devoted Follower"?

Voldemort plucked the first chocolate out of the box and cast every detection charm he knew on it.

They all came back clean.

It was delicious.

The next chocolate went along the same path.

And the third. And the fourth . . .

By the eighth, Voldemort was slurring the detection spells due to the concentrated brandy in the mix.

By the twelfth, he wasn't even paying attention to the results of the detection spells.

He should've.

63. Bunny inspired by Art. His suggestion was very different, but it sparked this bunny.

During the course of the running fight in the Ogden's distillery, Harry landed a lucky Bludgeoning Hex on Voldemort. The Dark Lord fell into a large vat below the walkway that he and Harry had been dueling upon.

One of the Death Eaters stopped and tried to help his Lord and Master out. Voldemort playfully fought him off and drown ten minutes later.

64. Bunny series by Art.

Homing Portkey: A Portkey that will transport its passengers to a person instead of a location. Experimental. Potentially Dangerous. Contact the Department of Mysteries.

A) Harry had just taken his first skydiving solo jump from 4000 meters when he heard the pop of an arriving Portkey.

B) "So, Charlie, this is a bull Norwegian Ridgeback. Are they as temperamental, high-strung, and territorial as I've heard?" Harry heard an arriving Portkey from near the dragon.

C) Harry was scuba diving off the Great Barrier Reef, and keeping a respectful distance from three great white sharks, when he thought he heard the sound an arriving Portkey through the water.

D) Standing in Pamplona, Spain, Harry watched the end of the street tensely. The sound of arriving Portkey was lost in the sound of the approaching herd of bulls.

E) "Now THIS is what whitewater rafting is all about!" The American teenagers shouted agreement as they all fought to keep the raft upright. Harry didn't even hear the arriving Portkey over the roaring water.

F) "If you look out the port side, that's the left, Mr. Potter, you can see the Kilauea crater of the still active Mauna Loa volcano." Neither Harry nor the tour-guide pilot heard the arriving Portkey over the sound of the helicopter engine.

<Additional bunny by Panaka>

G) Harry is free-hand climbing El Capitan, two hundred feet above anything that could vaguely be called a ledge and five hundred feet above the ground, when he hears the arriving Portkey.

<Additional bunny by dontbe_vain>

H) Harry, having gone to visit his parents grave, passed a tombstone with the name **Harry Potur** inscribed. Having not specified *which* Harry Potter, the sound of the Portkey was muffled by the dirt under the deeply buried coffin.

<Additional bunny by dontbe_vain>

I) Harry stood by the railing along with a dozen other people in matching yellow rain jackets. The sound of the arriving Portkey was drowned out by the rushing waters of Niagra Falls.

65. Another bunny by Killer07

"Leave the child alone!"

Voldemort didn't even look up, but Lucius Malfoy did. Putting on his best sneer, he addressed the muggle, "And you think you can stop us? Who do you think you are?"

"Bruce Banner. Don't make me angry. You wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

66. Another bunny by Killer07

According to the plan, Voldemort would portkey into the storeroom of Flourish and Blott's to lay some traps, while his other Death Eaters would apparate in once he signaled them.

Unfortunately for him, his portkey deposited him into the cage containing the remaining (near starved) editions of The Monster Book of Monsters.

67. Another bunny by Killer07

"Hey, Bub, leave the poor kid alone!"

Voldemort looked over to see a well-muscled muggle with a cigar stride toward him.

A Killing Curse solved that problem.

At least temporarily.

Voldemort was amazed to see the muggle stand back up within a minute.

Another Killing Curse put him back down.

He got back up again.

Blasting Curses, Cutting Curses, Flaying Curses, and many other types of dark curses flew. Everything affected him temporarily, but he shrugged off all the effects within moments.

Finally within arm's reach, the muggle pulled a knife from who-knew-where and thrust it into Voldemort's chest.

"I don't know what kind of mutant you are, but that hurt," Wolverine informed him.

68. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort slowly opened his eyes. All the colors were more vibrant than before. All odors and sounds were likewise magnified. Despite not having a heartbeat, Voldemort felt alive for the first time in a very long time.

Still weak and in pain, he looked over toward where he could sense another of his kind. "The Turning was successful. As promised, the ritual to grant you immunity to sunlight will be delivered to you."

The other vampire smiled, bowed to Voldemort, and turned to the door.

Before he got there, though, a muscular black man wearing black clothing, a sword hilt over one shoulder, and miscellaneous other weapons on him entered the room calmly and shut the door behind himself. Both vampires stared at the man.

"Did I come at a bad time?" Blade asked in an emotionless tone.

69. Scene submitted by Draco664. Used with permission and posted without modification.

Neville gently teased the soil around the plant with his trowel. The leaves showed some signs of a rare root fungus, so it was imperative that he check it to ensure the root system was undamaged.

Gently, he pulled the plant out of the soil, noting with some concern that the root system, which looked remarkably like a baby human, had a distinctively unhappy look on its face. With an expression of intense discomfort, it screwed up its face and opened its mouth to wail.

Neville went to work, pleased that his earmuffs were working perfectly. Gently soothing the mandrake, he began plucking the fungi spores from around the mandrake's toes. Once done, he replanted the still-screaming, mature plant, ensuring the soil had the correct acidity and moisture before removing his earmuffs.

He turned around and gave a startled scream of his own. Lying in front of him were two black-robed figures, both with a blank expression on their faces. One, he instantly recognised as Bellatrix LeStrange. The other could only be V-V-Vol... You-Know-Who.

He blinked and looked back at the mandrake he had just been tending to.

"Huh, it looks like Harry *wasn't* the prophecised one after all."

70. Scene submitted by Draco664. Used with permission and posted without modification.

Voldemort looked around his gathered followers. With Potter still tied to the gravestone, he could afford to impart his displeasure with his followers. He was looking forward to hearing what their excuses were.

Before he could start, however, the gathering of the most feared wizards in the Wizarding World was interrupted.

A Muggle, well, a massive, exceedingly well built Muggle at any rate, wandered into the circle. His nude, glistening body on display to the world. The Death Eaters watched, dumbfounded, as the man with cold, dead eyes examined each of the wizards in detail.

Voldemort smirked. "Nice night for a walk?"

The man glanced back at the snake-faced wizard. "Nice night for a walk," he said tonelessly.

The Death Eaters all shared a chuckle at this idiot's ignorance of his dire situation. Macnair actually had the gall to say, "Wash day tomorrow. Nothing clean, right?"

The Muggle snapped his head round to look at MacNair. "Nothing clean, right," he repeated dutifully.

Lucius cleared his throat. "I believe this Muggle is a few sickles short of a galleon, my Lord."

The Muggle hadn't taken his eyes off MacNair, the only Death Eater in the circle who was around the same size as the Muggle. "Your clothes. Give them to me. Now!"

At his Lords gracious nod, MacNair slowly withdrew his wand. "*Crucio* !"

The Muggle looked down dispassionately at his chest where the spell hit.

ooOOoo

The nerve endings in its organic components were all reporting exceedingly high levels of stimulation. According to its databanks, it took severe damage for the nerves to light up like that. The data it was receiving easily placed the actions of the man into the 'threat' category.

Reacting to his programming the only way it knew how, the Terminator shifted into termination mode.

ooOOoo

Harry was taken to St. Mungos for evaluation that night. He'd obviously been severely traumatised psychologically after witnessing what appeared to the investigating aurors to be the work of a wild animal, which tore apart a dozen wizards, all of whom were well placed in high society.

Oh, and one unidentified part-human, whose remains were simply incinerated. No point wasting an investigation on such a worthless being.

71. Believe it or not, I occasionally DO have my own bunnies still.

"*Sectumsempra*," Voldemort hissed at a random muggle. They were on a raid in London, so terror was the order of the day instead of a more structured attack.

A huge, slicing wound opened up on the muggle's upper chest. Instead of falling over and messily dying, though, the muggle simply stopped and turned toward Voldemort and his Death Eaters. As he walked over, he pulled a small cylinder from his pocket. After pressing a button, a ice pick like extension came out of one end.

As the wounded muggle approached the amazed Voldemort, the Dark Lord noticed two things.

First, the blood coming out of the cut wasn't red but was rather black.

Second, Voldemort's eyes were beginning to burn.

72. Bunny by darthloki

"*Serpensortia*!" Draco Malfoy cried, pointing his wand at Harry in Lockhart's dueling circle.

The again-disembodied Voldemort was floating, undetectable, in the room. Seeing a chance, the quickly possessed the conjured snake.

Harry, in a panic at being suddenly confronted by a large cobra, cast a spell that he'd spotted in Fred's D.A.D.A. book. "*Reducto*!" he shouted.

Like most spells, this one reacted to extreme emotion.

Chunks of grilled snake rained down on the audience for the next thirty seconds.

73. Another bunny from Killer07

Furious with his failure to goad Dumbledore into killing Potter, Voldemort Summoned Lestrangle to him and triggered his escape portkey.

Unfortunately for him, he was unaware of one security measure a subset of the Department of Mysteries had put over the building.

Instead of the steady pull of a regular portkey trip, he felt a sudden wrenching sensation as if the portkey had been redirected. *But that was impossible, wasn't it?* When the trip ended, he saw a bright flash of light and then nothing.

The next morning, The Daily Prophet ran two stories. One was a break-in and a running fight that had resulted in the arrests of eleven Death Eaters.

The second article consisted mostly of a picture. As all wizarding pictures, it moved and ran in a loop. This particular loop lasted perhaps a full second. It was Voldemort and Bellatrix Lestrangle appearing wearing totally gobsmacked expressions. They were immediately pulled downward by gravity into the Veil of Death.

74. Another (modified) bunny from Killer07

Wormtail was preparing his Master's meal in the old Riddle House's kitchen. He was regretting his decision to search our his Master and was desperately awaiting June and the end of the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

Sighing once again, he noticed a movement out of the corner of his eye. Spinning in place, he saw a small animal of some sort, vaguely reminding him of the teddy bear he'd seen young Ginny Weasley own years ago. Brown, small, and cuddly looking, it had a stripe of hair sticking up from its head. "Shoo," he told it.

It merely tilted its head and looked at him.

Instead of hurting the thing, Wormtail merely shot sparks at it.

Giving a frightened squeak, it ducked into the pantry.

Chuckling, Wormtail gathered the food and left the room, absently noting it was near midnight.

Once he'd left, the little creature poked its head out, now looking much angrier. Instinctively, it also knew it was close to midnight. Looking around, it spotted both food and a bowl of water. A truly evil grin formed on its small face. "Mogwai," it muttered, moving toward the water.

75. Another bunny by Killer07

"Master, I cannot catch one," Quirrell panted.

"Then catch one of the foals, fool," Voldemort hissed from the back of the poor man's head.

This was a mistake.

The entire herd of unicorns had been nearby, each cooperating to keep the Evil One from catching one of their own. Unicorns are very intelligent animals, and so understood what the Evil One had said. With such a direct threat to one of the foals, they stopped running and all turned toward the threat.

Powerful as Quirrell had become after letting Voldemort possess him, he was not a match for a dozen angry unicorns attacking all at once. Not with their natural resistance to Dark Magic and their magical, long, and most importantly sharp, horns.

76. Another bunny from Killer07

Voldemort chuckled evilly as he led Bellatrix and Lucius to Potter's new home. After coming of age, the impudent brat had immediately moved out from under the blood wards that Dumbledore had set up at his aunt's home and bought a small mansion. Unfortunately for him, the defenses were far inferior.

Smirking in anticipation, Voldemort threw open the front door and strode into the (admittedly impressive) entrance hall.

Harry Potter awoke the next morning. After finishing his morning routine, he went downstairs toward the kitchen. Passing through the entrance hall, he stopped to scratch the near head of his new pet, a housewarming gift from his oldest magical friend. "Hiya, Fluffy. What've you been up to?"

77. Another bunny from Killer07

After disabling his troll, Quirrell/Voldemort entered the next chamber.

"A logic puzzle, Severus?" Quirrell hissed. He read the note, over several times, muttering under his breath. He strode back and forth, pausing to look at the bottles lined up. After a short time, he gave a decisive nod.

Taking one of the squat bottles in hand, he confidently drank the contents.

He chose poorly.

78. Another bunny from Killer07

Voldemort looked around his throne room in utter disbelief.

Blown out walls, partially collapsed portions of ceilings, furniture reduced to kindling.

And then there were his Death Eaters.

Every one of them was dead.

Broken necks, spells from each other, muggle bullet wounds, one even had a grappling hook imbedded in his chest.

Voldemort finally looked down at his own chest. A single bullet hole was slowly leaking blood down his robes.

Powerless to change events, Voldemort looked up at the single muggle standing in the room with unbridled hatred. He then fell over dead, never to rise again.

The muggle in question looked over at one pile of wreckage that was recently a hugely expensive car. "Q is going to kill me," James Bond muttered.

79. Another bunny from Killer07

"Harry."

Harry Potter's attention was pulled up from his summer homework. He was surprised to find a ghost in his room. He was further surprised to realize that it was . . . "Mum?" he asked in shock.

She smiled. "Yes, sweetheart. I just got back to this plane a minute ago. I was drawn to our shared blood, that's how I found you so quickly."

"If you found me by my blood -"

"Yes, I can find him." She gave a grin that made Harry uneasy. "Has anyone warned you that the quickest way to anger a woman is to hurt her son? Well, Riddle did just that and my response is about sixteen years overdue. Your father, Sirius, and I have been working on this spell for a

while, you see . . ."

80. Another bunny from Killer07

Voldemort raised his wand to curse another one of these abnormal muggle children when he saw something moving toward him. Turning, he saw a distinguished looking man in a wheelchair approach. They stared at each other, both ignoring the unusual and fantastic fight occurring around them.

Voldemort felt something in his mind and raised his Occlumency shields. It didn't help.

I've no idea what you are, but I cannot allow you to continue hurting the children, no matter how much it pains me to do this to you, a voice in his head spoke.

With that, Charles Xavier settled down to mind wipe all the black robed men, starting with the disfigured one before him.

81. Bunny by Lurk

Voldemort looked with distaste at the object in his hand. "It is a adaptation of a muggle idea, you say?"

"I am afraid so, My Lord," Wormtail simpered. "However, the producers are purebloods and the items are as powerful as almost any Explosion Hex without the energy draining effect.

"If I may, My Lord, you use it by first grasping it like -"

Voldemort gave him a withering glare. "Fool. I do not require instruction for such a simple item. Leave me."

Wormtail left.

The explosion less than a minute later brought down that wing of Malfoy Manor.

Voldemort really should have read the short instructional pamphlet that came with the case of Weasley's Super Deluxe Explosive Grenades.

82. One of those now-rare Original Ideas by Crys (tm)

In the midst of a battlefield, Voldemort stood over the dead body of the Boy-Who-Finally-Bloody-Died, cackling insanely. Finally pausing for breath, he looked around. Every Death Eater he could see was dead or immobilized.

He shrugged. It didn't matter. He was victorious over the Potter brat.

He grinned hideously at Dumbledore. "I have won, old man. You know this means I'm immortal." He turned to the rest of the Light defenders and spread his arms wide. "I am immortal!" he cried to them. "I have beaten your savior. You cannot win! Just to prove that I cannot be beaten, I will allow you all to curse me, right now!"

23 Stunning Spells, 52 Cutting Curses, 16 Blasting Curses, and 2 Killing Curses came flying at him.

Voldemort had miscalculated. The prophecy that Dumbledore had heard seventeen years previously referred to two people who wouldn't be born for another two hundred years.

83. Another Original Idea by Crys (tm)

"Hey, Tommy! Catch!" Harry Potter threw the fake Slytherin locket at his arch nemesis.

Voldemort, thinking Potter had just thrown one of his own horcruxes at him, snaked out a hand and caught it.

Only to feel the jerk behind his navel sensation of an activating portkey.

84. Another Original Idea by Crys (tm)

Seventeen year old Tom Riddle, about to start his seventh year at Hogwarts, decided that he needed to see what a real battlefield looked like.

Fortunately, there was one relatively close by.

He apparated to France and followed the flow of people until he found a battle underway. Again apparating to a nearby hill, he found a place with good visibility and settled down to watch, paying particular attention to tactics on both sides of the battle line.

On the east side, a German sniper was speaking with his lieutenant. "Sir? What do you make of that?" He pointed.

"Black robes? What are the Americans thinking? No matter. Whoever he is, he's obviously an enemy. Can you hit him from here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do so."

85. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort entered the quaintly named Shrieking Shack, knowing from Wormtail that there was an unguarded entrance to the Hogwarts grounds in the building

He really should've checked if Remus Lupin was in the area this night of the full moon.

86. Another bunny by Killer07

Harry and Voldemort faced each other as the Battle of Hogwarts raged around them.

During a moment of lull during their duel, an American style phone booth, of all things, fell from the sky and landed directly atop the Dark Lord.

Before Harry's incredulous eyes, two teens stepped out of the booth and looked around.

"Whoa, dude," Bill observed.

"Totally bogus," Ted agreed.

"Excellent," Harry whispered.

87. Another bunny by Killer07

Quirrell/Voldemort stared at the sphinx. *What in the name of Merlin?*

"What is your answer?" it asked calmly.

"Get out of my way, creature."

The sphinx's eyes narrowed. "You know the rules I work under. Answer or retreat."

He didn't bother answering, instead casting a Killing Curse.

The entity collectively known as Magic didn't take kindly to him doing that. After all, the sphinx was loyally fulfilling the purpose for which it was born.

Riddle wasn't.

88. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort stood over the dead body of Harry Potter. "I am immortal! I am a god among men!" he shouted to the downcast Light wizards who were watching.

A bright flash of light and a deafening crack of thunder stopped everyone in the tracks. When the dust settled, Voldemort was gone. In his place was a small crater with a scrap of papyrus. Written were the words, "These posers are getting really annoying."

89. Another bunny by Killer07

Just as Wraith-Voldemort got control of his latest wizard host, he heard, "*Obliviate* !"

Gilderoy Lockhart walked out of the hut, already planning on how to write the next chapter in his latest book.

90. Another bunny by Killer07

"Hey, stop that!"

Voldemort looked up from his spot of muggle-torture to see a muggle walking toward him wearing a very elaborate pair of sunglasses.

Is that rose quartz?

Deducing from their unique shape and color that they were valuable, Voldemort summoned them off the muggle's face.

Scott Summers wasn't expecting that, and as he was looking right at the pale, skinny guy . . .

91. Another bunny by Killer07

"Riddle."

"My Lord Grindewald. How may I serve you?"

"Apparate to these coordinates. My spies tell me that the Americans are testing a new weapon. Learn what you can of it, and report back to me. Steal it if possible."

"It will be done, Master."

Several apparition jumps later, Riddle found himself in a desert, looking at a sign. He heard a muggle siren blaring, but he ignored it, instead reading the sign.

**Welcome to Alamogordo, New Mexico
Test Site "Trinity"**

92. Another bunny by Killer07

Tom Riddle, seeker for Slytherin, was desperately chasing the snitch. Unfortunately for him, he lost his grip and fell from his broom.

It was only a twenty-foot fall, so neither the game referee nor the school nurse thought much of it until the young man didn't stand up again.

By the time they realized something was wrong and they got to him, he'd died.

It was ten minutes before they looked in his mouth, to find he'd choked to death on a golden snitch.

93. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort used a homing portkey and found himself standing in front of Potter and his mudblood friend. They were all standing in the Forbidden Forest.

Voldemort already had his wand out. The wide-eyed Harry did not.

"Now you will die," Voldemort stated simply.

He had no idea the fatal blow was coming. Harry and Hermione had been visiting Grawp and the giant took great exception to death threats to his Hermy.

94. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort used a homing portkey and found himself in front of Potter and one of his female friends.

"Well, if it isn't your mudblood protector," he sneered at the two teens.

"*Vicissitudo sordesco* !" Hermione cast at Voldemort.

Both men stared at her for a moment. Without warning, Voldemort collapsed.

Harry blinked. "What'd you do?"

"Changed his blood to mud."

95. Another bunny by Killer07

Norbert, as he was known to the humans, flew above the Hogwarts grounds and the fight they contained, following the directions of his Elder, who was in turn taking instructions from the human Charlie Weasley.

Norbert did as he was told until he caught sight of two humans that he'd known since his Hatching. He was pleased to see they were still together, at least as Nestlings if not as Mates yet.

Spiraling down to land near them, he came up short when he realized that another human, this one ugly by even their standards, was hurting them.

Well, time to put a stop to that!

96. Bunny by Crazy

He stalked through the forested land, a silent and almost invisible shadow flitting through what most humans would have considered a very dangerous forest indeed.

The humans called his people Predators for a reason, though.

At the moment, he was stalking one of the four-legged, one-horned, white animals. They were much more difficult prey than they looked at first inspection, providing a mildly amusing diversion until something more appropriate to his skills presented itself.

Just as he was about to fire, one of the humans from the nearby dwelling brought the animal down with a single flash of green light. Angry with the interruption of his hunt, the Predator watched as the human advanced and began to feed on the corpse.

Nobody stole prey from a Predator. And lived, anyway.

97. Bunny by Gullwhacker

"Really, Professor Flitwick, I would like a full on duel with you."

"Mr. Riddle, I must decline. Simply put, you cannot survive a full, unrestricted duel against me."

"Are you afraid?"

"That is not it at all! I am a dueling champion, Mr. Riddle. You are a student. Powerful and just recently named Head Boy, yes, but still only a student."

"You subhuman thing, I will duel you! *Avada Kedavra* !"

98. Another bunny by Killer07

Looking at the ruins of an irreplaceable Dark Artifact, Voldemort had finally had enough of Crabbe and Goyle's bumbling incompetence. "*Avada Kedavra* !"

Showing the type of luck granted only to small children and fools, both Crabbe and Goyle tripped and accidentally cast spells at that very moment.

Crabbe accidentally conjured a slab of granite.

Goyle accidentally put a Reflexive Charm on it.

99. Another (modified) bunny by Killer07

"Apparate to these coordinates. There is a small muggle village there. They're having some sort of gathering tonight, so they should all be gathered nearby. Kill everyone and destroy the village. Are there questions? No? Good." He apparated, followed by his followers.

Voldemort had forgotten the significance of November 5th and how it applied to the English muggles.

On top of that, he picked an extraordinarily poor place for his apparition destination.

Guy Fawkes Night is often called Fireworks Night or Bonfire Night, after all.

100. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort was as angry as he'd been since his resurrection. Failed raid after failed raid and now *this*? "*Crucio! Avada Kedavra! Crucio!*" His body was literally vibrating with rage as he repeatedly cast spells to punish his incompetent followers.

All of this put a tremendous strain on his body.

One thing he didn't know about the dark ritual that re-embodied him was that the "flesh of the servant" carried along with it the genetic material to re-create the entire body, which included any defects.

Wormtail had a weak heart.

So did Voldemort.

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort One Hundred and One to One Hundred and Fifty

101. Another bunny by Killer07

"We've been thinking, boy."

Those words, coming from Uncle Vernon, never bode well for Harry.

"Much as we've tried, beating the unnaturalness out of you hasn't worked. So we're going to show you what normal people look and act like. Maybe that will sink into your mind."

Harry looked at him quizzically but didn't say a word.

"Your Aunt Petunia has recorded her soaps this past year. You're going to sit yourself down and watch how *normal* people act."

So it was an hour later that Harry was desperately trying to do something to escape this situation.

In his efforts, he managed to find a way to push the memories and images *away* from his mind. Again calm and safe within his own mind, Harry calmly spent the entire summer in front of the Dursley's telly.

Voldemort, on the other hand, slipped into a coma within a day.

102. Another bunny by Killer07

"The prison of Azkaban has some modified defenses. The fools in the Department of Mysteries think that some *muggle* idea will help them." Voldemort smirked to show his opinion of that conclusion. "Use invisibility and disillusionment charms. We will attack the prison, liberate our comrades, and kill every auror."

Later that evening, the automated defense system, using infrared detectors and a modified radar, detected intruders in its detection sphere. And according to its programming, it swiveled two chain guns in that direction.

103. Another bunny by Killer07

On another muggle raid, this time in America, Voldemort barely glanced at the name on the post box, "Szalinski", before he blasted in the garage door and strode through the flaming wreckage.

Only to find a large contraption next to a small man in glasses.

Easy enough to fix. "*Avada Ke -*"

A bright light cut him off. When he blinked his eyes clear, everything in the world, from the muggle to the walls of the garage, had expanded hugely. Voldemort looked around, trying to figure out what the muggle had done.

His eyes stopped moving when he spotted a half-dozen black ants, roughly the size of horses, scurrying toward him, antenna waving and mandibles clicking.

104. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort looked at the defective portkey in his hand. "Damn," he muttered.

"Who the hell are you?" asked a male voice.

Voldemort looked up to find a graying man, a pixie-like woman, another man with glasses, and a third man with a strange gold emblem on his forehead. They were all wearing camouflage uniforms. The big black man with the emblem had some sort of tall staff in his hands, but two of the others clearly had muggle weapons slung across their chests.

Well, even if the new portkey didn't get him into Hogwarts like he wanted, a spot of muggle-torture would cheer him up. Step one, of course, was to scare the daylight out of them. Therefore, he let his magic seep into his voice, creating an echoing quality that was truly awe-inspiring to those who'd never heard it before. "Bow before me, mortals, and I may spare your lives."

"Oh, great. Not another one," the graying man, apparently the leader, remarked. He pulled a hand-held weapon from somewhere and leveled it at Voldemort.

Smirking, Voldemort put up a Shield Charm. No muggle projectile weapon could possibly penetrate it.

Three shots from his zat'ni'katel later, Jack O'Neill turned his head. "I thought you said there weren't any Goa'uld on this planet, Carter!"

Major Samantha Carter was looking at the spot previously occupied by the stranger. "Sorry, Colonel, I didn't think there were."

105. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort landed on his feet with a grunt. He'd had to apparate blind out of the fight. Now just to figure out where he had landed.

"Seventh chevron locked. Opening a wormhole." The voice over an intercom was calm, as if such a phrase was commonplace.

Voldemort heard a strange series of noises behind him and turned around just in time to see a billowing, blue surface rush out of a large ring structure. It was headed right toward him.

106. Another bunny by Killer07

Tom Riddle stepped out of Borgin and Burkes, locking the door behind him. Another day complete, he turned to walk toward the apparition point to get back to his flat.

A phalanx of goblins, battle armor and halberds in plain evidence, came marching through Knockturn Alley. "Sub-human animals," he muttered, watching them approach.

To his astonishment, they stopped directly in front of him.

"Tom Riddle?" the one in front stated in the form of a question.

"Yes," he sniffed, looking back disdainfully.

The goblin pulled a parchment from within its armor and handed it forward. "Per the contract signed between Jung Gaunt and Gringotts bank, you owe us ten thousand galleons."

Riddle blinked in utter confusion. "What?"

"Your ancestor borrowed money from Gringotts. It was agreed that we would receive ten thousand galleons two hundred years later, today, from his heir. So, we will have our money, right now."

Riddle's eyes narrowed. "Or?" he asked dangerously.

The goblin smiled back, showing all of its small, sharp teeth. "Or your life."

107. Another bunny by Killer07

Harry's mind seemed to go into overdrive as he thought about what he'd just heard.

Blood of the enemy, forcibly taken . . . Magic is a tricky thing. It's very precise and exacting in its requirements.

Harry looked up at Wormtail, timing his next words very carefully. As the blood began to drip from the knife in Wormtail's hand, he shouted around the gag, "I give you that blood!"

10 January

15 January

108. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

"Dobby, any house-elf bound to me is obligated to fulfill all of my orders, correct?"

"That is being true, Master Harry Potter Sir."

"Even at risk to themselves?"

"That is being true, Master Harry Potter Sir."

"Just so I'm absolutely certain about this: despite the elf's personal feelings or legality of the action, they *must* do as I order, correct?"

"That is being true, Master Harry Potter Sir."

"Thank you, Dobby. As your master I order you to immediately go and kill by decapitation - and destroy the remains of - Tom Marvolo Riddle also known as Voldemort as rapidly as you're capable, Kreacher."

109. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort led a dozen of his followers through the Forbidden Forest, trying to penetrate the Hogwarts defenses.

Rustling and clicking noises came from all directions before a dry, raspy voice reached their ears. "My mate promised Friend Hagrid not to prey upon humans. I did not. I thank you for feeding my family."

Hundreds of acromantula fell upon the small group of wizards.

110. Scene submitted by JBern, used with permission and without modification

"Yes. Set it there. In the center." Wormtail directed the two moving men setting up his Master's new throne chair. This new one looked fit for an emperor.

Inspecting the chair on the raised dais Pettigrew was pleased. One of the movers started to sit in the chair only to find himself staring at the point of Wormtail's wand. "No one sits in the Master's chair except the Master!"

Cowered the two men quickly were led from the room by Severus Snape. Pettigrew knew they would be Obliviated before they were allowed to leave.

In the corridor leading to the apparition point Snape regarded the two nondescript men from Two Wizards and a Magic Carpet knowing the polyjuice would wear off in ten more minutes. "You're certain the device is armed?"

"Next person to sit on it goes boom. Right Gred?"

"Absolutely Forge. Twenty Kilos of that C-4 stuff, that Harry bought. Should do nicely."

111. Scene by "JBern through a dark hga filter and slightly modified by Crys"

Lord Voldemort staggered and fell to his knees, casting yet another powerful blasting curse into the enemies surrounding him. His body was covered with cuts and bruises, and all his loyal Death Eaters lay amongst the carnage.

It was a cruel joke. The most powerful wizard in history brought down by a horde of house elves armed with enchanted kitchenware. He had expected to find Harry Potter here but instead found what must be every house elf in Britain lying in ambush. He couldn't apparate and somehow his Portkey had been negated.

He destroyed another three, but then his yew wand was knocked from his hand while pots and pans dumped scalding water on him from above. The pain was excruciating.

As the tiny creatures surrounding him closed in, sinister torchlight glinted off the deadly implements they wielded.

"Why? What have I ever done to you?"

The nearest one swatted him in the eye with a ladle while raising a gleaming meat cleaver. "Mistress Hermione Granger tolded the house-elveses that yous curseded Mistress Hermione Granger to makes her tries to free house-elveses. She-Who-Knits cannot be stopping in trying to free house-elveses until Dark Wizard Riddle be dying."

In the Great Hall that evening, Ron Weasley complained, "I wonder what's keeping dinner tonight?"

Hermione pounded the table making everyone around her jump. "Maybe the house elves are busy tonight. Maybe you can just wait a little while. Quit your whining!"

"But Hermione, what could be more important than dinner?"

112. Bunny by Puck

During the Final Battle, Harry and Voldemort ignored everything going on around them. A heavy wind came up, but they battle on, oblivious.

Oblivious until an old, wooden house fell upon Voldemort.

Out of the front door stepped a teenaged girl. She looked around before saying to the small dog she was carrying, "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto."

113. Bunny by Puck

A meeting of the Order of the Phoenix was in progress when Severus Snape arrived, cape billowing and smirk firmly in place. "I have defeated the Dark Lord for you."

Utter silence met his claim for a few moments. "How?" Ron Weasley finally asked.

I gave potions to Dolores Umbridge, Cornelius Fudge, and Gilderoy Lockhart then sent them to the Dark Lord by portkey."

"What potion? Something explosive, maybe?" Ron asked hopefully.

Snape grinned, a horrifying sight to his former students. "Unquenchable Lust."

114. Bunny by veive

Harry didn't last long in the Final Battle. With Voldemort having decades of experience on him, he didn't really expect to.

"Okay, time for the power he knows not," Harry muttered to himself.

With that, he changed into his animagus form of [pick one] and quickly defeated Voldemort.

- A) tyrannosaurus rex
 - B) Hungarian horntail dragon
 - C) griffin
 - D) dark phoenix
 - E) acromantula
 - F) basilisk
 - G) abraxan
 - H) banshee
 - I) bicorn
 - J) fwopper
 - K) blast-ended skrewt
 - L) saber-toothed tiger
 - M) boggart
 - N) chimaera
 - O) cockatrice
 - P) nundu
 - Q) graphorn
 - R) dementor
 - S) cerebus
 - T) hippogriff
 - U) lethifold
 - V) manticore
 - W) runespoor
 - X) wyvern
 - Y) jungle troll
 - Z) unicorn
-

115. Bunny by Panaka.

Voldemort gazed at his follower from his throne. "Report."

Snape bowed before speaking, "The Potter boy is going to be on a small island off of the Scottish coast tomorrow. He is there to perform a ritual." Snape extended a piece of parchment. "My Lord, if you show up at those coordinates at exactly 10:34 in the morning, you will find the boy at a crucial time in the ritual. He will be drained of power and totally defenseless."

~ 10:34 off the Scottish coast ~

Voldemort arrived on the island, wand drawn and a Killing Curse on his lips. Not finding a magically exhausted Harry Potter anywhere, he looked around a moment more, seeing many craters on the island. A noise causes him to look up.

An R.A.F. Tornado fighter-bomber released two 500 pound bombs at the local bombing range.

On the Scottish coast, Severus Snape, Albus Dumbledore, and Harry Potter peer through omnioculars at the distant explosions.

116. Another bunny by Panaka

Voldemort stepped out of the shower and slipped on a puddle of water. Before he could catch himself, his head slammed into the sink and then the floor.

117. Another bunny by Panaka

On a June morning before starting his seventh year at Hogwarts, Tom Riddle apparated to Normandy. Putting a Notice-Me-Not Charm over himself, he sat down a short way back from the beach overlooking the English Channel and stared at the water as he laid his plans for conquering the wizarding world.

Out to sea, Allied battleship H.M.S. Warspite began shore bombardment to prepare the way for the invasion of Sword Beach.

118. Another bunny by Panaka

Flesh of the servant, willingly given.

Too bad Wormtail was having serious doubts about following this psychotic madman.

119. Another bunny by Panaka

Bone of the father, unknowingly given.

Too bad Tom Riddle senior's ghost was watching the events.

120. Bunny by Heather

Voldemort entered the workspace of the Seer he'd recruited. "You wished to see me?"

"I did, My Lord, and thank you for coming to me. I wished to show you something in the crystal ball, and it's easier for you to come here instead of me trying to bring -"

Voldemort waved it off. "I'm aware of the difficulties in transporting a working, sensitive crystal ball." He'd kept it a close secret, but he'd actually been very good at Divination and was fascinated by the subject. "What do you wish to show me?"

