

Hunting the Locket of Slytherin



BY
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A BRIEF OVERVIEW:

This is a Harry Potter Fan-Fiction by **Potterhead**,

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Spoiler Alert!!!

For those who have not Read "HP and the Deathly Hallows"! Do Not Continue!

This is an alternative chapter from "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows." It deals with Harry hunting down the real Horcrux Locket of Salazar Slytherin. **Spoiler Alert!** According to the real story, Regulus Black ordered his House Elf, Kreacher to take the real Horcrux and destroy it. Well, in Deathly Hallows the Locket ends up with Delores Umbridge via Mundugnus Fletcher who stole it from Grimmauld Place. My version of the story doesn't work out that way. It is up to Harry, Ron, and Hermione to find out where the true Locket is! This Fan Fiction story takes place after Harry, Ron, and Hermione's escape from the Death Eater's attack on Bill and Fleur's wedding at the Burrow and are hiding in 12 Grimmauld Place.

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DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this story to all of my fellow **Potterheads** out there and to my hero, **Jo Rowling** herself for all the inspiration she has brought to me and the millions of others who have been touched by the true magic that came from her imagination!

- VINNIE ESPOSITO, 2016



The rooms at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place were not inviting in the slightest. It was common knowledge that most magical families didn't mind the odd cobweb in the corner or dust on most surfaces in their rooms. But to Harry who grew up with his tidy and normal Muggle relatives the Dursleys, this seemed rather odd. But almost seven years getting used to the ways of Witches and Wizards was becoming the new normal. However, sleeping was still sometimes a labor in itself. His room at Grimmauld Place was large with two beds, one for him and one for Ron. There was a thick layer of dust on the chest of drawers and trunks and spider webs in every corner of the room. Sometimes Harry awoke to find a spider staring at him on his pillow or awake to hear himself or Ron coughing from the dust they had inhaled whilst snoring.

But tonight, Harry had another reason for having trouble sleeping. His mind was racing with many questions. Where was the real Horcrux Locket? Who was the mysterious R.A.B.? Where would he find some answers? He gazed across the room to see Ron (as usual) snoring his head off. Of course that could also be a reason why Harry couldn't sleep. Harry slipped out of bed, put on his glasses and sweater, and grabbed his wand. The clock said 3:30am. There was only the faintest light outside from the street lamps across the street. He quietly emerged from his room and muttered, "*Lumos*". His wand now lit the tiny hallway. He tried to be extra careful not to make any noise. The last thing he wanted to do was to wake up Kreacher, the Black Family's house elf. Heaven only knows what would happen if he got Kreacher upset. As he ventured down the hall he found a door to a large room ajar.

He pushed the door open and found he was in the Black Family Library. Hundreds upon hundreds of books littered the shelves. Like some of the books in the restricted section at Hogwarts, some were chained to the shelf where they lay. Harry knew better than to disturb those particular books. The room showed signs of recent activity. A lamp showed signs of a wick which had just been extinguished. A quill with shiny droplets of fresh ink falling onto sheets of crisp parchment. Harry supposed Hermione must have been doing some research before finally going to bed. “*Maybe looking around will help him find some clues to all his aching questions!*” Harry muttered to himself. He walked over to the cluttered desk, pointed his wand at the lamp and said, “*Incendio*”. The recently extinguished flame reappeared. “*Nox*”, said Harry putting out the light from his wand.

He sat his wand down on the desk and picked up the lamp.

He strutted sleepily over towards the nearest shelf and looked at some of the titles that were amongst the bookcase. Even though Sirius had been a good natured Gryffindor, it was clear that the rest of the Black family had been enamored with various aspects of Dark Magic. It might have also been due to the fact that Sirius was the only Gryffindor in the family. The rest of the Black family had been in Slytherin for centuries. The bookcase looked as though it was a duplicate of the Restricted Section of Hogwarts. Some stray books that caught Harry’s eye were “*Dark Wizards of the Renaissance*”, “*Curses and Concoctions of Morgana le Fey*”, and “*Inferi and other Dark born Creatures*”. When Harry saw the word “*Inferi*”, his mind went straight back to when he and Dumbledore retrieved what they thought was the real Horcrux. It nearly brought a tear to his eye reliving that horrible night. To think that was all for not. Dumbledore dying for a fake Horcrux.

