

Confessions of an Abused Hero

by YaoiMaster

Harry is knocked into a coma and his diary is published. What dark secrets will be revealed? Evil!Dumbledore, Good!Slytherins

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 2

Harry is knocked into a coma and his diary is published. What dark secrets will be revealed? Evil!Dumbledore, Good!Slytherins

Disclaimer: I don't own any characters from the Harry Potter verse. They belong to J. K. Rowling and I just borrow them up and manipulate them to how I see fit.

Beta: Indie

Chapter 1

Draco Malfoy walked along the corridor. He was doing his Prefect duties, like he did every night, when he came across a book. It was a simple leather book, and he normally wouldn't be intrigued by such an item. The book had three initials: H.J.P. There was only one person in the school that had those initials: one Harry James Potter. This was obviously his diary. Draco attempted to open the book, but found that he could not. He frowned. There wasn't a lock on it. He tried to unlock it with the many locking spells he knew, but it wouldn't budge. Was Potter truly smart enough to perform such a hard locking spell? Most likely not. He wasn't even smart enough to not lose his diary. Perhaps Granger was the one who performed it? Draco grabbed the book and left for the Slytherin Common Room. He was done with Prefect duties anyway.

Harry Potter was panicking. Where did he put his diary? Nobody could open it--not with the ancient locking spell he put on it--but still. How could he be so careless and leave it somewhere? Now anybody could have it. Hermione had given that book to him first year, and he transferred all his old diaries into it. The book had never-ending pages, and Harry wrote in it as often as he could. Mainly, he wrote about his life. The abuse he had endured during his stay at the Dursley's. If anybody was to get a hold of that information, who knows how they could use it against him.

Shuddering, Harry tried desperately to remember where he left it. Last time he had it, he was in Slytherin Territory. He remembered because he had been upset that day and left to someplace nobody would ever think of. Harry got up and ran out the Gryffindor common room and straight to the stairs. He was in such a hurry that he lost his footing and fell down the stairs, his head hitting a couple of steps rather hard. Landing at the bottom, his head was slammed onto the ground, causing it to split open. Harry lost consciousness.

Draco entered the common room and went to Blaise Zabini.

"Blaise, you're good with locking charms, correct?" Blaise looked slightly startled.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"I need this book unlocked." He handed the book to Blaise, whose eyes widened at the initials.

"What do you plan to do with it?"

Draco grinned.

"Publish it after I read it. Aren't you the least bit curious about what the Golden Boy thinks? I bet his mind is disorganized. At least, that was what Uncle Sev said." Blaise grinned back. They could humiliate the Golden Boy and finally knock him down a couple of pegs. He inspected the book before running several scanning charms on it. The common room had gotten quiet while they were talking, and everybody was looking at them in interest. Blaise looked at Draco, shocked.

"What is it?"

"Draco, I can't open it. These locking charms are really ancient and powerful. Potter MUST have done these, his magical signature is all over them." Draco was about to respond when a silky voice interrupted them.

"Might I ask what exactly is going on here, young gentlemen?" their Head of House asked.

"Well, you see, I found Potter's diary on the floor in Slytherin Territory, one of the corridors that are barely used. When I tried to open it, I couldn't. So, I asked Blaise here to open it since he's good with locking charms. His diagnosis was that the book is locked with ancient powerful spells and had Potter's magical signature all over them." If Snape was surprised, he didn't show it.

"Let me see it." Blaise handed it over. Snape grinned.

"Normally, you wouldn't be able to open it. The only people who CAN open this book are people who know how. Potter must have added the extra spells for protection. One can wonder where he got his hands on one. Probably the Restricted Section. I suppose you should feel lucky that I do know how to open this book." He pointed his wand and muttered a long spell in Latin. The book glowed white before it dimmed out. Draco reached out and opened the book. He grinned. Just as he was about to read it, Snape stopped him.