The Seer moved to the side and pointed at the ball. "It appears to be a treasure trove of magical artifacts, My Lord."

Voldemort peered in the scrying device intently. His eyes widened after a few seconds. He didn't even recognize most of the items in view, but the ones he could identify would be invaluable. "Where is this?" he asked softly.

The Seer wrote out the set of apparition coordinates. "Here, My Lord. It is the west coast of the United States."

Voldemort studied the parchment for a moment. Deciding not to waste any time retrieving such valuable items that were apparently just sitting in the open, he drew his wand and apparated across the globe.

Right onto a movie set immediately before it was blown up by the special effects team.

121. Another bunny by Heather

Voldemort apparated into the library, intent on denying his enemies the information in the one remaining copy of a tome that detailed the lightest of light magics. He turned his wand toward the softly glowing book and prepared to burn it to ashes.

Unfortunately, he'd appeared immediately in front of a convention of librarians.

A copy of Encyclopedia Britannica Magicka , expertly thrown by Irma Pince, caused a premature end to the Dark Lord's reign of terror.

122. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort's trek through the Forbidden Forest was stopped by two centaurs blocking his path.

He narrowed his eyes at them. "I am doing no harm to your forest, centaur. Let me pass."

Magorian slowly shook his head. "As a child we allowed you to exit our forest unscathed, Tom Riddle. You are adult now and do not get the same consideration as you did then."

123. Bunny by Stupid Fox

Panicked and losing badly, Voldemort apparated out of the fight.

He wasn't focused sufficiently.

They were still finding bits and pieces of his splinched form two weeks later, hundreds of miles away.

124. Bunny by Zvoni

Voldemort,

I wish a temporary truce, just long enough to discuss my joining your group as your chief lieutenant.

Bring this portkey to my location, and we can discuss the particulars.

Harry J Potter

Harry sent the letter and portkey off with an owl. Grinning slightly, he looked at the photograph he'd used as a destination image.

N.A.S.A. had taken the image from a quarter of a mile away from the International Space Station.

125. Bunny by Vigilant

Voldemort held the portkey in hand, ready to cast a Bubblehead Charm and then activate the portkey at a moment's notice. He was just waiting for his spy to tell him when the Potter brat was at the edge of the Hogwarts Lake. The signal finally came. A moment later, he portkeyed out and into the lake.

Before he could move toward the shore, a swarm of grindylows hit him, knocking his wand from his hand and disrupting the Bubblehead Charm sufficiently that he could no longer breath. Chasing after their herd, a dozen merpeople swam by, slowing only long enough to slash at him with their knives and spears for setting the grindylows into panic. To add insult to injury, the giant squid grasped him in one of its large tentacles and pulled him toward its hard beak.

Harry and Hermione, busy snogging on the lakeshore, never even noticed the disturbance out in the water.

15 January

19 January

126. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

With her Master's permission, Nagini kept the rodent population down in the old Riddle mansion.

Unfortunately for Wormtail, Voldemort hadn't told Nagini not to eat that rat in particular.

Unfortunately for Voldemort, his temporary homunculus form was utterly unable to prepare any food for itself.

127. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort looked with disgust at the animal before him.

For a variety of reasons, the latest raid had to be conducted when riding the back of a living, flying animal. He'd wanted a pegasus, but after losing three of his Death Eaters trying to catch one, he gave up that idea. He'd then wanted a thestral, but they proved to be untamable.

So he had to settle for this.

Keeping the disgusted expression on his face, it was a stupid animal after all and didn't deserve anything more, he moved toward.

It should have occurred to him that he never had a Care of Magical Creatures class that covered this particular species. Even Draco Malfoy could have told him that that approaching a hippogriff in anything other than a respectful manner would lead to unfortunate consequences.

128. Bunny by Sakiku

Voldemort irritably scratched at his arm. For the last few days, he had been itching like mad. None of the salves Snape had brewed had helped, and none of his vast knowledge did him any good for such a pedestrian problem.

He was horrified when a large, meaty strip simply peeled from his arm.

And still it itched.

One thing about the resurrection ritual he'd performed on himself had done was to give him a very close tie with snakes. He'd expected that his own parselmouth ability would enhance this. He was correct, getting him Nagini as a familiar had produced all sorts of benefits, not the least of which was the sustenance he'd received from her at the time.

He'd also gained several snake-like features. In addition to some external features that appeared snake-like (it privately amused him how his followers were now outright terrified of his simple appearance), he'd also gained their reflexes, some agility, and their direct methods of thinking.

However, humans or near-humans don't survive shedding their skin at all well.

129. Scene submitted by Sakiku. Reproduced here without modification.

For a change, Asgard Commander Thor was quite bored. His ship was stationed in earth orbit, and he was waiting for the SG-center to come up with an answer to their latest problem.

Idly, he flipped channels on his computer screen that was fed by several hundred thousand surveillance cameras. Humans in all sizes and colors went after their daily routine.

Suddenly, Thor sat up straight and played back the footage he had just watched. And then played it again in comparison to other footage he had recorded. Well, he wasn't an expert on human physiognomy, but that man clearly was an anomaly.

Nobody knew it, but Asgard could growl quite fervently. Thor was making liberal use of that mode of speech.

"I swear it, Loki, this time you've gone too far! Breeding humans with goa'uld and then letting that experiment run amok! It will be my pleasure to clean this planet of such an abominable creature."

With a cackle nobody would have thought such a frail figure capable of, his thin fingers hit a button.

130. Another bunny by Sakiku.

"My dear Bella, is this what I think that is?"

"I am not certain what you think it is, Master."

"A muggle alarm clock."

"No, Master, I don't think it is an alarm clock. It is counting backwards. See? First, it was 60 seconds, now it is at 35."

"So it is. Very well, what do you believe it to be?"

"I'd say it is an egg-timer."

"Why would someone send me an egg-timer?"

"If I were to hazard a guess, it would be to make sure that you don't over boil your eggs. I know you like them best when they are still soft in the middle."

"What a thoughtful gift. It cannot be a current model though because nowadays, the power source is included inside the egg-timer, not linked to it by several red and blue wires. Strange that it doesn't come with an off-button..."

131. Another bunny by Sakiku

Two bound captives, wearing common brown robes, were brought before Lord Voldemort.

As Voldemort was looking at them, the smaller one with a long braid down one side of his head said, "Master, do you feel it, too?"

Before Lord Voldemort could speak, the other one, this one with a graying beard, said, "Yes, Padawan, I do. It is a great disturbance in the Force."

"I believe it to be the Dark Side, Master."

"I agree. I do not feel that negotiations will be needed."

"Yes, Master."

Before Voldemort could ask what the two were babbling about, a pair of lightsabers ignited.

132. Scene by Sakiku. Reproduced here with only minor spelling changes.

Quite bored by a resting period after last night's raid, Lord Voldemort was looking for entertainment. Moving from room to room in his huge mansion, he was pestering his Death Eaters.

Bella was currently knitting silver and green socks for her Draco-poo. Voldemort fled before she offered to enlighten him on the finer details of embroidery.

Crabbe and Goyle were standing opposite each other, looking at the other's bulging groins respectively. "Didn't quite work. With Lissa, it always did," Crabbe enunciated slowly.

"Mhm," Goyle nodded dumbly, "maybe that's why Manx always makes me take off my trousers first." Voldemort fled that scene, too, especially since he had left the two of them last evening in the very same pose.

Severus Snape was scowling at a stack of paper, a quill dipping into blood-red ink over and over again and scrawling furious notes.

"What are you doing, Severus?"

The potions master looked up with a sneer on his face - that quickly rearranged itself into a pleasant expression at the sight of his visitor. "Grading potions essays, Master."

Lord Voldemort debated with himself. Should he or should he not? Finally, he decided that he was bored enough, and he had always liked potions. "Let me help you, my servant. You must have precious little time with all those miscreants you teach."

Severus Snape shot him an odd look. "Yes, Master. They make the same mistakes over and over again, never learning a thing."

Sitting down in a chair opposite his spy, Lord Voldemort grabbed the nearest stack of parchment and an unused quill. When seeing the even odder look from his spy, he commented: "I haven't had potions for quite some time, but I still know enough to mark those for you."

"Yes, Master," came the reply with barely suppressed astonishment.

For some time, everything was quiet except the furious scribble of two quills and the liberal application of red ink. Suddenly, the Dark Lord gave out a bellowing laugh.

"What is it, Master?"

"I don't know why you are complaining so much about that boy; he wrote the same things I would have. Quite a bright boy, I must say."

"Master, are we talking about the same boy? The one I know is a disaster."

"Yes, yes, Severus. Unless you have two of them, this is the same one. I'd say he has as much talent as I have."

His spy was now shooting him a look he couldn't quite identify. With a flourish, Voldemort drew a bright red 'O' onto the parchment.

"But, Master, how can you say the boy has as much talent as you when he brews such rot?"

Severus Snape took out a vial of an unidentifiable, light blue substance. "This is supposed to be a calming potion."

Taking the vial with the potion that the boy - whose essay he had just marked as his equal - had brewed, Lord Voldemort quickly got to know the power he knew not.

Neville Longbottom could make any potion into an explosive.

133. Another scene by Sakiku. Reproduced here with only minor spelling changes.

Lord Voldemort and Harry Potter were facing each other in a classic stand-off. As evil megalomaniacs are wont to do, Lord Voldemort started bragging about his power and his evilness.

"So, you see, there is no way for you to defeat me. In addition to my powers as the Heir of Slytherin, I also have access to all of your powers through your blood."

Harry Potter looked decidedly unmoved. "Sorry to interrupt you, but you are not the Heir of Slytherin. That would be me, and since I came into my full heritage last summer, my blood work changed so much that anything you have of mine is horribly outdated."

"But the Chamber opened for me!"

"It would have opened for any Parselmouth."

"I commanded Slytherin's own Basilisk."

"After 800 years of being locked in, it would have followed anyone."

"I will kill you for being so obstinate!"

"How? Your spell worked really well the last time."

"That was a fluke protection spell from that mudblood that whelped you. But since I have your blood, it is nullified now."

"Nope. It was the prophecy that protected me. You first had to mark me as your equal."

"That means it won't protect you now."

"Oh, but it will. The rest says that 'one has to die at the hands of the other'. I doubt that a killing curse qualifies as your 'hands'."

"That is a load of cow-dung. After all, I am older and far more knowledgeable than you ever will be. Since it will be my hands that wield the wand for your killing spell, the prophecy won't protect you."

"Sorry to disappoint you. We found the library of Atlantis recently, and a very helpful studying charm. All evidence points that the prophecy has to be taken literally."

"My practical knowledge is still a lot better. It will take you years to catch up."

"The Room of Requirement solved that problem for me. I just required more time to study, and it gave me several years in one month."

"You don't look any older."

"Glamours."

"But without your wand, you are helpless."

"So are you. And I'm not as helpless as you think. I learned some wand less magic, too, and if that doesn't help, I can do elemental magic. I doubt you're immune fire at to several thousand degrees."

"What boasting. I doubt that you can follow through with those threats. And anyway, as soon as your attention wavers, I will kill you."

"Constant Vigilance, you mean? I took those lessons to heart months ago. Adding that to my newfound sense of magical awareness, and I am always prepared. By the way, Bella, you should watch out."

Bella Lestranger, who was dueling Neville Longbottom off to the side, looked towards him. "Watch out for what?"

That short moment of distraction was enough for Neville to sneak in a Disarming Charm, quickly followed by a body bind.

"That expelliarmus," Harry helpfully added just a tad too late. Turning back to Voldemort, he explained. "I've somehow inherited the power to see into the future. That must be something of the Ravenclaw heritage through my mother's side. Oh, did I forget to mention that? I'm the heir of all four founders, and the last of the line of Merlin, too."

Voldemort was looking increasingly anxious. "But I am a genius! You will never be able to thwart my plans."

"Those plans you have secretly been stashing away in your bedroom closet? Snape has kept us informed of them. To be honest, they are so faulty that you could drive trucks through their holes."

Now, Voldemort was positively green in his face. His complexion did not mesh well with his red eyes. "You are lying! You never managed to get around to blocking me out, so I know that isn't true!"

Harry raised an eyebrow. "You think you know my mind? You see exactly what I let you see. After fifth year, I knew to get serious about defending my mind. If I wanted to, I could crush you right now with my mental powers alone."

That was the moment when Hermione finally finished her dimensional spell and sent an inattentive Voldemort into a hell dimension. The rest of the Death Eaters was quickly defeated without their lord.

Harry and Ron flopped down into the grass. Ron exclaimed. "Whew, we're lucky you managed to discover the powers he knows not and stall him long enough."

Harry nodded. "Yeah. Didn't know I could bluff so well, either."

134. Bunny by raining flowers

". . . and kill every witch or wizard you come in contact with," Voldemort finished his instructions to the horde of Inferi he was about to release on Hogwarts.

The Inferi, being mindless creatures, followed their instructions exactly. By starting with Voldemort and every other Death Eater massed for the attack.

135. Bunny by raining flowers

A strong wind blew through the forest of Albania. One of the oldest trees, an ancient birch worn down by time, weather, and insects, finally toppled. Directly on top of the snake that Wraith-Voldemort that had just possessed.

136. Bunny by Miss Whiskers

Voldemort, after successfully infiltrating Hogwarts, moved toward the Gryffindor Common Room. A series of almost-forgotten charms against the portrait-guardian, and he entered the common room of his archenemy.

He didn't even have to look for the boy. Harry was instead running toward him, carrying a book.

Before the Dark Lord could react, Harry shoved the book in his hands and bolted for a chair by the fireplace.

Dumbfounded by the boy's actions, Voldemort simply gaped.

Hermione Granger, blood in her eyes, stormed into the common room. "I'm going to obliterate whoever has my -"

She cut off as she spotted the object of her angry search, and her wand came up. Students bolted in every direction. An angry Hermione was something that nobody wanted any part of.

The last thing Voldemort ever saw was the title of the book in his hands. Hogwarts: A History .

19 January

31 January

137. Scene by Meteoricshipyards. Reproduced here with only very minor changes.

"He's coming. Soon!" Harry Potter told his friends as he wandered Hogwarts castle.

"But you've got to eat, mate!" Ron insisted.

"Listen to him. You have to keep up your strength," Hermione said.

"I can't eat anything, knowing that Voldemort is going to attack soon!" He broke away from his friends and disappeared into the castle.

As they entered the Great Hall then encountered Luna.

"What's wrong with Harry?"

"He won't eat. He's sure that Voldemort is coming."

Luna gave them that unfocused stare and said, "Of course Voldemort is coming. And Harry doesn't need sustenance for his body. He needs something to fortify his soul." She picked a banana from the Gryffindor table.

Hermione looked at her skeptically. "A banana will fortify his soul?"

"Of course!" Luna left the Great Hall.

A short time later, she found Harry wandering around the east wing on the fifth floor.

"Hi, Luna. I don't mean to be rude, but I'm not good company right now."

"That's all right, Harry. I've felt that way, too. Here." She handed him the banana.

"Uh, thanks, Luna, but I'm not really hungry."

"It's not for eating, although you can if you want to."

"If it's not for eating, then what am I going to do with this banana?"

"You take it someplace high, like the astronomy tower, peel it, and toss the peel over your right shoulder."

"Is that for luck? Like tossing salt over your shoulder?"

"No, but I probably should have brought some salt, too. You can't have too much luck. But a banana peel is for getting rid of Dark Lords."

"You're kidding."

"No, really. Go on, try it."

Harry shrugged and headed up to the Astronomy Tower. It was too early in the evening, so the procession of couples who used the tower hadn't started yet. He looked at the banana, shrugged again, and peeled it. Tossing the banana peel over his shoulder, he looked over the wall at the lake reflecting the darkening sky.

It was peaceful up here, and he was completely unprepared when a voice spoke to him.

"Potter! I thought I'd have to search the castle for you! But here you are waiting for me. Prepare to die!"

Harry spun around, whipping out his wand and casting a stunner before it even registered that it was Lord Voldemort who spoke to him.

The Dark Lord almost lazily sidestepped the curse, revealing the broom he must have used to get here leaning up against the tower wall. Unfortunately for him, he stepped right on the banana peel.

Back in the Great Hall Hermione gasped in the silence, "What was that?"

Luna answered in her dreamy voice, "Unless I'm mistaken, that was a Dark Lord plummeting off of the Astronomy Tower."

138. Scene by Stupid Fox. Reproduced here without modification

Severus Snape rushed into Voldemort's throne room, holding a tattered piece of parchment.

"My Lord, I have managed to locate and secure this map from the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix, the former Black Manor."

"Indeed, Severus? What secrets does it hold?"

"That doddering old fool attempted to hide it away in the attic; it shows the location of a storehouse of Central American demon-summoning lore. Shall I make a Portkey?"

"At once, Severus. Specify it for three people; I shall be taking Wormtail and Bellatrix with me."

"Yes, my Lord."

(Five minutes later, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean)

Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, and Ron Weasley stood on the bridge of the Type 42 Royal Navy destroyer HMS *Southampton* as Lord Voldemort, Bellatrix Lestrange, and Peter 'Wormtail' Pettigrew passed through that mysterious region known as the Bermuda Triangle.

139. Bunny by Heather

Harry Potter cautiously looked into the room that he knew contained Fluffy. He expected to find the cerebus asleep, as his friend Hagrid had admitted he'd let the information slip.

Instead, Fluffy's three heads were all very much awake, blood spattered, growling, and very, very agitated.

At his feet lay the dismembered body of Professor Quirrell.

In the corner, an enchanted harp was playing discordant and jarring notes, not at all conducive to lulling a giant, three-headed dog to sleep.

140. Bunny by Heather

The newly-resurrected Voldemort apparated into Diagon Alley in the dead of night and made his way to a little-used entrance to Gringotts. Known

only to a select few, the bank was actually open all hours. If you were trying to get to the right vaults.

"Yes?" the goblin on duty asked, not flinching at Voldemort's inhuman appearance.

"Slytherin's vault," he ordered brusquely. He knew there was no point in rebuking the goblin. It would only give the creature perverse enjoyment in delaying in his duties. Besides, without an audience, there was no point in railing at the sub-human.

Voldemort shortly stood in front of vault number 3, the one originally belonging to Salazar Slytherin. He walked confidently up to the doors and placed his hand on the indentation.

Neither Harry Potter, Tom Riddle Sr., nor Peter Pettigrew were the blood heirs of Slytherin. The vault door acted predictably (to all but Voldemort) at this attempted intrusion.

After wiping the blood off his face, the goblin sighed and called for a cleaning crew.

141. Scene submitted by JBern. Reproduced here with only minor changes.

Their battle had raged from the grounds of Hogwarts deep into the Forbidden Forest. Harry had constantly given ground, not wanting innocents to get caught in the crossfire. He dove out of the way of yet another salvo of lethal magic. He was uncertain how much longer he could last.

"You're hanging by a thread, Potter. I'm toying with you now," the Dark Lord gloated. The yew wand weaved an intricate pattern, and Harry was seized by the limbs of the large oak tree he was seeking cover behind.

Voldemort scoffed at his so-called nemesis thrashing desperately to escape. "Did you hope to lead me to the spiders? I should have let you. They are in my camp now. I'll send your body to them with my regards. Perhaps you hoped I would fall to the giant or in a volley of centaur arrows. The giant is dead, and the centaurs have my promise that Mars will not shine brightly over their forest during my reign. I have accounted for all possibilities."

He had barely enough time to register the smile on Potter's face before an auto engine roared to life. The beat up Ford Angelia managed to accelerate to about 40kph by the time it hit Voldemort, sending him sprawling over the hood. The car skidded and braked hard, kicking up a dirt storm from the ground as the car shifted into reverse. Voldemort fell to the ground and scrambled for his wand, but the last sight his eyes would register was the rusty, dirt encrusted bumper and the ominous whitewall tire rolling onto his head.

Harry fell to the ground. The Angelia was looking in dire need of an overhaul, but not nearly as bad as Voldemort. The sight made him grin foolishly. "Thanks. I appreciate it."

The car answered by tooting its horn once and gunning the engine.

"I know. It's being delivered tomorrow. I consider it a million pounds well spent. Kingsley has a brother who's a squib. He's a top-notch mechanic. Arthur said he can redo the enchantments as soon as we drop your engine into the chassis. Professor Flitwick said he'd be delighted to assist."

The car flashed its one working headlight urgently at Harry and honked its horn.

"I'm not sure the machine guns will fire. They were just props. We're working on it. We'll find a way! The oil slick and smokescreen are no problem. To tell you the truth, I'm looking forward to the first ride in the ejector seat. You'll still be able to fly and turn invisible just like before."

The engine purred, reminding Harry of Crookshanks. "It's the least we can do for you for all your help. I'm kind of knackered. Do you mind giving me a ride back to the school?"

The passenger door opened. Harry levitated Voldemort's corpse into the boot and then climbed in.

The Ford rolled out of the forest about twenty meters away from Hagrid's hut. All around, the Order members and Aurors were rounding up the last of the Death Eaters. Harry climbed out to the collective cheers of all assembled. He removed the body and lifted it into the air while the Angelia did doughnuts in the grass around him, blowing its horn and blaring "I fought the Law and the Law Won" from its dilapidated sound system.

Arthur Weasley approached, smiling at the car. "Congratulations to the both of you."

Harry grinned. "Who knew the key to convincing the car to help us was you and Molly going to a drive in to see Goldfinger back in the 1960s?"

Arthur smiled looking at his blushing wife, whose eyes pleaded with him to shut up. He didn't. "I think the car was the only one watching the movie. If my memory serves me correctly, Bill came along nine months later."

The crowd groaned in laughter and the Angelia's engine sputtered and coughed.

31 January

8 February

142. Bunny by Ishtar

Finally , Tom Riddle thought, just coming within sight of the floodlit scene.

He'd been combing the rubble on both sides of the war on the continent. He was selling the various useless magical artifacts he came across and hiding the good ones away. Then he heard the rumors of an artifact that was a weapon of immense power. That it was a muggle artifact of semi-mythological fame was a fact that he could overlook if it performed as rumored.

He started trying to track it down but was always one step behind.

When he arrived at the archaeological dig where it had been unearthed, he discovered it had been shipped to Alexandria.

When he got to Alexandria, he found it had been loaded aboard a tramp freighter that had already left the harbor.

When he managed to track down the correct tramp freighter in the middle of the Mediterranean, he found that the crate he was after had been transshipped to a German submarine.

When he finally, after several hours negotiations with a local tribe of merpeople, managed to find the location of the hidden sub pen, he found he'd missed the artifact by a bare hour.

Cursing roundly, he followed the path that the party now in possession of the artifact had taken. Just after sunset, the bright glow of arc lighting led him to a hidden valley where he now stood. A robed individual, assisted by several lackeys, was preparing to offer a sacrifice of a pair of bound muggles to the artifact. Blind rage came over him. *NO! That is MINE! Nobody else was going to use that artifact but ME!*

"ACCIO ARK OF THE COVENANT!" screamed Riddle, just as Belloq finished removing the lid.

143. Scene submitted by Draco664. Reproduced here with only minor modifications.

Lord Voldemort looked down at Lucius Malfoy, who knelt on the hard, stone floor. "Well, Lucius? Have you managed to secure another source of funding for my cause?"

Lucius swallowed. "Yes, my Lord. I learned of a wealthy muggle businessman visiting our shores. I banished a portkey into him as he was leaving a meeting. He is waiting in your interrogation cell."

Voldemort sat back on his throne, pleased with Malfoy's success. "I trust this Muggle is sufficiently wealthy to fund all of my projects?"

"Yes, my Lord. I understand he is one of the wealthiest people on the planet. A billionaire, as a matter of fact."

Voldemort stood. "Excellent. A short stint under the Cruciatus and Imperius Curses should be sufficient to convince him that his assets should be mine."

The assembled Death eaters watched as their Lord entered the aforementioned chamber. Seconds later, inhuman screams of agony erupted from behind the door.

After several minutes, during which the screams did not abate, muffled snaps of bone could be heard. Wormtail swallowed nervously. "Um, I hope the muggle isn't damaged too much. He still needs to transfer his wealth to our Lord."

Bellatrix turned to Lucius, a bit peeved that she hadn't been permitted to take part in the festivities. "Just who is this muggle, Malfoy? I would not have believed that such a filthy creature could withstand our Master's will for so long."

Lucius pulled out a muggle newspaper, his source of information of the victim's movements. "Um, let's see. His name is here somewhere. Ah, yes, here it is. A Colonial by the name of Bruce Wayne."

144. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort looked around the muggle city in obvious displeasure. "Where are we, Bellatrix, and why have you brought me here?"

"In America, My Lord, a muggle city called New York. There is a massive energy source nearby, of a type that we do not know. It is not magical, nor is it muggle." She lowered her eyes, hoping she wouldn't be punished. "We thought it would be useful to you, My Lord."

Voldemort heaved a sigh, though he was inwardly pleased. "Very well. Where is it?"

She looked around for a moment before pointing. "That store, My Lord."

Voldemort nodded and entered without a word. A scrawny muggle was behind the counter looking at a tray of watches. He looked up at them suspiciously. "Can I help you?"

Voldemort just turned his head. "Bella."

"Reducto."

The muggle's head exploded and the body fell. Voldemort thought the color of the blood was strange but paid it no mind as he started casting

spells, trying to locate the energy source.

He worked quietly for only a few moments before the most amazing thing happened. The muggle stood back up, a new head rapidly growing to replace the one that Bella had just blown off. "Don't you know how much that *stings* ? Only Kay can do that to me, and *that's* only because he can get me thrown off of this mud ball." The muggle then pulled out a strangely shaped weapon and pointed it at the two magicians.

145. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort slowly woke up. Once he could, he looked around at his surroundings, gratified to see everything undisturbed.

A slow, evil smile formed. He'd done it.

Knowing he was about to lose the war, he'd put himself into a two century hibernation in a hidden room buried in a mountain. Now nobody would expect him and he could again put his plans into motion.

A humming sound drew his attention, and he looked over just in time to see Harry Potter appear amidst a strange light show. He appeared older than the teenager that Voldemort had left behind, perhaps now in his mid thirties, and was wearing some sort of outfit that had a vaguely martial appearance to it.

Once solid, Harry looked around and fixed his eyes on the barely moving Voldemort. He smiled. "Hello, Tom. Glad to see our calculations were correct and you're just waking up."

Utterly perplexed, Voldemort could only muster the energy to silently mouth the question, "How?"

Harry understood the questions he was trying to ask, though. "It HAS been two hundred years. You got your spell right. As to how I'm here? Well, after you left, Nick helped me and my wife create another Philosopher's Stone. We've been dealing with wannabe Dark Lords ever since. Nothing personal, you understand, Tom, but we've found it much easier to deal with them before they're a real problem. On that note," he pulled a small, pistol-like weapon from his side and pointed it at the recumbent Dark Lord, "tell your Death Eaters and all the other Dark Lords 'hi' for me." He pulled the trigger.

Harry put his weapon away and tapped an emblem on his chest. "All done, here, Hermione. Bring me back, please."

146. Another bunny by Killer07

"Here, Tom, catch."

Reflexively, Voldemort caught the small object that Harry Potter had lobbed at him. Keeping a wary eye on his opponent, he looked down at the small, green object in his hand.

If he'd paid more attention to such things in his muggle-raised youth, he would have recognized the fragmentation hand grenade.

8 February

19 February

147. Scene by tverret. Reproduced here with modifications.

Harry Potter sat alone in the Gryffindor common room working on his potions essay late one spring night when a despondent Dobby appeared behind him with a crack. Harry jumped, startled by the House Elf. "Dobby!" he exclaimed, clutching at his chest.

The small creature twisted his ears and cried, "D-Dobby is sorry, Harry Potter Sir!"

Calming down, Harry said, "Don't worry about it, Dobby; no harm done." Harry patted the smaller creature's shoulder.

At these words, Dobby started crying even more. "B-But, D-Dobby is causing great harm, H-Harry Potter." He started banging his head into the table Harry had been using.

Harry grabbed Dobby again, stopping the elf from causing greater harm to himself. "Dobby, I doubt that you could cause any harm."

"B-But Dobby did, Harry Potter Sir." Dobby reached up and grabbed Harry's shirt, pulling the young wizard closer to his face. "Dobby is just hiding the body before coming here," the elf whispered.

"The WHAT? Dobby, what do you mean 'the body'?" Harry yelled.

Dobby began to explain what had happened.

"Dobby was cleaning the nasty dirty laundry of Harry Potter Sir's roommates - great wizards that they are to be sharing room with the greatest, Harry Potter sir. Dobby was banishing sheets from Harry Potter Sir's bed - Dobby so loves changing Harry Potter Sir's sheets - when Dobby was

scared like Dobby has never been scared before! Dobby heard a noise under Harry Potter Sir's Bed. It was a wizard, and he was speaking to something in his hand, a mirror or a hair brush, Dobby isn't sure. The man was saying into his hairbrush, 'Wormtail,' he is saying, 'youse is better being right about this plan. The secret passages is getting me this far.' Well, after Dobby is hearing this, Dobby be letting out a little squeak of terror - as us house elves do sometimes - and he turned from under the bed and... It was awful, Harry Potter Sir! Well, *he* was there, hiding under Harry Potter Sir's bed. Dobby was seeing his eyes, just like Dobby has been hearing about in the Kitchens! Dobby was so scared that Dobby banished him instead of the sheets that Dobby was supposed to be changing. Dobby is so sorry, Harry Potter Sir!" Dobby stared hitting himself again.

"Dobby, what are you talking about? Who was under my bed? It wasn't..."

"He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, Harry Potter Sir!"

Harry jumped up so fast that the couch that he was sitting on almost fell over. "Voldemort? Here?" he nearly shouted

Dobby fell over with fright when Harry jumped up. "Harry Potter Sir is a great and powerful wizard, to say *his* name!" Dobby looked up from his position on the floor in clear adoration before his face fell into distress again. "No, sir, *he* isn't here any more. I banished *him* to the laundry, sir!"

Harry wasn't listening. "We have to tell somebody, Dobby! He's here!"

"No, sir; he isn't, sir. Dobby banished him to the laundry."

Harry had finally heard what Dobby was saying and looked at the excitable house elf. "We have to stop him, Dobby. Where is the laundry?"

"Does Harry Potter Sir remember that Dobby is being knowing how gillyweed makes wizards to be able to breath underwater?"

Harry nodded impatiently.

"Dobby is being knowing that because the merfolk do the washing part of the laundry in the deepest part of the lake."

". . . And you banished Voldemort to the deepest part of the lake?"

"Harry Potter Sir must not say *his* name!"

"That doesn't matter right now, Dobby! What happened to him?"

"Well, Dobby is realizing that Dobby was doing something bad, sending a human to the bottom of the lake without his wand -"

"Wait, you disarmed Voldemort?"

"Oh no, Harry Potter Sir. Dobby is just forgetting to banish wand with the wizard. Bad-nasty wizard goes, wand stays"

"So Voldemort was at the bottom of the lake with no wand." Harry sat down again. "So, I assume that he drowned at the bottom of the lake then?"

"Oh no, Harry Potter Sir. Dobby is not being allowed to let anyone drown, even mean-nasty wizard like *him*. Dobby is rescuing *him*. He was very angry at Dobby, even though Dobby was promising to punish himself. Then he was even more angry when Dobby was forgetting his wand in Harry Potter Sir's room. He demanded that Dobby dry him off."

"So what did you do, Dobby?"

"Well, Dobby was so frightened, Dobby did what any house-elf would do after something goes in washer. Dobby is sending him to the dryer."

"Dobby, what - or where - is the dryer?" Harry asked slowly.

"Dryer is dragon named Lucille in the basement. She makes clothes very dry very quickly. Mean-nasty wizard get burnt. Dobby just tried to get him dry. Lucille just got scared, like Dobby did. She burned the bad man."

Harry looked at the house-elf hopefully. "So Voldemort died from dragon burns?"

"Oh no, Harry Potter Sir. Dobby is healing He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and Dobby still is apologizing to bad, bad man. Dobby is so scared. *He* said that Dobby was to put him back where I got him under the bed. Bad man was most insistent about being put back, so Dobby thinks to Dobby's self, 'Bad man is washed and dried, so Dobby will put him away, like he is asking.'"

"So how did he die, Dobby?"

"Dobby is not thinking, remember that Dobby is very, very scared. So Dobby is doing what Dobby always does when putting things away."

"What is that, Dobby?"

"Dobby is... is folding him, sir. Dobby is breaking his neck when Dobby is doing that.. Dobby is sorry, sir."

Damn wizard flu , Harry thought savagely, sneezing for the sixth time since the duel started.

Knowing he was outclassed in his current state, Harry apparated away.

Voldemort lowered his wand from where it had been pointed at his arch nemesis. After the exertion, he was breathing deeply as he stared at the now-empty spot.

Unknowingly, it was his very breathing that would do him in.

His new, magically created body had no antibodies to help fight off diseases, and Harry Potter had left behind more than enough virus particles floating invisibly in the air.

19 February

26 March

149. Another bunny by Killer07

Enraged, Voldemort continued to tear after Harry Potter on a broom.

Ahead of him, the young Gryffindor swerved to avoid some sort of muggle strings hanging in space.

Contemptuously, Voldemort threw a Cutting Spell into them instead of changing his path. Following the laws of electro-magnetism, the surge of electricity from the cut high-voltage power lines traveled up the energized path provided by the dark lord's spell.

150. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

Voldemort dove down the link that connected him to the Potter boy. His failed attempt to make a Horcrux out of the brat all those years ago had created all sorts of side effects, one of which he was going to exploit right now.

Instead of finding himself in possession of Harry Potter's body, Voldemort was suddenly sitting on Harry's nightstand at Hogwarts, completely unable to move.

Harry looked over from the assignment he'd been working on. "Hello, Tom. I expect you're confused." He stood and picked Voldemort up before heading out of the room at a leisurely pace. Harry explained as they walked. "I knew the scar you gave me was a Horcrux so we researched them. Did you know that there is a way to transfer a Horcrux from one object to another? Anyway, we moved it to another object, knowing you'd eventually try to possess me again. You'll be interested to know that there's a Containment Spell and an Indestructibility Spell on your new home.

