

Justification - The Man Behind the Mask

by DawnEB

The challenge was to write something from a Death Eater's pov, justifying his/her reasons for being one. Don't expect to find any humour, and there is brief description of verbal/physical abuse or torture

Justification - The Man Behind the Mask

Chapter 1 of 1

The challenge was to write something from a Death Eater's pov, justifying his/her reasons for being one. Don't expect to find any humour, and there is brief description of verbal/physical abuse or torture

AN: My entry for a challenge in an HP Group I belong to. The challenge was to write something from a Death Eater's pov, justifying his/her reasons for being one. It could be canon or OC, but not Snape.

Don't expect to find any humour, and there is brief description of verbal/physical abuse or torture. The bits in italics are comments from that pesky little conscience.

Thanks to Ellie for the Beta work :)

This mark, this Dark Mark on my arm, is the symbol of what it is to be a true member of the world of wizards and witches. One day my brethren and I will be able to show our Marks proudly, stand up and take our rightful place as upholders and protectors of all that makes us what we are. Our struggle to expel all that would dilute, pollute and subvert that which makes us strong and unique will one day, one day very soon, allow us to step out of hiding and stand forth as the Saviours of the Wizard World, and we will be lauded by society for the strength of our purpose in these dark times.

This is how it is, this is how it will be... *Won't it?* These Muggle-borns — Mudbloods — they look like us, they have magic like us, but they are not like us at all. They are undermining us, breaking down our society, weakening the bloodlines. They are entrenched in Muggle thinking, they do not respect the order of things, they take our jobs, our homes. They expose our world to their dirty Muggle relatives and put us all at risk. They are a canker, slowly creeping into us until their filthy tendrils are impossible to root out unless we use a surgeon's blade.

They are a threat, and we must do what we can to be rid of them. We must make the filthy, puny Muggles that spawn them live in fear of us rather than in comfortable ignorance. Which is why we are here, why we must do this... *Mustn't we?* They are pathetic, and it is only right that we show them this, make them fear us rather than hiding ourselves away like rabbits. It is only proper that we make sport with them, making them see how strong we are, showing them why they should fear us.

This woman dances like a marionette with stiff and jerky movement, tears streaming down her face as she is powerless to resist the magic that controls her body, if not her mind. Her son, a boy of around eight years of age *the same age as my sons* sits in the corner of the room and whimpers, the red hand print across his face a visible reminder of what will happen if he raises his voice in protest to us again. His father is suspended upside down, bound and silenced by magic, the blood from his cut lip dripping down his face. He struggles fruitlessly, listening to the lewd remarks and nasty jibes that are made about his wife as she capers around in her scanty Muggle

clothing, things no decent witch would be seen wearing in public. *But she is in her own home, we came uninvited*

It is time for us to leave our victims now. They are *I am* lucky this time; our orders are to leave them alive to spread the fear. I cast the Morsmordre above their house as we leave — Power to Lord Voldemort and the Death Eaters! *And may the Gods have mercy on our souls.*