

Deja Vu

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Thanks to my beta readers, Sparky40swand ebdarcy.

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January 1, 2002, 1:00 PM

A light drizzle fell outside.

"Harry."

"Yes, Gin?"

"My parents will be here in about twenty minutes. Do you want some tea before they arrive?"

"No, thank you. I'll just sit here. Perhaps close my eyes. Wake me, will you, when they arrive, just in case I doze off." He stared resolutely at the same old candle that had never been lit, placed in a golden candleholder.

"All right." She said, resigned to the fact that the constant had not changed. There'd be no sleep, only staring.

~*~

1:23 PM

The Floo turned green and Molly Weasley entered Potter Manor, followed closely by Arthur Weasley. They quickly hugged their daughter.

"How is he today, dear?" Molly's concern was evident in her voice, face, and words.

"I guess today's a good day. He *seems* only a little melancholy. It's not like the hours and hours, day after day, of brooding in the dark, staring at an unlit candle. Today he allowed me to let in a little light from the windows. Advanced clinical depression is Hermione's diagnosis. She's studying Muggle psychology as a part of her Healer training at St. Mungo's."

"Don't Muggles have potions for that?" Arthur asked.

"The Muggles have their medicines that work to varying degrees," said Ginny, "But Harry's a wizard and Muggle potions don't work on fully mature witches and wizards, except for a few Muggleborns." She sighed. A tear came to her eye.

"I'm afraid Harry might need to go spend some time in St. Mungo's Mind Healing ward. He won't like the idea, but..."

~*~ At that exact moment, Harry was staring at the unlit candle like he had for days, weeks, months even.

Suddenly, it burst into flame.

And Harry Potter was gone.

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January 1, 1902, 1:00 PM

A light drizzle fell outside.

"And now we commit these remains of Sigmunda Merope Gaunt to the Earth. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and magic to magic."

Marvolo Gaunt stood in the rain with no hat in his hand. His cloak sleeves were too short by an inch. He stared at the opened grave as the diggers lowered the simple wooden casket into the grave, it's warped lid nailed extra tight to keep the stench from wafting out.

He'd passed ten Sickles each to the gravediggers, and a Galleon to the parson. He'd paid extra for the Church of England (Magical Rites) service, even though he and his mother hadn't darkened the door of a church since his eleventh birthday. For the month leading up to that day they'd prayed

that his Hogwarts letter would come, and with it information on financial help from one of the funds that paid for the schooling of the needy.

That day the letter did come, but with no assistance offered. Young Marvolo watched the Hogwarts crest on the outside of the parchment scroll burn in the fireplace with the logs cooking dinner.

Today was Marvolo's thirty-ninth birthday. He'd finally laid his mother to rest. She'd been a burden to him almost everyday since that rejection.

Now, he'd made up his mind to do as he'd planned these last three years. Another family of pure-blood wizards lived in near poverty not twelve miles away. The Fletcher family. The senior Fletcher, Mundungus, had denied Marvolo his daughter in marriage. They *were* pure-bloods, sure, but they could boast no great bloodline like the Gaunts - direct descendants of the great Salazar Slytherin.

Howdare they deny him?

Just last month Mundungus had turned him down for the third year in a row, the final traditional three attempts to engage the Fletcher family in a courtship of their daughter. He couldn't ask again.

Marvolo brewed the potion that would cause Mundungus and his wife to die several days from now if administered tomorrow. Marvolo sneered. The senior Fletcher had designed a new type of enchantment variation and had high hopes of licensing it to the Ministry of Magic's Spell Crafters. There could be a steady income from that, and Mundungus planned to invest wisely and see his son and grandchildren go to Hogwarts. It was too late for his daughter, but...

Marvolo grinned maniacally. It was too late for Mundungus and his wife. Marvolo would poison them and take the daughter upon their deaths. The eight-year-old son could go to a debtor's home, or just die in the streets. The girl would be his, his to sire powerful heirs, - raised to further Salazar Slytherin's glory.

Marvolo had decided to name a son, Morfin, after his great grandfather. Any female born from the union would be called Merope, as a sop to the mother he'd just buried.

He finished mixing the poison and set it to the required slow simmer for the next twelve hours.

Marvolo turned to go to the well for water to accompany his dinner. A hand reached out from under an Invisibility Cloak and a stirring rod was dipped into the Slow Acting Poison. Several drops fell from it into the chipped china cup set next to the mismatched plate on the table.

The hand disappeared back under the Invisibility Cloak.

The poison acted slowly only after the allotted time. Before simmering, the poison acted much faster.

Marvolo Gaunt fell over and breathed four ragged breaths before going on to *his* much less exciting adventure to come.

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January 1, 2002, 1:00 PM

A light drizzle fell outside.

"Harry."

"Yes, Susan?"

"Your parents will be here in about twenty minutes."

Harry shuddered violently. His wife came to his side.

"Do you have a chill dear?" she asked. "Are you coming down with something?"

"No," he said, hugging himself. "That was the sharpest pang of *deja vu* I've ever experienced. I'm all right though. Never better actually."

She looked at him and smiled. He smiled back, lovingly.

"Good news, Harry. Your sister Rose broke up with that Dennis Creevey just before the holidays. She'll be here as well. Aunt Amelia sent an owl saying she can't make it until this evening for dinner."

Harry smiled. "The youngest Minister of Magic in history, and even though she's held the job for nearly twelve years now she still feels she must work more hours than anyone else at the Ministry."

"You know how she is, Harry. Better than that Cornelius Fudge she ran against. Your Dad and Grandfather surely helped point out his faults, so Auntie could be elected."

"Well, her presence with certainly encourage Sirius, Remus, and Peter to behave," Harry said smiling. "Did Dung Floo call? Is he coming as well?"

"He did and is. Your solicitor will be here for dinner. And don't you go trying to play matchmaker with Wendell and your sister."

"I still think he would make a fine brother-in-law. He adores Rose but she can't look past the fact that Dung's my best friend."