As he went on looking at all the other collected works that adorned the book case, he came across an old tattered copy of “*Moste Potente Potions*”. It intrigued him. He remembered that was the book Hermione used to brew Polyjuice Potion during their second year at Hogwarts. He picked that book up, just out of curiosity and sat down at the desk to have a casual flick through. He came to the description of the Polyjuice Potion and his stomach already started to turn at the thought of the gray sludgy look and the foul taste of it.

He came to the end of the book and nothing in it seemed to be of any help at all. Then, he came to the back of the book which had a section of pages for readers to put notes in the book. It was here that he saw that someone had written down a formula for what looks to be a new type of potion. His mind went to Severus Snape, who was probably one of the best potioners he could think of. But what would a potion formula of Severus Snape's be doing in the library of the Blacks. After all, Snape hated Sirius and vice versa. But something about the handwriting seemed familiar. The way the quill marks seemed to flow right into the next words. Then it hit him. He reached into his trouser pockets and pulled out the fake Horcrux locket. He opened it and pulled out the little piece of parchment folded up inside.

He sat the little piece of parchment next to the potions book and looked from one to the other. The handwriting was identical in every way. He turned to the front page of the book and looked at the nameplate on the inside cover. It read, "*This book is from the library of Master Regulus Arcturus Black!*" R.A.B.! He had discovered it. R.A.B. was Sirius' brother Regulus. Harry couldn't believe it. Not only did a book in Sirius' library help him but he actually discovered who had taken the real Horcrux.

He flipped back to the potion formula in the back of the book. The name of the potion seemed to say "*Clairvoyance Potion*". "*Clairvoyance Potion? How can there be such a potion and why?*" Harry muttered to himself. If a witch or wizard wanted to see the past or future they only need to look into a crystal ball or read tea leaves or employ some other form of Divination. But as he thought to himself, he remembered that Divination is one of the most unreliable branches of magic.

Plus, you would need to have a strong aptitude or skill to have Divination work for you. So this must be some way to see the past or future without need of special magical skills. But still how could someone have thought of such a potion.

He continued to read the description of the potion. It said,

"If properly brewed, this potion allows the witch or wizard to see the past and present history of a particular object and those who have possessed it. Once brewed, all that need be done is to place an object of importance into the cauldron and they shall behold the history up to and including the

present of the item and its current location. Note: This potion can also be used to track duplicate items!”

Harry was amazed at what this potion claims to be able to accomplish. He knew of ways to see into the histories of items and their owners, namely the Pensieve in Professor Dumbledore’s office, which can show someone memories which they have already seen. He knew why this potion had been created. It said that it can be used to track “duplicate” items. That’s it. Regulus must have used the potion to track the real Horcrux to the crystal cave by the sea. Although Regulus was once one of Voldemort’s Death Eaters, he doubted his master would share all of his secrets including the location of one of the pieces of his soul. Therefore Regulus created his potion. But how did he manage to get a duplicate of the Locket?

Harry grabbed his wand and raced out of the Library and up the narrow staircase until he came to a bedroom door which had a name on it. “Regulus Arcturus Black”. He pushed the door open and saw the room looked as though it had been ransacked. He started searching every nook and cranny of the room. Regulus must have kept a journal or diary of some kind that detailed his relationship with his former master. He found a small trunk under the bed with a lock on it. Harry pointed his wand at the lock and murmured, “*Alohomora*”. The lock burst off of the trunk and it opened. It contained letters with broken wax seals, a few stray Galleons, Sickles, and Knuts, and a brown leather book. Harry opened it and the title page said, “*The Diary of R.A. Black*”. He quickly turned towards the last pages. He knew that he would have made the potion and switched the Horcruxes shortly before his death. So naturally that would be one of the last entries he made.

Harry read a few passages before he came to a page dated, “12, October, 1979.” He read on.

“I have nearly perfected the Clairvoyance Potion. I tested it on an old ring of mother’s. It indeed showed me the whole history of the ring. I then made a duplicate of the ring to test it. It successfully showed me the same results including me making the duplicate. It is common knowledge to only a few select members of the Dark Lord’s inner circle that he has prolonged his existence through the very dark practice of the use of Horcruxes. I know for a fact that he has entrusted one of them to cousin Bellatrix’s safe keeping. I dare not try and convince her to divulge

the secret of its location. It would certainly blow my cover. It is for this reason I have painstakingly created and perfected this potion. I shall use this potion in my endeavors to help bring the Dark Lord closer to his downfall. I received a message today from Lucius Malfoy that the Dark Lord wishes to see me tomorrow in secret. There are rumors going around the inner circle that he is closer to creating yet another Horcrux. If at all possible I hope to discover where and what it is to be.”

