

## **A Matter of Perspective** **Mirror Mirror**

Consciousness returned slowly. The pain came first. Hermione Granger was surprised by the pain. She tried to fall back into the warm embrace of oblivion to avoid the pain, but it was no good.

Then memory returned to explain the pain. No, she corrected herself, returned wasn't correct. Flooded back, that was what was happening. Ron, Harry and she had been shopping in Diagon Alley when they wandered into a Death Eater Raid.

Without a thought, the three of them drew their wands and waded in. Despite being outnumbered three to one, it actually looked like they might win. Then Voldemort himself appeared, bringing his inner circle with them. Hermione was hit by a spell she couldn't identify, the last thing she saw was Harry and Ron standing over her fighting back to back.

She felt a hand grasp her jaw. Hermione blinked her eyes, trying to clear her vision, realizing only then that she was upright, somehow secured to a wall. Once focus came to her she found herself staring into the deformed face of the Dark Lord.

"Oh, good, you've returned to us," Voldemort said in a sibilant voice. "I've heard of you Miss Granger, you will live because you will spread the word of my victory over the so called 'Boy Who Lived'".

"Hermione," Harry gasped from where he lay on the floor. "Do what he says..." As hurt as he was, she could still see the urgency in his eyes. "Do what he says, save yourself!"

"Indeed Miss Granger," the human/snake hybrid that was the Dark Lord Voldemort, "Do what I say, save yourself. Much like Potter's mother, you are far too valuable a resource to just be wasted in a death brought about by unthinking heroism. Try to be smarter than poor dead Lily Potter and don't throw your life away."

"What are you doing? What do you want from me?" Hermione asked, her mind racing.

"Why witness the end of Harry Potter of course," Voldemort laughed, and this time he was joined in that laughter by his assembled Death Eaters.

"You want me to watch as you use the killing curse on Harry, and tell everyone about it?"

"The killing curse?" Voldemort sneered. "My dear girl, are the legends of your genius

exaggerated? No, there will be nothing as plebian as the killing curse for our dear Harry. Lucius, if you will?"

Hermione watched as Lucius Malfoy and another Death eater maneuvered an ornate free standing mirror into the center of the room.

It truly was a magnificent mirror, standing as high as the ceiling, with an ornate gold frame, standing on two wide spread clawed feet. There was an inscription carved around the top: *Evitcepsrep s'efilr uoyt ubeca fruoy ton wohsi.*

Was this the Mirror of Erised that Harry had told her about first year?

"The Mirror of Erised?" Hermione asked incredulously. "How is that supposed to..."

"The Mirror of Erised?" Voldemort laughed. "Don't be silly girl. This is no feeble trap for the weak minded that only shows dreams. This is the Mirror of Evitcepsrep. It only shows the truth."

"The truth?" Hermione echoed.

"Indeed the truth, the horrible truth, since it was created, no one has ever survived looking into its surface," Voldemort laughed. "The lucky ones died where they stood within seconds of learning their fates, the poor souls who linger in tears and panic for hours are the unlucky ones."

The Dark Lord moved to where Harry lay, trussed in conjured ropes and pulled the beaten teenager to his feet, dispelling the ropes with a gesture. "Come now Harry, let us see which kind you are."

Hermione watched as Harry was held in front of the mirror, from her perspective she could see her friend fighting to keep his eyes closed.

"Oh come now Harry, you don't think that will work do you?" Voldemort laughed again as he twirled his wand. Harry's eyes snapped open, and his expression shifted from fear to surprise and then to... wonder?

Seconds passed.

"It seems Mr. Potter is made of stern stuff," Voldemort said as he gestured dramatically toward the Boy Who Lived.

Gregory Goyle, who was standing closest to the mirror, craned his neck in an attempted to see what had the other boy's attention so fixed. Almost instantly, his eyes flew wide and his mouth dropped open. The boy fell to the floor, convulsing until he died.

"The previous owner of the Mirror died just as quickly," Voldemort noted. "Stupid boy."

Hermione was horrified. Just looking at the mirror had caused Goyle to die? And Harry had been staring into its depths for at least two minutes?"

The Death Eaters stared at the fallen boy in silence; losing one of their own was unexpected.

Then Hermione heard a sound she hadn't been expecting. Harry started giggling.

"His mind is gone," Voldemort gloated. "Potter will be dead in minutes. Report what you have seen Miss Granger, and report it truthfully!"