"'What am I?' you may ask. Well, we had quite a lot of discussion on that, actually. I thought about turning you into a shovel to leave in the owlery or maybe for Hagrid to use to muck out his pets. Ron suggested making you into a toilet seat. Hermione was thinking a book on love potions, but then we remembered what you did with your diary so that one was nixed. Anyway, all sorts of ideas were tossed around. We eventually settled on one."

Only then did Voldemort realize that Harry had walked them out to the Groundskeeper's hut. A huge dog was running toward them, tongue lolling out.

"Hey, Fang," Harry said, scratching the boarhound behind the ears. "Got something for you. Here, catch." Turning, Harry threw a yellow rubber ducky into the lake. Fang immediately bounded into the water after it.

26 March

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort One Hundred and Fifty-One to Two Hundred

25 April

151. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Tom Riddle staggered out of the Hogwarts library under a stack of tomes.

"That busybody Pince," he muttered to himself. "'That's too many, you can't carry them all,'" he mimicked her voice. Continuing his grumbling, he carefully moved toward the staircase that would lead to the dungeons.

"Bloody heavy," he said next. He knew better than to try any Shrinking or Lightening Charms on these, though. Anything he got out of the Restricted Section was treated with respect. He'd learned that lesson in his third year.

One careful step at a time, he started down a staircase.

"Tom!" Lucius called out to his friend.

Tom turned his head at the same moment that the staircase started moving.

Overbalancing, he fell over the side over a two story drop above a hard, unforgiving stone floor.

152. A variation of a bunny from Killer07

The Devil was annoyed. Its quota from the UK was far, far behind.

That Riddle person was behind it all. Far too many "good" people were being killed by "not good" people.

It wouldn't matter in the long run, of course, but in the short run . . . Well, it looked unseemly.

Fortunately there was an easy way to deal with this.

The Devil had ultimate control over all demon and demon-type creatures in the entire cosmos.

Including a lesser demon type colloquially known as "dementors".

25 April

27 April

153 Bunny by Vincent

Voldemort worked feverishly on the ritual.

His Death Eaters were all caught or killed, all of his bases had been destroyed, and he'd been chased from one hiding place to another by that infernal Potter brat.

No matter. This ritual would get him away.

Finally, the ritual was complete and Voldemort disappeared from this planet and this time.

He reappeared in the middle of a desert that stretched as far as he could see. Cursing his folly in not bringing a broom, he picked a direction and started walking.

It didn't take long before he heard a deep rumble that quickly gained in intensity. Wand out, Voldemort looked for the source, finally spotting a shifting in the sand coming toward him. As if a large object were swimming or crawling through the sand at an amazingly fast rate. Just as it got close enough for him to cast a spell, it came to the surface, revealing itself to be a huge, worm-like beast.

"Avada Kedavra !"

A Great Maker, as the Fremen people called it, utterly ignored the spell and ran over the single human standing on the desert sands, simply crushing him with its great bulk.

Having successfully defended its territory, the sand-worm of Arrakis burrowed back under the surface.

154. Scene by LoneWolf. Reproduced with only slight modifications.

"Hey, Aunt Caitlin," Harry asked as a sleek helicopter lifted off from Privet Drive. "This thing is armed, right?"

"With enough firepower to destroy a small city," Caitlin confirmed.

"Any chance we can swing by Little Hangleton before we head home?" Harry asked. "May as well take care of some unfinished business."

"String?" Caitlin asked.

"Michael is going to kill us," Stringfellow Hawke muttered, before ordering, "Turbos."

Twenty minutes later, the old Riddle mansion was a burning pile of debris, courtesy of a Hellfire air-to-ground missile from the helicopter code-named "Airwolf".

155. Bunny by Tildessmoo

As the air-raid sirens screamed, and all of the residents of the orphanage were huddled in the basement, Tom Riddle raged to himself, *One more year! One year and I could protect this miserable building with a ward. But no, the idiots in the ministry won't allow me to cast spells yet! Any of a half-dozen rituals or spell wards could save all these . . . Why bother? I'll just leave instead.*

As the sixteen year old Riddle was silently fuming, a German bombardier pressed a button in the skies above.

156. Scene by Tildessmoo. As well as credit (or perhaps apologies) to Monty Python

Voldemort ran.

He ran through streets, under bridges, through the countryside, past farms and cottages and fields.

He ran for hours, ignoring the stitch in his side, ignoring the sweat that beaded on his scaly brow.

He ran until he could run no more . . . because he ran out of ground. His last thought, a moment before he impacted face-first with the beach a hundred feet below the cliff he had just run off the edge of was, *Wait a tick! Why am I running from a horde of topless muggle women in bikini bottoms? And why are they wearing matching bicycle helmets?*

157. Another bunny by Tildessmoo

Voldemort looked around the room in disgust. To say it was filthy was an understatement. It reeked of cheap tobacco and other, even less wholesome odors. There was no longer any question in his mind on whether it would be possible to bribe Mundungus Fletcher. Perhaps teaching him a couple cleaning spells would be payment enough.

Voldemort pushed aside an ashtray that seemed to double as a drip bucket for the hole in the ceiling. Idly wiping his hand to rid it of the yellowish sludge from the ashtray, he cleaned the chair and settled himself down to wait for the aptly nicknamed "Dung".

Fletcher was immensely surprised to find a dead Dark Lord in his living room that evening, the apparent victim of three different types of poisoning.

158. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

Disembodied, Voldemort finally managed to assemble enough energy to cast one, final spell in a gamble for his very existence.

"We're sorry, but the mind you're trying to reach is currently busy. Please hold or try again later."

. . .

"We're sorry, but the mind you're trying to reach is currently busy. Please hold or try again later."

. . .

"We're sorry, but the mind you're trying to reach is currently busy. Please hold or try again later."

. . .

"We're sorry, but the mind you're trying

159. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

Harry was idly looking over the Marauder's Map when he spotted dozens of new dots swarm in from one side. Looking closely, he identified many names as Death Eaters.

Finally, one last dot appeared on the page. Lord Voldemort.

He sighed. So it had finally come. Idly, Harry smashed his thumb down on the dot representing his archnemesis before moving his thumb further along, overtop the mass of other dots.

Before Harry's shocked eyes, the all of the dots smeared for a moment before fading altogether.

160. Another bunny by Evan Mayerle

The night after the third task of the Tri-Wizard Tournament, Harry Potter was dosed with a Dreamless Sleep Potion.

This was a mistake.

If he'd been in a normal sleep or awake, Madam Pomfrey would have realized that he was going through detoxification from all the power enhancement and stabilization potions that the false Alastor Moody had been dosing Harry with.

Voldemort, on the other hand, was disintegrating as those same potions, now a major part of his magically created body with the aid of Harry's blood, were wearing off.

27 April

3 May

161. Bunny by Vincent

Voldemort staggered as he finished the forced apparition through the wards they'd put up to hold him in place.

He looked around, not recognizing where he was but somehow finding it familiar.

"Who're you?" a young adult voice asked from behind him.

Gripping his wand, Voldemort turned around.

And came face to face with a man that he instantly recognized as Tom Riddle, Senior. Face twisting in rage, Voldemort raised his wand. "*Avada Kedavra* !"

Unfortunately for him, Merope Gaunt hadn't yet finished brewing the first Love Potion she was planning on using.

162. Another bunny by Killer07

Harry and Voldemort dueled up and down a street in a town in the American south-west. Bludgeoners, Cutters, flame spells of all descriptions, and even more damaging spells flashed back and forth, tearing apart the parked cars and the roadway, each combatant trying to land a hit on their elusive opponent.

Without warning, a black Trans Am started up behind Voldemort and drove itself into the flabbergasted dark lord, hurling him to the side and into another parked car. The dark lord was instantly knocked unconscious.

Harry, nervously clutching his wand, looks closely at the car sitting placidly in front of him. There was no driver.

"Do not be alarmed," a calm voice told him, apparently coming from the car. "My sensors detected that this individual wasn't completely human and that the directed energy weapons you were both using would have seriously harmed you."

"Uh, right," Harry agreed. "Um, thanks for helping me out. I'm Harry Potter," he finished, not sure what else to say to a machine that apparently just captured the most dangerous dark lord in recent times.

"You're quite welcome, Mr. Potter. My name is Kitt."

163. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort and Lucius, running from a contingent of Aurors led by Harry Potter, broke into an old, Victorian mansion. In the basement, they found a plain looking man working with an old-style set of medical scientist equipment.

Lucius pointed his wand at the man. "Help us or die a very painful death."

The man sighed. Lifting a vial with an unidentifiable fluid in it, he said, "I do wish you wouldn't threaten me like that. By the by, I'm Doctor Jekyll. I'd like you to meet Mr. Hyde." He then drank the contents of the vial.

164. Another bunny by Killer07

Wand lit, Voldemort led six of his Death Eaters through an underground passage.

"Forgive the question, My Lord, but where are we, and what are we doing here?"

Voldemort considered killing the insolent fool but decided to answer him instead. "We are in an ancient mining complex abandoned long ago. I have heard of a demon running loose in this area. I shall negotiate with this demon and win him as a servant in exchange for his freedom."

Unfortunately for him, the balrog wandering the Mines of Moria had no interest in serving anyone, powerful sorcerer or not.

165. Another bunny by Killer07

Wraith-Voldemort, knowing he was about at the end of his strength, suppressed his revulsion and possessed a muggle sitting in a restaurant.

When Voldemort opened his eyes, he saw another sitting across the table from him. Something felt wrong about this muggle, though.

The Devil, who'd been negotiating with a ruthless businessman only moments before, smiled. "Ah, Tom. I've been looking for you. And here you are, finding me. Thanks for saving me the trouble."

166. Yet another bunny by Killer07

Wormtail brought the goblet to the homunculus-Voldemort. "Your sustenance, My Lord."

The baby-like figure took the goblet and swallowed the concoction as quickly as it could. Moments later, it started choking. Pink froth forming at its lips, it rasped out, "Fool! You forgot to mix the other ingredients with Nagini's venom!"

3 May

15 May

167. Bunny by Eric Oppen

"Bone of the father, you will renew your son!"

Wormtail should have done his research. A flood had hit the cemetery in 1956. Not all of the tombstones had been placed above the correct graves.

The bone that dropped into the cauldron belonged to one Clifford Bennington, drunken wastrel who'd died of syphilis.

168. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

"Nagini, kill Voldemort."

"No, kill Potter!"

"Voldemort!"

"Potter!"

"Voldemort!"

"Potter!"

"Voldemort!"

"Potter!"

"Potter!"

"Voldemort! I command you as my familiar, strike now!"

Nagini, now thoroughly fed up with the crazy humans, did precisely as her master commanded.

169. Bunny by Gullwhacker (though that name is kind of disturbing all on its own)

"Finally!" Peeves the Poltergeist exclaimed as he pried the last one loose.

Slowly and ponderously, one of the doors to the Great Hall creaked. The magic held for a few moments, but eventually gravity won this battle.

Tom Riddle, nose buried in a book, walked past at exactly the right moment to be squashed by a huge, falling door.

170. Another bunny by Killer07

"Blood of the enemy, forcibly taken, you will revive your foe."

When the droplet of blood touched the bubbling potion, a curious reaction occurred.

Not even Harry was aware of it, but Fawkes's tears not only healed the wound on his arm in the Chamber of Secrets, but some also entered his bloodstream. Exactly enough, in fact, to perfectly balance the basilisk venom that was also in his bloodstream at the time.

Instead of both substances leeching out of his blood over time, they both remained. Deadly poison balanced by powerful healing. Two years later, a drop of this blood came into contact with a potion that was part of a dark ceremony.

The phoenix tears were immediately overwhelmed and destroyed.

The newly re-embodied Voldemort died of basilisk poisoning three seconds after standing up.

171. Another bunny by Gullwhacker

Voldemort was creeping through the darkened hallway of a muggle suburban home. A crash of thunder outside accompanied the raging thunderstorm.

He didn't notice the music start. If he'd heard it, he may have become nervous. It was just that kind of music.

From the next room came the sound of a small motor starting up. He paused in confusion, not understanding.

After a dramatic moment of hesitation, he strode forward (instead of being stealthy) and flung open the door, silhouetted by the doorframe.

Inside, a muscular individual was wielding a chainsaw. It suddenly revved and buzzed louder as it slashed toward him.

172. Another bunny by Killer07

"You have failed me for the last time, Wormtail."

"My Master, I beg you for another chance."

"*Avada Kedavra* ."

Voldemort really should have studied the resurrection ceremony better. The designer of this ritual knew that the followers of such a person may be killed, but he never expected for them to be killed by the one the ceremony was resurrecting. Therefore, Voldemort's body was to a large extent tied to the Wizard's Debt that he owed to Wormtail.

15 May

4 June

173. Another bunny by Killer07

"*Transfero magus en toto a Voldemort!*" Voldemort screamed, finishing the power enhancing ritual.

This particular ritual stripped all of the magical power from all participants (not that he told his followers this ahead of time) and gave it all to the

person named at the end of the ceremony.

He should have remembered that Voldemort was a pseudonym and that Magic only recognized birth names.

174. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

Voldemort stumbled as he forced his Apparition through the wards.

Standing, he looked around. One of his old bases of operation. That was good.

What was bad was the handsome young man looking at him in surprise.

"What in the name of Merlin *are* you?"

"I'm an immortal dark lord, you insignificant bug," Voldemort answered the somewhat-familiarly looking wizard. "Bow to me now and I may let you live."

Face twisting in anger and hate, Tom Riddle raised his wand against Voldemort, who had unknowingly just travelled back in time.

175. Another bunny by Evan Mayerle

"*Open* ," hissed Tom.

Just as he jumped into the opening to the Chamber of Secrets, Hogwarts herself intervened. She didn't want that beast loose to prey on her children.

The hole closed upon Tom Riddle, bringing an abrupt end to his planned reign of terror.

176. Variation of a bunny from Killer07

" - *Horcrux* ," Tom Riddle panted out, finally finished with the immensely difficult ritual.

Just as the young wizard was beginning to grin at the first completed step on his path to greatness, a being appeared in front of him with a suddenness that was jarring.

The being leaned forward and picked the diary-Horcrux off the floor and casually ripped it to pieces.

Horried, Riddle looked at his visitor. "What are you doing? Who are you?"

"I thought that was obvious, Tom Marvolo Riddle. I'm destroying a piece of your soul. You're stepping into my domain now, and you're not welcome here. As to who I am?" The non-descript, almost genderless individual smiled and morphed into a hugely muscled, red-skinned, horned beast with hooves and a tail. "Why, I'm the Devil."

177. Another bunny by Killer07

Rogue program detected. Program acting outside acceptable parameters.

Matrix instability possible.

Agents dispatched to delete rogue program designated DLV-ID-10-T-PEBCAK also known as "Tom Marvolo Riddle, Junior".

178. Bunny pointed out to me by Musings of Apathy. He got it from "The Wizard of Gotham" by Skysaber: <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/3509790/7/>

Lucius Malfoy looked at the object in his hands in disbelief. "Tell me you're joking, rat."

"Afraid not," Wormtail said with a notable lack of regret in his voice. "Our Lord was destroyed by a raging case of athlete's foot."

Malfoy thought it over for a few seconds. "Well, at least we can bury him in his favorite teapot."

4 June

26 June

179. Bunny from a thread on the FFA forums initiated by Alternator. <http://forum.fanficauthors.net/showthread.php?tid=1193>

Harry stepped around a tree to face Voldemort.

Shocked at the young wizard's audacity, Voldemort didn't react when Harry started speaking. "Ah, there you are. I finally found out what that 'Power He Knows Not' is."

Voldemort's eyes narrowed, but he didn't speak.

"Time Travel," stated another Harry Potter as this one stepped from behind another tree.

"Lots and lots of time travel," a third Harry Potter said.

"Lots," said a fourth.

"Lots and lots," chanted more and more as they all appeared around the flabbergasted Voldemort.

180. Bunny from Kokopelli

The diary of Tom Marvolo Riddle was seriously contemplating suicide.

Being a diary was tough enough. Having to be kind and sympathetic to snot-nosed brats was bad enough, but this was far worse!

Those Weasley twins could drive even a book to suicide!

181. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

In his animagus form, Voldemort ran, spurred on by primal instincts.

On and on he ran, heading toward a destination only his subconscious knew.

Finally at his destination, Voldemort and every other lemming in the herd threw themselves over the cliff.

182. Bunny from JoeFenton

Harry put the final touches on his devious plan while wearing a demented grin.

Done, he stepped back and shouted, "Voldemort!"

Voldemort, shaken out of a sound sleep, jumped to his feet and drew his wand.

Smirking, Harry waved his wand, and cancelled the illusion over Voldemort's wand.

Voldemort had less than a second to look at the stick of dynamite in his hand before the fuse burned down.

183. Bunny from Gullwhacker

Voldemort stared at the stone guardian. "You guard the Fountain of Myrrdin, do you not?"

"I do," agreed the stone construct.

"May I pass?"

"You may."

Voldemort grinned.

"I care not what you do so long as you do not try to destroy it."

"I understand that simply drinking from the fountain will grant me a boost in power."

"This is true."

Nodding, Voldemort walked through the portal and found himself in an underground room with a pool of water fed by individual drips coming out of a crack in the rock wall. Voldemort conjured a goblet and dipped it into the pool, bringing the goblet to his lips for a deep draught.

The ice-cold liquid was refreshing and brought him a surge of energy.

Voldemort drank again and felt another surge of energy.

Giddy, Voldemort dipped the goblet into the pool again and brought it up for a third drink.

The resulting magical explosion proved that greed is one of the seven *literally* deadly sins.

184. A variation of a bunny from Gullwhacker

Voldemort groaned, clutching his middle.

"How ignominious! The Dark Lord Voldemort done in by food poisoning!" he groaned.

185. Another bunny by Killer07

"Ah, but I have the Sword of Slytherin," Voldemort cried triumphantly.

Harry, holding forth the Sword of Gryffindor, gaped.

Voldemort pulled back the sword to first behead this brat then the witch standing at his back.

To his shock, the sword spoke to him. *"Tom Riddle, I deny your claim to the Slytherin name. The witch before you is a more direct descendant than you can claim. I will not harm her nor those protecting her."*

With these telepathic words, the sword turned on Voldemort before Harry and Hermione's shocked eyes.

186. Scene by dontbe_vain. Reproduced here without modification.

Voldemort, tired and stressed from Potter hunting, was currently in the shallow end of the pool playing with a rubber ducky when Goyle Senior reached over and grabbed the ducky from his hands. Enraged and without his wand, he chased Goyle around the pool, ignoring the obnoxious whistles coming from the lifeguard station.

"No running on the deck!" The young lifeguard shouted. He watched helplessly as the skinny pale man slipped, cracking his skull on the wet tiles. Voldemort groaned and he rolled over, face first into the edge of the pool. Feeling uncompassionate towards the man who had stolen toys from the other children watched as his flailing arms slowed to a stop. "I told him not to run."

187. Scene by dontbe_vain. Reproduced here with only minor modifications.

Voldemort cackled evilly as his plan to destroy Harry Potter was nearing completion. Potter was being detained in North America, and he was currently flying toward his arch-enemy. Deliriously happy at his good fortune, he didn't see an American Airlines jet flying dangerously close behind him. His cloak was sucked into the turbo jet engine along with the rest of his body.

Down below, a short woman in black rimmed glasses smirked as the large middle aged man sitting across from her stared up in shock.

"See what I mean? No capes!" Edna exclaimed.

26 June

19 July

188. "Original Bunny by Crys" (R, tm, C, patent pending)

Harry moved through the fight easily, effortlessly. No matter what Voldemort attempted, Harry countered perfectly or simply dodged.

Finally, Voldemort screamed in frustration. "Why can't I hit you?"

Harry smiled. "Felix Felicis."

189. Scene by Tildessmoo. Reproduced here with only minor modification. (as Tildessmoo pointed out, "why the heck hasn't this been used?")

Harry Potter faced off against Voldemort. This was it, the final duel. No holds barred. Neither can live while the other survives. Well, only one would survive the day, so one of them had to stop living. And, really, there was only one spell truly suited to the purpose.

"*Avada Kedavra* !"

190. Bunny by Dale

"What is that in your hand, Potter?"

"One penny nails."

"What do you think you can do with a handful of muggle items?"

Harry grinned at Voldemort. "Watch."

Harry tossed the handful of slivers of metal into the air then cast an overpowered Banishing Spell at them.

191. Bunny by Dale

Ron joined Harry looking down at the mutilated body. It had numerous burns, cuts, and contusions to the point that it was almost unrecognizable as the former Lord Voldemort. Harry was satisfied at having won, nauseated at his opponent's condition, and also a little amused.

"Why're you smiling, mate?" Ron asked.

"Your mum."

Ron blinked. "My mum? What does she have to do with it?"

"She's the power Voldemort knew not. What she taught me, anyway."

"What're you on about, Harry?"

"She's a great cook, right? Well, you've seen her produce gravy out of her wand. I used that to make Tom slip and fall. Then we have the food preparation spells. Vegetable peeling, potato cutting, cheese shredder, and all that. Heavy-duty stain cleaning charm. Boiling water. I think you get the idea."

Ron had a funny expression. "Thanks a lot, Harry. Now I'm not sure I can ever eat my mum's cooking again."

192. Bunny based on "Raw Power" by Laume: <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/3628373/1/> Used with permission.

"What is being wrong with me?" Harry asked in a high-pitched voice. He was standing in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place and looking at Dumbledore with panic. His body had been changing since awakening that morning.

"It turns out that your mother's line isn't totally . . . human. As the cross was with a magical race, it has not affected your aunt or cousin."

"But what is it?" Harry asked again, squirming uncomfortably.

Dumbledore paused. "We found a relative on your mother's side. Perhaps it would be better if he explained."

Pop.

Harry turned and found Dobby the house-elf smiling at him. "Harry Potter is Dobby's great-nephew!"

~ ~ ~

"You are a bad, evil wizard," Potty the house-elf said to Voldemort. "I be cleaning you." One wave of his green hand and all the evil staining his body and soul was wiped out of existence. This had the effect of disassociating the body completely, resulting in a small pile of loose snake scales.

"Yuck." Potty waved his hand again and the scales disappeared.

"Is you done?" Dobby asked his nephew.

With a nod, uncle and nephew popped back to Hogwarts kitchen to do some celebratory baking.

193. Bunny based on "Die, Voldie, Die!" by Laume: <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/3073348/1/> Used with permission.

Voldemort blinked with surprise at the Boy Who Lived. Harry had just parachuted into the midst of an Inner Circle meeting. "What are you doing here, Potter?"

"Why, driving you to suicide!" Harry answered. Without another word, Harry grabbed Severus Snape, pulled him close, dipped him, and locked their mouths together in a deep kiss. Wet sounds emerged as their tongues fought for control.

"EEWW!" was the collective response from the watching Death Eaters.

Voldemort stared at the two in horror before clawing at his eyes, trying to gouge them out in the vain hope of erasing the picture now seared onto his brain.

Thus Voldemort and most of his Death Eaters died that day, driven to either insanity or suicide by the most appalling scene they had ever witnessed.

194. Scene by WhyDoYouNeedtoKnow? Reproduced with only minor modifications.

"You're having me on," said Ron. "You didn't kill him?"

"Didn't need to." Harry sipped his drink. "After the Horcruxes were gone, he was as mortal as the next man, and nothing mortal survives getting hit by an articulated lorry."

"But you weren't on a highway, were you?" Hermione asked.

Harry shook his head. "Not even near a road. I'd have thought I hallucinated it all, except for the evidence of one very flat Dark Lord."

"Hallucinated it all?" Ron asked.

"Well, the end of it I *know* I hallucinated. The bit about the lorry transforming into a giant-sized robot..."

195. Another bunny by Killer07

A young Tom Riddle stared with utter confusion at the results of the fight he had just witnessed. Whatever that . . . thing had been, it wasn't anything from this planet. Four arms, six legs, three eyes?

While he was trying to figure it out, a man in a black suit held up a small metal cylinder. "Look at this, please," he requested in a polite but bored tone.

There was a flash of red light and everything went away.

The Men in Black had never had to use a standard-issue Neuralizer on a wizard before. It turns out to have more *permanent* effects on wizards than on muggles.

196. Another bunny by Tildessmoo

"Arresto Momentum Absolum Totalus !"

Our galaxy is moving away from the center of the universe. Our sun is orbiting the center of our galaxy. The earth is orbiting the sun. The earth is also rotating on its axis.

The spell that Hermione found stopped Voldemort's movement relative to the absolute center of the universe.

It took less than three minutes before the moon flew past his utterly unmoving form.

19 July

31 July

197. Bunny by HermanTumbleweed

Harry watched in horror as a Disfigrment Curse struck Hermone's chest.

His response was very much to the point. Each word punctuated by a powerful curse.

"Hermione! Ginny! And! !! Were! Going! To! Have! A! Three! Way! Later!"

198. Another bunny by Killer07

Snape handed a vial to Wormtail. "The Dark Lord wanted this potion. Give it to him. I am expected back at Hogwarts." The snarky potions professor spun and left.

Shrugging, Wormtail continued his chores.

Later, after Voldemort had finished his dinner, he asked, "Worm, Severus was supposed to deliver a Bad Luck Potion to use on my enemies. Has he delivered it?"

Wormtail stared at Voldemort's teacup in horror. "No, My Lord," he squeaked.

199. Scene by ScM15 in "By the Hand of the Other". <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/2822411/1> Used with permission

"I'm coming for you Tom!" Harry charged across the field, wand outstretched, dodging spells every which way...and tripped. Fortunately for him, what he tripped over was an anchor-rope for one of the siege engines Fred and George had come up with. As he went down, Harry's hand caught on the release lever.

Voldemort was laughing. "Ha, and this is all the Great Harry Potter can do? Why, you can't even make it to the battle!" His closest Death Eaters laughed sycophantically. No one noticed the shadow slowly getting larger. "Now, NOTHING stands in my way. ALL shall bow before me, LORD VOLDE--" He was cut off as the huge rock landed, sending a magical pulse rippling outwards.

That section of the Dark Lord's army, a major part of it, were knocked off their feet like bowling pins. Not that many of them would know what those were. As the blinding flash cleared, and the dust settled, Harry stumbled to his feet. He blinked, seeing the crater where the Dark Lord had been, and then looked at the lever beside him.

"Well," he said, shaking his head, "I guess it *was* by my hand..."

200. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort didn't go on many raids himself, but did occasionally want to "keep his hand in."

The mansion he and his team were facing reminded him of some of the manors at home. Very odd for a place in the United States.

Voldemort noticed the sign in the front yard, snorting disdainfully at the message. Silently, he strode to the front door, blasting it to splinters with a whispered word.

He should have heeded the sign. After all the Addams *did* post a warning that **Trespassers will be Eaten** .

31 July

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort Two Hundred and One to Two Hundred and Fifty

7 Aug

201. "Original Bunny by Crys"

"- so when Voldemort -"

"Will you *stop* saying his name?" Ron growled with a wince.

Harry sighed. "Are you still on about that? Look, it's not like my uttering a word can be detected."

"Actually, it can," Hermione said, head still down, poring over an old tome.

Harry blinked incredulously at her. "You're kidding."

She looked up from *Spells for Surveillance*. "Nope. The Taboo Word Spell. Though it's more like a ritual. It alerts the caster when anyone in a given radius speaks a certain word."

"So, for instance, if I could get the entire Order to join me and attack Vold -" Harry rolled his eyes as Ron hissed out a warning. "Tom Riddle the next time he says 'Nagini' in Parseltongue?"

Hermione realized the plan just as Ron's jaw dropped open at the wicked grin on Harry's face.

202. Scene submitted by Eric Oppen. Reproduced with minor modifications

Lord Voldemort cowered in a corner.

He had thought killing Harry Potter would make him win.

All he had done, he found out too late, was to make Hermione Granger very, very angry.

As he gibbered in a corner, Dolores Umbridge appeared, stark naked, and reeking of enough Love Potion to stop an army. She took one look at him, squeed loudly, and attacked.

203. Bunny by Musings of Apathy

Ginny found Harry standing in the strangely empty owlery. "What're you smirking at?"

"Hmm? Oh, I figured out the power he knew not."

Her eyes widened. "What? What is it?"

"Howlers."

She blinked rapidly for a moment. "Huh?"

"I just sent him a hundred Howlers, all timed to arrive at the same time. I figure if the sound doesn't kill him, being buried in envelopes when they all explode will do the trick."

204. Scene by Minerva Granger. Reproduced with no modifications. Inspired by Kinsfire's [Death of a Hero](#)

Voldemort's last thought before the toxic fumes overwhelmed him was disgust at the betrayal of one of his most faithful lieutenants.

Severus Snape, minutes earlier, had walked into the crowded room, asked for everyone's attention, and simply informed the Dark Lord: "Bite me, I quit!" before dropping a large bag of dungbombs. Snape, having had the sense to wear a muggle gas-mask, escaped in the confusion of the toxic fumes. Apparently there were no other survivors.

205. Bunny by Killer07's little brother. Must be a genetic thing.

"I don't care how much of this cursed forest you must raze, the ritual circle must be exactly three hundred and thirty-three feet in radius!"

Voldemort should've realized that there were several things in the forest that wouldn't take kindly to the destruction. No, the centaurs, acromantulas, and occasional giant weren't the biggest threats to wizards.

It was the colony of ents that nobody knew about.

7 Aug

15 Aug

206. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Harry stood on the Hogwarts battlements, looking upward at the large, bright object in the sky. His face was surprisingly peaceful. Hermione stood beside him, looking sadly up at the same thing.

"You know, it's strange," he said. "I thought I'd be more upset by this, but I'm not."

Hermione looked at him incredulously. "Harry, that comet is going to destroy the planet."

He nodded. "Yes, but this way, I know Voldy won't win."

207. Another bunny by Gullwhacker

Tom Riddle pored over the dark and dusty book at three in the morning, knowing that he would be safe from librarians and caretakers at that hour of the morning. The more he read of the Sumerian Power-Enhancing Ritual, the more he was convinced that it was just the kind of thing that he wanted. Deciding to keep the information to himself, he tore the page out of the book.

That particular book in the Restricted Section was perfectly capable (and willing) to tear back.

208. Another bunny by Gullwhacker

Voldemort studied the thick, green liquid in the vial. His plan to infiltrate the Order of the Phoenix was ingenious. He drank the potion, waited the required minute, then walked toward the edge of the Anti-Apparition Wards.

The Death Eaters at headquarters were amazed to find Harry Potter walking through their base. As one, they all raised wands and cursed their Lord's arch nemesis.

209. Scene by FenrisWolf. Reproduced here without modification.

Harry Potter was not having a good day.

Upon returning to Number 4 Privet Drive for his last summer, he was shocked when the bane of his youth, Dudley, apologized for years of abuse. What's more, he hoped Harry managed to defeat that Lord Whatsit who was after him.

Being the trusting fellow he was, Harry accepted Dudley's apology at face value, not understanding just how much low cunning occupied his cousin's piggy brain. So when Dudley asked him a favor the next evening, he happily agreed. After stuffing the packet Dudley asked him to deliver into his shirt pocket and checking to see the coast was clear, Harry summoned the Knight Bus for a trip to London, little knowing he'd been tricked into acting as a drug courier for Dudley's gang.

Upon exiting the Knight Bus Harry strode quickly down the street, traveling deeper into a disreputable part of the city as he hunted for the correct address. Suddenly there were a series of loud pops as a dozen Death Eaters, led by Voldemort himself, Apparated around him. A flurry of hexes and curses ended the only way it could, with Harry pinned to the ground, lying on his stomach while Voldemort's booted foot pressed into his back.

"And so it ends, Potter," Voldemort hissed as around him his minions engaged in sycophantic laughter. "The Boy Who Lived, face down in the dirt, defeated, alone, defenseless. So, do you have any last words for posterity before I end your pathetic life?"

As the Dark Lord asked his rhetorical question he bore down with his foot on Harry's back, inadvertently crushing the six dozen ampoules of amyl nitrate in Harry's shirt pocket, filling the teen's head with a seventy-two-fold overdose of the powerful heart stimulant.

For a muggle it would've been a fatal dose; most wizards wouldn't have fared much better, but Harry's powerful magic took the stimulant and ran with it. With a roar a figure that only lacked emerald green skin to match an American muggle comic book character reared up from the ground, sending Voldemort tumbling. Harry bellowed with rage and fell on the panicked Death Eaters, and in seconds reduced the entire contingent

including Voldemort into a broken, bleeding, giant fleshy Gordian's Knot.

As Harry stalked off, still puffing and snarling under the effects of the drug, Voldemort had one last thought as his life faded. 'Lord God, that was the *meanest* Half-blood I ever picked on!'

210. Scene by slickrcbd. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Tom Riddle stood between the high pillars in the Chamber of Secrets and looked up into the stone face of Slytherin, high above him in the half-darkness. Riddle opened his mouth wide and hissed, "*Speak to me, Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts Four.*"

Slytherin's gigantic stone mouth began to open, and something began stirring inside the statue's mouth. Something was slithering up from its depths.

An enormous, bright, poisonous green serpent hit the stone floor with a huge shudder, and spoke, "*Filthy half-blood, you dare to presume to command me? I shall cleanse the noble and pure Slytherin line of your muggle taint!*"

211. After the Ent / Ant confusion in the last update, several people suggested magical ants. Patches, Evan Mayerle, and Headology.

En masse, the Death Eaters Portkeyed into the Forbidden Forest.

All of the Death Eaters ignored the first few insect bites as they raised Anti-Apparition and Anti-Portkey Wards.

After Voldemort saw the fifth follower smack his leg to dislodge a biting bug, he looked more closely at the ground.

It was moving as billions of small, black ants marched along.

All of his followers were shouting by this time, fighting what looked like flowing black oil as it moved up their legs.

They had appeared directly in the path of a swarm of magically-resistant army ants.

212. Scene by Pwn Master Paladin. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Harry panted as he ran through the Department of Mysteries. He had come to check on the room that Dumbledore had told him of. The room where the force of love was put to study. Unfortunately, Tom had gotten wind of his plans, and had appeared to battle Harry.

So once again, he found himself in the Death Chamber. The Veil still fluttered in its non-existent breeze, and Harry couldn't help but think of Sirius as he fell through.

He blinked. *Wait a second.*

Harry repositioned himself, and when Voldemort came into the room after him, Harry grinned at him.

From the opposite side of the Veil.

"*Accio* Tom Marvolo Riddle!"

213. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

"*Reducto* !"

"*Everbero* !"

