

Bertie Bott's and Honest Thoughts

by PaceVamp77

Luna and Voldemort are transported to a room that repels magic. Stuck with each other and with no way out, they begin to learn each other and develop feelings that they believed they could never feel for the other person.

Journey to the Center of a Trap

Chapter 1 of 2

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In the countryside of Tanum, a small town in the southern area of Sweden, Luna Lovegood picked her way through a field in search of Crumple-Horned Snorkacks—or, more specifically, Snorkack tracks. Luna's father, Xenophilius, told her that Snorkack tracks were even rarer than the Snorkacks themselves, because the creatures were so careful of where they stepped. Luna stared intently at the ground, hoping that a Snorkack paw print would appear. It was the summer before Luna's final year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and she was on her annual excursion to search for the elusive—and not entirely believed in—Crumple-Horned Snorkacks. As the sun set over the horizon, Luna's long, blonde hair, along with the tall, yellowing grass, looked red as the receding rays reflected off them.

"I must find a track before the sun disappears; I really don't know if I'll be able to locate this particular area again tomorrow. The world is always turning and the places in it are always shifting," Luna said to herself, lowering to her knees and moving her face close to the ground so that she could better examine the soft earth. Dirt smudged the fabric of her robes, but Luna was too engrossed in her examination to care. As she crawled forward to inspect another section of the dirt, she spotted something small and dark partially hidden in the tall grass.

"I wonder what this is. Maybe it's the shell of a Crampling! Snorkacks do love to eat them and the Crampling young love this area," Luna wondered aloud. However, as she grabbed the object, she realized that it was an empty Bertie Bott's Every-Flavor Beans bag a split second before she felt something hook behind her navel, pulling her off the ground and hurtling her through the air.

Meanwhile, in a dark forest in Albania, Lord Voldemort sat in a chair by the fireplace of the cottage he frequented. Nagini curled up on the floor in front of the chair in order to feel the warmth of the fire. Voldemort was pondering his next move in his plan to control the wizarding world.

He knew that many witches and wizards did not approve of his plan, but in time they would all see that it was for the best. They obviously did not know how to take care of their world, so Voldemort would have to do it for them. For too long, wizards had been under the impression that they must hide from the Muggles in order to protect their magic; this was not true. Muggles were the ones who should be hiding, and wizards should be able to do as they pleased without fear of being discovered. It is only right that the most powerful beings are rulers, and the weaker beings should serve those who are stronger than they are.

"Runcorn," Voldemort called, his high, cold voice sending shivers down the Death Eater's spine, "bring my dinner."

The tall wizard gave a swift nod, turned, and hurried into the kitchen to prepare the meal. Voldemort returned to his thoughts, focusing on the next tasks he should assign

to the Death Eaters who were at the cottage with him. The Carrows were gathering firewood in the southern part of the forest, while Bellatrix was cleaning his robes. She always seemed so pleased to follow his orders; there was a strange gleam in her eyes whenever she agreed to something that unnerved Voldemort and strangely made him want to take a shower. The Malfoys were in the kitchen, preparing dinner for the rest of his followers. Ready to embark on his solo journey, he decided that his Death Eaters should return to Malfoy Manor while he searched for the wandmaker, Gregorovitch. In order to defeat Harry Potter once and for all, he needed the Elder Wand; and in order to attain the wand, Voldemort needed to find Gregorovitch.

Minutes later, Runcorn returned to the sitting room, carrying a tray. Voldemort gave little notice of Runcorn's entrance, so the Death Eater placed the tray on the side table next to Voldemort's chair and returned to his spot at the back of the living room. Voldemort pulled himself out of his mind and turned toward the tray.

The baked ham and mashed potatoes, with peas, carrots, and cauliflower, did not interest Voldemort much; he had lost the ability to taste food years ago. It was merely a way to sustain him; the elf-made wine held slightly more interest for him, because its blood-red coloring reminded him of power. It was ironic, really, that such a weak creature produced this powerful-looking drink.

Voldemort reached for the goblet, but as his hand closed around the metal, he realized his mistake—a foolish one that could have been easily avoided, had he not put any amount of trust in another. His hand felt as though fused to the goblet, and something jerked at his navel; his body left the chair, and with a roar of anger, Voldemort soared hand-first into space.

Panic Dungeon

Chapter 2 of 2

Voldemort tries to find a way out of the dungeon in which he is trapped.

His feet slammed into cold stone and he almost lost his balance. He dropped the goblet, the clanking sound reverberating through the small room, and looked at his surroundings.

The room comprised only grey stone, like a dungeon. There were no windows, no doors, no— anything, really. The ceiling was a mass of large grey bricks, like the floor and walls, but there seemed to be small holes in it where light was seeping through. There were twenty or thirty holes in all, each one projecting a beam of light onto the floor, which allowed Voldemort to see in the room, as though the world above were being bathed in sunlight. The air that descended from above the ceiling was warm and dry, almost desert-like. There was a single curtain in a corner of the room; when Voldemort pulled it aside, it revealed a tiny bathroom. As Voldemort looked about the room once more, his eyes spotted a figure on the floor. It was a human girl, spread out on the floor, eyes closed. Voldemort could not figure out why she did so, for there seemed to be no rational explanation for her behavior. Her mass of blonde hair was spread above her head, and some of the rays of light landed directly on the strands.

"Girl," Voldemort said, his cold voice dominating the space that enclosed him, "where are we? Tell me."

The girl opened her eyes, directing the large, silvery-blue orbs at Voldemort. "I'm not sure, really," she said, sitting up and stretching her arms over her head. "All I know about this place is that there's no way out, as far as I can tell. I tried to leave in every magical and non-magical way I could think of, but I couldn't escape. You're more than welcome to give it a go, yourself, if you would like. After all, aren't you the most powerful wizard there ever was?"

Voldemort would have struck her down if she had said all of this with even a hint of sarcasm, but she merely stated it as fact. At least he now knew that she was a witch; he could not stand being in a room with a Muggle unless he was torturing it. "You're right; I am the most powerful wizard in existence. And I can get myself out of this."

Voldemort raised his wand, shouting *Bombarda!* in his mind, but nothing happened. He tried *Ascendio*, *Confringo*, and *Reducto*, as well, but his wand did not send off a single spark. He also tried Apparating, but he looked as though he were trying out for the ballet rather than escaping. He grabbed his goblet, hoping the Portkey would send him back, but the room seemed to quash all magical attempts. Voldemort tried for hours, never accepting that his magic could be thwarted.

Finally exhausted, Voldemort sat on the floor by the wall opposite the girl. "It seems... impossible. I can't believe this."

"Then don't," the girl replied vaguely. "Don't believe that it's impossible, because there is a way out. We just haven't found it. It's just a puzzle, more difficult than I've had to deal with. If we can get in here, we can get out; it's just common sense."

Voldemort looked at the girl, studying her, trying to figure out who she was. He scrutinized her for hours, as she seemed to be deep in thought, about what, he did not know. But the night continued on in the same fashion until the girl curled up and fell asleep. Voldemort still studied her, even as she dreamed her dreams, puzzling over the enigma that was placed before him.