"I do believe you should make a copy of that. I too would like to immerse myself in the mind of this foolish Gryffindor." Snape wanted payback for Harry looking in his Pensieve. It didn't occur to him that he was breaking rules. Before long, almost every Slytherin wanted a copy, and Draco found himself drained of magic after all those copying spells. The Slytherins had to be discreet. Somebody surely would recognize Potter's diary, and it would be suspicious if they all were reading the same book. Glamours were used to disguise the books. Some were about DADA, some about CoMC, some on Quidditch, and others on a variety of subjects. Also, anybody who failed to maintain their grades would be banned from reading Potter's diary. Draco sat on the couch and began to read, as did most of the Slytherins. Snape had gone back to his private quarters. The first couple of pages were in sloppy handwriting.

July 24, 1991

Dear Diary,

Hi! My name is Harry Potter. I'm 10 years old. I live with my uncle Vernon, aunt Petunia, and cousin Dudley. I don't like them very much. OK, let's start with a short description of me. I have black hair that no matter how much you comb it, it looks like a bird's nest. I have green eyes, I wear these horrid glasses that my aunt got on sale, and I'm really thin and short. You can't tell that I'm 10. I look like I'm 8. I live in the cupboard under the stairs. My relatives aren't really nice. My uncle looks like whale, my aunt looks like a horse, and my cousin looks like a baby walrus. Every morning, I have to get up and make breakfast. I wouldn't mind if I was given the choice. Nor would I mind if I was actually given something to eat other than stale bread. That's partly why I'm so small. They starve me, the bastards. Not like I can ever tell anybody. My uncle'd beat me black and blue. He's done it before and let me tell you--it's not pleasant.

Anyways, today started like it always does. My aunt woke me up with her horrid screech. Her exact words were: "FREAK! GET UP THIS INSTANT AND COOK MY DUDDY-KINS HIS BREAKFAST. NOW!" It's as if she's scared of saying my name. How pathetic. So, I got up and went to cook my family their meal. Aunt Petunia and I were the only ones up. She glared at me as she sneered, "Hurry up, freak. My Dudders will be up soon as will Vernon and I will not have you ruining my Duddy-kins birthday!" Like I give a shit.

So, I made breakfast. Of course, I didn't get any. If I do get food, it's leftovers. Between Vernon and Dudley, that's not much. Dudley had blown a fit. Apparently, last year he had gotten 37 presents and this year he got 36. He's a spoiled brat and a bully. He and his gang had invented a game called, 'Harry Hunting.' And that's exactly what they do. They chase me, and when they find me, they beat me up.

Petunia, taking pity on her slob of a child, promised that when they go out, he'd get 2 new presents. Lovely. He immediately stopped whining. I, of course, would stay in my cupboard as usual. At least I thought I was until old Mrs. Figg called and said that she couldn't take me. She broke her leg--poor old lady. She's really nice and has lots of cats. I just dislike the stench they leave all over her house.

Back on the subject, I had to go with them to the zoo. I had never been to the zoo, so I was excited though I didn't show it. They'd make sure I didn't go then. Instead, I put on a mask of indifference. Dudley started to cry fake tears, making out through his wails, "I don't want the freak to go! He'll ruin everything!" He would've continued if his friend Piers Polkiss hadn't come. Piers is a rat-like boy and an arse. Dudley stopped and went over to his friend. Thank god, I would've gone deaf with his wails.

We went to the car and I was shoved out of the way so everybody else could get in. After all, normal people go first and freaks go last. Before I got in, my uncle glared at me. "Any funny business, freak, and you won't have any meals for a week. Mark my words, boy, I'll let you starve in that cupboard! Unless of course, do I have to use the other way to punish you?" He warned, a glint in his eye. I paled, knowing he wasn't kidding in the slightest. I don't care if he starves me, so long as he doesn't do that type of punishment again. Barely repressing a shudder, I sat in the car. It wasn't a long ride, at least 10 minutes. They shoved me out of the car and I nearly tripped on the curb. I was then forced to follow them around.

