

The Devil's Hand

by Terra of Slytherin

A conversation between soulmates.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Passing through the nighttime sky,

Singing, dancing all the time,

Always happy, always fine,

Always during the nighttime sky.

When it is light,

As bright as day,

My smile will go away,

All throughout the bright, bright day.

People say my heart is black,

Since I sleep until the sunlight's past.

I always wish for a fire,

When it comes,

I laugh with desire.

I always walk when the moon is full.

When the light shows in a pool.

People say that I'm the Devil,

That I enjoy causing pain,

Also deaths, fire and flame.

And since I enjoy it,

I must be insane.

What they say is so true.

They know more than I thought they knew.

Just because I look like you or them,

Doesn't mean that I don't have,

The Devil's Hand.

"This is an interesting poem. It is about me isn't it?"

"It was written while I thought I was a Muggle, Tom, so no it's not. Though it could very well describe you and your Death Eaters, if the things I hear about you are true."

"If they say that I am an evil, sadistic bastard and murderer, then yes it is true, Terra."

"You kill Muggles, Muggle-borns and Half-Bloods, Tom. You would have killed my family if they were of this reality and not another."

"Yes, I would have, my love. If we were not meant to be, you would have been too."

"True, though I am not sorry for killing Peter and Bella, but Draco was a needless death."

"The Malfoy heir was weaker than his father. If he wasn't who he was born to, he would have been a spy of the Light. As for Wormtail and Bella, they tried to kill you after I gave the order not to. If they hadn't died by your hand, Terra, they would've by mine."

"That's true enough."

"Now back to the poem. What made you write it?"

"It just came to me, Tom, I can't really explain it. I wrote it more than a half my lifetime ago."

"You may be four times the age of Flammel, love, but you do not look it or act it."

"Ten actually, but that isn't the point, sweets. The words wouldn't leave me alone until I wrote it. That I remember. It was scary. I wrote it when I was physically and literally 11 years of age. With the things I have done in my long life and partially being with you, I feel as though I have the Devil's Hand."

"If you weren't who you were, you would not have survived what Muggles refer to as the 'Dark Ages.'"

"I almost did not. That was where my crazy magic first took me after leaving you and that manipulative sod. You remember how sporadic my magic was then? I was completely powerless and wandless when I first arrived not knowing where or when I was, let alone how I got there."

"But you did survive."

"Yes, and it is a small thanks to the very poem you just read. Parts of it came to me as I watched the war going on around me in the moonlight. The deaths, the burning bodies all sickened me and made me weak. But I knew I would never survive unless I did the same. I lived because I needed to, not because I wanted it."

"You're immortal, Terra."

"I know that now, Tom, but I didn't then. So many years passed before I even knew that I couldn't. But I am not truly immortal, no one is. I am pretty sure that if I went home and it was my time to die, I would. I love you, Tom Marvolo Riddle, but eventually you will die. Harry James Potter will kill you. In my reality, you and this world that I now live in begrudgingly is a fantasy book written by a brilliant woman."

"For that reason alone you will not marry me."

"For several reasons I won't, but yes that is one of them. I should be physically repulsed of your appearance and I shuddered of your description in the book. But now I have seen worse. Of course, knowing you when you were a teenager doesn't help your case either."

"Probably not. I remember you stating that you won't date 'jailbait' or anyone younger than your brother. But you are in your own terms 'ancient' and no one is near your age."

"The only real thing you got going for you, bud, is that we are soul mates."

"And that we both carry the devil's hand."

"Yes."