One Night

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Some say the Potter's death was the end of Voldemort's power. Other's say Harry's survival was the beginning of hope. But what happened in those few short hours, is not an end or a beginning, but a turning point in the lives of millions.

Provided by Fanart Central.

2 - Sirius Black

The night was dark. The full moon's light was all but hidden by the wisps of cloud that covered the sky. The few rays that did make it to the earth, shown eerily through the branches of nearby trees. One would never be able to see that their once green leaves were now violent shades of red, yellow, and brown.

It was quiet. Too quiet one could say. Not a sound echoed through the dense woods. Not a cricket chirping, or an owl's lonesome hoot. Not even the sound of the wind flapping the shutters on the nearby house pierced the night.

The small whitewashed house stood alone in the clearing. Overshadowed by the trees that were just far enough away that their branches just failed to reach over the roof. It had stood for centuries, and been abandoned for over twenty years, until now.

The house's newest occupant had failed to scrape off the peeling paint and replace it. He had not fixed the crooked shutters and he had barley bothered to fix the holes in the roof. The house's occupant had never planned to stay there long, no matter what the others thought, and he was not there now.

A loud rumble split the silence of the night, and a dark shape soared across the sky. Soon what was unmistakably a flying motorcycle touched down on what was left of the now dead, front lawn. The rumble quickly died to a low hum, and the Motorcycle's rider dismounted.

"PETER!" the rider shouted, removing his helmet, "Peter, it's me, Sirius!" He walked up to the front door and pounded with his fist.

"Peter! Come on Peter, open up. Don't be such a coward!" there was no answer.

Sirius placed his hand on the latch and was vaguely surprised when the door opened. The man he was looking for had always been the type to lock his door, whether he was home or not.

"Probably hiding under the bed," Sirius mumbled. "Wouldn't be the first time." Pausing inside he lit a lamp and looked around. There was nothing, and that, was what bothered him. There was no evening paper on the table, no empty soda cans, not even the rug was disturbed. Slowly Sirius moved through out the house, checking every room, and ignoring the pricking at the back of his neck. "Peter?" he called softly, "are you even here?" Still there was nothing, no signs of a struggle, no sign of life. It was then that Sirius realized what was missing, there, on the peg by the door, was no cloak.

"What," Sirius whispered hoarsely, "have I done?" Hastily grabbing a piece of paper from a drawer, he scrawled a quick note before tossing it into the fire with a bit of Flew powder. Rushing out side he leapt

on to his bike and launched into the air.

True it'd be faster to Apparate, but he didn't know were to Apparate to, only that the Potter's were hidden somewhere in Godric's hollow. With any luck, James would hear the motorcycle and come running. If only he wasn't too late!

3 - Albus Dumbledore

Albus Dumbledore, the headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, sat in his office brooding over the recent news of the Wizarding World. It wasn't good. Albus Dumbledore was widely considered to be one of the greatest wizards of all time, but for once in his life he was unsure of what to do. Dumbledore just sat there, thinking.

Presently he looked up and met they eyes of the large scarlet bird, perched on a stand, across the room. " I know Fawks," he sighed, "this is just one of those times when a person has to accept that . . ." he was cut off by a roaring in the fireplace. Green flame burst up from nothing and disappeared just as quickly, leaving only a singed letter on the grate. Picking it up Dumbledore's hands began to shake as he read the words:

Professor we haven't much time.

He's gone after the Potter's,

they've been betrayed!

Dumbledore didn't wait to throw a pinch of his own powder into the fireplace. Keeping his voice calm he simply spoke. "Minerva, send Hagrid to me immediately." At the same time he wrote his own letter and tied it to an owl that had been waiting on his desk. "I believe your destinations been changed." The owl gave an understanding hoot and took off.

Outside a figure stood watching the tower window. As soon as the owl was well away from the castle a well placed hex froze the bird in mid flight. That letter would never be delivered.

4 - Lily and James

There were footsteps crunching on the gravel of the front walk. They were heading for the front door. Slowly the man on the couch put down his paper and stood. Skirting the playpen where his sleeping son lay, he went to the window and looked out.

"My God!"

"James, what's the matter" a voice called from the next room.

"Peter was the rat." He whispered hoarsely.

"James?"

"LILY WE"VE GOT TO GO NOW!"

"James what?

"Take Harry and run!" James snapped scooping up his still sleeping son and placing him in his wife's arms as she entered to room. "He's here!" James felt a pang as he watched his wife's beautiful Green eyes widen with fear. A man could drown in those eyes.

"I'll hold him off. Take Harry and get out of here . . ."