Dudley and Piers saw a boa constrictor sleeping. How I wish to be in its place. But then again, maybe not. I wouldn't like being gawked at or confined to a cage. Vernon started to bang on the glass, telling it to move on orders of Dudley. The snake didn't budge, and after Dudley himself tried (shocker!) they left to find a less boring animal. For some reason I felt the need to apologize and I did just that. "Sorry about that. They don't understand what it's like lying there day after day, watching people press their faces in on you." I had said. And to my surprise, it spoke back!

"It'sssss alright, young sssssspeaker." Shocked, I had asked him,

"Can you hear me?" It nodded its head. "Wow, I'm sorry. I just never talked to a snake before. You're from Burma right? Was it nice there? Do you miss your family?" The snake lifted his tail and pointed to a sign that read 'Bred in Captivity'. Oh. "I see. If it means anything, I didn't know my parents either."

The snake was about to reply when Dudley and Piers knocked me to the ground. They wanted to see the snake now. I was angry. How dare they interrupt my nice conversation! Suddenly, the glass had disappeared and the two jerks fell in. The Boa Constrictor came out and said to me, "Thanksssss." My reply was simple. "Any time." The snake left, causing madness in the zoo. I didn't even get his name. Turning my attention towards my cousin and his friend, I realized that the glass was back. And they were trapped inside. A grin made its way on my face as my aunt screamed and tried to get them out. My uncle, however, gave me that look. The one that promised pain.

And I was right. As soon as I entered their residence, I was backhanded and flew to the wall. He grabbed my hair and gritted out, "What. Happened." I told him that I didn't know. That one minute the glass was there and then it was gone. Apparently, that was the wrong answer. He took off his belt and whipped me. I didn't cry out. If I did, he'd know that it hurt. And he'd take great pleasure knowing how weak I truly am. He would eventually get tired of beating me; he always does. I waited for that and held in every noise of pain. When he did get tired, he threw me in my cupboard. No dinner for a week, just like he warned me.

It wasn't my fault, honest! I didn't mean to make the glass disappear. Now that I think about it, a lot of weird things have happened to me. Like, one time I was running from Dudley and his gang when I suddenly ended up on the roof. Another time, Petunia wanted me to wear this hideous sweater. It was brown and had orange puffballs. I really didn't want to wear it. I mean, honestly, I get teased enough for wearing Dudley's hand-me-downs and having taped glasses. The sweater started to shrink every time she tried to put it on until it was puppet size. My aunt also tried to cut my hair. She cut everything off except my bangs to hide my scar. But it grew back over night.

There was another time when I turned my teacher's hair blue. She gave me a D on a test when it was supposed to be an A. She had been bribed by the Dursleys to ignore me and make my life miserable. All the teachers in my school are retarded. They ignore my obvious signs of abuse; I know for a fact that I show them. Oh well, I'll get revenge somehow. Probably when they least expect it. And I will most definitely get revenge on my family.

Harry

Draco's mind was spinning. He thought Potter lived a life of luxury. That's what he'd been told. Looking around, he realized that the other Slytherins were just as confused. Was everything they thought about Potter a lie? Well, there was only one way to find out. He looked back at the book and continued to read.

Ron Weasley was worried about his best friend, Harry Potter. He should be in bed, but he wasn't. Searching Harry's trunk, he discovered Harry's invisibility cloak. Harry rarely went out without it. Making his decision, Ron grabbed it, put it around his body, and left the common room to search for his best mate. He didn't have to go far. As soon as he reached the steps, he saw Harry at the bottom. Lying in a pool of his blood. Thinking quickly, Ron levitated Harry's still form and ran all the way to the hospital wing.

"MADAM POMFREY!" he yelled. The nurse came out of her office, looking rather irate.

"Mr. Weasley, it is after hours," she started, but stopped after she saw Harry. "MY GOODNESS CHILD, WHAT HAPPENED!?"

"I don't know. Harry didn't go to bed, and I was worried so I went out to look for him and found him at the bottom of the stairs." Madame Pomfrey quickly got to work.