Harry looked surprised. What could Voldemort want to meet Regulus in secret about? He came to the next page and started to read.

“13, October 1979.

I went with haste to the meeting place the Dark Lord had wished me to go. He arrived soon after with his large snake companion Nagini by his side. He wanted me to give him use of my devoted House Elf, Kreacher. I asked him why. I expected him to snap for me asking such a trivial question. He however seem intrigued that I would be brave enough to ask him. He said he had been preparing a hiding place for a new Horcrux he had just created. He wanted to use Kreacher to test its defenses that he put in place. He said it had to be secure enough so even an elf's magic couldn't penetrate it without harm to the elf. I agreed but only after his assurance that Kreacher would not die. He seemed amused at my caring for a house elf. But I explained that Kreacher has been a loyal servant and I had grown an affinity towards him. He agreed and began to tell me of his hiding place. After divulging his plans he showed me his newly made Horcrux. I was amazed to see that he had chosen to use the famous golden locket of Salazar Slytherin. It then struck me. I can use this to aid in the Dark Lord's downfall. I intended to use my potion to locate one of the Horcruxes, but now I needed it not. I stepped forward and offered my protection of the Locket until a time could be arranged to move it to its hiding place. The Dark Lord was reluctant at first, but he then agreed under the condition that if anything were to befall it, my imminent death would be the consequence. I agreed to his terms. He left me with the locket in hand. I disappeared back to the house and immediately went to my study. I used the Gemino spell to make a duplicate of the locket. I placed the true Horcrux locket in my safe near my bed and the duplicate in my drawer. I now only await the Dark Lord's Instructions. When Kreacher goes with him to secure the Horcrux and test the

defenses of his hiding place, he shall take with him the duplicate whilst I shall keep the real one and try and find a way to find a way to destroy it. My only hope is to succeed in finding a method of destruction before my treachery is discovered. ”

Harry could not believe it what he had just learned. The real Horcrux was in the very room he was now sitting. Maybe only feet away. The diary said it was in a safe near his bed. The only thing close to his bed was a nightstand and on the wall was a painting of...a seaside cliff with a cave. He moved towards the painting and saw that there was a tiny gap in between it and the wall. He removed the painting from the wall to reveal a small silver door with a combination lock. Again, he used *Alohomora* to unlock the safe. When he opened it, to his amazement, the safe was empty.

Harry sat on the bed and just stared at the empty safe and the painting that once concealed it. “*Another dead end!*” Harry muttered to himself. He took Regulus’ diary with him and left the room to return to the library. He sat back at the desk next to the potion book with Regulus’ potion formula staring at him. He looked to the fake locket and realized that the potion that Regulus had created could not have been a waste of time after all. It could be used on duplicate items to track the originals. He jumped up out of his chair and yelled, “HERMIONE...RON COME QUICK!”

Hermione and Ron came bursting into the library a few moments later wands outstretched ready to fight. Hermione’s hair was all frizzed out of shape and Ron from the looks of it was still trying to put his socks on as he ran in the door.

Seeing that Harry was alone in the library and unharmed, Hermione preceded to yell, “*Harry, what on earth are you trying to do? Scare us to death? I thought you were being attacked by an intruder!*”

Harry replied, “*I am sorry Hermione but there is some big news I needed to tell you and I am going to need your help to make a potion.*”

“*A potion? What do you need a potion for, Harry?*” Ron asked Harry.

Harry answered, “*A potion to help find the real Locket Horcrux!*”

Harry began to tell Ron and Hermione all of what he had just discovered about Sirius' brother Regulus being R.A.B. and how he had created the Clairvoyance Potion and of how he got the Horcrux from Voldemort. At the end of this long explanation, Harry said, "*If we brew this potion, and put the fake Locket into it, it should tell us where the real one is and how it came to be there.*"

Hermione said, "*If that's true we are going to have to plan very carefully how we are going to try and get it. I mean, You-Know-Who might have it back with him and I doubt he will want to let us borrow it, will he?*" Ron grinned at Hermione's remark but quickly resumed his vacant expression as she leered at him.

