

Deluded Musings *FanficAuthors.net*

Run, Harry, Run. Hawwy & Tom

Voldemort raised his arms. "Wobe me Wormtail," He commanded imperiously.

Harry forced himself to maintain eye contact with the reborn Dark Lord. Willing himself to ignore the horrible snake-like features of the evil wizard, he waited.

"Is not magic magnificent, Hawwy?" the wizard asked. "Weturn his wand Wowmtail, for we must duel, Hawwy and I."

Harry began rubbing his wrists once his parent's betrayer released him from the tombstone, and he accepted his wand. The reborn Voldemort's new speech impediment sparked some long buried memories from his time in the cupboard underneath the Dursley's stairs. Would it work?

Did he really have a choice? Harry lunged forward, snatching Voldemort's wand, and in desperation, snapped both his and the Dark Lord's wands, tossing the sparking halves away.

"Did you weally think that would wowk, Hawwy?" Voldemort, after the shock of the loss of his wand had worn off. "Wowmtail, show the boy my dispweasuwe. Cuwse him, now."

Harry stood away from the Dark Lord and turned his attention to Peter Pettigrew. "He's right Peter, do you want to curse me now, or wait 'till you get home?"

Voldemort immediately started leaping into the air and flailing his arms about: "Cuwse him now! Cuwse him now!"

Harry reached out to shove the Dark Lord, "You keep out of this! He doesn't have to curse you now!"

His expression one of dark fury, Voldemort sneered in a cold voice, "He does so have to cuwse me now!"

"Wowmtail," Voldemort screamed, "I am your mastah, I demand you cuwse me now!" his order issued, the Dark Lord crossed his arms, looking very pleased with himself.

Peter's expression was one of a man who was deeply confused, but he raised his wand and cast "Crucio!"

Voldemort fell to the ground screaming until a terrified Peter stopped casting.

Voldemort struggled to his feet and regarded Harry with deep suspicion, clearly trying to determine what wandless magic Harry had used. Straightening his now shredded robes, he stumbled over to Harry and poked him in the chest. "Let's wun thwough that again."

"Okay," Harry agreed, barely believing that his silly plan was working. "Would you like to curse me now or wait 'till you get home?"

"Cuwse him now, cuwse him now," Voldemort recited as he tried to spot the error.

"You keep out of this, he doesn't have to curse you now," Harry said in a monotone.

Voldemort perked up, "Hah! Thats it! Hold it wight thewe! Pwonoun twouble." Maintaining a suspicious eye on Harry, he moved to Peter and continued. "It's not 'he doesn't have to cuwse you now', it's 'he doesn't have to cuwse me now'". His eyes narrowed and his tone became one of anger. "Well, I say he does have to cuwse me now!"

Voldemort confidently returned to the clearly confused Peter's side, and screamed. "So cuwse me now!"

"Crucio!"

Again, Voldemort was on the ground screaming, until Peter released his curse.

Struggling to his feet again, Voldemort straightened what was left of his robes, and rushed up to Harry, freezing in an angry position.

"Yes?" Harry asked innocently.

Voldemort backed off, composed himself with great effort. "Oh, no you don't," he said, shaking his head. "Not again, sowwy.

The Dark Lord returned to Peter, and put a friendly arm over the animagus' shoulder. "This time we'll try it from the othew end. Look, Petew, you're a Death Eatew, wight?"

"Yes, my Lord," Peter nodded.

"And HE," He Who Must Not Be Named said, pointing at Harry, "Is Hawwy Pottah, wight?"

"Wight! Uh, Right!" Peter agreed.

Harry seized his chance, "and if he was Harry Potter, what would you do?"

"Yes, Wowmtail," Voldemort sneered. "If you're so smawt, if I was Hawwy Pottah, what would you do?!"

"Well," Peter said, looking happier than he'd been all day, "I'd... Crucio!" Peter jumped back and cursed his master.

Just before the curse hit him from point blank range, Voldemort had time to wimper, "Not again!"

After several moments, Voldemort struggled to his feet again and made his way back to Harry. "Haha! Very funny! Hahahaha!"