"Go get Headmaster Dumbledore. NOW!" Ron hesitated before he left and came back 5 minutes later. Instead of just Dumbledore, all of the Heads of Houses came. Minerva looked at Harry and rushed over to him.

"Mr. Weasley here told me that he fell down the stairs. He obviously slammed his head on the floor, he has a massive concussion and has slipped into a coma." Madam Pomfrey explained quietly.

Dumbledore, on the outside, looked very concerned. However, inside, he was happy. With Harry finally out of the way, he'd once again be the most powerful wizard in the world. Plus, he would inherit the Potter and Black fortunes. Now, to plan how to make the boy's death look like it was from the coma. Dumbledore excused himself and left for his office. Ron watched Dumbledore leave, frowning. What was the old man planning this time?

A/N: Like it? Please review.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 2

AU. Harry is knocked into a coma and his diary is published. What dark secrets will be revealed? Evil!Dumbledore, Good!Slytherins. Not HBP compliant.

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling. I do not make a profit from this; I just borrow the characters to put into my take on a clichéd plot.

Beta: Indie

A/N: Thanks to Indie, my beta. I hope you enjoy this chapter. Please review.

Chapter 2

July 31, 1991

Dear Diary,

Today was horrible. My uncle gave me my birthday present. At least that's what he called it. Said only big boys can get a present of this calibre. Does he truly think I'm stupid? And if this present was only for big boys, how come Dudley didn't get one? I know for a fact he didn't. Confused? Well, since you're the only one who will EVER know this, I might as well elaborate. My uncle is a paedophile. Let's just leave it at that.

Vernon truly is a sick bastard, and I hope he burns in hell for what he does. Petunia is no better. She turns the other cheek. Ignores what's right in front of her, and she will get what's coming to her. It's not a threat, merely karma. What goes around comes around. I don't want her to get raped or anything, I wouldn't wish that on anybody, but I do hope she is punished. So, the day had gone on normally. Cooked. Starved. Sent to get mail. Imagine my surprise when I saw a letter addressed to me. To MY cupboard. That meant somebody knew at least some of the abuse and is also turning the other cheek. The letter was written on funny paper. It looked like parchment, but who uses that anymore? Before I could open it, Dudley snatched my letter away from me and handed it to his father. Arsehole. Vernon and Petunia took one look at the letter before paling considerably.

They shot me a murderous look before the whale yelled, "TO YOUR CUPBOARD, FREAK!" How rude. When I get my revenge, I will most definitely be smashing quite a couple of their antique vases. Hopefully that'll show them to mess with Harry Potter. More than likely not, but it's worth a shot. I had stayed in my cupboard for quite some time. When I was let out, my uncle told me that we were leaving. He told me to get ready to take their bags to the car, walking away and mumbling something that sounded like, "How dare those freaks now enter our lives and expect us to hand the boy over to them? Who will cook and clean when he's gone?"

I do believe I have a suggestion for that: GET OFF YOUR LAZY ARSE UP AND DO IT YOURSELF!!! Ah, I feel much better.

So, anyways, we went to this lighthouse on a rock in the sea. It was midnight when the door banged open, and a HUGE man came in, looking for me. Idiot Dudley didn't

have the sense to hide. I mean what would've happened if that man wanted to kill him? Although I must admit, despite the man's size, he looked as if he wouldn't hurt a fly. Not intentionally at least. He gave me my letter, after yelling at Vernon, and I read it. I'm a wizard. I'm going to a wizard school. To learn wizard things. Something was definitely wrong with this picture.

The man, introduced as Rubeus Hagrid or just Hagrid, explained things to me. Magic does exist. My parents were magical. They didn't die in a car crash; they were murdered by some psycho wizard. The same psycho wizard who gave me this scar. My scar was more important than I thought, and it was something that made me famous. I was called, in the Wizarding World, the Boy-Who-Lived. Well, shit, if I'm some kind of saviour, don't you think I should have a better name? What happens when I'm old and grey? They'd have to change it to something like: The-Old-Man-Who-Lived-But-Is-Dying-Now. Ha-ha. Another thing, why do people flinch at the name Voldemort? It sounds like something a child made up by scrambling random letters together. Do you think he'd mind if I call him Moldy Voldy? Probably.