Harry spoke up, "*Hermione, go get your potions kit and we'll meet you in the kitchen. We can brew the potion there!*"

Harry and Ron grabbed the fake locket, potions book and their wands and headed for the kitchen downstairs. Hermione raced up to her bedroom and grabbed her beaded bag. Five minutes later she found Harry and Ron clearing off space on the kitchen table. It had been littered with old copies of the Daily Prophet, crumbs of stale bread, and of course the usual layer of dust. Apparently Kreacher hadn't been up to his usual standards of wizard cleanliness. While they were doing that, Hermione opened up the cupboard and found a stack of cauldrons of different sizes. She grabbed the closest one to her and placed it on the stove top. She then went over to the now clean table and opened her beaded bag. Hermione reached her arm down into the bag and pulled up a large box of potion ingredients and sat it on the table.

"*Alright. Let's have a look at what we need.*" Hermione said. She pulled the potions book closer to here to read the list of ingredients. She read off the formula to Harry and Ron.

*“Fill a stout silver cauldron half full with mountain water and a handful of Dead Sea Salt. Then, when the water comes to a rolling boil, **add the following ingredients one at a time stirring three times clockwise until a puff of smoke and light blue sparks emanate from the cauldron!** Failure to do so after each addition will result in the potion becoming useless and the fumes created will become poisonous to the preparer!*

- ❖ 4 minced sprigs of Jasmine
- ❖ 1 ground root of Mandrake
- ❖ 10 pulverized leaves of Mint
- ❖ 10 ml of crushed Soporiferous Bean Juice
- ❖ 3 Drops of Dragons Blood
- ❖ 2 Pinches of Powdered Moonstone

When all of the above ingredients have been added and stirred in, the potion must now simmer for 10 hours until it becomes the color and appearance of molten silver.

Once it has reached this state, all you must do is place the desired object into the cauldron and the potion will act as a mirror into the past and present of the object, or if there are duplicate items, it will show the whereabouts of the duplicate.

Note: This potion can only be used once. After the initial use, it will turn blood red and cannot be used again!

Hermione said, “This potion seems simple in theory but we must be careful or we could get poisoned if we mix it the wrong way! Also, I have most of the ingredients but I don’t have the Dead Sea Salt or the Dragons’ Blood. Look around the kitchen for potion ingredients.” Ron and Harry got up to search the kitchen cabinets for potion ingredients. Hermione busied herself with gathering the remainder of the ingredients from her potions kit. It was surprising that she carried all of these things in her bag. Ron and Harry were tearing through cabinets one by one until Harry came to a

small door beside the stove. Harry opened it and inside was a vast pantry full of odd things in jars and sacks of spices on shelves. Harry looked quickly for what he needed, there was a phial of Dragon's Blood hiding behind and jar of pickled bats wings. He had a little more trouble finding the Dead Sea Salt. He didn't notice that as he looked he was mindlessly knocking over jars. He had broken one jar and whatever it was starting to smell like dead skunks.

"Harry what did you do?" Ron exclaimed as he covered his nose in disgust.

Harry replied, *"I'm sorry I wasn't paying attention. I found the Dragon Blood, I just have to find the Dead Sea...oh here it is."*

He reached behind a jar of dried wolfs bane and found a small burlap satchel labeled *Dead Sea Salt*. He grabbed it and the phial of blood and exited the pantry. Hermione had already lit a fire on the stove and filled the cauldron half full with the mountain water. She grabbed the satchel from Harry and added a handful of the salt to the water. It began to smoke and boil. Harry and Ron began to prepare the rest of the ingredient that Hermione had arranged on the table. Harry was busy mincing the Jasmine leaves and crushing the juice out of three Sopophorous beans and measuring it in a graduated cylinder. Ron was grinding the mandrake root and pulverizing the mint leaves in a mortar and pestle.

By the time Harry and Ron had all of the ingredients prepared, the water in the cauldron had come up to the boil. They brought all of the ingredients over to Hermione who was stirring the water very carefully.

"Alright. Be careful Hermione, we don't want to die yet!" Ron said almost sarcastically. Hermione replied quickly, *"I'm better at potions than both of you. I have this under control."*

She carefully added each of the ingredients slowly, stirring three times clockwise each time. The potion did indeed produce a puff of smoke and blue sparks each time. She was on the right path. When the last of the ingredients were added, the potion had the appearance of Polyjuice Potion. It was almost black and very thick and sludgy. It looked like tar.