Curses flew back and forth between the Order and the Death Eaters. The two forces had met in an abandoned, man-made cave and immediately the curses started flying.

Suddenly, Harry grinned. His shouted command for emergency retreat drew more than a few confused looks, but the Order obediently triggered their evacuation Portkeys.

Finally, Harry stood alone against the assembled Death Eaters, dust filling the air.

"Why stop the fight, Potter? Do you recognize the futility of fighting me and wish to join my ranks?" Voldemort asked.

"Hardly. It was just that I recognized something. Bye, guys. *Incendio* . Activate." As his Portkey pulled him away, Harry knew the Flame Spell would do the trick.

They had all been standing in a cloud of coal dust, after all.

214. Bunny by Steven Arntz.

Voldemort stood on the small boat his Death Eaters had stolen, traversing the Atlantic to a small island rumored to contain a magical artifact.

For reasons known only to the fish, a swordfish chose that exact time and location to jump out of the water.

Voldemort was impaled and died when his heart was destroyed by the long protrusion on the flopping fish.

215. Scene by Lady Siren. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

A young Tom Riddle stood in front of a sink in a girl's bathroom, smirking. After two years of searching, he had finally found the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets!

Hissing the phrase that would open the portal, he came face to face with a huge basilisk. Though parselmouths were immune to a basilisk's glare, they were far from immune to the poison the King of Serpents carried in its bite.

Moments later, the Heir of Slytherin was slowly digesting in the snake's stomach as it slithered back into its lair.

There to meet it was a smirking young man with striking emerald eyes, messy black hair, and a lightning bolt scar gracing his forehead. He stroked the huge snake as it began to coil around him and chuckled. Sometimes, Neville's potions accidents could have unexpected high points.

216. Bunny by HermanTumbleweed

Wormtail looked at the huge vat of chocolate curiously before shrugging. Various Death Eaters occasionally donated foodstuffs to the Cause. Who was he to question it? Especially as the primary cook, it looked good for him when he could provide variety in the food provided.

That evening, the Death Eaters and Voldemort all enjoyed a chocolate fondue and slabs of chocolate for their pudding. None detected the WWW brand Long Lasting Laxative was mixed in with some of Honeyduke's chocolate.

Within a week, they had all died of dehydration and malnutrition compounded by the odor in the headquarters.

217. Scene by dzio. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Voldemort activated a long-distance Portkey. A few seconds later he found himself standing in the middle of a dimly lit corridor of an agency of the Muggle American government. Snarling at the disgusting mundaneness of his surroundings, he headed down the hall in his search for the information his sources told him was stored in this facility.

"Freeze!" shouted several voices behind him. Voldemort laughed and turned around to dispatch the Muggle fools who dared to interrupt him. He found himself staring at the business ends of a dozen guns. Laughing again, he reached for his wand. F.B.I. agents interpreted his move (quite correctly) as a hostile action and pulled the triggers.

"What the hell is that?" murmured one of the agents after turning the body face-up with his foot. "Mulder, one of your little green men?" he asked with a chuckle.

Fox Mulder looked down at a snake-like face and lifeless red eyes. "Grey. They are grey," he said blandly.

218. Another scene by dzio. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

The final battle was raging and many had fallen on both sides. Voldemort strolled through the carnage and admired his army's work. Finally he found himself standing face to face with the Boy-Who-Lived. At last! He would be rid of the little pest once and for all.

Next to the blasted Potter boy stood a young girl with a strand of shining white among her long, black hair.

"Hello," said Potter calmly. "I would like to introduce you to a friend of mine. Marie, this is Tom. Tom, meet Marie."

The girl took a step towards the confused Dark Lord and extended her hand politely. Dumbfounded, Voldemort took it.

It was a mistake to touch Rogue.

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219. Scene by slickrcbd. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Harry crouched behind the headstone and knew the end had come. There was no hope, no help to be had. As he heard Voldemort draw nearer still, he knew one thing only, and it was beyond fear or reason: He was not going to die crouching here like a child playing hide-and-seek. He was not going to die kneeling at Voldemort's feet. He was going to die upright like his father, and he was going to die trying to defend himself, even if no defense was possible.

Before Voldemort could stick his snakelike face around the headstone, Harry stood up. He gripped his wand tightly in his hand, thrust it out in front of him, and threw himself around the headstone, facing Voldemort.

Voldemort was ready. As Harry shouted, "*Expelliarmus* !" Voldemort cried, "*Avada Kedavra* !"

A jet of green light issued from Voldemort's wand just as a jet of red light blasted from Harry's

As they passed each other in mid flight, Harry tried to jump out of the way. He almost succeeded, but the jet of green light clipped his left hand . . . and bounced off, leaving another lightning bolt-shaped scar. The rebounded killing curse struck Voldemort, who was once again vanquished at the hand of the other.

220. "Original Bunny by Crys"

Tom Riddle slid down the tube toward the Chamber of Secrets, bored with the many trips he'd made over the past year.

Not paying attention, he'd gotten twisted around in the slimy tube.

Reaching the bottom, he landed on his head, resulting in a sickening crackle.

221. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

Voldemort stared in inarticulate confusion as what looked like an intricate, insectoid shaped, mottled brown space suite glided into his throne room.

With background hisses, clicks, and tones, a speaker on the figure's suit came to life. "Who are you?"

"I am Lord Voldemort."

"Incorrect. Who are you?"

"How dare you question me then call me a liar!" Voldemort drew his wand. "*Avada Kedavra* ."

Voldemort had never seen a Vorlon before, and therefore didn't realize that it was a truly bad idea to attack one.

222. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

A non-descript, black-haired man with a subtle but undeniable air of menace about him smiled softly at Voldemort. "What is it that *you* want?"

"I want immortality and to rule the world," Voldemort answered immediately.

"My associates can arrange the second, but I'm afraid the first is impossible for your . . . er, species."

Voldemort glowered. "It is said that you can grant anyone's wish. You will give me immortality."

"My apologies, but that is simply not possible." The man was utterly unafraid of the dark expression on Voldemort's face.

"You will give me what I want, or I will kill you." Voldemort drew his wand. "*Avada Kedavra* ."

A five foot tall, spider-like form appeared as if from under a Disillusionment Charm and absorbed the Killing Curse before attacking the Dark Lord.

The Shadows didn't take kindly to someone attacking their representative.

223. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Harry stared at the scene in shock. Moments ago, Neville had had the Sorting Hat stuffed on his head then set afire. Then . . . this.

Decapitated Death Eaters as far as the eye could see. And Voldemort laying on the ground in seven separate pieces.

Neville removed the Sorting Hat and calmly extinguished himself before cancelling the Flame Freezing Charm. "Come on, Harry! You weren't doing anything, so I just," he shrugged and grinned, "kept going."

224. Bunny by Gullwhacker

When Harry had started casting a spell, Voldemort had initially begun casting a shield. He stopped, though, when he recognized the spell that Harry was casting. Instead, the dark lord simply watched in mounting incredulity as Harry Potter continued the long incantation.

When the young man finished the spell, Voldemort threw his head back and laughed. "Do you know what that spell was you just cast, Potter?"

"It's a Suicide Spell," Harry answered calmly.

"Recognize the futility of fighting me, do you? Wanting to get out before watching all your friends die?"

"Not at all. That particular spell calls the Grim Reaper to collect your soul."

Voldemort nodded, having recognized the spell from his research. "You have less than a minute. Any last words?"

Harry grinned at him. He tapped his scar. "We share a soul, Tommy." He reached into his pack and extracted his Invisibility Cloak, one of the three Hallows. "And unlike you, I can hide from even him."

225. Bunny by Pwn Master Paladin

Voldemort broke into Dumbledore's tomb to claim the Elder Wand.

Fact: The Master of the Elder Wand was Harry James Potter.

Fact: Tom Marvolo Riddle wished harm upon Harry James Potter.

Fact: The Elder Wand "knew" both of these facts.

Fact: The Elder Wand had the ability to defend itself.

Fact: The Elder Wand was created as an unbeatable weapon.

226. Bunny by Killer07

Harry Potter, fourth year student and unwilling competitor in the Tri-Wizard tournament, looked warily at the dragon. Frowning, Harry turned and marched over toward the judge's stand.

"What are you doing, boy? You must get the egg," Igor Karkaroff said.

Harry ignored him. "The contract states that whoever puts their own name into the Goblet is obligated to participate, right?" Harry demanded of Dumbledore and Crouch, Senior.

Both older men, confused by Harry's actions, simply nodded.

Harry sat down on the ground. "Fine. I didn't put my name in. I refuse."

The judges stared at him. The audience was getting restless.

"Harry," Dumbledore slowly said, "if you *did* put your name in, refusing to participate will forfeit your life and magic."

Harry shrugged. "I didn't," he repeated.

An hour later, it was clear that Harry was still alive and still a wizard.

The teaching staff found a dead Barty Crouch, Junior in the D.A.D.A. classroom.

Magic itself enforced the same sentence upon the one who gave the order.

227. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Harry walked calmly back toward his standing friends.

All the purebloods were looking at him in utter confusion. The muggle-born and half bloods were staring in awe.

"Was that the Vulcan Death Grip?" Dean asked slowly.

"Don't you mean the Vulcan Neck Pinch?" Justin asked.

Dean shook his head. "The Neck Pinch was used all the time. It just knocks the opponent unconscious. No, the Death Grip was used in only one

episode."

"But it doesn't exist!" Hermione objected. "It's just fiction!"

Harry turned to look at Voldemort's body. Then he turned back to Hermione and raised one eyebrow. "Fascinating."

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228. Scene by Ishtar. Reproduced here without modification.

In a first-year girls' dorm at Hogwarts, a lonely child, far from home and family, poured out her heart and soul into the old diary she had found on the ground in Diagon Alley. She told it all her secret dreams and desires, her hopes and fears and aspirations. Inside the diary, a spirit – no more than a memory with a bit of soul attached to it – quivered and quailed, overwhelmed by darkness and depravity it had never dreamed of, in all its sixteen years of mortal existence and the years of isolation since then. Finally, with a wail of terror, the spirit tore itself free from the bindings holding it to its physical container and flung itself into the void. Whatever existed in the afterlife had to be better than this!

Wednesday Addams was somewhat startled - and quite entertained - when her diary suddenly flooded its pages with black ink and then burst into flames.

229. Another bunny by Killer07

Voldemort studied the chess board.

"Are we nearly through this confounded game yet, My Lord?" Quirrell timidly asked.

"Shut up, fool."

Two moves pass. Much as he despised the Transfiguration Professor, he had to admire her skill in making the animated pieces a worthy opponent. *Move that pawn forward? Maybe the bishop? I want to move the knight, but -*

"Master?" Quirrell asked yet again.

"Shut up, fool!" Voldemort yelled. "Knight to queen five," he grumbled next, frustration pouring in on him from every quarter.

After his knight moved, he watched as the opposing bishop moved across the board, bringing its weapon to bear.

It was only on the animated statue's downswing that he realized just how costly Quirrell's distraction was. The opposing bishop was swinging to connect to the back of Quirrell's head.

230. Bunny by Tildessmoo

"Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"I read your quote to the paper on how you killed Tom. But you also know the prophecy. How . . ."

She smiled. "Let's take it a piece at a time. Seventh month? Well, July is the seventh month on the Gregorian calendar, but that isn't the only one in the world, just the most popular. Early Roman calendars had September as the seventh month. The word 'sept' is a variation on seventh, after all.

"Mark me as his equal? Professor Snape has relayed that Riddle respected my research skills. It may not be much, but there it is.

"Have a power the Dark Lord does not? Harry, as much as I may love you, I can't say that any male understands any female.

"Parents thrice defied him? That one is a bit trickier, but I asked my mum and dad. Seems that Dad's parents owned a dental practice in a poor neighborhood in the forties. Dad visited the same day as a group from an orphanage. He doesn't remember it all that well, but he remembers getting into a fight with one of the older boys. He well could have said, 'No!' three times."

Harry blinked rapidly as he took this all in. "But the entire prophecy refers to the Chosen One as male."

She laughed. "Of all the things to worry about, it's that? No, the only thing I can figure on that one is that either Trelawney is wrong or that it was a generic 'him'."

She grinned impishly. "No, Harry, I'm very much female. If you're a good boy, I may let you check after the victory party."

231. Scene by Tildessmoo, inspired by Jeconais's drabbles. Reproduced here with minor modifications

Voldemort chuckled, his thin, snakelike lips stretched in a cruel mockery of a smile as he prepared the ritual to open a portal to another world. It was an amazingly easy ritual, if you were willing to kill a person or two. Voldemort was nothing if not willing. He presumed that he would find a few worlds similar to his own, but eventually he would find a world wherein resided some power he could use to defeat his enemies once and for all.

With a final flourish, the portal opened, and the Dark Lord stepped through. He paused just past the threshold, staring in wonderment at the bright, technicolor world before him. *This would be just the* - Voldemort was distracted by an odd whistling sound that did not have any apparent source. And was it getting darker, or was it just him?

"Eh... You might not want to be standing right there, doc," a creature he had not previously noticed said. It reminded him vaguely of a human-sized bipedal rabbit, especially with the carrot it chewed as it spoke. He noticed the grey creature was pointing upwards with the aforementioned root vegetable and directed his gaze to follow. He then blanched in fear--no mean feat, considering how pale he already was.

Voldemort turned to run back through the portal, but, pump his legs though he might, he remained stubbornly in place as his doom approached, accompanied by an ever-expanding shadow and an increase in the volume of the whistling. Finally, in a last-ditch effort to save himself, he pointed his wand upward and cast a spell.

Unfortunately, rather than producing the desired spell, his wand merely transfigured itself. His last thought as he stared at the pink umbrella he now held over his head was to wonder what possible good it would do against the weight of a falling anvil.

232. Scene by Tildessmoo. Reproduced here with minor modifications

Voldemort (as he had taken to calling himself) had a weakness.

It was not a weakness of character, not something that anyone could use against him. It was simply... Call it his vice, if you will.

He spent most of his life stuck in either the orphanage where his mother had left him or at school, but every now and again he had a break: The orphanage would take its charges for a week to the seaside during summer hols.

Now, just enjoying this vacation was not To-

Sorry, Voldemort's weakness. No, his weakness was what he could get while in the small, rural village; it was something not to be had either at Hogwarts or in the London orphanage.

Mushrooms.

Oh, he got plenty of mushrooms at mealtimes, certainly, but those were all cooked into oblivion. They were soft, slimy, pallid shadows of the true glory that was the Fresh Mushroom. The little white field mushrooms that he so adored dotted the landscape, ready for him to enjoy their flavor and texture, somewhere between well-cooked meat and a crisp apple, with a bit of extra chew from the gills. He would spend the first day or two searching and munching.

Then he could get in a bit of extra enjoyment when he took care of those two annoyances that called themselves human and make himself immortal at the same time. He grinned at the mere thought even as he bit into his fifth mushroom of the day, a tawny grisette, if he wasn't mistaken. It might make him a little ill to eat a grisette raw, but it was one of the most delicious of the lot, so it was well worth it.

The grin quickly turned into a frown when he noticed Charles Hobson, the insufferable know-it-all, tearing up some of his precious mushrooms from the base of a chestnut tree and examining them. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" he asked.

"I'm looking at mushrooms," the pompous but knowledgeable boy responded. "Did you know that the Amanita Phalloides is often mistaken for the Amanita Fulva?"

"In the King's English, if you don't mind."

"Oh. The deathcap is often mistaken for the tawny grisette." He looked down at the mushrooms in his hand. "All of the ones I've seen today appear to be deathcaps."

233. Scene by Tildessmoo. Reproduced here without modification

Tom groggily pried his eyes open, only to see the grinning face of his girlfriend. "Are you ready for another round?" Charlotte Delacour purred. Tom had half a mind to groan in pain, but Charlotte quickly changed that to pleasure.

When was the last time they had stopped for food and water? Did he really care? He was certain she was killing him, but what a way to go!

234. Bunny by Tildessmoo.

After Harry and the Diggory boy's body were Portkeyed away, Voldemort turned his fuming gaze to his followers.

And blinked in surprise. Earlier he hadn't noticed, but they were all thin and definitely ill. "What is wrong with you all? You're all ill?"

The robed Death Eaters exchanged looks before Malfoy stepped forward. "Yes, My Lord, we are."

"Speak. What is wrong?"

"My Lord, in our prime you recall all the rapes, murders, mayhem, pillaging, and rapes we performed?"

"You said rape twice."

"I like rape."

"Very well. Yes, I recall our glorious past that will again become reality."

"What we didn't know about at the time is that some of our victims were carries of various venereal diseases. Unfortunately, My Lord, even modern wizarding medicine does not have a cure for many of them, and well, you see . . ." Malfoy went on to describe in broad strokes what was happening to them all. "And in conclusion, Master, I hope my recollections of your participation are incorrect because there is no cure for these diseases."

235. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Quirrell / Voldemort, after getting past Hagrid's beast, fell into the Devil's Snare. Knowing what it was and how to defeat it, Quirrell took his time after landing before raising his wand.

Unfortunately for him, that particular Devil's Snare was smarter than most. Having learned that the sticks that humans carried could cause the brightness, the Devil's Snare grabbed the wand and wand arm first.

Unable to move his arm, Quirrell was no match for the huge, carnivorous plant.

236. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Quirrell sneered in disgust at the room full of flying keys. Sighing at the necessity, he grabbed one of the brooms and mounted it.

In school, Quirrell was a Chaser. Riddle was a Keeper. Both tried to control the actions with differing sets of reflexes and methods.

Right until the shifting flock of keys moved aside to show the wall they were just in front of and heading toward at nearly full speed.

237. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Snape nearly chortled with glee as he surveyed the room for his portion of the defense of the Philosopher's Stone.

Dumbledore thought the Golden Boy would be next one to come through here, did he? I'll showhim.

With a sadistic grin in place, Snape put seven bottles of fast-acting poison in differently-sized bottles and placed them in a row on the table next to the nonsensical "clues" he'd made up.

* * *

Months later, Harry and Hermione burst into the room only to discover the dead body of their D.A.D.A. professor with another face sticking out the back of his head.

238. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Voldemort, acting through Quirrell let loose a bellow of frustration. *Five hours! We've been staring at this accursed mirror for five hours.*

There has to be a way to get that Stone out of there.

Finally giving up, he allowed Quirrell to destroy the mirror to get at it.

Breaking a mirror resulting in bad luck is a superstition in the Muggle world.

But like many superstitions and myths, there is a grain of historical truth in it.

Breaking a magical mirror results in a very, very large explosion.

239. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Voldemort approached the lair of the great dragon Xenophoclies.

It was an ancient wyrm with a well deserved reputation not only for its temper when crossed but for its arcane knowledge.

Just as he was about to enter the cave, four people came scurrying out, carrying bags that were bulging to overflowing with gems and coins of precious metals.

The one in the lead, a beefy man wearing a suit of armor, panted out, "I can't believe we actually got away with -" He broke off as he spied Voldemort. Without slowing his escape from the cave, he called, "I'd strongly recommend being somewhere else."

As the strangely garbed foursome disappeared around a rock outcropping, the huge dragon came charging out of its lair. It came to a surprised stop in front of Voldemort.

Before the Dark Lord could utter a word, it hissed out, "So, you have the arrogance to stand before me after robbing my lair? We shall see about that!" It sucked in a great breath.

Just as Voldemort was starting to explain that he had no part in any theft, Xenophoclies released a full blast of dragonfire directly into Voldemort's face.

The Dark Lord's hastily cast Flame Freezing Charm had no chance of protecting him from the raw power coming from the enraged dragon whose lair had just been robbed by a group of adventurers.

240. Bunny by Killer07

Voldemort wasn't happy with his animagus form.

It was demeaning. I mean, who would be scared of a Dark Lord with an animagus form of . . . He shuddered.

The one redeeming feature of that form, though, was that he could use it to get close to his targets.

Just as he was doing now.

That annoying Potter boy was jabbering away to one of his followers as a crowd of students came outside to attend Care of Magical Creatures.

Much to Voldemort's surprise and supreme dismay, one of the girls squealed loudly, ran over to him and picked him up.

"Oh, how cute! I'm going to keep him."

"Lavender," the mudblood at Potter's side said, "that's a wild rabbit. While it may look cute, there's not telling what diseases it may be carrying."

Diseases? Diseases! He'd show her diseases if this infuriating little trollop of a witch would just loosen her hold of his throat.

* * *

"Look, Lavender. The rabbit's scrambling out of your hold already."

Lavender reacted by clutching it tighter.

Hermione sighed. "I know you're still mourning Binky. But I don't know if getting another rabbit, a wild one even, is the answer."

"You're just jealous that I have a cute bunny and you don't," Lavender accused. She then grinned, clearly thinking that she had identified the problem.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "For all I care, you could keep a transfigured Voldemort -"

Everyone except Harry screamed. Lavender accidentally squeezed the rabbit too hard and broke its neck.

With a tear in her eye, Lavender pouted, "Now look at what you made me do!"

241. Bunny by King James LXVIII

Wormtail watched in horror as the ritual he was performing to re-embody his master fell apart.

No matter what he did, what changes he made, the potion would not stabilize.

With a flash of insight, he realized what the problem was. "Damn imported cauldron! The bottom is an inconsistent thickness!"

242. Bunny by Killer07

Recently Ascended Daniel Jackson "looked" at the scene.

He'd found a human wizard dueling with another wizard, though this one wasn't quite . . . human. Curious, Daniel drifted closer to the unknown wizard and tried to study him as the duel continued.

In the process, he'd removed the older wizard's magical core.

"Oops," Daniel said. He shrugged. Well, he was still new, so he was bound to make some mistakes.

243. Bunny by Gullwhacker

The seventh year N.E.W.T. D.A.D.A. class watched Quirrell stutter through another lesson. When the bell rang, the professor all but fled the scene.

"He's worthless!" one of the Slytherins grumbled as the students slowly gathered their belongings.

"We're going to have to take N.E.W.T.s at the end of the year, and *he* isn't teaching us anything," a Gryffindor agreed.

"Maybe he's possessed," the lone Hufflepuff suggested with a partial grin.

"Maybe," the Gryffindor agreed.

"If he is, it's not a usual possession," a Ravenclaw observed.

The Slytherin shrugged. "We all remember that group exorcism spell that Professor Snape taught us last year when he had D.A.D.A., right? Well, let's all cast it at Quirrell at the beginning of next class."

Everyone nodded. After all, it couldn't hurt, right?

244. Scene by Eric Oppen. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Lord Voldemort stared in horror as the Killing Curse splashed off Harry Potter and his two friends. As he gaped, unable to believe his eyes, he began to notice small things about them that he'd overlooked. Their skins were very pale, even in the moonlight. Their eyes had an odd reddish glow. And they had fangs!

Stepping forward, Harry said chidingly: "Silly Voldemort. There's only one way to stop us now!"

As Harry's fangs sank into his throat, Voldemort wished frantically that he could swap his wand for a crucifix or a good, stout wooden stake.

245. Bunny and partial scene by Eric Oppen.

Lord Voldemort scrambled through the corridors of the Ministry, his mind racing in horror.

He'd watched Potter fall into a container of glowing gold liquid in one of the sealed rooms in the Department of Mysteries. When Harry had climbed out of the container, Voldemort had seen the plaque on the side of the container.

Liquid Love

Behind him, he could hear Harry calling, "Come out, my passionate little bundle of Dark-Lordness! I am looking somewhere for you!"

Ever since falling into the liquid love, and apparently ingesting it or becoming infused with it or something, Harry had been calmly stalking Voldemort. Nothing the evil Dark Lord did helped him in the slightest. No matter how fast he ran, no matter the obstacles he placed in the boy wizard's path, Potters inexorable movement had closed the gap.

Turning a corner at full run, Voldemort was suddenly in the embrace of a softly cooing Harry Potter.

Hermione Granger watched in the kind of horrid fascination usually reserved for witnessing train wrecks.

Harry had glomped himself to Voldemort, and, struggle as the dark wizard would, he couldn't escape Harry's embrace. "Ah, my little Dark Lord, at last I have found you for the first time for the last time!" Harry kissed several points on the struggling Voldemort's face, complete with over-the-top sound effects. "Mm-wa, mm-wa, mm-wa. Your lips say 'no-no-no,' but your pretty red eyes say 'yes-yes-yes!'"

The assembled Order of the Phoenix warriors, powerful witches and wizards who struck fear into the hearts of any Death Eaters they came upon, were rolling around on the floor in helpless laughter, heedless of Voldemort's pitiful screams. "Help! Save me! Save my virtue!"

Hermione just shook her head. "And to think I once laughed at Pepe LePew," she muttered.

246. Bunny by Killer07

An overwhelming silence fell after the Final Battle.

Harry blinked rapidly, trying to focus his eyes. "Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Er . . . Not to be rude or anything, but what are you? I can't even look at you!"

"You are a child of prophecy, Harry. Therefore, I am here as a guardian."

" . . . What?"

She laughed, producing a nearly musical trilling that humbled Fawkes. "I am here as a guardian. I helped protect you while you fulfilled the prophecy. In your terms, I'm an archangel."

19 Sep

12 Oct

247. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Voldemort sat upon his throne, watching the Dark Revel idly. He looked up from his contemplations when every wizard at the outdoor gathering fell silent. He followed their gaze and watched in wide-eyed amazement as a small spacecraft smoothly flew toward them and came to a silent landing. A ramp fell to the ground and a small figure in some sort of space suit with many objects attached trundled down before coming to a halt at the bottom of the ramp.

Voldemort stood and advanced. The small creature gazed up at him through its helmet visor. "Take me to your leader," a speaker mounted on the space suit spoke in a flat, clearly mechanical voice.

"I, the Dark Lord Voldemort, rule over all. Speak, inferior -"

The alien was clearly no longer listening. It reached for one of the objects dangling from its belt, drew it, and calmly vaporized Voldemort into his constituent atoms.

With the death of the "leader" of the planet, the alien invasion commenced.

248. Scene by The Crow. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

A Sicilian man sat in his large, leather armchair looking out his window to his daughter's wedding below.

He turned around and faced the door when a knock sounded. "Tom, let him in," he calmly commanded the other man standing in the room.

Tom opened the door and in came a young man with unruly black hair, piercing green eyes, and a scar in the shape of a lightning bolt on his forehead.

Harry Potter took a seat and started. "Godfather, I come to you, on the day of your daughter's wedding, to make a request..."

249. Bunny by Killer07

Voldemort finished the long summoning, " . . . Glazerbu!" With a flash of red light and a deafening clap of thunder, a fifteen foot tall monstrosity appeared in the ritual circle. Four armed and hugely muscled, this greater demon was an awesome fighter even before one took into account its magical abilities and resistances.

Voldemort smiled an evil smile. Based on the convoluted rules of commanding such dangerous entities, Voldemort gave it the command closest to his goal. "Demon, I, your summoner, command you to seek out and destroy the enemies of the heir of the Slytherin line."

The glazerbu clicked one of its pincers. "Release me from this circle and I shall do so," it agreed in a voice that sent shivers through everyone listening.

Voldemort narrowed his eyes. Demons were never so accomodating. Mentally reviewing all the summoning steps and the phrase he had spoken, he concluded that he had made no errors and the demon, recognizing the same, simply had no choices. He waved his wand, dispelling the wards around the summoning circle.

The demon chuckled as it stepped forward. "Foolish, foolish mortal. Do you not know your own history? On his death bed, Salazar Slytherin cast out the Gaunts from his line, leaving the family name to his daughter and squib grandchildren. The line of Evans is the last acknowledged heir of Slytherin." It smiled, showing a hundred razor teeth. "So, you have commanded me to destroy the enemies of Harry Potter."

250. Bunny by Killer07

Harry and Voldemort traded spells, each looking for an opening to finish off the other.

Both were distracted by a blue blur that came racing past. Harry blinked, wondering if that really was a Technicolor bird running so quickly. Before either wizard could react any further, a roaring noise approached.

Harry watched in stupefaction as a large, red rocket, with "ACME" printed on the side and a rail-thin bipedal coyote tied to it, impacted Voldemort and immediately changed direction to straight up. It flew, now with two passengers, a hundred feet before exploding into a moderately sized firework.

Wily E. Coyote is much more damage resistant than Lord Voldemort.

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort Two Hundred and Fifty-One to Three Hundred

25 Oct

251. Bunny inspired by Killer07

A rogue, wild dementor followed its primal urges until it came to Albania. There, an unfettered spirit barely survived as it jumped from one host body to another.

During the wraith-Voldemort's next jump, the dementor swooped in and caught the fractional soul.

252. Bunny by Gullwhacker

Voldemort tore the prophecy from Harry's unprotected mind. After a moment of silence, he started to laugh.

Harry, being held upright between two Death Eaters, slumped.

"Here I was worried that I wouldn't be permitted to kill you or be incapable due to the prophecy," Voldemort chortled. "Well, now that those concerns are invalidated, I'm afraid I simply don't have the time to bother with you any longer. Goodbye, Harry Potter. *Avada Kedavra*."

The green light of the Killing Curse hit Harry in the chest.

And nothing happened.

Harry and Voldemort stared at each other in utter confusion.

Meanwhile, the real "Dark Lord" referenced in the prophecy finished the Armageddon Ritual, ensuring the death of every magic user on the planet.

253. Bunny by Killer07

Young Tom Riddle stood over his father and grandparents. With a disgusted sneer, he pointed his wand and uttered the words of the Killing Curse.

A phoenix is a creature of the Light. The phoenix feather wand in Riddle's hand did not like being used for such a Dark spell.

It reacted by releasing a magical explosion that utterly destroyed the Riddle Mansion.

254. Scene by Tildessmoo. Reproduced here without modification

Voldemort plotted and pondered. Harry Potter had been missing for weeks, and according to his spies the Order has just as little idea of his location as he. This could be a problem in the long run, but the dark lord decided to get a bit of mayhem done in the meantime, while the Order was distracted chasing down leads as to its charge's whereabouts.

Just as he was about to call Wormtail to bring his latest orders to the Death Eaters at large, a sphere of light appeared in the middle of his study. Before he had time to react, the glow suddenly grew too bright to look at, then faded, leaving three figures in its wake.

Upon seeing the central figure, Voldemort couldn't help but laugh.

"Halloween isn't for another ten months, boy!" he exclaimed. Indeed, Harry Potter, for he was one of the three figures, was dressed oddly, in bronze greaves, sandals, crested helmet, leather breastplate, and, of all things, a metal-edged leather skirt! He held a spear in one hand and a tall shield in the other, and wore a short, straight sword at his side.

"And this isn't a costume," Harry responded. "I am a hoplite, a trained soldier of the Athenian tradition. Please allow me to introduce my trainer." He gestured to the woman on his right, a tall, regal woman, similarly attired, but with an odd sword with a concave curve to the blade. Her breastplate was of a slightly different shade and texture, as if it had come from a different kind of animal, and her shield was covered, and apparently lumpy under that cover. "This is my sister. Well, half-sister, anyway. You may call her Glaukopis."

"I thought you were an only child?"

"Yes, well... Perhaps you'd like to explain to him?" he asked the woman on his left.

"Of course, dear. You see, Mr. Riddle, the truth is that Lily Potter was incapable of bearing children. I made a deal with the Potters: James would conceive his heir with me, and the couple could raise him as their own. Imagine my surprise to see how things actually turned out."

"I see." Voldemort contemplated the tableau before him for a moment, trying to decide if he should continue their conversation for a little longer or if he should just kill them all now. He finally decided to ask the one burning question on his mind: "What does this have to do with dressing up like a hoplite?"

"Haven't you guessed?" Harry asked. "With all those purebloods around you, you haven't been exposed to the classics?"

"What do you mean the classi-" Voldemort stopped suddenly, remembering: When someone in the upper class said "classics," they meant Greece and Rome. Here he had a pair of people in the garb of Athenian soldiers. And what had he called his sister? Glaukopis? He made the connection, and a few others, and he froze.

"That's right," the regal warrior said, her voice one that could--and did--command armies. "I am Athene Glaukopis: Bright-Eyed Athena. And this is my mother."

"Harry is, indeed, my second-born," said Harry's mother--Metis, Voldemort now knew. "Subject of a prophecy infinitely older than yours, Harry is the one who is mighty enough to be the end of Zeus himself."

"The power you know not... Well, Tom, it's the power you sought," Harry finished. "The power of a god. Now, I'm gonna make this quick; I've got to go kill my step-dad, and, quite frankly, you aren't even gonna be much of a warm-up."

255. Scene by Meteoricshipyards. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

It had taken months. The stupid muggles didn't know what they had. What has slowed him so much was the magical protections placed around the object. The Muggles, oblivious to their very existence, had been no problem, but it had taken a long time to overcome the wards.

The wards themselves had been a confusing set of almost randomly placed magical protections. What Voldemort didn't know was that every wizard for the last hundred years that had found out what was in the library had placed their own set of protective wards around the structure.

And thus, night after night, Voldemort had chipped away at the wards around the library at Miskatonic University. And now he held the book in his hand. Bound in human skin, written in blood, there was no finer copy of this work in the world.

A week later, Wormtail would find the Dark Lord still in his study, gibbering away. Nothing they could do would return his sanity (such as it was). He couldn't even feed himself. His only reaction to the outside world was when a Whip-o-will would call; the former Dark Lord would stop gibbering, curl into a fetal position, and shiver.

When the Death Eaters got tired of feeding him, Voldemort died of starvation.

With their Lord dead, the Death Eaters decided to become a political party. Through splintering and parliamentary wrangling, they never achieved any of their ends.

Lucius Malfoy took one last shot of revenge at Harry Potter years later.

Harry Potter, Auror trainer, received a package one morning. Opening it, he found a strange, very old book. He opened the book, noting the smell of decay that seemed to surround it. On the first page, in hand written letters, was the word:

Necronomicon

256. Bunny by Heather

Voldemort chased Harry through a small muggle city, finally chasing him into a large, mostly open area with a scattering of oddly-shaped vehicles of some kind upon huge expanses of pavement.

Due to his ignorance of all things muggle, Voldemort didn't realize that just because you couldn't see it didn't mean the propeller wasn't there.

257. Bunny by LandUnderWave

Harry ran pell-mell down the staircase in Hogwarts. Voldemort chased his nemesis at equal speeds.

It'd been decades since Voldemort had wandered the halls of the castle.

Harry remembered the trick step. Voldemort didn't.

