

# The night the boy lived

By Hidenori\_Nijou

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*A short one time fic on what happened the night of 31st Oct 1981 from Sirius's P.O.V*

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## 1 - ~TNTBL~

1306 miles out of the northeast coast of England, the Azkaban Fortress stood alone that night, in the heavy storm. In a cell at the highest floor, the most heavily guarded of them all, stood Sirius Black. His long black hair, matted to his elbows, his beard dirty and unshaven, he did indeed look like the murderer the world thought him to be. He peered through his miserable little window. If you could call it a window. The sky was a stormy gray, rain pouring in torrents. The weather mirrored his emotions perfectly, but unlike the weather, which changed, Sirius mood never did. How could anyone feel happy with the presence of dementor's anyway? Dementors were one of the foulest creatures that walked the earth. They infested in the darkest of areas, spreading gloom, walking the streets for victims. In fact they didn't even walk, they glided. Dementor's fed on one's happiness and if they felt particularly nasty, they could suck out your soul by administrating a soul-sucking kiss. It left the victim soulless, without a direction in life, without a will to live.

Sirius shuddered as he felt the grill of his cell open and a plate of stale bread and a glass of water pushed in by the rotted hand of one of the two dementors that were stationed outside his cell. Looking away from his pathetic window, he walked slowly, weakly to his food, and with difficulty swallowed his food. Today, the 1st of November marked 11 years on the dot of his imprisonment. He closed his eyes in pain; he felt it like it was yesterday.

The events on the night of Halloween 1981 replayed itself in Sirius's mind like a movie. He had been hiding at the Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix when he felt something terribly amiss. Rushing to check on Peter Pettigrew, the secret keeper for their best friends James, Lily and Harry Potter. Sirius arrived at the boy's apartment to find no one at home. Panicking he called out for his friend, and saw no sign of struggle. In that second he realized what this meant and jumping on his motorcycle, which flew, a present from James and Lily-who's life were in mortal danger, he sped off to Godric's Hollow, praying he was mistaken.

Tears sprang in his eyes as he saw what was left of the house of his best friend. Jumping off his precious bike, he ran towards the direction of the burning house yelling "PRONGS!!! LILS!!! HARRY!!!" frantically, and turned to see the noise of a crying baby, in a giant's arm. "Hagrid?" he called out, through tears. "Hagrid give Harry to me, I am his godfather." he said, approaching the crying baby and the gamekeeper of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. "Sorry Sirius no can do, I am under orders from Dumbledore to deliver this boy to him," the giant said somberly, looking at the burning house. "I am his godfather. Lily and James gave custody to me if anything should happen to them" argued the handsome young man. "Sorry" was all the giant said before walking away, towards the dark road. "Wait! At least take my motorcycle there, its faster and safer" Sirius called out in despair. "Yeah okay..." Hagrid said, as he mounted the bike, pulling little baby Harry, whose forehead was bleeding, courtesy of the Killing Curse that was fired by the Dark Lord Voldemort. Sirius watched as Hagrid and Harry disappeared into the dark night.

He felt lost. So lost. The Potter's had been his family. The people he would have died for. But instead James and Lily were dead. At least Harry was alive, but Sirius had lost him. Lost him to Dumbledore. If anything happened to his godson, he'd kill Dumbledore. Rushing into the rubble, he almost tripped on the dead body of James Potter. James's jaw was set in determination, his body held the pride he

always carried with him. Sirius looked sadly and closed his eyelids, wishing it were him that died instead. Walking up broken stairs, he went into the nursery, where the raw magic energy seemed to come from, and stopped at the threshold of the room. He felt his jaw drop open, and he gripped the door pane so hard, he barely felt the splinter's cut through his palm, the numbness blocking the true volume of pain. Lily Potter lay dead on the carpet next to the crib, her beautiful face mingled in determination, sorrow and pleading. His heart quenched in pain, and then to his horror he spotted a lump of burnt black robes. A scorch on the wooden floor, the mass energy he could feel, Sirius felt he knew what must have happened. Lord Voldemort had been weakened. Sirius stared; his eyes wide open with horror. He remembered the book Lily had found in a museum, about ancient magic. He let out a sob of grief realizing how Harry had been saved. Lily had evoked deep ancient magic, one that no evil in the world could overcome. Love. She had used her love, but how and what happened Sirius had no idea. He walked over to the lump of black robes and prodded it. His heart filled with hatred as he realized what that should have been there. The Dark Lord's wand was missing. And that would have meant that someone else had been there.

"PETER PETTIGREW YOU STINKING LITTLE RAT!!!" and with that he disappeared away from the Potter's residence, his heart filled with hate and vengeance.

The present day Sirius Black opened his eyes, cursing himself. Why did he relive it every year? Why did he torture himself with these painful memories? But in the back of his mind, it answered with one simple word. Guilt. If he had never suggested a change of secret keeper's, they would have all been still alive and together. Instead he had chosen that filthy rat as his replacement. His so-called brilliant plan had backfired, badly. Bowing his head, he sat down weakened even more by his train of thoughts.

Almost a year later, even though Sirius wasn't really sure, he heard many people's voice. "Come now minister, you can't be serious," said the voice of a man. "I don't care, I want to see for myself!" said another man's voice, the minister's Sirius presumed. Three cells away from his, a prisoner who liked to be called Buttercup, started singing in a terribly off tune voice, about death and despair. His words didn't make much sense, but then, that was to be expected when kept in containment with dementor's. A man in a lime green bowler's hat stopped in front of Sirius cell, and he stood in amazement as he saw Sirius, looking back at him, with his torn robes and appearance, albeit calmly, or calmly as you could get with those foul dementor's surrounding you. "Minister let us go, I don't like being here," said the man next to Cornelius Fudge, the minister of magic. "Neither do I" said Fudge, shaking slightly, as he eyed Sirius in fear and disgust. Sirius spotted something in the minister's hand and got up and walked calmly to the bars. Fudge and his people jumped back slightly. "Can I borrow your paper?" said Sirius in a hoarse, haunted voice. Everyone stared at him in shock. "W-what?" said Fudge, whose knuckles were white. "Can-I-borrow-your-paper?" said Sirius more slowly this time, as if talking to a five year old child. "Yes, of course, keep it," said Fudge, as he thrust the paper into Sirius's hand before walking along. Sighing weakly, Sirius sat down in the corner next to the window, using the bright sunlight to aid him in his reading. It had been too long. Looking at the front cover of the paper, he read about how a ministry of magic employee had won a contest. What really caught his attention however was the picture of the man with his family. It wasn't the amount of children he had, (seven, he had counted) but what was on the shoulder of one of the sons. A rat. Not just any rat. But the one he had been trying to get vengeance on, the night of Halloween, many many years ago. Peter Pettigrew, an animagi- a person who could transform himself into an animal at his will- was sitting on the boy's shoulder. Anger swept through his veins, hatred burned like never before. This boy, Ron Weasley, happened to be the best friend of the famous Harry Potter. Sirius let out a growl so fearsome that the prisoner in the next cell whimpered.

Pettigrew was unbelievably smart for someone so stupid.

It felt like a fire had been lit in his head. The desire to hunt Pettigrew and kill him became so strong that it was an obsession. Sirius fell asleep that night, and many other nights, muttering the same thing. "He's at Hogwarts, he's at Hogwarts"

One summer night, Sirius found the perfect opportunity as he turned into Padfoot, his animagi form, and sneaked out the bars of his cell when the blind dementors pushed in his food. They had no eyes and used their noses to sense the emotions of humans. But being a dog, whom's emotions were less complex, the dementor did not sense him leave. Sirius Black had escaped from Azkaban.