“Did something go wrong?” Ron asked. “No, it has to simmer for 10 hours and then it has to look like molten silver!” Hermione replied.

“Well, I have a feeling that this is going to be a long day after we find out if the potion works and we find the Horcrux. Let’s go up to bed and come check on the potion later. It is 5:30am after all.”

Harry said. Hermione and Ron agreed. Hermione reduced the flame to allow the potion to just faintly simmer. The three of them exited the kitchen and climbed the narrow staircase once again to return to bed. Maybe now Harry would get some much need rest.

Harry awoke to find Hermione fully dressed poking his chest until he was awake. “Oi! What was that for Hermione? I literally just went to sleep!” Harry said annoyed.

“No you didn’t Harry. Its 3:30pm. You’ve been out since 6am. Besides, I thought you would like to know that the potion is ready. I’ve been watching it for an hour and it’s just turned the color of silver. Get dressed and come downstairs. Let’s get on with it!” Hermione replied.

“Alright. Give me a few minutes to change. Is Ron up yet or are you waiting to give him a heart attack too?” Harry said jokingly.

Hermione sneered and said, “Are you kidding, he was up at noon asking me what’s for lunch!”

Harry slumped out of bed and pulled on his jeans and his flannel shirt. He grabbed his wand and the fake locket and headed downstairs. He found Hermione and Ron sitting at the kitchen table.

Hermione obviously made Ron something to eat. There was a pot of tea on the table along with a plate of sandwiches and crisps.

“Eat something Harry before we do this! You haven’t eaten since yesterday!” Hermione said worryingly. “I’m fine. We need to find that Horcrux. Where is the potion?” Harry asked Hermione.

She pointed to the stove. She was right when she woke him up. The potion went from a tar like black to looking like molten silver. He brought the cauldron over to the table to sit it in front of Ron and Hermione. He took the fake locket out of his pocket and looked at Ron and Hermione. “Are you two ready?” Harry asked the pair of them. The both nodded.

Harry carefully lowered the locket into the cauldron. The potion began to swirl and engulf the locket. It gave off a little bit of smoke despite being removed from the stove. The three of them then crowded around the cauldron peering inside. It was like looking through a window. They saw the Horcrux being created. They saw Voldemort, or Tom Riddle as he was then, killing a Muggle tramp to make the Locket into a Horcrux after he stole it from a wealthy witch. The Potion then swirled again and showed Voldemort giving the locket to Regulus for safe keeping, just as Harry read it in Regulus' diary. He then saw Regulus using the Gemino spell to make the fake locket, and then giving Kreacher the fake locket to then hide in the cave. Then, he saw Regulus put the real Horcrux into the safe in his room. After that, the three of them preceded to see Regulus try a few times to destroy it, but none of the methods succeeded and each time he returned the locket to the safe.

The next thing they saw was Bellatrix Lestrange tearing the Black family house apart. It was evident she was looking for something. It was evident that Regulus was long since dead by this point. She must have come there soon after she murdered Sirius in the Ministry of Magic. It must have been only recently because Harry saw the pile of newspapers on the kitchen table which they only just removed that morning. They saw her reach Regulus' room, and after tearing that room apart as well, she discovered the safe behind the painting. She blasted the safe door open and found the locket. She gasped with amazement. She must have been thinking, *"How could Regulus have concealed this from the Dark Lord?"* She grabbed it and put it around her neck. She mended the safe door to make it look as it was when she found it. Covering her tracks obviously. Although she neglected to do the same with the rest of the house. So what Harry discovered in Regulus' room must have been the way Bellatrix had left it.

The potion then swirled again and it showed Bellatrix presenting the locket back to Voldemort. He was furious.

"Where did you get this, Bellatrix?" Voldemort demanded.

Bellatrix cowered at his anger and said, *"I was ransacking Sirius Black's home and found this in a safe in his brother Regulus' bedroom."*

“Regulus? I entrusted it to him and he gave it to his filthy house elf to bring it to me to hide it. I made that house elf test the defenses of the cave.” Voldemort said.

He began to examine the locket closely and said, *“It is true, this is the real locket. What he gave me must have been a replica!”* He was livid. *“He is lucky he is dead or I would Crucio him until every tear of mercy was pulled from his eyes!”* Voldemort exclaimed.