Harry's giggle changed to a throaty chuckle and he turned away from the magical mirror to face the man who had killed his parents. "Wow."

Voldemort's expression shifted from glee to confusion. "What is this?"

"Oh," Harry said in a distracted tone, "You're still here? I should probably do something about that..." He patted at his robes. "Has anyone seen my wand?"

"What are you doing boy?" Voldemort demanded.

"Looking for my wand," Harry said in a distracted manner. "Ah, screw it." He continued, extending his right hand and smiling as his wand appeared in it. "There you are. Did you miss me?"

"Kill him!" Voldemort screamed.

As one of the Death Eaters cast at Harry, who seemed suddenly unsteady on his feet as his body weaved back and forth without actually moving, the barrage of spellfire utterly missed Harry, hitting and shattering the mirror.

"Now," Harry said shaking his head, "that wasn't at all nice. Don't you idiots know who I am?" He pointed his wand at the Death Eaters. "Pyew!"

Hermione blinked. Had Harry just used the sound that children make to imitate a ray gun to cast a spell? A solid beam of light leaped from Harry's wand to hit the crowd of Death Eaters freezing them in place. Harry turned to face Voldemort. "Your turn Tommy, Pyew!"

Hermione watched in amazement as Harry and Voldemort moved about the room, the Dark Lord casting spell after spell as Harry responded with multiple calls of "Pyew" with each iteration producing a different spell from his wand.

"You can't win Tommy," Harry laughed. "You don't have a single chance."

"What happened to you Potter?" Voldemort demanded as he sent a flame curse toward Harry.

"You had me look in the mirror, Pyew" Harry said as if that was the obvious answer, and he cast yet another unidentifiable spell.

"That should have killed you!" Voldemort thundered.

"Oh, don't be stupid," Harry laughed as he Pyew!ed yet another spell toward his opponent. "The mirror doesn't kill anyone. It just tells you about yourself. Or it did before your gang of idiots destroyed it. Where the Mirror of Erised shows you your heart's desire, the Mirror of Evitcepsrep shows you your place in the universe, it shows you the perspective of your life, if you will."

"But people die when they look in the mirror."

"Pyew!" Harry cast, catching Voldemort fully in the chest and smashing him against the chamber's stone wall. "That's because they couldn't deal with how insignificant they are in the universe. You would likely have flashed into flame once you looked in the mirror. You wouldn't have managed to last a second."

"But you did?" Voldemort asked, trying to pull himself upright.

"That's right," Harry confirmed. "Goodbye Tom."

The Dark Lord died screaming as Harry said "Pyew!" one final time.

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"Harry," Hermione said as her friend vanished the bindings that held her to the wall. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine Hermione," Harry laughed as he paused to check on Ron, who it turned out was bound to the wall alongside her. "No, I'm better than fine. It's great being me."

"What happened here?" she demanded. "If the mirror was supposed to kill you, how did you survive? And how did you cast spells by saying 'Pyew'?"

"The mirror showed you how you figured in the universe. It didn't kill you. Those people couldn't deal with just how insignificant they were," Harry explained. "And magic does what I want it to, because I'm Harry."

"But you could look into the mirror?" Hermione asked. "And what do you mean the magic obeys you because you're Harry?"

Harry glanced around to make sure no one else was listening. "The mirror showed me my place in the universe. And it's a great place," He laughed. "It turns out that practically the whole universe is about me. I'm the most important person in it."

"What?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"I know, that's why it took me so long to assimilate it," Harry grinned even wider. "And it's not just this universe, there are thousands of universes out there, all about me."

"Harry," Hermione began wondering just how Harry had developed such a big head in such a short amount of time, and how she was going to convince him to see a mind healer.

"Don't worry about it, Hermione." Harry laughed again. "Come on, let's get Ron to a healer and let the Aurors know where the Death Eaters are."

Hefting the big redhead between them the two friends made their way out of the Dark Lord's headquarters.

"Why are you still smiling?" Hermione asked.

"Now that I know that Snape was right, and it is all about me," Harry laughed. "I'm going to have some fun."

"Harry," Hermione said shaking her head.

"Of course none of this was a surprise for you, was it Hermione?"

"What are you talking about?"

Harry grinned even wider. "I mean, you might not have known I'm the center of the universe, but you've always known what an amazingly awesome guy I am, right?"

"Harry," Hermione said shaking her head, "as soon as we put Ron down, I'm going to smack you."

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# Table of Contents

Mirror Mirror

1