

What Began at the Hog's Head

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Albus Dumbledore sat in the overstuffed chair in front of the fireplace contemplating his next move. Sibyll Patricia Trelawney had just left, unaware of her prediction, thinking she was hired to teach at Hogwarts on the credentials of her great-great-grandmother. He stroked his long beard. For now, only two people knew of the Prophecy, himself and Severus Snape, and for now, he would wait and watch. Dumbledore knew Severus would tell Voldemort—in fact, he was counting on it.

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Dumbledore was patient, waiting for his plan to fall into place. When Voldemort began making his plans, Dumbledore was informed. A smile formed on his thin lips as he thought on how it had all played out. Voldemort's most favored servant had come to him of his own accord, and he had got him to promise him everything—he had a pawn in the enemy camp. The only thing troubling his mind now was that two of his fellow Order members were involved, as well as their child. He needed to time things just right to catch Voldemort off guard and protect the Potters.

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Dumbledore waited on the hilltop. A shadow moved in the darkness—blackier than night.

"All Hallows Eve," Severus spoke on a whisper.

"So be it."

And the hilltop was empty.

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Dumbledore arrived at the cottage in Godric's Hollow just after midnight.

Although not completely surprised to see Dumbledore at such a late hour, James was concerned that something had happened.

"Is everyone okay?" James asked.

"For now," replied Dumbledore, "Where is Lily?"

"She's upstairs with Harry."

"You better go get her; I have some news."

James did not like the tone of Dumbledore's voice, but went upstairs for his wife nevertheless.

"Dumbledore," Lily greeted him, "Shall I put the kettle on?"

"No, thank you. I won't be staying long, and you two will want some time together to think on a very important decision."

"I think we all better sit down then," said James.

Lily followed her husband to the couch as Dumbledore situated himself across from them, adjusting his half-moon spectacles.

"There is no easy way for me to tell you both this, so I'm just going to come out with it. The new Divination teacher at Hogwarts, Sybill Trelawney has made a prediction..."

Lily tried not to snort. James elbowed her.

"I know Divination was not one of your favorite subjects, Lily, but I am certain that this prediction is accurate. It concerns a Prophecy, and the Prophecy involves you two and Harry."

"Harry?" Lily felt a chill go down her spine. "How could a Prophecy concern Harry? He's only a baby." She reached for James' hand.

"The Prophecy was vague, but Voldemort has heard about it, and now he is targeting your family."

"But, why?" Lily was on the verge of tears.

Dumbledore began to give the only answer he knew, but James interrupted him.

"What is this Prophecy?"

Dumbledore took a deep breath.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies ... And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives ... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies..."

Lily began to silently cry.

Dumbledore continued. "Voldemort does not have all the information though. His informant only heard the first part of the Prophecy, and we need to figure out how to use that to our advantage."

"His informant?" James asked.

Dumbledore took a quick, unseen glance, at Lily.

"Yes."

"Who?"

"That is neither here nor there at this point, James. The important thing now is to keep you and your family safe."

"How?" Lily asked through her tears.

"I am prepared to use the Fidelius Charm. I will give you twenty-four hours to decide on whom your Secret-Keeper will be, but we can wait no longer than that. I have heard that Voldemort is going to make his move on All Hallows Eve, but I don't want to leave it up to chance should something happen before then."

"I think it should be Sirius," Lily said.

"Okay," said James.

"There is no need to decide this instant. I will be back in twenty-four hours. That will give you a chance to discuss it with the party involved, but you cannot discuss the details of the Prophecy."

"Why not?" James and Lily asked together.

"Choose wisely," Dumbledore said, and then he was gone in a flash of bright light.

A/N: Written for the Saturday Night Drabble prompt from hermioneweasley1972: "Write about the encounter between the Potters and Dumbledore where he informs them of the Prophecy."