Right now, I'm at this pub called the Leaky Cauldron. I am to stay for the rest of the summer (thank god!) and I will have to go get my school supplies. Can you believe they actually wave a wand? A MAGIC WAND? I really need some sleep and have to adjust to this whole 'magic is real' thing. Perhaps I'll let you know how my shopping trip goes.

Harry

It took a while for some pieces to fall into place. This diary stated that Harry James Potter was not only abused by his relatives, but it was also implied that he was raped by his uncle. These words must've been the truth; why would somebody write down lies in a diary? Plus, these words came from Harry James Potter himself. He couldn't possibly have known that somebody was going to open his diary and make copies to give to a whole house. Speaking of that, Draco cleared his throat. Everybody looked up.

"I think, perhaps, we should set an age limit," he drawled. Many students from younger years, unsurprisingly, were against it.

"We've seen much more, and I want to know how Potter copes with his abuse!" a third-year boy called out.

"How about we ask Uncle Sev?" Draco compromised.

As if he knew when to appear, Snape entered the Common Room. His face was slightly pale.

"Are you OK, Uncle Sev?" the blonde asked.

"Potter is in a coma."

Many Slytherins were surprised at this new information.

"How?" Blaise questioned. He didn't think he could take any more shocks.

"He fell down the stairs and bashed his skull against the ground really hard. He has a massive concussion and slipped into a coma." Silence.

"Uncle Sev, how far have you gotten in reading Potter's diary?"

"I read the first entry. Why?"

"You should read the second." Throwing his godson a confused look, Snape took out his copy of the diary and skimmed through entry quickly. After a few minutes, he paled even more, if that was even possible.

"Our question is: Should we set an age limit on who reads it? The rest of the pages might have explicit details of his torture."

Snape sighed. "It truly depends on your parents; you should ask them. Until then, only fourth-years and up are allowed to read it."

Ron went back to the Gryffindor common room. He entered quietly and was shocked to see most of the house there.

"We heard what happened to Harry. The portraits told us," Ginny murmured quietly. She looked up, tears in her eyes. Harry was her brother in everything but blood. "Is he going to be OK?"

"I don't know," Ron whispered. Gryffindor house looked defeated. "We should probably get some sleep. I'm sure, if we go in little groups at a time, we might be able to visit him." They nodded, and as one, left for to get some sleep. Hermione, Ginny, Neville, Dean, and Seamus stood behind.

"What's the matter?" Hermione asked.

"I think Dumbledore is up to something. He looked sad to hear Harry was in the coma, but I could just feel that something was off," Ron replied.

"Don't worry. We'll keep a close eye on him. He won't hurt Harry. Not again," Hermione said.

Everyone at the Great Hall, except the teachers and the Slytherins, were looking at the Gryffindor table in confusion. The usually happy students were all looking like kicked puppies. Just then, Dumbledore got up and cleared his throat to make an announcement.

"Students, I regret to tell you that Mr. Harry Potter is in a coma. He fell down the stairs and bashed his head on the floor rather hard and has a massive concussion. We don't know when he'll wake. I sincerely ask for everyone's discretion in this delicate matter."

As Dumbledore sat back down, Hermione looked at Ron out of the corner of her eye. She was frowning and definitely didn't look happy with the way the headmaster had laid out Harry's condition to the entire school population. Ron caught her eye and nodded grimly. Several other Gryffindors, mostly the ones who met in the common room the night before, shifted in their seats uncomfortably. Their headmaster's behaviour was odd and breezy. Lately, he seemed to be doing everything based on some hidden agenda. Harry's 'accident' was the last drop. They would definitely find out what was going on.

Snape, now done with his dinner, took out his copy of Ha-POTTER's diary and began to read. Of course nobody knew he was reading it. His copy was disguised as a Potions magazine, and anybody who would look at the pages would read whatever was on a Potions magazine.