“What shall you do with it, My Lord?” Bellatrix asked.

He pondered a moment and said, *“Regulus was a cousin of yours was he not Bellatrix?”*

She looked worried and said, *“Yes My Lord, but that does not mean that I...”*

“Do not fear Bellatrix. I shall not hold you responsible. In fact I would like to reward you.” Bellatrix looked confused and worried. *“You can redeem your family’s honor and keep this safe for me. However, should this once again befall to the wrong hands, your fate will be as his would have been if he had lived!”* Voldemort explained.

“Y-yes, my Lord!” Bellatrix said. She continued, *“I shall keep it safe. You know I can be trusted. I would lay down my life for you my Lord in a moment. I shall see that no one ever finds it.”*

“Good!” Voldemort said with a sly grin on his snakelike face. The potion then swirled one last time.

Bellatrix just apparated outside of Malfoy Manor. She waved her wand at the wrought iron gate and walked *through* the gate and through the great black oak doors of the mansion. She walked right past her sister Narcissa, and straight up the stairs. Narcissa looked worried as she went passed. As she reached the top of the steps she turned left and walked down to the end of a long corridor. Bellatrix came to a halt at the end of the corridor and stared at a blank section of wall. She pulled out her wand and tapped on three of the bricks on the wall. They began to open. Similar to the wall of the Leakey Cauldron as you enter Diagon Alley. As she entered the secret room the wall closed behind her. She walked over to a desk and levitated the desk out of the way with her wand. On the ground beneath where the desk once sat was a small floorboard that was loose. She removed the loose board and pulled up a small black enameled box. She opened it. Inside was a long dagger with

a green ivory handle. She took the Horcrux Locket from her pocket and placed it in the box with the dagger. She closed it and put a locking charm on the box. She replaced the box in the floor and covered it with the loose floorboard. She then returned the heavy desk to its former location over the loose floorboard. She got up and went back to the wall and tapped it thrice with her wand. She exited the room and walked away. Just then, the potion swirled again, the fake Locket rose to the surface and the potion turned a deep blood red in color.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat back in their chairs and just stared at one another in disbelief. After a minute or so had passed, Ron finally was the first one to speak. *“Well...things just got a whole lot worse!”*

Harry nodded and said, *“Yeah! I suppose Lucius Malfoy must have made that secret chamber to hide Bellatrix when she broke out of Azkaban two years ago. If they were to search the Manor for her, they wouldn’t notice the secret room.”*

Hermione said, *“We saw exactly where the Horcrux is, we just need to figure out how to get it...I think I know what you can do Harry! Three of us going is just too risky. One person in and out can probably do the job. You just need to apparate in, get into Bellatrix’s chamber, get the locket and disappear before anyone spots you!”*

Harry responded, *“It sounds simple in theory, but I’m guessing the execution is going to be a bit harder to manage! I mean, we saw how Bellatrix walked through the gates. There must be some sort of enchantment on the manor. How am I supposed to get through?”*

Hermione answered, *“You will just have to hide somewhere close to the gates and when someone appears to go in, the charm will have to be lifted for a few moments, and when it is you can apparate in. When you want to leave, I suspect you won’t have to wait again. People should be able to leave without the charm being lifted!”*

“Now, when you are in, I would suggest putting some sort of enchantment at the top of the stairs, that will deter anyone hearing your or sneaking up on you once you are in Bellatrix’s chamber.

Getting in and out of the chamber will be no issue. We all saw what bricks she tapped with her wand!" Hermione explained.

"What if by some chance the enchantments don't work and I am caught what do I do?" Harry asked.

Ron responded, *"You could always send a distress signal through a Patronus, like Kingsley did at the wedding when the Ministry fell!"*

"That could work. Nice thinking Ron!" Hermione said surprisingly. She continued, *"As to the enchantments, I would suggest using Mufflato, Protego Totalum, and Salvia Hexia. They will shield you from view, sound, and magic! It also won't hurt if you're wearing your Invisibility Cloak!"*

Harry nodded and said, *"Alright we know what I have to do. I'll set out tomorrow. For now, let's go back to bed. Oh, Hermione...please don't dig me in the ribs again to wake me up. A simple rise and shine, Harry, will do!"*

Hermione smiled and said, *"Too bad, I had so much fun giving you a heart attack too!"*

Ron woke Harry up this time. It was nearly 6 o'clock. Harry pulled on his jeans and black sweater and got his Invisibility cloak out of his rucksack. He grabbed his wand and went downstairs.