"Sorry, both of you," Peter interrupted. "But it occurs to me, that I'm the one in charge now." The animagus began casting at both Harry and Voldemort.

The pair immediately began escape the curses, leaping and ducking to dodge them, with a wild eyed Peter Pettigrew chasing. Harry and the Dark Lord dove behind a massive tombstone hiding as Peter ran past.

Harry, panting hard, put his arm around Voldemort's shoulder: "Peek around the stone and see if he's still around.

It was a measure of how out of sorts Voldemort was that he immediately nodded. "Wight." Grabbing the edge of the stone, he leaned out, and a yellow curse flared out, striking the Dark Lord directly in the face. Without a sound, Voldemort fell to the ground, twitching.

"I guess he's still out there," Harry noted.

Voldemort remained on the ground, wisps of smoke issuing from his mouth. "Still luvwking about!" The Dark Lord started to tremble and shut his eyes.

"I'll tell you what," Harry suggested conspiratorially. "You stand up, act as a decoy and lure him away."

"No mowe for me thanks," Voldemort said, sitting up, "I'm appawating." The Dark Lord fell backwards and lost consciousness.

"Ah, well," Harry sighed. "Like they always say, never send a Dark Lord to do a Hero's job." Harry busied himself digging into the bottomless pocket that Hermione had installed into his Triwizard uniform. 'just in case' she had said, as she began filling it with anything and everything she could think of.

Finding what he was looking for, he began to prepare himself.

"Alright you two," Peter called out, aiming his wand at the tombstone the pair was hiding behind. "Okay, come on out, I got you covered."

Harry emerged from behind the tombstone, dressed as a beautiful blond girl, and walks off, ignoring Peter entirely.

Peter watched as the disguised Harry walk away, and growled.

Harry settled daintily upon a log and produced a book, which he began to read, still ignoring Peter. An extremely shy Peter sat down near 'her'.

"Ahem," he coughed politely.

Voldemort regained consciousness and began to observe this extremely odd scene, and wondered, not for the first time, if perhaps he should have recruited his Death Eaters based on intelligence rather than blood status.

Voldemort stormed up to the smitten Peter and demanded, "Suwely you'we not being taken in by that old gag?!"

Peter, still entranced by the vision in front of him simpered, "Isn't she lovely?"

"Hmmp!" Voldemort snorted before storming over to face the disguised Harry. "You're a hero, you're supposed to be above this sort of thing! Out of sheer honesty, I demand that you tell him who you are!"

Harry ignored his arch villain, which only served to drive the Dark Lord to higher heights of fury. "Well?! Haven't you anything to say?! Anything?!"

Peter slid closer to Harry, who is still reading his book.

"Out of sheer honesty?! Where is your dignity?"

Harry turned a page, and Peter fluttered his lashes in a manner he imagined might be enticing.

"Hmph!" the Dark Lord snorted, again.

Harry, put his book down, raised his eyes to the sky, and spoke in a falsetto: "Oh, dear," He slid over to Peter, who was suddenly sitting very straight. "That evil man is so frightening. I would just love it if you were to protect me from him." Peter slid closer to Peter and planted a chaste kiss on the man's cheek.

Peter sprung upright and cast "Crucio!" for several minutes.

Voldemort once again struggled to his feet and stumbled to stand before Harry. "I apologize miss, for suspecting your integrity," He reached out and kissed Harry's gloved hand, before snatching the blond wig from the Gryffindor's head. "Now's your chance, Peter, curse him! Curse him!"

Harry frantically wiped the makeup from his face with a handkerchief, "He's got me dead to rights Peter, would you like to curse him here, or wait 'till you get home?"

"Oh, no you don't Pottah, not this time!" Voldemort crossed his arms and looked entirely pleased with himself, then he said to Peter, "Wait 'till you get home."

Peter nodded to his master. "All right."

Peter and Voldemort walk out of the graveyard, arm in arm. Voldemort, turning to look back at Harry and stuck out his tongue out. "Nyeh."

Watching the villains apparate away, Harry made his way to Cedric, thrilled to find that the Hufflepuff was only stunned. Holding onto his friend, he reached for the Triwizard cup, and as he felt the hook take hold behind his navel, thought, "What a maroon."