Voldemort's foot got caught by the step. His momentum continued forward, resulting in a high-speed, face-first collision with a hard landing between flights of stairs.

258. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here without modification.

He'd done it.

Going beyond the mere stopgap measure of a Horcrux, Voldemort had achieved what he perceived to be true immortality. The prophecy had been fulfilled - Potter had died at his hand - and the Dark Lord had conquered the world, truly unstoppable.

Eventually, though, his followers died off. They'd killed off all the muggles, yes, and many witches and wizards besides. Inbreeding had taken its toll, and soon no humans were left - save one. Dark Lord Voldemort still reigned over the Earth. Alone. Bored.

Watching the sun itself fade, Voldemort looked forward to the heat-death of the universe.

259. Bunny by David Ray Thacker

"Okay, Mr. Potter, take a left at the next corner," the driving instructor told Harry.

Carefully, Harry made the requested turn. Once going the new direction, Harry heard the crack of Apparition and saw Voldemort appear on the sidewalk ahead. So surprised by the appearance of the Dark Lord, Harry jumped and accidentally knocked his hand into the steering wheel.

The car, now moving fifty kilometers per hour, hit Voldemort before the evil wizard could finish his spell.

260. Bunny by Killer07

" . . . go into the lake and destroy the next wizard to threaten this locket."

The mindless horde of Inferi sank into the water immediately.

Smiling a sadistic smile of satisfaction, Voldemort turned to add some more direct protections.

Unfortunately for him, the Inferi considered a pointed wand as a threat. And Voldemort failed to exclude himself in his instructions to them.

261. Scene by slickrcbd. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Voldemort looked at the package delivered by the snowy white owl in surprise. He knew from his spies that this was Potter's owl.

Being extremely suspicious, he began casting every detection spell he knew, but couldn't find a trace of magic on the package. Satisfied, he opened the package.

It promptly exploded.

Thus, Voldemort became the first wizard to be killed by a muggle mail bomb, delivered via owl post.

25 Oct

28 Nov

262. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

"Clear your mind!" Snape barked. "*Legilimens*!"

Just as Snape shattered Harry's ill-formed barrier, Voldemort mentally came for a visit.

Harry staggered as his mind tried to contain three powerful personalities simultaneously. After the other two shifted around some, Harry managed to push both of them out. He fell unconscious. Awakening the next day with a screaming migraine, he was shocked at the news he was told.

Instead of pushing both adult wizards' minds back to their own bodies, he had sent both of them in the same direction.

Voldemort's cranium had imploded with a giant slurping sound.

Snape's cranium had exploded as it tried to contain roughly twice the brain matter.

263. Bunny by Crys. Well, I guess that would make it an unmodified scene? Whatever. Inspired while writing #262 above.

"Clear your mind!" Snape barked. "*Legilimens*!"

While Harry fought off Snape's mental attack, Voldemort mentally came for a visit.

Just as he broke through the boy's defenses, Harry managed, for the first time, to clear his mind.

264. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

Voldemort watched Snape brewing the potion. "You say Potter found this potion?"

"Yes, My Lord. While the boy is hopeless in potions, he *did* just inherit the Black estate. I suspect he found this potion in the Black Grimoire."

"Hmm," Voldemort mused. "Despite Sirius Black's existence, the family has been of acceptable breeding and attitude. You say this potion will make one permanently invisible?"

"So the notes say, My Lord."

"Excellent."

What neither Voldemort nor Snape knew was that a lot of magical theory and research had gone into that recipe. It was, in fact, an obscure version of a Shrinking Potion with an infinitely repeating portion added.

265. Bunny by Killer07, another installment in the series "Rituals and what can go wrong with them"

Voldemort spent a long time staring at the spot that Harry and Diggory's body had Portkeyed away from. Finally, growling in frustration, he directed his followers in cleaning up the mess they'd made of the cemetery in Little Hangleton. He knew full well the danger muggles represented, so he had his followers cover their magical tracks whenever circumstances permitted.

Between the detritus of the ritual and the mess he had made when "dueling" Potter, it was hours before they were done.

The last tombstone was being righted when the sun peaked over the horizon. When Voldemort stepped from behind the shadow of a huge yew tree, his body promptly burned to ash and collapsed in place.

The assembled Death Eaters stared in shock.

"Damn," one quiet voice said. It was not angry nor shocked, rather tired and sad.

"What?" Malfoy nearly screamed at Pettigrew.

"I thought I removed the vampire portions of that ritual."

266. Scene by Jake Grey. Reproduced here with minor changes.

Lord Voldemort sat in a darkened interior room of the former Riddle family home, listening despondently as his thirty remaining followers sporadically fired curses and fought to shore up the wards against the onslaught. Spells from the wizards, Molotov Cocktails, stones and even firearms from the squibs and magic-aware muggles cascaded back at the crumbling old manor house, in defiance of a token effort by the Aurors to hold back the baying mob from burning down the building and killing everyone inside.

The Power The Dark Lord Knows Not turns out to be public relations, Voldemort growled silently, wincing as some sort of improvised bomb crashed through an upstairs window and detonated, sending several roofing nails through the ceiling and narrowly missing him.

A distinct magical vibration and a savage roar from the mob informed him that the wards had been defeated. Voldemort briefly debated retreat, but discarded the notion. A lifetime on the run, reviled by all yet regarded as little more than a loose end, forever tasting the bitter bile of defeat . . . Better death than that. Voldemort stood, and drew his wand. "Victory may be yours, Potter," he spat, "but in Slytherin's name, I shall make it a bloody one . . . Death Eaters!" he bellowed. "To me!"

Despite themselves, many of the mob were privately quite impressed at the courage with which the Death Eaters charged headlong, firing curses as they ran and inflicting many casualties before being overwhelmed. Voldemort was the last to fall, finally toppling under a barrage of curses from a small, picked band of wizards led by Harry Potter himself.

Voldemort jerked back to consciousness as a bucket of water hit him in the face, and looked from the baying crowds to his prophesied nemesis and scowled. "Not very Gryffindor of you to be here to gloat, Potter," he snarled.

Maybe," Harry replied, smiling in a way that even Voldemort found disturbing, "but I wouldn't miss this for the world. Look behind you, Tom."

Voldemort hissed at the use of his despised muggle name, but turned anyway. Spotting the item that Potter meant, Voldemort inhaled sharply.

Even a pureblood would have immediately understood the purpose of the large wooden cross, and even the symbolism attached to it. Voldemort supposed that he ought to take it as a twisted sort of compliment.

Needless to say, this was of minimal comfort in the last eighteen hours of his life.

[a/n] Before anyone screams, look at the historical reasons for crucifixion instead of just the most famous example of it.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crucifixion>

267. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

Voldemort had won. Supreme Wizard on the planet.

Then he made his biggest mistake.

He tried to take over the muggles.

After pushing one of the former Eastern Bloc leaders, World War III was triggered. It ended a scant two hours later after the last nuclear explosion finished.

Voldemort continued, now completely alone on an irradiated planet shrouded in a perpetual layer of ash.

Without life, Magic dwindled away. Without magic, Voldemort continued getting weaker and weaker. Finally, old, frail, and utterly powerless, Voldemort laid on the rocky ground, waiting to die.

268. Bunny by me, inspired while writing #267

Voldemort had won. Supreme Wizard on the planet.

Then he made his biggest mistake.

He tried to take over the muggles.

His side lost the resulting, conventional war.

It took a few years, but he was finally hunted down by the winning side, dragged out of his small, underground hidey-hole, and executed for his part in instigating a war and various war crimes.

When the execution didn't work, they took him to a government lab. He was never seen again.

269. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Harry and Voldemort met and dueled in the mountains. Voldemort taunted Harry as they fought, gloating that he can counter or stop anything Harry threw at him.

"Anything? You want to bet?" Harry asked.

"Indeed. I vow that I will stand here and block anything you care to throw at me!"

"Is that so . . ." Harry used a simple, well-aimed Blasting Curse. Not aimed at Voldemort but at the unstable mountainside behind him. "Have fun blocking my avalanche, Tom." Harry pulled out his broom and flew off as Voldemort, trapped by his own vow, tried to stop a force of nature.

270. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Crabbe looked at his arm and grinned. The Dark Mark. He was truly part of the Dark Lord's forces now. However, he knew that other young Death Eaters - like Malfoy - held higher status, due to family connections. He knew that he'd have to work to prove himself to his new master. For this reason, he was holed up in the library, looking for new terrible spells he could use in the service of Lord Voldemort. Stumbling across one denoted 'very powerful', he grinned again. This would be perfect!

Voldemort was enjoying the Dark Revel he'd set up for his forces when a roar could be heard overhead. Looking up, he spotted a full-grown dragon, heading for his base of operations. Despite sporadic spellfire, the beast was undeterred and crashed into the middle of the Death Eaters.

Even as Voldemort prepared to unleash his deadliest spells against the beast, young Crabbe spoke up. "Don't worry, My Lord! I'll kill this thing!" And so, Crabbe unleashed the terrible spell he had learned. "*Eradicus Totalus* !"

The spell was easily powerful enough to destroy any mortal creature, even a dragon. It really was a shame, however, that Crabbe hadn't paid attention to the footnote on 'blast radius'.

271. Scene by Erin M Heckman. Reproduced here without modification.

Lord Voldemort was casually dining at one of his guilty pleasures, a renaissance festival. He was so into his beef stew in a bread bowl that he didn't realize the high speed projectile that was thrown by one of the entertainers. The plastic spork buried itself into the Dark Lord's throat, striking his jugular vein. It was all over in a mere 45 seconds.

272. Scene by Gullwhacker. Inspired by some fanfic plots he's read. Reproduced here without modification.

Harry smirked as he confronted Voldemort. "I've discovered the power you know not, Tom!" He then proceeded to explain how due to his mother being secretly an adopted daughter of a squib, he was actually the heir of Slytherin, Merlin, and several other famous wizards. Furthermore, he'd obtained magical power from seventeen different sources, at least four of which were both brand new and blatantly contrived.

Voldemort wound up bludgeoning himself with a large, stout object just to escape the idiocy.

273. Scene by The Crow. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

"So why are we gonna let him know the rest of the prophecy again?" asked Harry.

"Trust me mate, it'll work," replied Ron.

Voldemort's Private Chamber - Later that day

"Lucius, here, has succeeded in squeezing the rest of the prophecy out of that Weasley brat," said Voldemort.

The room erupted in cheers.

He then proceeded to explain that it would be him, and only him, that could kill Potter.

Suddenly a man who strongly resembled a rat spoke up. "So technically, My Lord, I . . . couldn't kill you right now?" he whimpered.

There was a sharp intake of breath throughout the room, but Lord Voldemort merely chuckled and opened his arms. "You are welcome to try."

The rat-like man suddenly pointed his wand at Voldemort and shouted, "*Avada Kedavra* !"

A flash of green light flew at Voldemort. His face showed momentary surprise, and then he fell over dead.

"That was easy," said Harry as the Polyjuice began to wear off.

"You owe me 5 galleons," said Ron tucking his long, blonde hair behind his ear.

274. Bunny by Killer07

The Cosmic Glutton prepared to devour the Earth. Just before its mouth closed upon the blue-green marble, a stray particle, the physical portion of a wizard in the process of apparating, was consumed first.

That particle gave the Cosmic Glutton such a case of immediate indigestion that it retreated to find a nice, soothing nebula to slurp down.

And that's how Voldemort saved the world.

275. Bunny by me.

"Come on, Tom! Sing with us!"

Young Tom Riddle sighed. It was just easier to humor Cindy.

"I wish I were an Oscar Meyer wiener . . ."

Poof!

276. Bunny by me.

Adfero: The Messenger Spell. Audio message is as if the sender were standing directly behind the recipient.

Auto-Spell: Experimental magical construct. Produced and still in testing by Fred and George Weasley. A method / contraption that can "store" a low-power spell and repeatedly (up to 1 every 5 seconds) cast it so long as a wizard is nearby to power it.

* * *

"Are you three sure of this?" Fred asked, staring at the three students.

"Yep."

"Fair enough," George said. "And may I say, this idea is utterly insane yet bloody brilliant."

Harry grinned. He pointed his wand at one of the Auto-Spell Machines in the room. "*Adfero* . Tom Riddle. Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer. Take one down, pass it around . . ."

Hermione pointed her wand at another Auto-Spell Machine. "*Adfero* . Tom Riddle. It's a small world after all . . ."

Ron knew his singing voice was by far the poorest in the Weasley clan (which was noted for its poor singing). He was just happy he had a chance to take advantage of that particular trait. He pointed his wand. "*Adfero* . Tom Riddle. Warty, warty Hogwarts . . ."

277. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here with minor modifications. Though apologies are probably due "The Princess Bride".

"Let me see if I understand properly, Potter. Due to this . . . prophecy about the two of us, you wish to end the conflict by having the two of us duel."

"That's right."

"Furthermore, because our brother wands, a duel of magic is out. A physical duel would just be stupid. So, you wish to have a duel of . . . wits?"

"Yes. As you can see, I've prepared two glasses here; one contains ordinary firewhiskey, the other pure Basilisk Venom." Harry, having previously set up a small table and two chairs, placed the glasses on the table and sat down. "You choose which one you believe is the venom, then we both drink."

Voldemort obligingly sat down. This was, indeed, a way to fulfill the prophecy. "Then let the duel begin. So, one of the glasses is closer to you than to me. Knowing that I have devoted my life to escaping death, you might have supposed that I would expect death to be far from me, and you would have thought that I would have thought that the glass closer to you would contain the venom. So, I should pick the glass closer to me."

Harry merely smiled.

"However, you would know that I would know that you would think that I would think that. Furthermore, your experience with my diary in your second year would have given you a tendency to keep basilisks as far from you as possible, meaning that the venom is in the glass closer to me, and I should take the one closer to you."

Harry merely tilted his head.

"Then again, you would know that I could deduce that; furthermore, you are insufferably Gryffindor and think nothing of putting yourself at risk, keeping the venom close to yourself out of sheer courage. So, given that I know that you know that I deduced that you knew that I knew that you thought that I'd think that, I should pick the glass closer to me."

Excepting Harry's eternally impassive expression, Luna Lovegood was the only one nodding at the Dark Lord's logic.

"However, given the most recent position of the thirteenth Zodiac constellation, Serpentarius, it's evident that - by Merlin, is that a Crumple-Horned Snorkack?!"

Obligingly, Harry, Luna, and many of the observers turned to look. Voldemort cast a surreptitious Switching Spell on the two glasses.

"I'm afraid I don't see it, Tom."

Oh, dear, it must have been my imagination. In any event, I've decided." Picking up the closest glass, Voldemort raised it in a toast. Harry followed suit, and the two of them drank their respective drinks in a single gulp.

Harry, putting down his glass, smirked. "Goodbye, Tom."

Laughter was his response. "Goodbye indeed, foolish boy! While your back was turned, I switched the two glasses - you've just consumed your own death! This is your final lesson, little schoolboy - never go up against a Slytherin when death is on the line!"

Harry continued to smirk even as Voldemort threw back his head in maniacal laughter. Abruptly, the laughter stopped, and Lord Voldemort, a.k.a. Tom Marvolo Riddle, fell the rest of the way back, stone dead.

As the Death Eaters surrendered to the waiting Aurors, Hermione and Ron ran up to the victorious Harry. "Blimey, mate! How did you know that he'd switch glasses like that?"

Harry, accordingly, grinned. "I didn't - both glasses had the venom. Between my second year and the vial of Fawkes's tears I had earlier, I've an immunity to basilisk venom."

278. Scene by Eric Oppen. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

"Ah, ha!" screamed Voldemort. "I have you at last, Harry Potter! Get him, my loyal Death Eaters!"

Harry didn't look worried, merely holding up a hand. "Now, hold on, Death Eaters. What is this mook paying you, anyway?"

The Death Eaters looked nonplussed. "D'uh . . . pay us? We have to pay *him* !"

"Yeah, an' clean up after that snake of his!"

Harry nodded. "As I thought! How'd you like to come work for me instead? Five weeks a year paid holidays, medical and dental benefits, a retirement plan . . ." The Death Eaters ran forward and began kissing his hands and the hem of his robes. "I'll take that as a 'yes, we'd love to work for you.' See my secretary. Ginny, darling, draw up some more 'Crony of Harry Potter' contracts. And stick around after office hours, if you know what I mean, dear."

Voldemort erupted in rage. "Curse you, Harry Potter, you rich bastard! CURSE YOU! Every time we meet, this happens! I can't get any more Death Eaters in Britain!"

Harry laughed a superior laugh. "That's because I've hired them all myself! Give it over, *Dole* -de-mort! You'll never win!"

Voldemort jumped up and down in fury. "Oh, yeah? I'll . . . I'll import cheap foreign labor Death Eaters from the Commonwealth! I'll beat you yet, you rich swine!"

"Oh, no you won't," Harry replied. He gestured toward Lord Voldemort. "Get him, MY newly-loyal cronies!"

(The ensuing scene of Mindless Ultra-Violence and Voldemort-bashing has been CENSORED for YOUR PROTECTION by the Ministry of Magic. You are in error. No one is screaming. Thank you for your cooperation, and remember---the Ministry of Magic (MiniMaj) is Your Friend.)

28 Nov

29 Jan

279. Bunny by Kadd, who was inspired by Rorschach's Blot

Harry flipped tiredly through yet another spell book in an effort to find "The Power He Knew Not". This one was the one thousand six hundred and thirty-eighth book. That was only an estimate, of course.

Finally absorbing the information in front of him, he bolted upright in his chair. This was it! This was the way to win!

Harry hurriedly scribbled down the incantation and then paused. *Why not modify it? Yes . . . Yes. Instead of having hot soup shoot through Voldy's nose, howabout a thick beef stew?*

280. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced without modification.

Tom Riddle sat down at a desk in the library, taking out his Advanced Arithmancy course. Sure, it was a difficult subject, and most of the students had already given up, but he was better. Half-blood or no, orphan or no, he'd show them - he'd tackle the worst the professor could throw at him, without any help whatsoever! His resolve set, Tom set out to finish the assignment.

Two hours later, the professor took a second look at the assignment he'd handed out. "Oh dear, I seem to have reversed those runes . . . I think this is unsolvable now. Ah, well, I'm sure the students will ask for help." Leaning back in his chair, he didn't even see a frazzled Tom Riddle throwing himself from the Astronomy Tower in frustration.

281 . Scene by me

Voldemort and Harry stared at each other over the desk in Malfoy Manor's study.

"Truce?" Voldemort asked incredulously.

Harry nodded firmly.

"By what terms?"

"I leave you alone, you leave me alone." Voldemort frowned skeptically, so Harry expanded, "Neither you nor your agents cause, by methods direct or indirect, harm to me or Hermione Jane Granger nor Hermione Jane Potter as she will soon be known. In exchange, neither Hermione nor I will act, directly or indirectly, against you."

"Why are you doing this?" Voldemort asked.

"None of the idiots in the wizarding world ever did anything for me. Why should I duel you to the death for the benefit of a bunch of mindless sheep?"

Voldemort nodded. He understood that kind of logic. "Accepted." The two agreed on the wording of the oaths and then cast the Unbreakable Vow. Harry walked out of the former Malfoy Manor with a much lighter heart.

* * *

Harry and Hermione were married a month later.

Voldemort defeated the British wizarding world within six months.

* * *

A year later, a very frazzled Harry Potter led his very pregnant, very-much-in-labor wife into St. Mungo's Maternity Ward. As she was getting settled into a birthing suite, Harry rapidly filled out the admittance forms.

The clerk glanced over them and then frowned. "By order of Lord Voldemort, mudbloods are not admitted into St. Mungo's."

Miles away, sitting upon his throne, Voldemort's own Unbreakable Vow killed him.

282. Bunny by Killer07

Ginny frowned at Potter's glass of pumpkin juice. She *knew* she'd put the love potion in it. In point of fact, she'd been putting increasingly more powerful love potions into his drinks all year. That didn't keep Potter from snogging the daylights out of Padma at every opportunity, and Ginny was confused and exasperated by the potion's ineffectiveness.

Beside her, Rebecca Smythe, the best friend she had in her dorm, uttered a noise of disgust. "Another one?"

Ginny looked over to find a crow standing beside her plate, regarding her beadily.

"Your crazy stalker is still at it," Becky mentioned, seeing the black rose accompanying the note the crow had brought.

Ginny took the note while Becky warily watched the bird.

My Dearest Love,

I hope that this small token of my undying adoration brings a smile upon your beauteous face.

Yours Eternally,

Tom

"That's it!" she growled. Taking a spare bit of parchment, she scribbled for a few seconds before folding it over. She took out her wand and cast a series of spells at the letter. Done, she handed it to the bird. "Take this back to your master," she instructed it.

"What'd you do?" Colin asked curiously from across from her.

"Sent a Blasting Hex back in that letter to my crazy, anonymous stalker. Maybe *now* he'll leave me alone."

* * *

Tom Riddle, under the influence of dozens of Love Potions courtesy of the transference magic in Harry's scar, brought the note close to his heart before opening it.

283. Bunny variation by me based on 282.

Ginny was still frowning at Harry's pumpkin juice when Lord Voldemort burst into the room.

"Ginevra, my love! My heart is breaking every moment we are apart!" He strode over to the petrified girl, ignoring all the other scrambling, screaming students. Beside his target, he got down to one knee. "Ginevra, would you do me the great honor of -"

Harry Potter's full power Blasting Curse ripped through his chest.

284. Bunny variation by me based on 282.

Ginny looked at the black rose and glowered. Her crazy stalker was at it again.

Lord Voldemort burst into the room. "Ginevra, my love! My heart is breaking every moment we are apart!" He strode over to the girl, ignoring all the other scrambling, screaming students. Beside his target, he got down to one knee. "Ginevra, would you do me the great honor of -"

Ginny's full power Blasting Curse ripped through his forehead.

285. Scene by Killer07. Reproduced here with modifications.

Death was not a happy entity as it checked its computer. Because there was so much to do, it let the computer handle most deaths. The system merely gave an alarm when something went wrong. It was currently displaying the logs of one Tom Marvolo Riddle

Event: Death by backfired Killing Curse failed

Result: scheduled alternative death

Event: Death by Harry Potter's touch (magical anathema to him) failed

Result: scheduled alternative death

Event: Death by error in resurrection potion of Pettigrew failed

Event: Death by duel against Harry Potter failed

Error. Analyze cause of multiple failed deaths.

Analysis concluded.

High Priority Alarm: Horcrux detected and life force + magic of one Harry Potter being leeched off

Death hated it if mortals tried to cheat **The List**. It was too much work to reorganize **The List** if the deaths don't happen.

Death really hated it if someone tried to live off the life force of someone without consent (Death had no problems with the old grandfather getting a few extra hours through the people of his family to say goodbye).

Finally fed up with the situation, Death looked for Voldemort and found him possessing Harry Potter in the atrium of the British Ministry of Magic.

Death sighed. It disliked showing itself to mortals, but that would be the quickest and simplest way to collect Riddle. While there, may as well return Sirius Black, who wasn't scheduled for decades yet. Another upset in **The List** caused by this Riddle.

Oh Death really wasn't happy today, and Tom Riddle would become aware of this . . .

286. Bunny by ihatetanet.

The evening after his resurrection, Voldemort was forced to retire early. He thought it was because of the energy spent dueling the Potter brat or maybe it was simply that the body he was in was mere hours old.

In fact, it was the result of using A+ blood from Harry in the ritual. His natural blood type of B- didn't react well to this.

Lord Voldemort died in his sleep that evening of massive blood clots when his immune system started attacking the "invading" cells.

287. Scene by Pwn Master Paladin. Reproduced with modifications.

Harry and Voldemort stood on the field of battle facing one another. The groups around them paused in their individual battles to stare at the two respective leaders.

Harry was cut, bleeding, and in pain, the experience gap between the two too large. No matter what he did, what spell he cast, Voldemort was able to counter it.

Any last words, boy?"

Harry looked up before smiling slightly. "Fawkes! Plan B!"

Voldemort tensed, looking around for the phoenix. When he didn't appear, he laughed at the broken form of his enemy. "Even the overgrown fire-turkey has left you, Potter. It can sense you are about to die! *Avada Ke-*"

SPLAT!

Harry stood slowly, holding his arm out for the phoenix to land upon. He stared down at the mess of body fluids that was once Lord Voldemort. Then he looked up at the black, trapezoid shaped anvil with the words "2 Tons" written on it.

"Flame travel, heavy loads, and loyalty to the Light. Most definitely a power he knew not."

288. Scene by Killer07. Reproduced with minor modifications (mostly to preserve my T+ rating).

As the war went on, the muggles became aware of the magic world and united forces against Lord Voldemort.

Despite this, everything went fine for Voldemort until he decided to attack a gathering of muggle and magic leaders to coordinate a defense against him. One of the guests was a police officer by the name of John McClane.

The biggest mistake made by the Death Eaters was torturing one Lucy McClane for fun and planning to have fun with her later. The last thing Voldemort ever heard was the line, "Yippee ki yay, motherfu-" BLAM!

29 Jan

28 Feb

289. Scene by Gullwhacker, inspired by a gadget in Paranoia. Reproduced here without modification.

Voldemort simply glared at the wizard-inventor before him. He'd had his minions 'recruit' the man because of his reputation for building brilliant - or insane - magical items.

What Voldemort hadn't anticipated was how bloody USELESS the items produced would be!

"Explain again. Slowly. With reasons that I shouldn't kill you right here and now."

"As I was explaining, milord, these Fire-and-forget picks would help your dark armies handle dental hygiene more quickly! You simply pull one toothpick from the box, toss it out, and it instantly finds the nearest teeth and cleans them!"

Voldemort was silent for a full minute before bellowing, "THE DARK LORD VOLDEMORT CARES NOT FOR TOOTHCLEANERS!", throwing the box to the ground in a fit of fury. The box burst, releasing two hundred automagic toothpicks.

Shortly thereafter, the bloody mist that had been Voldemort had a newfound appreciation for the term 'swarming'.

290. Scene by Pwn Master Paladin. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Harry stood in the seventh floor corridor, outside the inactive Room of Requirement. He paced back and forth, clearly picturing what he needed.

The door appeared, and Harry could suddenly hear shouting from within. He smiled before stepping in the door. There, hanging by a rope over a vat of a potent solution, was Voldemort.

"Potter! What do you think you are doing!"

"Hello, Tommy-boy! I wouldn't try to get loose, those are magical ropes. They take all your magic and use it to make themselves unbreakable."

"Don't try to fool me, Potter! There is no such thing."

"This is the Room of Requirement, Tom. Anything I require is provided, whether said item exists or not. Now, be a good boy and die."

Harry hit a button and began lowering Voldemort into the liquid. "You think a mere potion can kill me, Potter? I'm immortal! No spell, potion, or magical item has any effect on me anymore."

"I know that, but you see, this isn't a potion. It's 'The Power He Knows Not'. You never did get to High School Chemistry, did you, Tom? I'm glad Hermione is so studious. That is a solution of extremely strong, extremely concentrated, sulfuric acid."

With that, Harry turned around with a smile. As he walked out of the door, Voldemort screamed in rage and pain as he was dissolved by a chemical most teenagers know is never a good thing to get on your skin.

291. Bunny by Killer07

Voldemort stared in disbelief at his army of followers. All dead or incapacitated, often in truly bizarre ways.

He looked at his own feet, encased in a perfect cube of concrete. His wand had simply vanished at some point.

Dark Lord Voldemort looked up at the one wizard who had done all of this with no apparent effort.

Harry Potter stood, casually leaning on a tree and studying the leaf he'd pulled from it.

"How . . ." Voldemort demanded, incapable of understanding what he'd seen.

Despite his apparent absorption with the common leaf in his hand, Harry heard and understood the incomplete question. "As it turns out, my grandfather isn't Harold Evans. Grandma was seduced by someone she *thought* was her husband one day, and Mum was born nine months later. Unfortunately for her, the powers she should have had never developed. Well, they developed in me."

Voldemort shook his head in utter confusion and denial. "Who or what was your grandfather, then?" he demanded, still trying to escape the situation.

"Q," Harry answered simply. With a snap of his fingers, Voldemort saw a bright flash of light.

292. Bunny by Killer07

"You don't want to do that," Dr. Venkman warned.

Walter Peck gave him yet another in a series of dirty looks. "Shut it down," he ordered the NYC utilities worker.

Venkman, Stantz, and Spengler all moved out of the room very quickly.

This fact was not lost on the electrician. The environmental protection official's merciless stare kept him from heeding all the obvious warning signs around him. Taking a deep breath, he threw the switch.

* * *

Within the energy matrix, the spirits classified themselves into two groups. The coherent ones and those that weren't.

Those that weren't hated everyone. Those that were coherent hated whoever had killed them.

When the energy cage shut down, they were all released to go where they pleased. Three dozen coherent spirits headed out over the Atlantic, toward the now-dark lord who had travelled to New York in his earlier years.

293. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Voldemort exulted in his newfound power. An artifact he'd unearthed had unlocked the true potential of an oft-maligned branch of magic - Arithmancy. With this, however, he could use equations and rewrite reality itself!

In a flash, he relocated himself to Hogwarts. He brought his newfound power to bear, smashing against the wards. They held - barely. Smirking, Voldemort quickly drew up a new equation to make real, to fill himself with more power!

And then he imploded.

Two weeks later, after examining the remains, the forensic arithmancer determined that he'd attempted to divide by zero.

294 . Bunny by Killer07

As Fate came from her lunch break, she immediately spotted a problem. Her tapestry was unraveling.

Blinking in confusion over such an occurrence, it was well nigh impossible for that to be happening without a deity or ten present, she studied the tapestry to find the problem.

She quickly spotted the culprit, a black and green thread. It was doing . . . something in an attempt to modify the past!

She lifted her scissors with a long sigh. *Can't have this young upstart ruin my vacation to Nirvana. It's been so very long since my last one.*

With a single snip, Tom Marvolo Riddle abruptly vanished. And his followers believed he'd done something wrong with a time turner.

295. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

As his Death Eaters completed the ritual, Voldemort cackled. Searching the ruins of a fallen civilization, he had discovered that those ancient people had bound a Demon Prince to their will. The contract was never-ending. As he was now the sole holder of the knowledge, he could invoke the demon and wreak havoc upon the world!

The ritual completed, and a horrific, towering figure emerged from the summoning circle. Seeing its new masters, it bent to one knee. "What is thy bidding, master?"

* * *

Slowly bleeding to death, Voldemort wondered what had gone wrong. He sought to destroy his enemies, to rule the world. Now? His headquarters were in flames, his horcruxes had met with tragic accidents, his minions were all dead, and his nemesis - the Potter brat - was impassively watching him die. "Why? I had a Demon Prince at my command! How could I lose?"

Harry shook his head sadly. "Honestly, Tom. You should have thought this out - those ancient people had the demon on their side, and they were destroyed, too. That's what happens when you try to get the Demon Prince of Incompetence to do your dirty work for you."

296. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here without modification.

"All right, Adam, today the Mythbusters will be tackling a myth sent in by, of all people, a British viewer."

"Right you are, Jamie. We'll be tackling the myth that a Dark Wizard can make himself immortal by splitting his soul and embedding the pieces in various items."

"Our team has located those items and will be testing a secondary myth - that these 'Horcruxes' are indestructible. How are things going over there?"

* * *

"Well, to be properly scientific about all this, we've made sure to use plenty of C4, and-"

"Woohoo! We never get to use THAT many explosives at once!"

"We've inspected the site and...yes, nothing's left of them. This myth has been busted!"

* * *

"Well, that was quick. All that's left for today is to test the immortality myth - is the Dark Wizard still immortal after the destruction of those items?"

"Well, we're going to have to be just as scientific about this..."

297. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here without modification.

The knight waited, waiting for time to end his life. After that nasty business with the Nazis, the item that had given him near-immortality had been lost. Good riddance. He probably had only a few years left, anyway.

To his surprise, he heard voices approaching. Someone else had made their way past the three trials? Most curious. He straightened himself up, making sure to be a proper Knight of Arthur's Round Table when the new visitor arrived.

The visitor in question was a young man in dark robes. A look of greed was in his eye, and the knight decided to let him meet his fate. No need to mention that the cup of a carpenter was lost down a crevasse. "Choose, from these many cups, the true Holy Grail...but choose wisely."

298. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced here without modification.

Harry stood in the clearing, waiting for the end. Voldemort obliged, unleashing the deadliest spell known to wizard kind. "*Avada Kedavra*!"

Unfortunately, they were wrong about their interpretation of how Lily's sacrifice worked. It was still active.

Harry blinked, bleeding from a second lightning bolt cut. "Well, that was strange."

299. Scene by Tildessmoo. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

"Damn!" Harry shouted as his bullets bounced off of Voldemort's shield.

"You thought the power I knew not was a gun?" the Dark Lord gloated. "Silly boy, I was a child during the Second World War! Of course I know what a gun is!"

Harry threw his revolver down in disgust and spoke into a walkie-talkie. "You were right, a handgun isn't enough. Time to break out the minigun." When Voldemort heard the name of Potter's next weapon, he burst out laughing. He stopped laughing when the first burst was fired.

300. Scene by Tildessmoo. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

The first thing he did after getting a job at Borgin and Burke's was to acquire a room at the Leaky Cauldron. That accomplished, Tom Riddle walked down to the common area for dinner; not the kind of fare he expected to become accustomed to when people recognized his greatness, but Tom, the new cook, did dish out a pretty decent stew that would do for now. However, he would still be one of the first to die; no one with that name deserved to live. He, himself, was an exception, as he was in the process of ensuring that he would be known to history only as Lord Voldemort.

After ordering his food, To- Voldemort looked around for a table. As was often true, the tavern was quite full, and seating was hard to come by. He did, however, find a seat at the bar. It would have to do.

"Excuse me." Turning, Voldemort found himself face to face with the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. He knew, suddenly, that this must be a goddess come to earth, the only woman worthy of his attentions. "You're sitting in my husband's seat," she said.

"Well, I'm sure he won't mind if I borrow it for a moment," Voldemort said suavely. "I'm just waiting for my meal, then I'll be off to my private room. In the meantime, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. The company makes the wait worthwhile. May I ask your name?"

"I think my husband will mind very much. He has a... history of becoming violent at times. He no longer goes mad quite the way he used to, but he is still quite jealous."

"Like I said," he smarmed, knowing that the secret was just to keep her talking to him, "I'll be gone soon; I'm sure he won't mind. You may call me Voldemort."