Hermione was busying herself with tidying up the kitchen. She was obviously anxious about what was about to happen. She knew that either Harry was going to walk away with the real Horcrux or he was going to be caught and handed over to Voldemort.

"I should get going. Who knows how long I am going to have to wait for someone to go into the house!" Harry said.

Ron said, *"Well, if that place is like Death Eater HQ they should be going in and out all day."*

Harry responded unamused, *"Thanks Ron, that makes me feel loads better!"*

Apparently Ron didn't realize that would be a horrible thing to say. He started to blush. Hermione said, *"Just remember Harry, any sign of trouble, just dissaparate or send a Patronus signal to us."*

Harry did sort of a half-smile and said, *"OK."*

He got up from the table, placed his wand in his sweater pocket and put on the Invisibility Cloak. He had never tried to apparate with it on, but there was always a first time for everything. He turned on the spot and with a loud click he was gone. The next thing he knew he was face to face with a large hedge and a set of black wrought iron gates. Malfoy Manor.

Luckily at the moment there was no one there to hear him apparate. He pulled off to the side of the hedge to crouch and wait for someone to arrive. After probably close to two hours later, he heard a noise approaching from the distance. He looked up and saw two figures approaching from a distance in the sky. As they got closer he saw they were two large swirls of black smoke flying through the sky. They started to descend and they landed not more than thirty feet away. The swirls stopped and two Death Eaters emerged from the plumes of smoke. They made their way past Harry and towards the gate. They removed their wands from inside their cloaks. Harry stood up and slowly crept towards them. They muttered some sort of spell and the gates made a faint clicking sound. He knew the defensive charm was lifting. He quickly turned on the spot and apparated to the other side of the gate. When he opened his eyes, the Death Eaters were gone and he was now on the inside of the Manor. Hermione's first part of the plan worked. He was in!

Now that he was on Malfoy grounds, he wondered how now to get up into the house. The front door was no good. Even if he was invisible, if anyone saw the door open and no one enter through it, somebody would suspect something. He looked up and saw an open window. He remembered in the potion memory he saw a window at the end of the opposite hallway from Bellatrix's chamber. So he quickly envisioned it in his mind and apparated focusing on the other side of that opened window. When he opened his eyes again, he saw the long corridor with the blank wall of Bellatrix's chamber on the end. In the center of the corridor was the staircase that led down to the main entrance hall.

Very carefully aiming his wand through the opening in the cloak, he traced an outline over the frame of the doorway that led to the staircase and muttered three incantations... "*Protego Totalum... Salvia Hexia... Muffilato!*" There was a faint glow to the door frame. He walked past the staircase and

looked down. There were two Death Eaters standing guard at the bottom of the staircase. He paid them no attention.

He then progressed towards the blank wall. He stopped two feet away from the wall. Again, pushing his arm and wand through the cloak, he copied the movements Bellatrix made in the potion memory with his wand. He tapped three bricks and suddenly the wall started to separate. He began to step forward, but before he took a full step, he pulled his leg back. He wondered if Bellatrix would be cunning enough to place a booby trap on the room. He looked down the hallway and saw a small table against a wall. On it was a vase of black roses. He aimed his wand at one of the roses and said, "*Wengardium Leviosa*". The rose lifted from the vase and floated towards him. He moved the rose over the threshold and let it drop. When it hit the floor, nothing happened. Harry assumed there was no trap in place. He then proceeded to enter the room. As he did the doorway closed behind him and he was in total darkness.

He removed the Invisibility Cloak and muttered, "*Lumos*". His wand lit and the tiny room was now lit. There were no windows and it smelled faintly of dirt and mildew.

Harry knew what his objective was but he looked around the room. There were cobwebs in every corner and dust on every surface. It was clear that being in Azkaban for many years didn't make any impression on Bellatrix about cleaning. As he moved towards the desk he couldn't help but notice a small display case affixed to the wall. The glass was dusty. He ran his hand across the glass to see inside. Inside he saw that the case was full of wands. Each wand had a little nameplate attached to it. He ran his eye over all the names. None of them seemed familiar but if he had to guess, they were all taken from Bellatrix's many victims. The last three wands however, he did recognize the names...*Frank and Alice Longbottom*, and...*Sirius Black*. Harry's eyes began to tear up. He couldn't believe it. Bellatrix must have taken the wands of Neville Longbottom's parents after she tortured them into madness. Then, she must have taken Sirius' wand after she killed him at the Ministry of Magic. He turned his back on the case and moved towards the desk. He was here on a mission and nothing was going to distract him.