"But James!"

"NOW . . .GO LILY, GET OUT OF HERE, I"LL HOLD HIM OFF." James watched soaking in what he was sure would be the last moment he would see his family. "What ever happens Lily, remember I love you both . . .more than life it's self." Lily disappeared around the corner towards the back exit in the kitchen, and James positioned him self in front of the door, wand drawn.

There was a crash and a flash of light, as the door flew inward.

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Lily was almost to the kitchen when she felt the entire house shake. There was a crash and she could hear her husband shouting curses. Something moved in her arms and lily looked down at her son. He was awake now, but staying quiet as if he knew their lives depended on silence. Shifting Harry in her arms Lily hurried for the kitchen, praying that she would make the back door in time. She had to save her son.

There was a sudden silence in the other room, and Lily bit back a cry knowing what must have happened. *The back door* a voice in the back of her head reminded her. Lily started moving again. Her hand was on the latch, the door was open . . .

"Acio child!" a voice hissed. Lily screamed as Harry was ripped from her arms. Lunging she managed to grab her son before *He* did.

"Not Harry please not Harry, I'll give you anything, just don't take my son!"

"Is that his name girl, Harry? To bad you'll never see him again"

"Not Harry, you can't take my son."

"Stand aside you silly girl!"

"Anything, I'll do anything, just don't take him!" she fell to her knees arms wrapped tightly around the boy, her body shielding him.

"I said stand aside!"

"No! You won't take him from me!"

"If you get out of the way, things will be so much easier form me."

"You'll have to kill me first!"

"AVADA KADAVA!"

There was a blinding flash of green light and Lily Potter fell face down to the side of her son. The Dark Lord laughed a high menacing cackle. "Well boy it's only you and me, how well my servants have preformed tonight, this was almost too easy! AVADA KADAVA!"

The house collapsed around them.

5 - Hagrid

Rubeus Hagrid made it to the last street of Godric's Hallow just in time to see the house a few spaces down collapse. He ran to the sight, and began sifting among the wreckage hopping that some one had survived. Yes there were the cries of a child echoing in the silence of the night, but where was he? The Muggle neighbors' lights were starting to flicker on, he would have to work fast.

Hagrid began to pick his was through the rubble. Then he stopped. A few paces from where the door had been was James, Trapped under a rafter with his robes smeared with blood. Grunting Hagrid moved the huge beam aside. It was hard enough to se the other man dead, he couldn't stand to see him trapped.

The cried grew louder and Hagrid moved on. Moments later he found Harry. The child was sitting unharmed beside his mother's lifeless body. Blinking back tears Hagrid scooped the boy up.

"Rubeus Hagrid?" a tired voice asked. Hagrid spun around to see the head of the Magical Crime Lab.

"I . . .Dumbledore sent me ter . . .but the house . . .I was to late." The tears were streaming down his face now. "I'm going ter take Harry to his Aunt . . .there he can . . . can . . ."

"Then get going before the Muggles . . ." The man was cut off by a clamor of voices.

"My word!"

"Oh God!"

"What happened!"

"Somebody call the police!"

Hagrid made it to the edge of the houses with out incident. He was just starting to cross the large field that lay on the outskirts of the town when a large rumble split through the night. Moments later a large motorcycle landed on the grass and a figure jumped off. He began to speak before he even had his helmet off.

"I was too late wasn't I!"

"I'm sorry Sirius."

Hagrid watched as the other man fell to his knees and yelled up at the stars, "WHY THE HELL DID IT HAVE TO BE THEM . . . why them?" the last words came out as a sob. Hagrid just stood there watching

Sirius shake with grief. A few moments passed before either of them spoke.

"Are they all . . ."

"Harry's safe, I've got `im"

"You've got . . .here let me take him."

"Dumbledore said he was ter go ter his family."

"But . . . Do you even know them! We *can't* send Harry there."

"Dumbledore said . . .it'll only be fer a little while Sirius."

"Please Give Harry to me, I'm his Godfather."

"I can't, Dumbledore said . . ."

"Then . . .Take my bike."

"What?"

"Take it, I won't be needing it for a while, and it'll get you there faster." Hagrid didn't object, he simply walked over and took the offered keys.

"Thank you."

"Goodbye Hagrid." Sirius bent and kissed Harry on the forehead. "Don't worry kid, I'll be seeing you soon."

"Bye Sirius. I'll take good car o' the bike."

"You better." Sirius slowly walked away, and Hagrid mounted the motorcycle and took off into the night.

Harry fell asleep somewhere over Bristol.