

Undying Devotion

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Chapter 1 of 1

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We have been together a long time, my master and I. I have seen him at his best and at his worst. I have seen him happy, angry, sad, impatient. I have been a part of many plans, many murders, many misdeeds. I knew that I was destined for great things when I first met him because it was obvious that he was a wizard of great power, even back then.

We have had many conversations - most of them onesided, but that's okay. We understand one another. I always knew what was expected of me and I only let him down once. I didn't see my master for a very long time after that, and when we were reunited he was angry, but since he welcomed me back into his service I knew that he had forgiven me.

I remember one night in a graveyard... with the Potter boy and my master's rebirthing party. How glad I was to see him, returned to his former glory. But there was precious little time to celebrate his return, for there was work to be done. But that night things didn't go as planned. My master did not know that the result of the duel would produce a way for Potter to escape. He was angry, but he did not give up. There were more plans to be made, brought to fruition, plans that I was proud to be a part of.

But tonight is different, I fear. Tonight either my master will be victorious or the Potter boy will. I will give it my all. I will fight for my master to the end. The air is filled with curses, hexes, and beams of light, some of which hit me, but I do not falter. The pain is great, but I will be here until the end, whatever that may be.

Soon I can see my master falling. He has been defeated, and I fall to the ground as well. There will be no happy reunion for us this time. This is the end, and I know it. Someone comes over to me and, with everything in their power, stomps on me, crushing my spine. I am broken, and my life is ending. I give into the darkness which is now consuming me.

I'm sure you are wondering my name. Well, I don't have a name, but Lord Voldemort called me his wand.