"Oh! How rude of me!" the woman exclaimed. "My name is Hebe. My husband and I are actually visiting England at the moment; we're originally from the north of Greece." Voldemort felt a chill as a shadow several times his size covered him from behind. "Oh, hi, honey! I was just telling Mister Voldemort here about us!"

28 Feb

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort Three Hundred and One to Three Hundred and Fifty

12 Mar

301. Scene by Killer07. Reproduced here with minor modifications. (Sorry, Evan, stuck with the disc)

In the back of a park a man inserts a small disc into a device that looks like a high tech video player.

"Good morning Jim. This man is Tom Marvolo Riddle also known under the pseudonym of 'Lord Voldemort'. He is a highly dangerous class W Terrorist. His last terror campaign was stopped as he tried to kill this boy, Harry James Potter, as a 15 month old boy.

"Unfortunately the class W ministry was highly ineffective in dismantling the support structure of Riddle. Many of his followers got away without repercussions.

"Recently, Riddle was brought back into power through this man, Peter Pettigrew. This man framed Sirius Black, the Godfather of Harry Potter, for his crimes and went into hiding until he had a chance to revive his master.

"Your mission, should you accept it, is to protect and train Harry James Potter and Hermione Jane Granger, his best friend and probable romantic interest, and find a way to eliminate Riddle. Be careful of Ronald Bilius Weasley, another of Potter's friends. Because of his jealousy of Potter's fame, money, and power, he is a prime candidate to defect to Riddle from what our analysts think. Also both Potter and Granger could be good additions as free agents for IMF class W cases in the future.

"As always the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions in the event you or any of your IM Force were to get caught or killed. This disc will self destruct in five seconds. Good luck, Jim."

302. Bunny by Gullwhacker

"Let's take it from the top again, Mr. Dursley."

Vernon was tempted to explode at the rather dim inspector, but restrained himself. "It's 'Take Your Son to Work Day'," he started.

"But this lad isn't your son."

"He's my wife's nephew," Vernon growled. "My own Dudley was invited, but he didn't want to come. As I'd already told Mr. Grunnings I would have my son with me, I brought Potter instead.

"At any rate, as the fr- young lad and I were on the tour, this pale man in flowing *robes* appeared. I've no idea how he got through security. He said something about killing young Harry."

"Yes, the other parents and the workers corroborate that part. Turns out he is on Scotland Yard's Watch List as well."

"Yes, well, being the good uncle that I am, I moved to defend my nephew."

"With a power drill with three inch bit attached?"

"Well, that was the first weapon I found."

303. Bunny by Kadd

Harry finished the complex wand motion and studied the results in front of him. Harry's seeker's eyes tracked the newly-transfigured Voldemort until ...

SMACK

Harry grinned slightly as he studied the simple object in his hand.

The Power He Knew Not: a flyswatter.

304. Bunny by Killer07

Voldemort stood upon the roof of a building in downtown New York City, staring at another building. There was a powerful magical artifact in there under the protection of the colonial magical community, and he wanted it. Before he could decide upon a course of action, he heard a small sound nearby and turned. A muggle wearing a black body costume with silver, web-like patterns all over it had landed next to him. The only break in the pattern was two over-large patches for the eyes and a silver spider silhouette in the middle of the chest.

305. Bunny by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow

In the summer of 1999, a middle-aged woman looked up from her laptop in the middle of a muggle cafe. Voldemort raised his wand. "I understand you think you control me, muggle. Nobody controls Lord Voldemort! *Avada Kedavra* !"

Lord Voldemort, by killing Jo Rowling before she'd finished writing the stories, wiped himself out of existence.

306. Bunny by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow

In the summer of 1999, a middle-aged woman looked up from her laptop in the middle of a muggle cafe. Voldemort raised his wand. "I understand you think you control me, muggle. Nobody controls Lord Voldemort! *Avada Kedavra* !"

Lord Voldemort lowered his wand with a smug smirk.

He was promptly lynched by the horde of rampaging fans who were standing outside the cafe and had watched the pale, skinny guy kill their favorite author.

307. Bunny by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow

In the summer of 2007, he followed the directions toward something called a "book-signing" by some muggle woman who claimed that she controlled the great Lord Voldemort.

As soon as he got near the indicated location, one of the large crowd of people spotted him. "It's Ralph Fiennes!"

The stampede of fans crushed him.

308. Bunny by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow

On DrudgeReport.com:

Ralph Fiennes look-a-like breaks neck on stage!

Trips over Michael Gambon's beard!

309. Bunny by . . . well, me. Yes, I still do occasionally have them.

Harry placed the muggle contraption on the grass of the Great Lawn.

Voldemort watched with only mild interest. "Are you ready to surrender, Potter?"

Harry shook his head without looking up. "Nope. I found the power you know not."

Voldemort tensed. "What is that?"

Harry smiled and pressed a button on the item he'd dropped. "Why, the power of love." He watched the Dark Lord writhing on the ground in his death throes. "The hardest part was getting electricity to run at Hogwarts," he said calmly. "Fortunately, the Creeveys had a 'Huey Lewis and the News' C.D. I could borrow."

310. "Scene" by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow as relayed by MercuryBlue

September headline in *The Quibbler* :

You-Know-Who Drowns in Vat of Butterbeer; Allegations of Trips to Loo Denied by Ministry Officials

October headline in *The Quibbler* :

You-Know-Who Found Dead in Home of Apparently Self-Inflicted Killing Curse; Acquaintances Say He Was Trying to Clean His Wand

November headline in *The Quibbler* :

You-Know-Who Suffocates When Head Becomes Trapped Between Cauldron and Cauldron Stand; Severus Snape Declines Comment

December headline in *The Quibbler* :

You-Know-Who Spontaneously Combusts Upon Seeing the Fourth Death Eater in a Row Reading *The Quibbler* ; See Page Four for Details on Reimbursement Fund for Editor

311. Bunny by HermanTumbleweed. <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/4120018/1/> Paraphrased with his permission.

Voldemort looked around after his apparition. He was standing in what appeared to be a deep well, but each side was smooth grey stone. Hanging upon metal rods driven into the stone and coming up from the floor, Voldemort identified all six of his horcrux containers.

"Ah, there you are."

A voice above him caused the now-worried Dark Lord's eyes to move upward.

Harry Potter stood above him, looking down at him with a grin. "About time you showed up in the trap I spent so much time and money on." He looked over toward the side and called, "Fill it up!"

As Harry Potter walked away from the pillar of hardened concrete, he passed a plaque.

This child's play park dedicated to the people of Little Hangleton on the site of the former Riddle Mansion

12 Mar

14 Apr

312. Bunny by Eric Oppen

Petunia Dursley heard a scream from her kitchen. "Diddy-dinkums!" she screeched as she ran down the stairs and toward the sound. Bursting into the room, she found a pale caricature of a man standing over her precious Duddums. Her son was screaming in agony and the strange man was holding what she recognized as a magical wand.

The same trick of genetics that allowed Lily Evans to become a witch did not completely abandon Petunia Evans.

Every knife in the room floated up in the air and converged on the astonished Voldemort at half the speed of sound.

313. Scene by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow. Reproduced without modification.

Crabbe Senior was looking around Knockturn Alley for something really good to take back to the Dark Lord. Maybe he'd get off with just one Cruciatus instead of two or three.

On a whim, he walked into Vermicula's Pet Shoppe. "Got anything new?" he asked.

"Just in today," said the withered old proprietor, waving at the perch on the counter. "The legendary jib-jib bird!"

Crabbe looked doubtfully at the stoop-shouldered, nearly-bald, huge-beaked bird. "What does it do?"

"What does it do? What does it do?" Vermicula cackled. "I'll show you what it does! Jib-jib bird, the cauldron!" And he pointed at a rusty cauldron sitting beside the counter.

The jib-jib bird leapt into the air and came down with its beak clattering. A noise like a thousand erumpents tap-dancing later, there was nothing left but a few metal shavings on the floor.

"Jib-jib bird, the broomstick!" Vermicula cried, pointing at the decrepit item hovering beside the empty cauldron stand. Again the bird attacked, with a noise like a million bowtruckles chewing, and sawdust flew everywhere until all that was left were a few bits of twig.

Crabbe was delighted. "I'll take it!"

Lord Voldemort looked doubtfully at the bird Crabbe had brought him. The legendary jib-jib bird, for sale in a pet shop in Knockturn Alley? Not to mention how particularly revolting this specimen looked.

He searched for a proper phrase with which to dismiss it and finally found one from his Muggle childhood which seemed to fit.

"Jib-jib bird, my arse!"

313. Scene by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow. Reproduced without modification.

Harry Potter fired a spell at Lord Voldemort. "God damn it!" he swore. "I missed!"

He fired again. "God *damn* it! I missed!"

"You had better watch yourself, Potter," Voldemort taunted. "Your God might strike you down where you stand."

Suddenly, clouds gathered overhead. An ominous roll of thunder boomed out, and a lightning bolt split the sky.

Harry dove for cover as Voldemort evaporated.

From the sky, a huge voice rumbled, "Me damn it, I missed."

314. Bunny by LandUnderWave. That was a very vague bunny, but I agree, it just has to be done.

Battered, bleeding, and exhausted, Harry Potter led the remainder of the Order of the Phoenix into Voldemort's quarters, ready to finish the final battle.

They found the most dreaded Dark Lord of several generations. He was not waving his wand, releasing foul magics. He was not performing arcane rituals to ensure mortality. He was lying on the floor, entangled in what looked like miles of a thin metal wound haphazardly about the area, expression forever locked in a grimace of frustration.

It was Arthur Weasley who noticed the cardboard box on the nightstand. "Harry, what's a slinky?"

315. Scene by Meteoricshipyards. Reproduced here with minor modifications.

Henry "Indiana" Jones stormed into the government office. "Where's Voldemort?" he demanded.

"He's safely being studied," the non-descript spy agency bureaucrat answered, unflustered by the archaeologist's anger.

"You fools! He can't be killed. He's powerful beyond belief! You have no idea what you're working with, here. Who's studying him?"

"Top people," came the cryptic reply.

"Who? Is it Vaslovic? Is he in charge?"

"Top. People." Indiana *heard* the utter finality of the statement. He knew he had been dismissed.

He stormed out of the building, cursing.

Meanwhile, a wooden box was being wheeled into a huge warehouse full of numbered, wooden boxes. Several hours after the box had been placed, there was some banging that *could* have been heard from it. But considering all the sound muffling packing around the internal, metal box, nobody heard anything.

316. Scene by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow. Reproduced without modification. Inspired by Mooncheese after reviewing her latest chapter.

Standing at the front of the Room of Requirement, Harry waved his hand in the air, encouraging the DA to shout louder. *Improving team spirit and getting rid of that annoying You-Know-Who habit of theirs all at once. I love it.*

"Voldemort, Voldemort, Voldemort!" forty voices chanted. "Voldemort, Voldemort, Voldemort!"

With a loud snap, a tall figure in black robes appeared in the middle of the room. "What do you want?" Lord Voldemort snapped irritably.

Harry froze for an instant, then remembered where he was.

"I want you to die!"

317. Bunny generated during a conversation between Ishtar and MercuryBlue.

Lucius Malfoy walked into his Master's audience chamber. He came to an abrupt halt as the scene registered.

Half a dozen female Death Eaters, most of them new recruits, lowered their wand from the quivering mass on the throne. Lucius could only presume that mass to be . . . er, formerly be, Lord Voldemort.

Bellatrix Lestrange, the only experienced female Death Eater in the room, spotted him and raised her wand to Malfoy.

Lucius, no fool, kept his hands still. "Dare I ask what happened here?"

"We just killed him," Bellatrix bluntly stated.

"I see. Why?"

One of the young women joined the conversation, "You're male, so you don't see the problem. But for us, do you realize how *awful* the Death Eater robes look on us?"

318. Bunny by me.

Voldemort, having known that stealing Potter's blood would negate the Blood Wards over his home, apparated to Privet Drive and blasted the door in. He'd just kill the brat and then get on with his world domination plans.

Harry Potter and Albus Dumbledore, standing in the back yard of the neighbor's house, finished the spells to reverse the polarity of those same Blood Wards.

Voldemort, inside the wards at the time, turned inside out.

319. Bunny by me.

"Welcome back to the fold, my loyal Death Eaters," Voldemort whispered to the just-rescued figures at his feet.

"May I have a private word, My Lord?" Bellatrix harshly croaked from her place.

Voldemort nodded, dismissing everyone else in the room. When the door closed behind the last one, he said, "Speak."

Bellatrix leapt to her feet and curled her fingers around Voldemort's throat. Over a decade in Azkaban had led to her fingernails being jagged and dirt encrusted. Her other hand clamped upon his wand, preventing him from drawing it out.

Bellatrix, beyond insane, giggled for a moment before her face took on a look of unparalleled rage. "On *your* orders I allowed myself to be captured! I held faith!" Her fingers contracted, severing his jugular vein and crushing his windpipe. "Look how *ugly* it's made me, and it's all *YOUR FAULT!*"

320. Bunny by DragoFlare

Voldemort's animagus form of a basilisk slithered through the Forbidden Forest, confident in his invincibility. He'd lead a dawn attack on the school and be ruling the country by lunch. It was perfect.

Just as the sun peeked over the horizon, the roosters behind Hagrid's hut started crowing.

321. Bunny by Heather

"That improvised bomb was impressive. I mean, who thought you could make an explosive from torn robes, magical fertilizer, three paperclips, and a Q-tip?" Harry turned to help the muggle out of the escape tunnel the wizards had dug during the escape.

The muggle shrugged modestly. "It's a gift, I guess."

"Hey, what's your name?"

He grimaced. "Angus MacGyver, but call me 'Mac'. I'm part of the Phoenix Foundation."

322. Scene by Megan. Reproduced here without modification.

Voldemort sat at his large, imposing dinner table. Today he was trying a new meal, some kind of delicacy a Death Eater had introduced him to. The Dark Lord took a large bit of the sandwich in front of him, following with a glass of milk. Two minutes later, he lay on the floor holding his closing throat, in anaphylactic shock.

Too bad Voldemort had killed his muggle father before he could learn of the deadly peanut allergy he had inherited.

323. Scene by Megan. Reproduced here without modification.

Harry shook hands with the man in front of him, glad that his trip to New York had ended successfully.

Later, in England, Voldemort would laugh at the tiny gun Harry brought with him to the final battle. He totally underestimated the power of the Noisy Cricket Harry borrowed from Agent J of the Men in Black.

324. Scene by Megan. Reproduced here without modification.

Voldemort was very happy with himself. It had been a long journey to the Caucasus Mountains, but he had finally reached them, and the great power they were supposed to hold. He saw it immediately. A giant-sized man chained to a rock with an eagle eating his liver was hard to miss, after all.

Two hours later, Voldemort gave a yell of frustration. He had been attempting to break the chains trapping Prometheus so that he could use the titan to achieve world domination. "Curse you, Zeus!" He cried in his anger. This got Zeus's attention. He came down from Olympus to find out what this skinny, pale man was cursing him for.

When Zeus left, there were two men chained to the rock.

325. Scene by Perspicacity. Reproduced here with only minor modifications.

Harry stands, weary, his arms aching. Hours spent cleaning the potions classroom every evening for the past several years have taken their toll. Gone is the bright-eyed student eager to escape his muggle upbringing and learn the delights of magic. That child has been replaced by this pale husk, bent by labor, broken by grief, bone-weary, unable now to recall any spell other than the Cleaning Charm.

He remembers the night it happened, the night Death Eaters broke into the school to slay teacher and student alike. The night Harry's skills failed to forestall the slaughter.

Morning found him covered in blood.

Their blood.

He hadn't since felt clean.

He is fortunate that the new Headmaster, Professor Snape, bless his name, has allowed him to stay on as caretaker and take over for the late Argus Filch. Sure, he must suffer the taunts of pureblood children and parents. But it is a small price to pay to remain at his only home, Hoggy Hogwarts. Hogwarts, whose floor is dirty now... *Filth! Must clean; clean Hogwarts.*

Great doors bang open as a pale, snake-faced man strides into the Entrance Hall. Harry mutters under his breath at the dust that is stirred up. He looks up into red irises framed in mirth.

"You like to clean, don't you, Harry Potter?"

Harry Potter. That was me once....

The Dark Lord flicks his wand, thirteen inches, yew, with phoenix feather core, and dust rains down upon the Hall.

Harry stands, enraged. "You," he says, voice quavering, "you filthy, filthy... filth." In his time of greatest need, eloquence fails the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Clean.

"Yes, me." The Dark Lord tosses his head back and cackles.

"*Scourgify!*" Harry screams and crystalline bolts fly from his outstretched hands. They strike the dark figure in the chest, and he is consumed in a violent whirlwind.

Harry stoically grabs a broom and starts in on the new mess. "Must clean. Hoggy Hoggy Hogwarts..."

14 Apr

30 May

326. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Harry could only look on in horror as Voldemort's ultimate spell wrought havoc upon the battlefield. A serpent of green light, extending from his wand, striking Auror and Death Eater alike with the power of an Avada Kedavra!

"Potter! I am immortal! I am unstoppable! The Serpent of Death is my power - it is my very will!"

In a panic, Harry used a Finishing Spell on the serpent - as his wand was brothers with that of Voldemort, the green serpent shattered into a million sparks of light.

And Voldemort toppled over - alive, but comatose. His will had been shattered - he could fight no more.

327. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced without modification

Voldemort cursed under his breath. His resurrection was unstable; having his Horcruxes spread out weakened its anchoring to his body. Still, that was the point - so that if his body were to be destroyed, his soul would have a backup anchor. Even with that weakness, destroying Hogwarts would be easy!

* * *

"Look, you don't have to be so modest! Whatever you did, it made Voldemort topple right over - all of Dumbledore's signs say that his spirit wasn't able to escape! You're a hero!"

Colin Creevey blushed. "But all I wanted to do was commemorate the battle for the papers! How was I supposed to know there was some truth to cameras stealing souls?"

328. Scene by Gullwhacker. Reproduced without modification

Voldemort smirked, facing Potter. "You've fought well, boy. I'll give you one chance - join me, become my second in command, and we can rule the world!"

Lucius Malfoy, Voldemort's current second-in-command, wasn't as fond of his boss's intention to oust him. "Twenty years of servitude for this? *Avada Kedavra* !"

329. Bunny by me.

Voldemort closed the weighty tome and leaned back in satisfaction, eyes idly flicking about his hideout. He'd cast a time spell upon the place, giving himself a dozen extra years to study spells while no time passed outside.

Unfortunately, he cast the wrong spell. Two hundred years had passed.

When he passed outside the limits of his spell, his body aged two hundred years in the blink of an eye. The dust of his former body immediately scattered upon the wind.

329. Bunny by me.

Voldemort closed the weighty tome and leaned back in satisfaction, eyes idly flicking about his hideout. He'd cast a time spell upon the place, giving himself a dozen extra years to study spells while no time passed outside.

Unfortunately, he cast the wrong spell. Two hundred years had passed.

When he passed outside the limits of his spell, he was bumped by a passerby. With a muttered apology, the muggle, dressed in some shimmering green material, walked away.

Infuriated that the muggle could treat him so, Voldemort whipped out his wand. "*Avada Kedavra* !" The green light of the spell hit the muggle in the back.

And the muggle continued walking.

Voldemort was still standing and staring in abject shock when five wizards in auror blue popped into existence around him. One held up a small item in his hand and read from it in a bored voice, "Tom Riddle, magical sensors registered an attempted murder of a muggle by you fifteen seconds ago thru use of the outdated Killing Curse. How plead you?"

Now beyond livid, Lord Voldemort cast three spells, a Conflagration Curse, a Ribbon Cutter Curse, and an Iron Fist Bludgeoner in rapid succession. None of the aurors even attempted to dodge.

The auror sighed as he put the item into his pocket. "Five more attempted murders. Your sentence is death."

330. Scene by Darkest Secret. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort cackled evilly. This was the last night Harry Potter would spend on the face of the earth! And just to be sure, he ordered his Death Eaters to capture both the Weasley boy and that interfering mudblood girl that acted as Potter's sidekicks in the middle of the night, when everyone in the refugee camp was deep in sleep.

Leading the capture team against the mudblood, Voldemort opened the tent flap, felt the heat of the spelled fire and never even had time to scream before he burned to death. No one had ever told him how dangerous it was to wake Hermione Granger from a dead sleep.

331. Another scene by Darkest Secret. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort cackled evilly. This was the last night Harry Potter would spend on the face of the earth! And just to be sure, he ordered his Death Eaters to capture both the Weasley boy and that interfering mudblood girl that acted as Potter's sidekicks in the middle of the night, when everyone in the refugee camp was deep in sleep.

Leading the capture team against the mudblood, Voldemort opened the tent flap and gaped at the sight. The mudblood and the blood-traitor (pureblood, but still a traitor) in bed . . . together! Horrified, he suffered a brain aneurysm and dropped dead.

332. Yet another scene by Darkest Secret. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort finally had what he believed to be his greatest and most simple plan yet- He had heard from young Malfoy that Potter's mudblood friend Granger was responsible for telling Potter how to foil all of his evil and ingenious plans.

So all he had to do was kill Granger, and Potter would go back to living off of luck.

Without stopping to think about it, Voldemort apparated to the exact place of Hermione Granger....

And promptly died of a heart attack as Hermione stepped out of the shower, having never seen a naked woman in his life.

Hermione frowned. "I didn't think I looked that bad."

333. And yet another scene by Darkest Secret. Reproduced with minor modifications.

"Congratulations, my lord. You are now a full-fledged vampire, with all of our powers and abilities." Severus Snape announced, smirking.

"Excellent. Surely I'll be able to defeat Potter now!" Voldemort replied. "Anything I should know?"

"Nothing I can think of, except stay away from garlic, but since you won't be craving normal food, that shouldn't be a problem."

Voldemort nodded and, confident in his invulnerability, opened the door to step outside to find and defeat Potter once and for all.

And promptly keeled over.

"Oh, and stay out of the sunlight, it really does kill us." Snape said, turning to see the pile of smoldering robes. "Oops."

334. One last scene by Darkest Secret. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Harry watched in horror as the members of the Order of the Phoenix made their final stand against the Death Eaters. He turned to join the battle just in time to hear Voldemort hiss, "Say goodbye, Nymphadora!"

Furious, Tonks raised her wand. She hadn't been kidding when she had said that she'd *kill* anyone who used her first name. Dark lord or not, Voldemort was no exception.

Harry and everyone else watching winced as one. Even Voldemort hadn't deserved such a painful death.

335. Bunny by me.

Severus Snape stared at the crumpled and deceased form of the Dark Lord. Next, he shifted his attention to the simple headache relief potion in his hand, utterly perplexed.

Little did anyone, even Voldemort, know, but the result of his resurrection was a totally new biochemistry. Including his body's reactions to all potions.

336. Bunny by me.

Voldemort, after conquering the wizarding world, became the *de facto* Minister of Magic.

Unbeknownst to him, the Minister was required to read all legislation before vetoing it or passing it to Wizengamot to be voted into law. That was definitely one law he would get changed by the end of the day.

Voldemort lasted exactly twenty-eight minutes and sixteen seconds. When his aide found him, he was lying down on the desk, a trickle of black blood coming from one ear. Clutched in his hand was legislation regarding standardization of cauldron bottoms.

30 May

20 Aug

337. Bunny by DWA20

In the mood for some muggle slaughter, Voldemort apparated to the roadside of the M1, just outside of London.

His plan was immediately thrown off. Instead of the roadside he expected to find, he was instead immersed in a hot mass that resisted his every movement. Opening his mouth to cast a spell, the rough material immediately filled his throat.

Hours later, Harry stood at the side of the roadway, gleefully conjuring a sign, "**Beware of Dip in the Road**". He planted the sign next to the Voldemort-sized lump under the asphalt.

338. Scene by Aelfwine. Reproduced here without modification.

At the age of ten, Tom Marvolo Riddle walked in on the plumber and one of the orphanage's cooks in the scullery. Rumours whispered between the boys explained, in some measure, what he'd seen; it was his joy, after his Hogwarts letter, to think that the powerful beings amongst whom he was taking his rightful place would never engage in such undignified nonsense.

Unfortunately, Wizards proved to be much the same as Muggles. From Fourth Year on, young Witches, plus the odd Wizard, sought his attention; one of them, a Ravenclaw named Myrtle, had served as sacrifice for his first Horcrux.

When Lord Voldemort ruled the planet, Wizards would be rid of all such animalistic habits, and human beings would reproduce in a rational and civilised fashion. Alchemists would mix the elements of life in clean glass beakers. He would even remove the stupid *bits* from his improved model of Wizard, by the third generation at the very latest.

Therefore, linkage to the mind of an adolescent was torture. Every pathetic fantasy of hugs and kisses and fuzzily-envisioned naughty acts gave him a headache. When he killed Potter, he thought, the pleasure of revenge for all this would make the deed a hundred times as sweet.

No, a thousand times as sweet. Tonight's visualisations involved a muscular redhead, a bushy-haired brunette, and a lithe blonde, all of them together at once with Potter in a big soft bed. He recognised the three females from the incident at the Ministry. He would kill them slowly for fueling the boy's imaginings. Why, this vision was so detailed that at least one of the stupid bints must have allowed him to see her in the altogether.

Potter's male housemates were already slated to die, but now Voldemort would see that their deaths took at least a week, for supplying the illustrated French novels that must have inspired this loathsome fantasy.

Impossible. He realised, with dawning horror, that this was real. He struggled to draw his consciousness away, but Potter's mental defenses, previously hidden, now clamped down like a steel trap. He could almost feel what Potter was feeling, almost empathise with the boy's enjoyment of these revoltingly biological activities. And what was worse, the boy genuinely loved all three girls. And they him, and each other.

There was no such thing as love, he told himself. This squishy warm emotion was a fiction born of glands and bad poetry, but it felt real as rock and fire and the green bolt of the cleansing Curse and it was drowning him smothering him burning him away...

His consciousness popped into his next Horcrux, and there was an instant's peace, but then the ghastly feelings and sensations flooded back and he was lost again. Six times, and the last was only sweet relief.

"He's gone," Harry said. "By Merlin, he's gone."

"Truly?" Hermione said.

"Yes, my love," Luna said. "The threads of dark magic are all cut away from our Harry's scar. I see it with my Good Eye."

"So," Ginny said, "the Boy Who Lived and Loved has done it again. What now?"

Luna kissed her. "The four of us will just have to make sure he's dead. Once a day for... oh, about a hundred years should suffice."

"Thank heavens for the Moste Potente Potion," Hermione said.

"You mean," Harry said, "you really want to stay with me? All of you? It wasn't just... necessity?"

"If it had only been that," Luna said, "we never could have done it. Lust was only half of The Power The Dark Lord Knew Not."

339. Another scene by Aelfwine. Reproduced with only minor modifications.

In Fourth Year, Aldebaran Black invited Tom Marvolo Riddle to join the Fencing Club. "It's jolly good exercise, Riddle, much more of a gentleman's game than Quidditch. Lots of fine chaps in the club, what?"

"No thanks, Black. We've got wands; why should we play with old pig-stickers like ruddy knights or Cavaliers? Even Muggles don't bother with swords, anymore."

"It's great fun, old bean, and you'll meet fellows who'll be good to know later on in life. All of us chaps from the Old Houses learn, in case we've got to defend our honour someday. And Witches just love a man who can handle a blade. Makes their hearts go pitter-pat, makes 'em reckon he must be good with the *other* kind of sword, what? So, what say? I'll sponsor you, of course."

"Thank you, Black," Riddle said, "but I'm afraid I shan't have any time for sport this year." How dare Black suggest that he, who would be a Dark Lord to make even Grindelwald and Dumbledore tremble, should mess about with a sword like some dirty primitive Muggle? One day, the "fine chaps" would serve him, or die. And their overgrown butter knives would not help them.

* * *

Five decades later, a white owl dropped a letter in his lap. He refrained from blasting the bird. It would be pointless, at the moment.

Tom Marvolo Riddle, called Lord Voldemort, Heir of the House of Gaunt,

Milord,

There is a matter of blood between our Houses. Following the ancient laws of Wizarding folk, I, the Head of House Potter, challenge you to single combat with sword and buckler. Let Earth and Air and Water and Fire witness that we will meet at noontide tomorrow, being the Eve of Saint John's Day, on the Field of Honour, otherwise known as the Quidditch Pitch, outside Hogwarts Castle.

Who does not appear, let him forfeit rank and magic and be known as craven before all. May God preserve the right!

Harry James, Lord Potter

The Potter Seal was affixed as well.

Voldemort drew his wand. The owl's tortured body would be his reply. But the curse failed on his lips.

"Forgive me, my Lord," Lucius Malfoy said, "but Potter has made a proper challenge. The old laws protect his messenger. Your revenge must be delayed until You have cut the brat to ribbons. Then, my Lord, You may slay his impudent bird in a fashion that will cause owls to tremble a thousand generations hence."

"Yes, Lucius," Voldemort said, and almost cursed the aristocratic ponce. Assuming he would play Potter's game? The opportunity was too good to waste, but still... "So, I suppose I'll need a sword. One must follow the proper forms."

The next day, Voldemort Portkeyed to the Quidditch Pitch. It amused him that his adversary's stupidity permitted him access to Hogwarts. After the boy, he decided, he would kill Dumbledore. Then he would cleanse the school of Mudbloods.

Malfoy's heirlooms hung from his belt. Ludicrous things, an overgrown letter-opener and a soup dish with a handle riveted on. A show of following the rules would hold Potter in place while he drew his wand. Fairness was for fools, after all.

The stands were full. Excellent, an audience for the victory which Potter had so graciously handed him. He drew sword and gripped his buckler.

His opponent stood on the field, looking pitifully small. He wore archaic garments of leather and wool. In his hands rested a steel buckler and an ancient sword. Potter heirlooms, no doubt. Voldemort would keep them for trophies. They'd hang in some corner of his palace, a servants' stair or a lavatory, perhaps.

"Milord Gaunt," Potter said, "greetings and defiance. Shall we dance?"

"Idiot boy," Voldemort said, dropping the so-called weapons. "True Wizards use wands, not bits of Muggle metal. Ava -" He stopped the incantation as the wand burst to splinters in his hand.

"Not so, milord. It's the sword that settles affairs of honour between the Old Houses. So it has been since before Merlin," Potter said. "Do take

yours up, milord. The Baron, my teacher and kinsman, would be ashamed did I slay a disarmed man. Even one who has much besmirched Slytherin House, of which it is his honour to be ghost."

"Why should I play your game, boy? Come, kill an unarmed man. Or let me depart, if you love your silly honour so."

"You shall not flee, milord. Magic itself will strike you down if you set one foot off this field before our combat ends."

"I will rise again, stronger. As I have done before."

"The old magic is stronger than your Horcruxes." A frisson of unfamiliar emotion ran down Voldemort's spine. "Yes, milord, I know of them. And you shall know of Judgment, shortly. Come, milord, take up your sword."

Voldemort reached down and lifted the sword. In all his life, nothing else had ever felt so heavy.

340. Bunny by ShadeHawk.

Voldemort entered the small chamber, deep beneath Hogwarts per the arranged temporary truce. Harry, Hermione, and Ron entered the room from the direction of the Chamber of Secrets.

Before the proper forms could proceed, Hermione and Ron began arguing some minor point of protocol.

At first, Voldemort found it amusing that the mudblood witch would think she knew anything pertinent, but when Harry turned around and joined the argument, Voldemort realized that the three teens, incomprehensibly, were ignoring him.

Him!

With this realization, Voldemort began swearing profusely.

Listening to the truly vulgar (and impressive) tirade, Ron suddenly realized why Voldemort was the most feared dark wizard of all time. Only the most evil being in all creation could use language so foul.

"Hey, there's a lady present!" Ron yelled. Drawing his wand, he cursed the most foul evil the world had ever known with the same spell his mother had used on him every time she caught him swearing.

Harry and Hermione continued to argue, oblivious to the dark lord gagging at the taste of the Lifebuoy soap bubbling out of his mouth. They didn't seem to notice until the soap bubbling out of Voldemort's mouth had formed a pool up to their ankles with soapy water and Voldemort's motionless form lay face down in it. Unbeknownst to Ron, his mother's curse reacted to how foul your language was, using more soap to clean the dirtier mouth.

Who knew it would spell doom for the dark lord?

341. Scene by Eric Oppen. Reproduced with minor modifications.

"My Lord, I have perfected a machine that will allow you to Apparate onto Hogwarts grounds, past the wards," said Severus Snape.

Smirking, Voldemort stepped in and threw the switch, vanishing . . . along with a stray housefly that had flown in with him.

Some time later, after the fly-headed monster that had somehow appeared at Hogwarts had been killed (it appeared quite disoriented), a strange, high-pitched cry came from a spider-web in an unnoted corner of the castle.

"Help me---help me!"

342. Scene by Perspicacity. Reproduced without modification.

"Potter, do you yield?" The look of horror on the face of the Boy Who Lived causes Voldemort to cackle and slap the table loudly with a gnarled hand. The Death Eaters behind him jeer.

"Never." Harry performs a wandless summoning and the torture device slides across the table to his outstretched hand. He lifts it to his face and props open his left eyelids. With steely resolve, he makes an angular motion, dragging the edge of the parchment against his eyeball. A second later, screams echo throughout the Great Hall and the assembly, as one, wince.

"You bastard!" Hermione shouts, her heart breaking for her friend. "Asking someone to paper-cut his own eyeball—what kind of sick monster dreams up such a thing?"

"You'll learn your place, Mudblood," Voldemort snarls, then suddenly looks uncomfortable as he notices the nasty grin spreading on the face of the Boy Who Lived.

Harry fixes him with his good eye, the other tightly closed and draining tears. "Time for truth, eh? You know, Tom, I've always been curious how you got on so well with the owner of Hufflepuff's cup and Slytherin's locket. Tell me, was Tom Riddle ever Hepzibah Smith's lover?"

"Why you -" Voldemort roars, bolting to his feet and gathering about him an aura of the blackest of magicks.

"Ah, ah, Tom. Do you yield?"

Voldemort grits his teeth, his crimson eyes glowing with latent power. "I'd rather die than lose my magic." His shoulders slump. "You win, Potter. I yield." With that, a column of brilliant green flame immolates the Dark Lord and reduces him to a pile of ash.