August 1, 1991

Dear Diary,

I went shopping today. It was pretty cool. The wizards' bank is called Gringotts and is run by goblins. I had no idea such creatures existed. I went to the front desk, and with manners the Dursleys beat into me, asked if I could go to my vault. Didn't know wizards had vaults and not bank accounts. Well, he asked me for my key, and I gave him the small gold object that Hagrid had left me. We went to my vault, and imagine my surprise when I found out I was rich. ME. Scrawny boy wearing a baby walrus' HAND-ME-DOWNS! You know, I could've been here living the life, but I was sent to my family. That's a laughable word. Family is supposed to love you, feed you, give you a room, and other things a family does. Not hate you, starve you, stuff you in a cupboard, rape you, enslave you, and other things that the Dursleys subjected me to. Inside the vault, I saw a book of family lineages. I took it. Maybe I could learn some of my history. It was a big book of 'pureblood' lineages. As soon as I took it out of the vault, it shrunk. Griphook told me that only a Potter could read it. I have to say 'Engorgio' to make it big again.

Another thing, some old man has complete control of my money. That old man was none other than Albus Dumbledore, my new headmaster. Why would he be stealing my money? I left the bank and went to Flourish and Blotts. Got myself a couple books... or 25. Maybe I got carried away but I seriously hate not knowing things. Wouldn't want to get labelled as ignorant.

After I got my books, I read a couple (mainly the 'pureblood' family lineages book) before dropping them off at my room and heading towards Madame Malkin's. I had to get my school robes. There was another boy in there. He had his blonde hair slicked back and held an aristocratic air around him. He was pale and had grey eyes. What I admired most about him was his facade. His mask. It was very well constructed, probably created when he was young. I almost couldn't see through it. Almost. He was being fitted, and I was on the stool right next to him.

"Hogwarts?" he drawled. I nodded.

"My mum is looking at the wands," he stated.

"Don't the wands choose the wizard?" I asked, having read it in one of my other books.

"You try telling my mother that. Where are your parents?"

I stared at him. "Dead."

He apologised, "Sorry." He didn't sound it. Honestly, how rude to apologise and not mean it! "Do you play Quidditch? It's a shame they don't allow first years their own brooms. My dad says it's a shame if I don't get picked on the team." All parents say that. I shook my head no.

"I grew up in the Muggle world."

His face darkened. "So, your parents weren't like us?" he practically snarled. I merely raised an eyebrow.

"They were magical, if that's what you mean. Why do you hate Muggles?" The boy looked at me.

"They have no magic and are inferior to us. My father said so." I didn't ask why his father hated Muggles; I asked why HE hated Muggles. Obviously, he's grown up to believe his father's word is law. Just like Dudley has.

"They have created a lot of useful things without the aid of magic. For example, while we have the Killing Curse, a curse that kills ONE person, they have invented a bomb that could kill thousands. So, are they truly the inferior race, or are we?" I countered, and he looked startled. Pity he held such beliefs about Muggles; we could've been the best of friends. Hopefully, in the future, he will change those beliefs.

When he was done he left, after telling me his name. Draco Malfoy. Ah! The Malfoys are a pureblood Slytherin family. No wonder he held such animosity towards Muggles. They seriously need an attitude adjustment. This entire WORLD needs an attitude adjustment. From my understanding, the Slytherins are prejudiced, and everybody else is no better. In my books, it says the feud between Slytherin and Gryffindor has been going on since the Founders' time. It is currently Slytherin vs. everybody. What they don't seem to get is that they are currently against 3/4 of the world's population. They're outnumbered, and Slytherins WILL die out if they don't change their attitude. However, before I judge anybody, I will observe them at school. See if I can see underneath the underneath.

Harry

Snape was shaken. Not that it showed. And, even though he would forever deny it, Har-POTTER had a point. They were outnumbered and up against 3/4 of the population. Looking up, he realised dinner had just finished. Snape stood up and left the Great Hall, his Slytherins trailing behind him.

A/N: Like it? Love it? Review!