He aimed his wand at the desk and said, "*Wengardium Leviosa*". The desk rose from the ground and he directed it a few feet out of the way. He set it down carefully as to not alert anyone to his presence. He knelt down and ran his fingers along the floor to feel for the loose floorboard. He removed the loose board and the black enameled box was right below it. He grabbed the box and pointed his wand at it. He cast *Alohomora* and the box opened right away. Laying there with its faint greenish glow was the Horcrux Locket of Salazar Slytherin. He had found it at last. He snatched it up quickly and thinking quickly, he put the fake locket in the box. Shut it, replaced the box in the floor, and levitated the desk back over the spot where it belonged. He was just about to head out of the room when he glanced once again at the display case filled with the wands. He moved towards it and shattered the glass with his wand. He grabbed Sirius' wand and Neville's parents' wands. He believed these would bring Neville some peace about his parents. As for taking Sirius' wand. That was just a little justice.

Harry flung the Invisibility Cloak over his head again and tapped the wall thrice with his wand. The wall opened again and he stepped forward. The wall closed once again behind him. Harry didn't want to waste any more time. He quickly made his way down the corridor and past the staircase. He took a quick look and saw the two Death Eaters still standing guard by the stairs. The enchantments had worked. He continued back down the corridor, but he wasn't paying attention and bumped into an end table in the hall. A small crystal ball fell from the table and shattered with a loud crash. He heard footsteps coming up the stairs and he quickly aimed his wand at the staircase and the first sign of movement he shouted, "*STUPEFY*". A blast of red light shot from his wand and collided with the two Death Eaters who just burst through his enchantments at the top of the steps. Harry turned quickly towards the window and turned on the spot. He disappeared out of the window and landed in the front lawn of the manor. He saw that there were two Death Eaters approaching from the front door. Although they couldn't see him, they knew someone was there. He again turned on the spot and thought of Grimmauld Place. The next moment he opened his eyes, he was once again standing in the kitchen of Number 12.

He removed the cloak and greatly surprised Ron and Hermione. They jumped up out of their chairs and both looked at him.

“Blimey Harry, you scared us to death! Well, what happened? Did you get it?” Ron asked.

Harry responded by opening his right hand to reveal the Locket. It had a faint green glow about it. Ron’s eyes were wide as can be. Hermione was looking at his left hand which held the three wands.

“Harry, whose wands are those?” She asked.

Harry said, *“Sirius and both of Neville’s parents!”* Hermione looked confused. Harry continued, *“Bellatrix is even more twisted than we realized. She had a display case filled with wands of all of her past victims. I found these. I thought the next time we see Neville, he would like to have these as some justice for what Bellatrix did to his parents.”*

Ron looked amazed and said, *“Did you run into anyone or get caught?”* Harry responded, *“Only as I was trying to leave. I bumped into a table and had to stupefy two Death Eaters. They didn’t see me though, I had the cloak on the whole time.”*

Hermione looked absolutely speechless. Then, she finally said, *“Well, the important thing is that you made it out of there before someone actually caught you. And more importantly...you got the Horcrux. Now what do we do?”*

Harry sighed with a deep frown and said, *“Now the really tricky part happens. We have to find a way to destroy it!”*

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Vincent “Vinnie” Esposito is a devout

Potterhead from Cumberland, MD, USA. He absolutely loves everything about it. He has been enamored with its groundbreaking series since its start! He prides himself on his extensive trivial knowledge relating to the Potter Universe. He has many objects pertaining to the books and films including 18 wands from the films including the Elder Wand. He also has two Horcruxes including the Diary of Tom Riddle and the Horcrux Locket of which this story pertains. He eagerly awaits his chance to visit the Wizarding World in Orlando, FL and visit the sets at Warner Bros. Studio in Leavesden, UK just outside of London.

Vinnie currently works as a Chef at Allegany College of Maryland in Cumberland, MD. He also has his own website where he shares his love for food, British Culture, and all things Harry Potter. It is called, “The British Chef. The website is,

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