"Harry!" Hermione shouts, rushing forward and hugging her friend's battered body. "How did you do it?"

"I broke the charms on Hepzibah Smith's diary. Tom Riddle took an Unbreakable Vow not to share the secret of his love affair with her. I figured it'd come in handy someday."

Truth or Dare: The Power He Knows Not.

343. Another scene by Perspicacity. Reproduced without modification.

I peek left and see Tonks holding her cards close to her chest, an act that protects her hand from rubber-neckers and her skin from exposure. Hestia, on my right, is still mostly clothed—her brassiere has stayed on all night and she has a small pile of clothing at her lap. Almost as large as my own.

I'll take two, Bellatrix says with a cackle. I toss a couple of cards to the Dark Witch in granny-knickers who's still wearing my shirt. Her sister, Narcissa, folds with a tired sigh and tugs at Tonks's Weird Sisters tee, trying to get it to cover more of her midriff.

"Tom?" The Dark Lord, down to just a pair of silk boxers, furls his brow. "Three, Potter." I give him the cards and his face brightens momentarily, then returns to his trademark sneer. Subtle, he ain't.

"Dealer takes one," I say, giving my nemesis a wink, not even looking at my card. We place our bets, which amount to one piece of apparel each before Tonks calls.

Tom proudly lays down a full house—Jacks over fours. Tonks and Hestia muck their hands and toss stockings into the pot. Bella shows her trey of aces and adds my shirt.

"Potter?"

"Oh, I've just got two pair—nines and nines. Guess that means I win." I waggle my eyebrows at Tom and snap my fingers. "Pay up, Tommy—you know the rules." His boxers come off and, after a moment of awkwardness, Tonks starts to giggle and point. Hestia, for her part, joins in. Bella cackles as well—but then she'll laugh at anything. After a few seconds, even Narcissa starts to titter.

"Come on, it's cold!" he protests.

"Not that cold. How big's your wand again?"

"Thirteen and a half inches..."

Hestia nudges Narcissa, coughing into her hand, "Compensate much?"

I smirk at Tom, who deflates. He takes a couple of steps and keels over, dead from embarrassment.

Strip Poker: The Power He Knows Not.

344. Scene by WhyDoYouNeedToKnow. In her words: "Plotbunnied by my own story... pitiful."

Lord Voldemort stepped out of the odd flying contraption and waved the red-armored guard back inside. A surreptitious pinch to the inside of his forearm did nothing.

Excellent. The spell has taken effect.

He began to walk into the woods, focusing on his destination—a small, squat building on the other side of a ridge.

Some weeks earlier, Severus had reported that Potter and his friends were planning some sort of grand entertainment involving a battle between good and evil, to be played out in a magically shared dream. The Dark Lord had seen a choice opportunity, and immediately assigned several Death Eaters to research spells which bound what happened in dreams to what happened in reality. Learning about this new world, he had reserved for himself a specific role.

An oddly fascinating creation. If the author is still alive—and of suitable descent, of course—I believe I shall reward him.

In any case, it had been obvious to him from the first moment which role Potter would take. Which was why, instead of remaining aloft to await the

arrival of Potter and Snape, he had ordered a shuttle to take him to the surface of this quaint moon. Here he would kill Weasley and Granger, and as many others of Potter's coterie as he could find, before returning to his place to rewrite the ending of the story.

Annoying that it required the sacrifice of a Horcrux to come here. My dear Nagini, too... but I should not depress myself. This promises to be fun.

He stepped out of the forest to see camouflage-dressed soldiers being rounded up by those in white armor. A red-haired man bent protectively over a brown-haired woman near the doorway.

As I expected. Alone, and with no magic... easy prey.

A deep breath, and the magic of this dream world filled him. They called it "The Strength" or "The Power" or some such term—childish, perhaps, but its use came easily to him. He wondered if there might be a way to reproduce the effect at home.

Starting forward towards Weasley and Granger, he failed to notice the large two-legged machine clanking out of the forest behind him. Nor did he hear the furious roar which came from the creature that bounded out of its top. His first intimation that something was not as it seemed was when he was roughly seized and spun around.

Fur, he registered dimly. *A great deal of fur.*

Most of it was golden and brown, except for one white patch on the creature's forehead... a patch with a rather distinctive shape...

The creature bellowed again, grasped Lord Voldemort's wrist in one hand and his shoulder in the other, and yanked.

How odd, the Dark Lord thought hazily through the pain. *If Potter was here, who did play the part of...*

* * *

On the whole, Severus Snape thought, the efforts of the *Millennium Falcon* and its compatriots were likely to be unnecessary.

Loosing Longbottom inside the Death Star with a lightsaber was going to destroy the space station long before the ships of the rebel fleet could arrive.

345. Bunny by Crys, inspired by a question from Evan Mayerle, who was in turn inspired by scene #336.

Voldemort stared at the pile of parchment.

No matter how hard he stared at it, it would not go away. He dare not destroy it. There were some things even the Dark Lord Voldemort was hesitant to mess about with.

Giving a great sigh, Voldemort began filling out his tax forms.

Voldemort lasted exactly twenty-eight minutes and sixteen seconds before he spontaneously combusted.

346. Scene by Regina Noctis. Inspired by Jeconais's drabble *Horcrux Raider*: Reproduced without modification.

Lord Voldemort had finally cornered the eighteen year-old Harry Potter in an underground cavern, once a holding room for one of his Horcruxes. Potter was currently on all fours, coughing up blood from that last Bone-Breaking Hex on his chest.

"Say hello to your parents for me, you worthless brat!" Voldemort cackled, then leveled his wand against the helpless boy. "*Avada*—" "

At that moment, a hail of gunfire burst through his body, spattering blood and gore everywhere. Voldemort stared at the gigantic hole in his chest, mouthing wordlessly, before keeling over spectacularly.

Behind where he once stood, a young woman in military fatigues was slipping a semi-automatic over into her hip holster. "All right there, Harry?" she called.

"Nothing . . . a Healer . . . can't fix," Harry choked, wiping away some blood from his mouth. "Did you . . . get . . . the Horcruxes?"

"Not to fear, I've got every last one with me," Lara Croft replied, gesturing at the sack over her shoulder. "Had them all neutralized and everything. Now, what should we do with Mr. Riddle here?"

347. Scene (er, thought) by Regina Noctis. Inspired by a particularly clever T-shirt. Reproduced without modification.

Voldie was a Muggle's son,

But Voldie is no more.
What Voldie thought was H2O
Was H2SO4.

348. Scene by Regina Noctis. Inspired by "The Fish-Slapping Dance" from *Monty Python's Flying Circus* (Episode 29). Reproduced without modification.

A Disillusioned Tom Riddle, so intent was he on finding the key to immortality that he scarcely noticed his surroundings, walked straight past two Muggles who were standing near a loch while slapping each other's faces with dead fish.

Unfortunately for him, he was on the side closest to the water.

And he walked past Michael Palin just as John Cleese struck his fellow actor with a very large halibut.

And, unlike Michael Palin, Tom Riddle couldn't swim.

349. Scene by Regina Noctis. Inspired by the end line from *Monty Python's Flying Circus* (Episode 21). Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort flew around the heads of Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley as they snogged by the lake, oblivious to the world. The advantage to his Animagus form, Voldemort thought as he hovered closer with a high-pitched whine, was that he could get close to his victims undetected.

Well, relatively undetected.

The disadvantage was that his primal instincts, if not kept in check, could easily give him away...

SLAP!

"What was that, dear?" Ginny asked without breaking the kiss.

"Oh, nothing, love," Harry replied while wiping his hand on his jeans. "Just a pesky mosquito. Don't worry, I made sure I got it—there's nothing more dangerous than a wounded mosquito, after all."

350. Scene by Regina Noctis. Inspired by the end line from *Monty Python's Flying Circus* (Episode 21). Reproduced without modification.

Inspired by "The Undertaker's Sketch" from *Monty Python's Flying Circus* (Episode 26) and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail":

Harry Potter, dragging a large gunnysack that was partially slung over one shoulder, opened the door and entered the funeral home with a loud grunt. A small bell tinkled somewhere in the back of the building, and a man dressed as a mourner appeared behind the front counter almost as quickly as if he had Apparated there. "May I help you?" the clerk asked with a sickly smile.

"Um, yes, I'd like to deal with this Dark Lord here—" Harry swung the gunnysack to the floor with a thump; its contents groaned upon impact. "Any idea what to do with him?"

"Well, let's see." The clerk pondered the sack for a moment before proclaiming, "Would you like to burn him, bury him, or dump him?"

"*Dump* him?" Harry repeated, not quite catching on.

"Yes, dump him in the Thames." Upon seeing Harry's expression, the clerk hastily added, "Oh, were you fond of him?"

"No, no, it's just—I'd hate to pollute the Thames any more than it already is." Harry quickly changed the subject. "So, what about the other two options?"

"Right, we could burn him—stick him in the fire, crackle, crackle, crackle... it's fast, but a bit of a shock if he's still alive."

"I'm not dead yet," said the sack, quite weakly. Harry kicked it hard, eliciting a groan in response.

"Oh, don't worry, you soon will be," Harry said cheerfully.

"Actually, I'm feeling a bit better now," the sack replied. Harry stunned it under the counter, and it mercifully fell silent.

"Or," the clerk continued, "we bury him. It'll take longer, mind, but he'll be eaten up by all the weevils, worms, those sorts of creatures. So, what'll it be?"

"Well..." Harry considered it for a moment. "Anything else?"

The clerk opened up the sack and peered down at the unconscious Voldemort. "My, he's an ugly chap, isn't he?" the clerk opined. "But he's got a

good deal of flesh on those bones... he looks like an eater to me."

"Are—are you suggesting we—*EAT* him?!" Harry spluttered, turning slightly green around the edges.

"Well, yes. Not raw, mind, but well-cooked should do the trick—yes, and he should go well with some hollandaise sauce and mushrooms..." The clerk licked his lips hungrily, his eyes taking on a faraway gleam.

"Well, um, well. I guess I *am* feeling a bit peckish," Harry relented grudgingly.

"Wonderful! And, sir, if you're feeling bad about it, here's what we'll do: We'll dig you a grave, and you can throw up in it if he don't agree with you."

"No, that shouldn't be necessary," Harry replied, his mind already awhirl with plans.

* * *

Harry Apparated back to Grimmauld Place that night, his arms loaded down with bags of take-out boxes. "Hey, guys, dinner's here!" Harry called from the empty entrance hall, grinning from ear to ear. "Who wants some Voldemort a la hollandaise?"

20 Aug

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort Three Hundred and Fifty-One to Four Hundred

15 Oct

351. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Tom Riddle was spooned up with one Myrtle Thompson in a very small broom closet. Not that it was uncomfortable or anything. No, indeed. Myrtle may look like a geek from the outside, but once you got *undemeath* ... well, it was more than most wizards could ask for.

Tom shifted to one side and moaned with pleasure as Myrtle's hand caressed certain parts of his anatomy. "Oh, *Myrtle*," he sighed.

Unfortunately, he had accidentally sighed in Parseltongue.

[*Did you call for me, master?*] came a voice through the wall. Tom stiffened, but Myrtle (the human one) made no sign of having heard the disembodied voice.

Suddenly, the back wall of the broom closet shifted, revealing an open pipe. There was a rustling sound, and Tom turned his head with much trepidation.

He found himself staring into two golden, gigantic eyes.

His last thought on this earth was: How in the world was he to know that Salazar Slytherin would be batty enough to name his pet basilisk *Myrtle* ?

* * *

After a two day long search, Transfiguration Professor Dumbledore found the missing Head Boy and Ravenclaw prefect, both naked and stone-dead, in the third-floor broom closet. Their deaths would be written off as stemming from asphyxiation during a particularly long snog.

352. Scene by Regina Noctis. Inspired by "Monty Python and the Holy Grail". Reproduced without modification.

Intent on finding the key to immortality, Voldemort began a quest to find the Holy Grail of Arthurian legend. Having hired a hermit (who seemed to know where he was going) to be his guide, the Dark Lord set out on his journey.

The hermit led Voldemort to a dark cave in the midst of the Scottish moors. "But beware," the hermit said with fearful glance about. "There lurks a terrible, fearsome creature in the darkness—this monster has killed many dozens of men before you. Look, there it be now!"

Sitting in the entrance to the cave, calmly munching on clover, was a small, white rabbit.

"Ha! You old Muggle fool!" Voldemort scoffed. "That little rabbit is no match for a Dark Lord such as I! I shall destroy it now, even as I speak!" Having spoken thus, Voldemort stepped forward with wand raised...

Whereupon he was promptly torn apart to shreds by the killer rabbit.

"I *told* him!" ranted the hermit from the safety of a nearby hillock. "But did he listen? No, just like everyone else—'oh, how dangerous is a little, fluffy, bunny rabbit?' Uh-uh, nope, they *never* listen until it's too late..."

353. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort and Harry Potter squared off in the midst of an empty Scottish moor, glaring daggers at each other as they paced like hungry lions through the light fog.

"Hey, Tom!" Harry called in a mocking tone. "Guess what? I've figured out what 'the power you know not' is!"

Voldemort stopped in his tracks, perplexed. "Well? What is it, then?"

"It's the Force!" Whereupon Harry called his lightsaber to his hand, turned it on, and lunged at the Dark Lord within a split second. Voldemort didn't even have time to blink before he was cut in two.

As Harry stood over the charred remains of He-Who-Is-Now-Dead, a small green figure in brown robes popped into existence a few feet away.

Done well you have, my young Padawan," the creature croaked while floating five feet above the ground on a humming metal disc.

Harry turned and bowed in its direction. "All thanks to you, Master Yoda," he said respectfully. "The Dark Side has finally been vanquished."

Yoda nodded. "My greeting to my great-grandson Dobby, you must give. Much pride, both of you have brought me." Then, he vanished without a trace.

354. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort and Harry Potter squared off in the midst of an empty Scottish moor, glaring daggers at each other as they paced like hungry lions through the light fog.

"Hey, Tom!" Harry called in a mocking tone. "Guess what? I've figured out what 'the power you know not' is!"

Voldemort stopped in his tracks, perplexed. "Well? What is it, then?"

"It's gravity!" Whereupon Harry pointed his wand at the ground where Voldemort stood. "*Finite Incantatem!*"

Voldemort looked down, just in time to see the once-solid earth vanish from beneath his feet, before plummeting to the center of the earth with a high-pitched scream.

Harry leaned over the edge of the now-visible tunnel. "Hope you're wearing something light, Tom!" he called cheerfully. "I hear the temperature's something in the thousands down there! Oh, and the Weasley twins send their love—and they hope you like their newest product, the Thermophiliac Mole!"

355. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort and Harry Potter squared off in the midst of an empty Scottish moor, glaring daggers at each other as they paced like hungry lions through the light fog.

"Hey, Tom!" Harry called in a mocking tone. "Guess what? I've figured out what 'the power you know not' is!"

Voldemort stopped in his tracks, perplexed. "Well? What is it, then?"

"It's singing!" Whereupon Harry threw back his head and let forth a high C—the highest note sung by most tenors.

Voldemort's head reverberated for a moment before cracking open in protest at the offending noise.

356. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

"Sssso, Ssseverusss," Voldemort hissed. "Did you complete my tasssk?"

Snape knelt at the foot of Voldemort's chair and offered up a wand to his master. "Yes, my Lord," he replied, keeping his eyes on the floor. If he looked up, he knew he'd lose his composure, and then he'd *really* be dead. "I acquired a wand, just like you requested. With it, you should be able to defeat Potter as easily as if it was your old wand."

"Exxxcellent!" Voldemort cried. "We ssstrike Hogwartsss tomorrow!"

* * *

The next day, as Voldemort and Harry Potter met in the Hogwarts courtyard with their respective armies behind them, Voldemort cackled evilly and raised his new wand. "Victory isss mine, you insssufferable brat!" he crowed. "*Avada Kedavra!*"

To his utter surprise, his wand did nothing more than squawk and turn into a rubber chicken.

As he stared at the chicken in his hand, Voldemort saw a white light, a green light, and then blackness. He was in such shock that he never even heard Harry cast the Killing Curse—with Harry's own functional wand.

In the mass of cheering Order members, Fred Weasley turned to his twin brother. "I say, George, that was the best prank we've ever played!"

"Yeah, against You-Know-Who himself! Man, I just want a copy of that picture Colin took—did you see the look on old Lizard's face?"

"You know what this means, brother mine?"

"What?"

"We'll use the picture in our next ad campaign! 'Weasley's' Wizarding Wheezes: You can even use then to prank the next Dark Lord!'"

357. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort Apparated to the given coordinates (somewhere in California) with a small pop of displaced air. He scanned his surroundings—a small Muggle café overlooking a sandy beach. His eyes narrowed as he spotted his prey. There was Potter, sitting on the terrace and dining with an obviously Muggle blonde girl. Voldemort sneered at the sight of Potter's unprotected back and raised his wand. "*Avada Kedavra!*"

But the girl had pushed Potter to the floor before the spell had even crossed half the distance of the room. Voldemort blinked; and in the amount of time it took him to blink, she had come over and grabbed his throat in a vise-like grip.

"*No one* messes with my boyfriend and lives to tell the tale!" Buffy Summers hissed into Voldemort's ear before attacking him with her weapon of choice.

Now, Voldemort may not be a vampire, but a wooden stake through the heart does wonders to *anyone's* constitution.

358. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

"Master," Wormtail whined from his groveling position at the foot of Voldemort's throne.

"What is it, Wormtail?" Voldemort replied in a bored voice, twiddling with his wand.

"Lucius and I have discovered a magical mountain in Greece—if a person throws himself off from the highest cliff while shouting what they most wish to be, their wish will be granted."

Voldemort sat up straighter in his seat. "Take me there immediately!"

* * *

Lucius, Wormtail, and Voldemort stood near the edge of the highest cliff of Mount Olympus. "Lucius, you and Wormtail shall jump off first," Voldemort instructed.

Lucius nodded, then leaped off the cliff with a shout of, "Eagle!" Moments later, a bald eagle soared past the two remaining wizards and off into the blue unknown.

Wormtail fearfully inched to the edge before throwing himself off. "Raven!" he cried, which turned into a loud caw as he transformed into the glossy black bird.

Voldemort now paced on the cliff, trying to decide what to turn into. A basilisk would be a wonderful creature to kill Potter with, but it would never survive the trip down. Should he be a dragon, or a hippogriff, or a griffin, or—

Suddenly, he tripped over a small pebble near the edge and was sent flying over the cliff. As he plummeted to the ground with mind-boggling speed, Voldemort shouted out the first thing that came to his mind.

"Oh, shit!"

359. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

"Hey, Tom!" Harry Potter called as he and Lord Voldemort dueled for the final time. "I've got one very good reason why you shouldn't kill me."

Voldemort paused in his spell-casting. "Oh? And why is that, pray?"

"Because I'm your only son!"

At Harry's words, both Death Eaters and Order members stopped mid-fight and turned around to stare at the Boy Who Had Obviously Lost It.

"Yeah," Harry continued blithely, completely oblivious to the deafening silence around him. "I took my blood to a Muggle lab the other day, and the results said that I'm definitely *not* James and Lily Potter's son. I think they must've adopted me, and James probably put me under a permanent glamour to make me look exactly like him."

"But I—I never—it can't possibly—" Voldemort couldn't even string a full sentence together, he was that shocked.

"Oh, don't worry, I did the magical tests to see who were my *real* parents," Harry interrupted Voldemort's stammering with a grin. "My blood father is Tom Marvolo Riddle, and my blood mother is Bellatrix Lestrange née Black."

Both Voldemort and Bellatrix made the same mistake of turning their backs on their opponents in favor of staring at each other.

Seconds later, both collapsed on the ground, dead.

Harry tutted as he put away his wand. "So naïve, so gullible," he murmured. "And to think that you wanted to take over the world..."

360. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

"So, what you're saying is that a post-owl can track down *any* human being, as long as they're alive?" Harry asked for the third time.

Hermione nodded. "Exactly. And while Voldemort's humanity is under question, I'd say he's most certainly alive and kicking."

Harry grinned. "Right." He turned to the snowy owl perched in the shadows. "Hedwig, I want you to gather as many owls as you can... then, find Tom Marvolo Riddle and go peck him to death."

361. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

As Harry Potter and Lord Voldemort battled with flying curses—to no avail—Harry made one last, futile attempt to vanquish his opponent.

He pointed to the sky above Voldemort's head and yelled, "What the HELL is *THAT?!'*"

Voldemort jumped and looked up. Harry used his enemy's momentary distraction to cast a final Killing Curse.

"Harry James Potter!" Hermione shouted from behind. "That was *NOT* at all Gryffindor of you, and you know it!"

Harry just shrugged. "Hey, it worked, didn't it?" He buffed his nails on his robe. "Besides, if Tom was dumb enough to fall for the oldest trick in the book, who am I to pass up the opportunity?"

362. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort sat in one of the many dilapidated rooms of the Riddle House, moodily staring into the fireplace and cursing the Potter brat for having the nerve to continue his miserable and pesky existence. A soft sound from behind him made the Dark Lord spin around with his wand drawn, only to find that his wand wasn't really necessary.

He was facing a ghost. A rather pretty ghost, admittedly, but one that he had hoped never to see again.

"Hello, Mr. Riddle," the spectre of Lily Potter whispered with a voice of rustling leaves. "I'm here to extract my long-awaited revenge."

"R-revenge?" Voldemort mentally cursed his voice for coming out so squeakily.

"Yes, revenge. Revenge for me, for my husband, but most of all, for my son." Lily grinned ferally. "Did you know, Mr. Riddle, that the easiest way to make a woman fight is by attacking her child?"

The ghost waved her hand, and Voldemort staggered as he felt the anti-Apparition wards surrounding his headquarters come crashing down. The air was filled with the pops of Apparition for the next minute, and Voldemort gaped at the army of furious women and ghosts surrounding him. Every one of them was armed.

"Oh, and I've taken the liberty of inviting here the mothers of all those you've managed to hurt," Lily said sweetly. Then, her voice turned harsh. "Let's sic him, girls!"

With over four dozen curses hurtling straight for him—plus one flying meat cleaver, courtesy of Molly Weasley—Voldemort never stood a chance.

363. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

"We have you now, Potter," gloated Voldemort as he and his minions circled the boy like a pack of vultures. "Come, any last wishes before you die?"

"Erm..." Potter thought for a moment. "Yes. I'd like to play a round of 'Rock, Paper, Scissors' with you."

The Death Eaters started guffawing; but Voldemort waved them silent, a strange gleam in his eyes. "Very well. Let us begin..."

The two wizards struck a closed fist on their open palm twice before revealing their choice. Harry still had a closed fist, while Voldemort had two fingers sticking out.

The Death Eaters stared. Their master had just lost a simple, Muggle child's game to Potter?

Voldemort licked his lips, looking slightly panicked. "Best two out of three?" he offered, and Potter nodded.

One round later, Voldemort had beaten Potter with paper versus rock, bringing the score to a tie. The Death Eaters leaned forward, their breaths held in excitement to watch the tiebreaker.

And then as Potter and Voldemort prepared to reveal their final selections...

"Scissors take all!" Potter shouted before stabbing Voldemort in the eyes with two fingers.

"Tell me again *how* you knew this was going to work?" Harry asked Hermione at the victory party.

"Well, I figured that his eyes would be the most sensitive part of his body, what with him being almost a snake homunculus and all that. It's his Achilles' heel, if you will. As for the method of distraction... um, I found it in Hogwarts, A History."

"Really?"

"Yes. There's this chapter on extracurricular activities and competitions—and they had a section about a Head Boy in the 1940s who tried to start an intramural 'Rock, Paper, Scissors' tournament..."

364. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort and Harry Potter dueled fiercely on the grounds of Hogwarts while surrounded by an audience of hundreds of students, staff, and Death Eaters. The two wizards had been at it for nearly an hour, and it didn't look like it would be ending any time soon.

Until, that is, Harry cast the final, decisive spell, "*Obliviate Totalus!*"

Voldemort dropped his wand, looking very dazed and confused. "Who are you?" he asked Harry. "Where am I? No, wait—*who* am I?"

"Bloody good question," Harry told the sky above him. "And if only *somebody* had thought of this earlier, we'd never have had any of this trouble in the first place..."

365. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort and Harry Potter dueled fiercely on the grounds of Hogwarts while surrounded by an audience of hundreds of students, staff, and Death Eaters. The two wizards had been at it for nearly an hour, and it didn't look like it would be ending any time soon.

Until, that is, Harry cast the final, decisive spell, "*Wingardium Leviosa!*"

Voldemort, cut off in mid-course, rocketed upwards to the dark blue sky.

"Wow." Ron Weasley was the first to speak in the shocked silence that followed. "Great thinking, mate."

"Thanks. I figured if it worked on a troll when we were eleven, it should work on ol' Moldyshorts." Harry looked up. "Hopefully, he shouldn't stop flying until he gets into Earth's orbit—and even if he figures out how to breathe up there, he'd have an interesting time getting back down."

* * *

Some hours later, an American scientist cast a cursory glance out of one of the dock windows on the International Space Station, did a lightning-fast double take, and screamed. "Holy Mother of God! Patterson, radio Houston *NOW!!*"

Her partner didn't even look up from the computer he was bent over. "What about?"

"Aliens are real, they're humanoid, and there's one outside the window right now who wants to come in!"

366. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort and Harry Potter dueled fiercely on the grounds of Hogwarts while surrounded by an audience of hundreds of students, staff, and Death Eaters. The two wizards had been at it for nearly an hour, and it didn't look like it would be ending any time soon.

Until, that is, Harry cast the final, decisive spell, "*Sternue!*"

The orange spell struck Voldemort in the nose, whereupon he sneezed.

And sneezed. And sneezed. And couldn't seem to stop sneezing for the life of him.

Finally, on the most powerful sneeze of all, a little gray blob flew out of Voldemort's nose. He then fell to the ground, silent for the rest of eternity.

Harry knelt down to examine the gray blob before standing and facing the silent crowd. "Voldemort has set two new records today," he announced, his lips twitching. "He's the first person to die by sneezing his brain through his nose. He also was the owner of the smallest human brain in the world. Honestly, I don't know how such a big ego could fit into *that* small of gray matter."

367. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort and Harry Potter dueled fiercely on the grounds of Hogwarts while surrounded by an audience of hundreds of students, staff, and Death Eaters. The two wizards had been at it for nearly an hour, and it didn't look like it would be ending any time soon.

Until, that is, Harry cast the final, decisive spell, "*Evanesco!*"

And with that, Voldemort disappeared to that unknown place where all unwanted stains and messes go—doubtless, he would have fit right in.

Harry looked around at the disbelieving Order members and sighed. "Please don't tell me that *nobody* else thought of this," he said to no one in particular.

368. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort and Harry Potter dueled fiercely on the grounds of Hogwarts while surrounded by an audience of hundreds of students, staff, and Death Eaters. The two wizards had been at it for nearly an hour, and it didn't look like it would be ending any time soon.

Until, that is, Harry cast the final, decisive spell, "*Removeo Osses!*"

The yellow light seemed to absorb into Voldemort's body, spreading outwards from the contact point until the Dark Lord positively glowed golden.

And then, slowly, Voldemort sank down into the ground until he was nothing more than a puddle of flesh and skin. Harry had removed all of Voldemort's bones by means of the aptly-named Bone Remover Jinx.

"We always knew you didn't have any backbone," Harry commented to the Voldemort-puddle cheerfully. "I just decided to make that true about the rest of you."

369. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort and Harry Potter dueled fiercely on the grounds of Hogwarts while surrounded by an audience of hundreds of students, staff, and Death Eaters. The two wizards had been at it for nearly an hour, and it didn't look like it would be ending any time soon.

Until, that is, Harry cast the final, decisive spell, "*Aeterna Legens!*"

Moments later, Voldemort was glancing around, looking very lost and frightened indeed. Harry just smirked and raised his wand again, this time aiming towards the castle.

"*Accio* book!" There was a few seconds' wait before Hogwarts, A History came hurtling through the air. Voldemort's expression changed to one of delight as the book landed in his outstretched hands, and he promptly sat down and began to read.

"The Eternal Reading Curse," announced Harry to the stunned audience. "Voldemort now has no choice but to read for the rest of his life. There is no known counter curse."

"But what if he can't read anymore?" Neville Longbottom asked from the front row of the crowd. "Like, if he goes blind, or he can't get any more books?"

"Then, he'd die." Harry smirked. "And wouldn't *that* just be a bloody shame."

370. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

"Thank you so much for agreeing to speak with me, Mr. You-Know-Who," simpered Rita Skeeter. "I've been looking forward to interviewing you —*you*, the charismatic, mysterious Dark Lord who wields fear and power like no other..."

Voldemort nodded dully as Skeeter's Quick-Quotes Quill skittered across the parchment. Severus had suggested an in-depth interview to improve public relations, but did it have to be with *this* reporter?

"Fear not, Master," Severus had assured him. "Skeeter has a well-known vendetta against Potter, and she is always looking for ways to portray her subjects in different lights. She is the perfect reporter for our purpose."

So, Voldemort settled down for the long haul. It shouldn't take too long, he reasoned, nor would it be too prying or embarrassing.

Little did he know that Skeeter's definition of "a different light" would be to portray him as a sexual pervert, whose Death Eater meetings consisted of unnatural sexual practices between himself and his followers. Nor did he realize, until it was too late, that Skeeter preferred to hold interviews in three-hour segments... and had warded all the escape routes so well that even he could not get out.

An hour into the interview, Voldemort stabbed himself in the eyes with the Quick-Quotes Quill in order to put himself out of his misery. Rita prattled on, oblivious to the fact that both her interviewee and quill were unresponsive to her questions.

371. Bunny by Crys. Yes, I still do have original ideas.

Harry reached forward to shake Voldemort's hand, the necessary first step as defined by the Olde Compacts.

Voldemort promptly keeled over, defeated at the hand of the other.

372. Bunny by Crys.

Voldemort glared at the location that had just held Harry Potter. Nearly defeated, Potter had escaped once again.

Livid at his inability to win, Voldemort shouted, "I will not rest until I see you dead, Potter!"

Five days later, an utterly exhausted and sleep-deprived dark lord, driven by his own magical oath, trudged down Privet Drive, one painful, exhausting step at a time.

373. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Argus Filch reread the kwik-spell manual and waved his new mail-order wand. No spell came forth. Again.

"What am I doing wrong? This is the spell that turns anything into a massive rhinoceros!" Filch screamed in frustration before starting to wave his wand in increasingly viscous movements.

"What!" Wave. Nothing.

"Am!" Wave. Nothing.

"I!" Wave. Nothing.

"Doing!" Jerky wave. Nothing.

"WRONG!?" Putting all his emotions, all of the frustration of working year after year in a school where children took for granted their precious gifts of magic while he could only look on helplessly, Filch managed to amplify his weak squib core to get out the only spell he would ever cast.

The blue beam flew right out of his open window, right over the final battle. Right into a fluttering butterfly thirty feet above a gloating Voldemort.

374. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Sneaking into Snape's office under the invisibility cloak, Hermione cast the space expansion charm on the potion professor's pocket. Harry nodded and placed the creature he had unofficially purchased from the Ministry. After Arthur told him about it, he had managed to meet with the head of the magical creature department. A thousand galleons later, the creature was his. Hermione came up with the spells and enchantments that would make it much more effective. It would be the perfect gift for Voldemort and his Death Eaters, Harry thought with a grin.

In the next meeting Voldemort called, the Dark Lord and all his Death Eaters were stunned when Snape's robes suddenly started making a clucking noise. Before their disbelieving eyes, a normal looking chicken was disgorged from his pocket. The chicken spread her wings and started flapping, stunning everyone further as it gracefully rose into the air.

They were even more surprised at the dragon-like thirty-five foot gout of burning napalm that the chicken started spewing all over everything and everyone.

375. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

"You know, Harry, you've gotten really good at that 'Accio' spell." Hermione said.

"That's true." Ron piped in, "I bet you could even, I don't know, summon all the death eaters' magical cores if you really wanted to."

Harry stared at his friend for a few seconds open-mouthed, before looking down at his wand.

376. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

It's funny the things you remember when in a life or death situation. Here he was, about to 'duel' Voldemort, and the only thing Harry could think of was reading his old science book in primary school. The part about how antimatter is the same as normal matter, but the charges of electrons and protons are reversed. That's all. And a chunk of anti-matter the size of a loaf of bread could completely destroy a city. *So if magic can turn a spoon into an elephant, why can't it reverse the polarity in a chunk of matter the size of a grain of sand?*

Voldemort only had a split second to smile as Harry's spell seemed to clumsily miss him by a wide margin and hit the ground a few feet behind him. Then there was a flash of white.

377. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

It didn't look too difficult. Some bones, some blood. The things in the cauldron were probably the chemicals that could make a body. That he could transfigure. Harry stared as the foggy forms of his parents urged him to run, but he wasn't listening.

Transfiguration wasn't too difficult. Harry magically apparated a little bit of blood and flesh out of his body through will power alone. Besides, he didn't need his appendix anyway. Soon, the physical bodies of his parents were lying at his feet. His parents' spirits looked on their son with increasing horror. Even Voldemort looked on with interest as the distracted boy kept raking his thoughts for the next step.

Now, a spell that would permanently bind souls into bodies. Harry didn't know of such a thing, but if he could get all this way on will power alone, then he figured could make up a spell. Concentrating every iota of his willpower on getting spirits back into bodies, Harry raised his wand and shouted, "*Resurrectus!*"

Lily and James Potter opened their eyes and gasped. They were back, and their new bodies felt great. Harry, however looked nervous. "Mom, Dad, grab a hold of me."

The Potters clutched one another. Harry turned back to a stunned Voldemort. "Um, Mr. Voldemort, sir. I hope you like zombie movies. You're about to star in one. I just cast an over powered resurrection spell in the middle of a graveyard. *Accio* trophy."

Harry and his parents disappeared in a flash as Voldemort looked around, stunned, as decrepit hands started to burst out of the ground. He tried to leave, but ran into the anti-apparition wards that Wormtail had previously cast. Being the caster, only Wormtail could take them down quickly. And ironically, the pudgy former-marauder was the first to be ripped apart by the animated corpses.

378. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Harry had the idea ever since he noticed that a switching charm didn't come out as a beam. So it was with some anti-climactic surprise that in the starting minute of the final battle, Voldemort's brain suddenly switched places with a dead squirrel.

379. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Harry Potter opened the briefcase he brought with him into the final battle.

As he watched the carnage, the Boy-Who-Lived thought, *It's amazing what happens when you mix the charms to make a bludger and Dobby's guidance spell to target Voldemort and his Death Munchers with a few hundred madly whirling rotary sawblades.*

380. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Harry saw the green killing curse heading his way at the same time he saw his loyal owl swoop to intercept. Frantic, not wanting to loose one of his few precious friends, Harry cast the first spell that came to mind.

Hedwig dived madly at the green spell to save her nestling wizard. The next thing she heard was a loud, "*Engorgio!*" Cautiously, she opened her eyes to see everything from a great height. For some reason, she wasn't falling even though her wings were not open. In fact, it looked like she was standing on the ground, cracks spreading from where her massive, taloned feet were casually dug into the concrete of the street. When she saw the remains of one of her feathers, the recipient of the killing curse, float down onto the street; the forty foot tall Hedwig suddenly glared at the tiny Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

She soon found that they were all much tastier than the usual mice and rats she hunted for.

381. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modification.

Harry Potter, 15 months old, stared at the unpleasant looking man that was yelling at his mommy. This didn't please the infant at all. Thinking back to the incident one week ago with the unattended stove, Harry remembered getting burnt when he put his hand into the open flame. His parents had been otherwise occupied with a floo call from the long-bearded wizard who called a lot. But unlike a typical toddler, Harry didn't cry out. He was confused.

Why did the fire hurt him? All he wanted to do was be friends with the happily dancing flames. He tried to pet it like Padfoot seemed to like, but the fire bit him instead. Slowly, Harry started to inch his hand to the temperamental fire; whispering to it how he wanted to be friends and he would not want to hurt it.

Putting all of his thoughts and emotions to the task, Harry's magic responded. It flowed to the flame and gave it life, of a sort. The flames understood. And they wanted to play with the human boy, too. It surged out and formed shapes and animals to the delight of Harry. It healed his hand and, instead of burning, it felt ticklishly warm. The young Potter laughed as never before.

And even after that day, he could make the flames come out whenever he was feeling lonely. Shapes of animals and fiery sprites danced around him and played games only he knew of. It lifted him up and let him fly around the room. The fire cheered him when he was sad and laughed along when the boy was happy.

With the scary man yelling at his mommy, Harry Potter was angry. Very angry. And so was the friend-fire.

382. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Wormtail didn't trust himself to make his Master's resurrection potion. Fortunately, he managed to sneak into Hogwarts and snag the student that Severus Snape was always raving about. A little persuasion at wand-point and all was well.

A shocked Neville Longbottom stared first at the long scroll of instructions and then back to the large cauldron in front of him. A large single bead of sweat appeared on his forehead.

383. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort was just about to address his followers when Snape's cloak started shifting oddly. It jerked left, then right - much to the confusion of its wearer. But then, both the sleeping charms and glamour spells on the disguised mass of lethifolds wore off and there was only screaming and enveloping darkness.

384. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

They didn't allow anyone who wasn't an auror to look, much less photograph the gruesome site of the old Riddle house. A greenish tinted Tonks stumbled into the Order's headquarters to give her report intermixed with dry heaves. Anything that was originally in her stomach was long gone at that point. But that just served as confirmation to two of the temporary residents at Grimmauld Drive.

"Inside-out gas a complete success, Forge!"

385. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

"It wasn't too hard, Harry. A little bit of technology and a lot of magic. Mostly transfiguration, but a good bit of rune work."

"Still, if anyone could have done it, it would be you, Hermione."

"Here you go. The coordinates are already locked on. It is your prophesy after all. Plus, if it wasn't for you never having seen a James Bond film, I would never have sat you down in front of that marathon."

"Oh, all right. Just push that button?"

"Yes, Harry. The big red one."

"Alright, there we go."

Over 22,000 miles above, in geocentric orbit, a large satellite with many notice-me-not wards blasted loose a Reducto beam the width of a tanker truck down towards Riddle manor.

386. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort thought it was just a case of indigestion. One minute and a spray of gore later, the alien creature made its way out of his burst abdominal cavity.

Snape just looked back at the waitress. "I'd like to change my order to the soup please."

387. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

He had done it.

Using spells and rituals he had invented, Voldemort now knew what awaited one after death.

Who knew? The old man was right.

Thus with a smile, the dark lord turned his wand around and cast the Killing Curse at his own head, eagerly moving on to the next great adventure.

388. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

The aurors stared at the scene which included a large grain thresher, three donkey corpses, a vast amount of cooking oil, a large pneumatic press, something that looked like two dead dragons and a extra large hamster that were all splinched together, some kind of unidentifiable ooze, a burning Volkswagen van, and the fragmented corpse of the former Dark Lord Voldemort, also on fire.

Tonks warily turned towards the new aurors portkeying on site. "Don't ask. Just... don't ask."

389. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

"Tom! Stop goofing around and do your homework!" The shrill voice came from the other end of the dilapidated shack that the two shared. "I didn't decide to home school you just so you could make up ridiculous, imaginary names for yourself?"

"I'm working on it, Ma!" Tom sighed and his vague dream of becoming a master sorcerer named 'Voldemort' died stillborn. Some days, he wished that the mysterious stranger would have never saved his mother's life in the nick of time.

390. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Harry felt the stone in his pocket. There was no way, he would let the Quirrell-Voldemort amalgamation have it. He could destroy it, but... wait, did the scrap of paper in his pocket just become much heavier?

"Fine, Voldemort. You want the stone, you can have it!" Harry screamed and raced towards his nemesis with the stone in his outstretched arm.

The wraith form of Voldemort found out very shortly afterwards that there was no escape from his new prison; a former professor that was now literally worth his weight in gold.

391. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

"Yes, I. um, represent the kwik-spell and beautification enchantment company. With this kit, you can be both powerful and beautiful enough to capture the heart of any wizard of your choice!" said a disguised Harry Potter holding the very real, one-of-a-kind product.

"Hmm.. any wizard of my choice?" mused a contemplative Merope Gaunt, completely abandoning her plan to bespell that somewhat handsome muggle that lived nearby.

392. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Harry yelled out his destination and jumped through the floo in the Ministry. Voldemort was only seconds behind him. Coming out of the fireplace at Borgin and Burke's, he was pleased to see the razor sharp, closable security floo grate that he noticed on his first trip to the store.

393. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

"I wish for power!" Voldemort shouted at the Djinn of the lamp.

"Granted!" The Djinn told the rapidly cooling cloud of settling ashes.

394. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Harry remembered second year, and Hermione told him what Madam Pomfrey did to change her back from her catgirl form. Still, he had no idea how he would be able to defeat Voldemort and his massive army without something special. So with only a little hesitation, he tipped back the vial of polyjuice with the phoenix feather, basilisk scale fragment, hellhound fur, and a piece of dragon claw all in it.

The massive, flying, three-headed, teleporting, poisonous, fire-breathing, feathered serpent with eye beams that could also cast magic did manage to even out the scales for the light side very quickly.

And even though Harry Potter was never able to change back to his human form, he still became England's best Minister of Magic, amalgamated monstrosity or not.

395 . Scene by Jake Grey. "Here's one based, loosely, on something I came up with as a fanfic of Whydoyouneedtoknow's stuff." Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort blew the front door of Godric's Hollow clean off it's hinges and strode inside, failing to notice the slight bulge under the doormat. And the length of wire running towards a cardboard box under the hall table. This was highly unfortunate, as the bulge was a pressure switch, and the cardboard box contained four sticks of dynamite and twenty pounds of roofing nails.

James and Peter cautiously peered out from behind a nearby Volvo and regarded their handiwork with satisfaction. "You do realise that this was the easy part, of course," Prongs remarked dryly. "Lily was rather fond of some of that furniture."

396. Scene by Aelfwine. Partially reproduced with minor modifications

Cat-girl Hermione Granger, permanent victim of her own potion five years previously, was being held captive by Voldemort's arm across her throat and his wand to her temple.

"All right, Tom," Harry said. "Let Hermione go, and I'll face you. Wizard to Wizard, all proper-like and everything."

"Drop your wand, Potter," Voldemort said.

"No!" Hermione said. "Don't trust him, Harry! He'll only kill all of us."

"Better that than us losing you, Hermione," Ginny said. "Whatever your papers say, I'm marrying you just as much as I'm marrying Harry and Luna."

Voldemort snickered. "How -" Cough. "- sweet." He sneezed. "I wish I could establish a reserve for your kind, really. And a captive breeding programme. Such disgustingly soppy and stupid creatures might make useful potions ingredients."

"Please, Master, don't!" Hermione cried. "Have lots of kittens, my loves, and I'll see you three a hundred years from now."

"Drop your wand, Potter," Voldemort said. "This is getting -" Hack. "- tiresome."

Hermione hissed.

"All right, you stupid beast," he said, "time to put you down. Av - Ah-choo!" He sneezed, and sneezed again. His wand wavered, then swung away. Hermione broke loose and ran to her lovers. She drew her wand - legally it was Harry's spare wand which his pet carried for him - and stood shoulder-to-shoulder with them.

Voldemort, meanwhile, was still sneezing. His pale, quasi-reptilian face and head were almost entirely covered in large red lumps. He dropped to his knees. Blood spouted from his mouth and nostril-slits, spattering the ground. He fell on his face and lay still. Finally, his body disintegrated, leaving a pile of black robes and ugly, off-white glop.

There was a long, stunned pause. Then Harry grabbed Hermione in his arms and hugged her tightly. "My darling Hermione!" he shouted. "The most brilliant catgirl of her age! And the power the Dark Lord knew not!"

Ginny and Luna hugged them both. "Well done, my love," Ginny said, and kissed her.

"But... what did I do?" Hermione asked in mystification.

"Think about it, sweet," Luna said.

"You mean... no, that can't be right. It can't be!"

"I'm afraid it is," Harry said. "Apparently Voldemort was allergic to cat-girls."

397. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Everyone had their specialty in the magical world, but only recently did Hermione find in an ancient book a way to glean where each person's talents lay. A spell and a simple potion later, Harry was found to, unsurprisingly, have a moderate affinity for air. That meant that with practice, he would be able to make a much stronger levitation and summoning/banishing charms, but would never be able to fly without a broom like some true masters of air.

Ron had a very mild affinity for water. It helped make his thoughts more fluid enabling generation of quick strategies on the fly.

Neville's was a rarer affinity, but it surprised no one that he was a moderately high floramancer, a combination of water and earth specialties that let

his manipulate plants to a great degree. With a few years of practice, he could bind a devil's snare to his will and use it like a mass of living whips.

Luna also had a rare affinity. She was a mild chronomancer. While she would never be able to slow or stop time in an area, she did get glimpses of the future now and again.

Hermione's turn took the longest to make the words appear on the scroll. Eventually they appeared. She was an extreme level papyromancer. Within a few weeks, she could control paper to a very great degree and even absorb all the knowledge in a book just from one touch.

Which was why she was racing as fast as she could go towards the Hogwarts library during Voldemort's main offensive against the school, barely managing to stay ahead of two death eaters. Dodging spells more by luck than anything else, the bushy-haired girl dove through the broken door and into her favorite room.

The two death eaters slowed to a stop when they saw Hermione standing in the middle of a whirlwind of books. One tried to curse her, but the spell was easily intercepted by a tome. And the destruction of a book also had the benefit of making the girl angry.

All the books exploded in a tornado of loose, razor-sharp parchment. No pieces larger than a plum were ever found of the death eaters.

Outside, all action stopped as Hermione, still in a sphere of books and paper, floated out of a window and landed next to Harry and Ron.

"Don't worry, Harry. The bookworm is coming," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean, Hermione?" Ron asked. "You're already here."

"Not me, silly," the girl said with a smile as the ground began to shake.

"What is this?" Voldemort demanded.

"The bookworm." Hermione smirked.

And then it burst out of the ground. Composed of seemingly every book and paper in Hogwarts, a massive worm-like beast three hundred feet long and looking like its namesake from a series of muggle fiction, towered in the air for a moment before slamming its massive body into the Dark Lord with a shock wave that knocked everyone except Hermione off their feet.

398. Bunny by Crys

Voldemort stood in Borgin and Burke's, staring dubiously at one half of a pair of vanishing cabinets. It was a clever way through the defenses of that damnable school, but still . . .

"Wormtail, you go through first. Come back immediately once you confirm you made it to Hogwarts."

The rat-faced man nervously moved forward and closed the door. Less than a minute later, he opened it again. "The way is clear, Master," he announced in relief.

A triumphant gleam in his eye, Voldemort nodded. "Very well. I shall lead my forces to our victory."

Wormtail moved out of the way and Voldemort entered the cabinet.

Draco Malfoy wasn't a powerful spell-caster. In fact, his repairs to the matching cabinet were only powerful enough to safely permit one round trip.

399. Bunny by Crys

Voldemort was taking a rare evening to himself.

In fact, he was flying. One of his few honest pleasures in his life.

Better, he was in his animagus form of a vampire bat.

Swooping through the Forbidden Forest, going in any direction his whim took him, Voldemort relaxed.

He did not sense Buckbeak the hippogriff before he was plucked out of the air by a powerful beak.

400. Bunny by Crys

Snarling in frustration at the failure of his latest plans (attempting to impersonate a muggle to get close to Potter's residence), Voldemort jammed his wand into one of the back pockets.

He'd never heard Alastor "Mad-Eye" Moody's warning about doing such things.

He did indeed blow off his buttocks as well as both legs, resulting in his bleeding to death in short order.

15 Oct

1001 Deaths of Lord Voldemort Four Hundred and One to Four Hundred and Fifty

8 Dec

401. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

"What are you working on, Harry?" asked Ron.

"Magical rail cannon."

"Rail cannon? Is that something for a train?"

"It fires a cube of iron at twenty times the speed of sound," Harry said. "No shield, magical or otherwise, can stop it. And it's accurate at over two miles. More with the Dark Lord-seeking guidance system."

"Why would a train need that?"

"Go back to talking about chess and quidditch, Ron."

402. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification. Tildessmoo came up with a bunny along the same lines independently as well.

Harry Potter and his friends crouched near the top of a green hill behind a crumbling stone wall. They were gazing at a small mansion that was also crumbling. Said mansion could have once been called glorious, perhaps even decadent, but years of little to no maintenance had their effect. All of which led up to the current day, when it was finally being used as the temporary base for Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

"Months of waiting and it finally paid off. And I have to owe it all to Hermione, the Girl-Who-Figured-Out-The-Prophesy." Harry told his now blushing companion.

"It wasn't all that much." She said.

Ron spoke up, "Oh, stop being so modest. I know I for one would have never caught the real meaning."

"Well, you guys did round up all the horocruxes and stashed them in the basement." She replied.

"It wasn't hard with the invisibility cloak and the fact that Ron had a professional cursebreaker in the family. You were the one who listened to Trelawney repeat that bloody thing in the pensieve over and over until you caught it." Harry said, pulling out a little box from his pocket. "You want to do the honors?"

The bushy haired witch shook her head. "It has to be you. That would make the prophecy come true, and besides... what he did to your parents. What he did to your life."

Hermione just opened the box to reveal the silver switch and red button. She flipped the switch, causing a red LED light to turn on and pushed the box back to Harry. "All I did was spot the pause. The fact that Sybill wasn't actually saying, 'but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not'. She was saying, 'but he will have the power. The Dark Lord knows Nott.'. Now you have the power, meaning all the C4 we snuck into Nott's mansion's basement - time to end it."

Harry looked at her for a moment, then at the box. He nodded once, and then pressed down on the button of the detonator.

403. Bunny by Evan Mayerle

"What is the cause of this?" Voldemort hissed, staring at his decaying hand.

Wormtail and Snape were both rapidly flipping through pages in the books that the elder Malfoy had brought.

"Here it is," Pettigrew squeaked, one silver finger running down the page. "According to this, the created form will decay if the incorrect bone is used."

Just as his form turned to a pile of dust, Voldemort sighed. "Oh, mother," he said, disappointed that she'd lied about his father.

404. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

In the middle of a small, peaceful wizarding park that was the site of some ancient Ministry of Magic stood what appeared to be a very lifelike statue mostly covered in pigeon droppings. Who the nameless Dark Lord with reptilian features was or when he lived was not written on the pedestal. And indeed, most people would first glance toward the small Time Turner perpetually shattering while hovering in midair about two feet from the arrogant figure, attached to the Dark Lord's wand only by a glowing yellow colored spell.

If the casual passerby's eyes happen to glance down to the lone inscription carved into the worn marble placard, they would read 'Beware: Horrible things can happen to wizards that mess around with time travel'.

405. Bunny by Crys.

As Aurors led Marvolo Gaunt away, a newly arrived gawker asked another what had happened.

"Gaunt dangled his grandson by his ankle from the roof. Dropped the poor kid, trying to force accidental magic. Was a squib, it seems."

406. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

While Lily Potter screamed and pleaded with the Dark Lord not to kill her son, baby Harry reached into his mother's pocket and pulled out a few of the experimental rune stones she had been working on. Then, as all babies tend to do with new things, Harry shoved three of the small stones into his mouth.

Voldemort sneered at the dead woman before turning his attention towards the boy. The Killing Curse hit the baby who was gnawing on the power, amplify, and absorption stones inside his mouth. Nothing happened. No scar, no dead toddler, nothing. The green beam did absolutely nothing.

The Dark Lord was astounded. He cast his favorite spell again with the same results. The same thing happened with the third, fourth, and fifth casting. Voldemort tried other curses at that point. Blood boiling, bone breaking, decapitation curses, even fiendfyre. Nothing. Harry Potter just sat, staring back at him.

Pulling out a dagger, Voldemort advanced at the boy. Harry could now feel the ill intent from this tall scary man who had been shooting different colors at him. The toddler reasoned that maybe he was upset because he gave him all those colors and got none in return.

And with that thought, Harry's eyes changed from their usual green to a kaleidoscopic prism of swirling colors before launching an amplified combination of all the spells Voldemort cast right back at the dark wizard.

407. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

When they learned how to apperate, Harry asked Hermione to see if she could develop a spell that would force someone to apperate. She managed it, but warned that there was a serious risk of splinching the target.

Not much of a drawback if you're using it in battle, Harry mused as he casually kicked Voldemort's head like a soccer ball.

408. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

Voldemort died peacefully of old age. Unfortunately, that was shortly after drinking some house elf delivered fire whiskey laced with an extra strong version of the Weasley twins' aging potion.

409. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

"*Reparo*!" Harry cried the first spell he could think of and overpowered it with his emotions.

Voldemort clutched himself as he changed. His eyes turned back from red to his natural brown. His nose and hair grew back. But the most profound changes were all in his mind.

With a wave of his hand, the tall, elderly, but still somewhat handsome man stunned all of the Death Eaters.

"Thank you, Harry Potter. You have brought a measure of sanity back to this foolish man."

In that moment, Voldemort was truly and forever dead.

410. Bunny by Minerva Granger.

Harry stared at Dobby. "Where did you put him?"

"With the other unwanted magical items, Harry Potter sir."

"What do you mean by 'unwanted magical items', Dobby?"

"When Mr. Filchy asks the house-elves to dispose of a magical item, we put it into a storage closet, Harry Potter sir. He is in there."

Harry's lip twitched. "You're telling me you put Voldemort into a closet with generations of confiscated Fanged Frisbees and Ever-Bashing Boomerangs?"

"And fireworks and biting teacups and dungbombs and . . ."

411. Scene by Gullwhacker, inspired by Superman 2. Reproduced without modification.

Harry collapsed at Voldemort's feet, a half dozen Death Eaters surrounding the two. The Dark Lord had a pensive look on his face before withdrawing an odd staff.

"I will not settle for killing you, Potter. With this, I will take all your power for my own, and none will be able to stop me!" With that boast, he touched the end of the staff to Harry, green arcs of lightning crackling between the two.

Harry reached up, weakly, to grab at Voldemort's arm. A curious look came over his face as a cracking sound emerged from where he'd squeezed. Voldemort, for his part, was too shocked to so much as cry out.

"Thanks, Tom. I think you were holding it backwards." Standing up, Harry grabbed Voldemort with one hand, lifting him up easily before hurling him into a wall. "So who's next?"

8 Dec

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412. Bunny by Trscroggs.

"How did you defeat him, Harry?"

The shouted question cut through the loud party going on in the Great Hall. Everyone quieted and turned to the Boy-Who-Won.

Harry shrugged and pointed to the side. "I didn't. She did."

Every head swiveled to stare at an unassuming woman wearing black muggle clothing. "Thank you, my dear," Dumbledore said into the incredulous silence. "May I ask your name and how you defeated the worst Dark Lord in recent human history?"

"Not that it really matters, but I'm Jeanne Pierce. As for the Voldemort fellow, he's hardly the worst I've dealt with." She chuckled at the sea of gawking faces. "What, you think the magical world, as you call it, is the only hidden society on earth? Naw, there're dozens. The psi's, the supra-science, couple different genetic variations on humans, and so on. Every one of 'em has several so called 'Dark Lords' at any given time. Your Voldemort only ranked about a three out of ten."

Harry chuckled, but his was the only reaction in the room. "So, can you stick around for a while? I'm sure these folks," he waved at the hundreds of wizards, "would like to honor you."

"Naw. I already got my next assignment. The superheroes are panicking about someone in Oxford. Bye, all."

413. Scene by Trscroggs. Reproduced with modifications.

Dumbledore stared, flabbergasted, at the remains of Voldemort. An unassuming American auror had just defeated Voldemort in single combat. Ignoring the beginning of the cleanup operations going on around him, he moved toward where the American encampment – and subsequent defensive stand – had been for months. He found the Auror in question speaking with Harry Potter.

"There you go," Max said to Harry. "One dead Dark Lord, just as you asked."

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson," Harry replied, "Thank you so much for ending this for me."

"But Harry," Dumbledore interrupted, "only the child of the prophecy could defeat Voldemort."

"I can answer that," Max answered. "American Aurors have experience in prophecies too. There's even an optional class in them at the Auror's

academy. Harry here was kind enough to recite the prophecy to us, and we figured out all its loopholes."

"First, I was born on July 31st. Voldemort marked me as his equal when he challenged me to a solo duel, and he lost his fight by my 'hand'."

"But your parents did not defy him," Dumbledore protested.

Max waved that away. "I contacted my parents after Harry told us the prophecy and had them say 'I would never join Voldemort,' three times. Since Voldemort wanted to conquer the whole wizarding world, they were defying Voldemort without him ever knowing."

"And the 'Power he knows not'?" Dumbledore asked.

"That one's a little embarrassing. See, I'm a partial shape-shifter I can change the length of my hair." Max quickly changed his military crew-cut into shoulder-length locks. "The prophecy only said I had a power, not that it would be useful."

414. Scene by scythrealblood. Reproduced with modifications.

Lord Voldemort apparated into the heavily forested area that Wormtail had told him about. Potter was last seen here in Korea, and he, the greatest Dark Lord ever, was here to kill him.

"Halt! You are in a De-militarized Zone! Identify yourself or we will open fire!" a strong, gruff voice called out in American English.

Insolent fools. Voldemort raised his wand.

"Open fire!"

415. Scene by tonicwater. Reproduced without modification.

Professor Quirrell scowled inside as he stood just inside the entrance to Platform 9 3/4, watching students come through in ones and twos. Why did he, of all people, have to get the assignment to watch the brats? Why not Snape? At least that would be amusing to watch.

A sudden uproar arose, and he looked over just in time to see Crabbe and Goyle's sons topple onto the young Malfoy. A grimace flashed across his face before he ran over to assist, keeping his cover. Unfortunately, on the way he tripped over a badly-placed trunk labeled 'N. Tonks'. For a moment, he lay prostrate on the ground...long enough for Harry Potter to come through, running over the man's head with a baggage cart.

416. Scene by Regina Noctis. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort glanced at the black object in the corner of his den with some distaste. Lucius Malfoy had, in honor of the Dark Lord's resurrection, given Voldemort a present. Dark Lords needed their secrecy kept perfectly intact, and thus Lucius had given Voldemort a magically-powered shredder. Voldemort sighed and began to feed the shredder with scraps of parchment on which he had doodled plans to destroy Harry Potter and Albus Dumbledore.

But long fwoopy sleeves that were mundane to magical robes did not agree with the Muggle concept of shredders, apparently.

417. Scene by DragoFlare. Reproduced with minor modifications. I know the location of this horcrux isn't canon, but we're already so far into an AU that canon isn't even visible anymore.

Lord Voldemort was many things, a powerful wizard, a psychopath, and a lover of Elton John songs, but one thing he wasn't was careless, most of the time.

Every six months since his resurrection, Tom made sure to check on his hidden Horcruxes to ensure the traps he set around them were still active.

He was on the final leg of his latest inspection, the orphanage where he spent his childhood and hid Helga Hufflepuff's chalice.

Riddle made sure to disable all the hexes and spells he placed throughout the building, the decapitating curse on the entrance, the trapped stairs, and the incinerating ward on the room itself where Helga Hufflepuff's cup rested.

"Now why do I get the feeling that I'm forgetting something important...?" the dark wizard thought to himself as he cast several obscure detection charms over the cup to verify its authenticity.

"I'm sooooo bored! When is the master going to bring me my next meal?" a voice whined off in the shadows.

"Oh bugger! Now I remember!" Voldemort gulped.

"Oh master! you came you came! Can I have my meal now? I starving! After thirty years of living on rats, I welcome some variety with open arms! That is if I had any!" A hundred foot basilisk chortled in parseltongue as it slithered out to meet its master.

"Um, I sorry, but I didn't bring you anything to eat..." the dark lord muttered as he backed toward the door. It was at that moment when he remembered why he stuck **this** particular Basilisk here. It got very temperamental when it didn't get fed.

And my temperamental, I mean that the body count was usually into the dozens by the time Riddle and his Death Eaters managed to subdue the thing.

"I think I might have heard you wrong. Did you say that you DIDN'T bring me anything to eat." the giant snake hissed as he edged toward Tom, its expression darkening.

"Erm...well." Voldemort hemmed and hawed.

"Maybe I should make a meal out of YOU!" the shake roared as it snapped at his head.

Voldemort let out an undignified yelp as he hurled himself away from the ferocious snake and scrambled for safety.

Unfortunately, he forgot that he only disabled the traps, not dispelled them all together.

As soon as he ran out of the room, the wizard ran afoul of the combustion ward he put around the doorway.

"OW! HOT! HOT HOT!"

And the trip jinx at the top of the stairs.

BANG!

AUGH!

BUMP!

ACK!

BOOM!

OW!

And last but not least, the decapitating curse at the entrance of the building.

THUNK!

"Oh, well. A meal's a meal..." The snake hissed as he dragged the headless, broken, bloody, and crispy body back inside.

Hey, I said he wasn't careless most of the time, not all the time.

418. Scene by Doc Sportscar. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort could taste triumph. He had Potter cornered here, in the deepest bowels of the Department of Mysteries, with no way for the brat to escape. Now the boy was running for the Veil itself, the one place where Riddle could kill him regardless of whatever protections his Mudblood mother had put on him. Voldemort threw the door open, a smile of unholy triumph already stretching across his lips.

His foot slipped on a patch of slick grease as soon as he put it down inside the room, and Voldemort fell forward. His other foot and body landed against more grease, and as he slid over the floor towards the waiting veil all Voldemort's mind could do was shriek that this was impossible. Someone would have had to know **exactly** where he would step to know where to put the grease! How could anyone possibly-

Voldemort looked frantically over his shoulder for a way out. He didn't find one, but the brightly smiling woman waving goodbye to him from next to the door gave Tom Riddle one last thought to take with him into eternity.

Sybil Trelawney was an even better actress than she was a diviner. She had spent nearly twenty years **pretending** to be completely ineffective at predicting the future.

419. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

This was it. All the Horcruxes were gone and it was down to just Harry and Voldemort, dueling each other in the Chamber of Secrets.

The spells were flying fast and furious. Voldemort's shield gave out right as Harry sent out two lethal curses and a Jelly Legs Jinx. Years of experience made the Dark Lord avoid certain death and step into the almost harmless spell as he worked on getting a new shield cast.

That was when Harry yelled out a phrase he had seen on television once. "*Shut yo' mouth !*" the boy shouted in parseltongue. And the last thing Voldemort saw as he lay on the ground with unresponsive legs was the great stone mouth of Salazar Slytherin biting down.

420. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley looked at the twitching form of the soon-to-be-dead Lord Voldemort.

"Remind me never to get you mad enough to cast that spell, Ginny."

"It was too hectic in the middle of battle, Harry. All I did was accidentally add a word and suddenly, my 'bat bogey hex' became the 'bat brain bogey hex'," said the girl as several grey bat-like forms made their way out of the former Dark Lord's ear canal.

421. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort sat on his throne. Another nation had fallen to his rule, but still there were rebels, discontents, and more countries to crush. Always more plans to be made.

"How long is he going to be like this?" Harry asked Hermione while pointing to the Dark Lord, who looked as though he was smiling in his sleep.

"I never made a way out," the bushy-haired girl said. "The device runs off of his magical core. It provides the nutrients his body need, handles life support, and creates progressively more difficult challenges as time goes on. It also suppresses all thought about the simulation not being actually real."

"That's brilliant! So he's stuck like that until we destroy all his soul pieces?" Harry asked.

"We can toss him into a Gringotts vault and work on that at our leisure while he plays 'Sim-World-Conquest'," Hermione smiled, "I think he is on level three out of infinity at the moment."

422. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Voldemort woke up in his bed, vowing revenge on Harry Potter and the failed 'Endless Nightmare' spell the boy tried to cast. That was when he noticed his face felt funny. The dark lord reached over to rub it, only to have a large chunk of flesh fall away. He tried again and again, until all that was left was a grinning skeleton - and soon even that was coming apart!

Voldemort woke up in his bed, vowing revenge on Harry Potter and the failed 'Endless Nightmare' spell the boy tried to cast. That was when he noticed he was completely cocooned in an acromantula web, covered in spiders. And one spider the size of a truck was slowly leaning closer in order to plunge his venomous fangs into him.

Voldemort woke up in his bed, vowing revenge on Harry Potter and the failed 'Endless Nightmare' spell the boy tried to cast, only to notice that something was moving under the skin in his arm. Many somethings. And then the pain started.

Shaking, Voldemort woke up in his bed, vowing revenge on Harry Potter and the failed 'Endless Nightmare' spell the boy tried to cast . . .

423. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

Harry cast the tripping charm at Voldemort and dived through the floo. The Dark Lord fell after him so only his head and arms emerged from the other side. Harry quickly whirled around and cast a sticking charm on Voldemort's wand hand before racing off. Voldemort was still trying to free his hand when the floo powder ran out, shutting off the mystic transportation fire, and incidentally slicing him in half.

424. Scene by misterq. Reproduced with minor modifications.

It was Hermione who made the spell, but Harry who cast it on the Dark Lord. Voldemort tried to cast the killing curse in retaliation, but midway through the process, he was suddenly distracted by a cloud shaped like Nagini. He tried again, only for a sparkly rock to catch his attention. The former Dark Lord screamed in frustration at his new symptoms of Extreme Distraction Curse before suddenly noticing how fluffy a random squirrel's tail was. He was futilely still trying to catch the small creature when the aurors came.

425. Scene by misterq. Reproduced without modification.

At first, Harry thought it was a mistake to introduce the twins to muggle cinema. But as time went on, the Weasley brothers started sending him working items they developed from the movies they watched. He already had a magical light saber and a ring that would turn him invisible (and

that's all it did, or so the twins claimed). But Harry smiled as he thought of Voldemort and his army gathering at the gates of Hogwarts and then looked down at his new working replica of the Ark of the Covenant in all of its face-melting glory.

426. Bunny by Puck.

Tom Riddle,

Per the recent decree passed by the Wizengamot (342-399-98436524.DKOG, popularly known as the "Pureblood Marriage Law"), you, as the acknowledged Heir of Ancient House of Slytherin are hereby ordered and required by the British Ministry of Magic to marry forthwith.

As you have not filed the parchmentwork stating your intent to marry, nor your choice of bride, the following muggleborn witch has been selected for -

Voldemort didn't read any further. He turned his wand on himself. *"Avada Kedavra!"*

427. Bunny by me, based on the above.

Tom Riddle,

Per the recent decree passed by the Wizengamot (342-399-98436524.DKOG, popularly known as the "Pureblood Marriage Law"), you, as a half-blood are hereby ordered and required by the British Ministry of Magic to marry forthwith.

As you have not filed the parchmentwork stating your intent to marry, nor your choice of bride, the following pureblooded witch has been selected for you: Sibyll Trelawney

Voldemort didn't read any further. He turned his wand on himself. *"Avada Kedavra!"*

428. Bunny by me, based on the above.

Tom Riddle,

Per the recent decree passed by the Wizengamot (342-399-98436524.DKOG, popularly known as the "Pureblood Marriage Law"), you, as the acknowledged Heir of the Ancient House of Slytherin are hereby ordered and required by the British Ministry of Magic to marry forthwith.

As you have not filed the parchmentwork stating your intent to marry, nor your preference in choice of spouse, the following muggleborn has been selected for you: Colin Creevey

Voldemort didn't read any further. He turned his wand on himself. *"Avada Kedavra!"*

429. Story by Lorelee. Shortened variation here, but the full story is: http://www.fanfiction.net/s/1665560/1/Dudley_Dursley_Saves_the_World

During the fight at Privet Drive, Harry had seen his cousin moving around (surprisingly quickly for his size) and throwing punches. Once all of Harry's immediate opponents were down, he turned to where he'd last seen his cousin.

He fully expected to see Death Eaters standing over his dead cousin.

He didn't expect to see Dudley standing over a prone Voldemort. Even as he watched, Voldemort groaned, only to receive another kick in the temple from the younger obese Dursley.

Harry walked over. "Hey, Dudley, you're a going to be a hero in the Wizarding world. They'll probably give you a medal."

430. Bunny by me.

Goyle Sr. entered Voldemort's private room to make a report. Seeing his master was reviewing a memory in his Pensieve, the brutish man looked around for something to pass the time. Seeing a bowl of fruit, he crossed the room to investigate (and get a quick snack).

Unfortunately, he bumped the Pensieve.

Which spilled.

Sending all of its stored memories (and incidentally Voldemort's consciousness) all over the filthy floor.
