

## **Chapter 1**

### **Small Victories**

Voldemort put the book down in disgust, rattling the bronze lantern and martini glass on the side table. He had read it more than a hundred times, and it still managed to anger him. So wrong, he thought. It was a surprise when he first read it. This fundamental error bothered the Dark Lord every single time he saw it.

“I would have known,” he said aloud. “I did know. Every thirteen-year-old girl on the planet knew.”

His snake, Nagini, hissed in agreement. It was coiled up at Voldemort’s feet, in front of the roaring fire. The old house creaked from the wind outside. A full winter gale was blowing, and the snow piled up against the windows in an idyllic wintry tableau.

“She underestimated me, Nagini,” said Voldemort. He chuckled at the word. It had been coined by one of his death-eaters; a truly brilliant man. Voldemort had told them all that the takeover of the world would be much easier if they put themselves in positions of power, as close to legally as possible. Then they would cast a pall of fear, while draining their nations' coffers and making defense against the takeover impossible. This one death-eater had done brilliantly by making his minions think he was an innocent buffoon. The most powerful nation. It made the rest of it a cinch.

Still, the author of the book he had angrily thrown down had gotten so much of it right, more than many writers throughout history. She had added an entirely new understanding of the wizarding world for millions of her readers. In a way, that too paved the way for the takeover. When the people found out that Voldemort was real, and that Harry Potter was in no condition to save them, they panicked.

There were no armies to defeat Voldemort and his followers. No tanks, no bombs, and no intelligence organizations could stop him. Now the muggles cowered in their basements, while the frozen earth outside suffered years of winter. Crops and beasts died, water froze. Sunlight never broke through the constant darkness.

How was she so wrong? Before the final book, most of her readers had figured out that Harry was a horcrux. Of course he was! Voldemort knew that. He figured it out in the instant his curse failed to kill Harry as a tiny child, the same instant in which he found himself drifting in darkness. His mission was never to kill the boy after that. Once he returned, he had to create the illusion that he wanted to kill Harry, simply to hide the fact that he knew.

For years the boy and his imbecile buddies fought him off. For years everybody protected the kid from death, when that was never Voldemort’s intention.

Then the boy walked right into his camp in the forest, thinking he had to sacrifice himself to save the world. That could have been true enough. Maybe everything would have

happened as written after that. Rowling was quite correct about so much up to that point. What angered Voldemort so much about the scene in the woods was that she obviously thought he was a fucking retard.

Kill the boy, when all creation knew he was a horcrux? Yes, some of the death-eaters gasped in surprise when Voldemort instead froze Harry solid and bound him up in an impenetrable cocoon. Instead of killing Harry, the Dark Lord kept him in suspension, and in severe pain, in this frozen state ever since. He was not dead, yet not alive.

Upon leaving the forest, taking the school was easy. There would be no Neville killing the snake. Bellatrix would remain very much alive, unlike poor Mrs. Weasley. The idiot Ron got away with his life, but not with his left arm or leg. And that insipid Hermione; she was turned into stone and shattered against the wall of the great hall. Voldemort grinned thinking about it.

So did you, just now.

It was a simple matter of time before taking all of Britain, then Europe and Asia. Dragons and other beasts everywhere were unleashed in the service of the Dark Lord Voldemort and his crew. Even he was surprised by the power of evil and darkness. How quickly men, wizards and muggles alike, could be turned to it.

The countries of the new world fought him off a bit longer. With the richest nation already in political turmoil, it became a matter of giving its people a purpose in the service of

Voldemort, instead of against him. Then he could spread their armies to the rest of the continent. The violence that erupted after that was breathtaking.

Voldemort reveled in listening to daily reports on the BBC. Every day, thousands more were dead. Another government had toppled. People were turning to him in droves, if only to stop the attacks. They did his bidding readily. The takeover became like a toy; once wound, it simply ran on and on without pause. Voldemort had barely to lift his wand, and armies fell before him.

Payback time had arrived. This was payback for centuries of oppression at the hands of muggles. All the derision and contempt. All the drownings, stonings and burnings. So many thousands of years getting it wrong. From the stories of the Pharaohs to Moses and Jesus, Gandalf and Merlin, Ghandi and Michael Jackson, human historians and authors had made so many errors that people barely had an understanding of who wizards were and what they did.

But they knew now.

The lives of muggles had one purpose from now on; to serve wizardry. Every one of them wore a collar that made them susceptible even to the least-skilled wizards. They never fought back, for fear of incredible pain. Voldemort had found out that they preferred death to their miserable state of existence, so he made sure that the survivors of the takeover could never die, neither by their own hand nor anyone else's. They starved and bled, and froze, but they could not perish.

One side-effect of the takeover did come as a surprise. Once it was complete, the Earth was in relative peace, more peaceful than it had been in thousands of years. Only the turbulent winter weather provided any violence. Voldemort and his death-eaters were able to settle down into a lifestyle of luxury, with every need provided for by their muggle slaves.

Voldemort had a new problem: boredom.

There had been no commerce and no manufacture of anything for a few years. His magazines were getting older, though as he looked outside at the snowstorm, he realized it was sometimes fun to read another aged Global Warming prediction. His books were getting ragged, and his DVD player was showing signs of wear. It had seen a lot of action lately.

The Dark Lord was surprised to find that he was a mainstream movie buff. He had watched every Kevin Smith film several times, as well as those from the Coen brothers. Naturally, he had several copies of the Harry Potter films, and he enjoyed the Lord of the Rings trilogy. He also had a weakness for a movie called ‘Die Hard’, and he enjoyed quoting the character of Hans Gruber, despite the same guy having portrayed the turncoat death-eater Severus Snape.

Snape was still in love? That was definitely one count for Rowling. Voldemort never figured that one out.

Voldemort also had his dislikes. Except for the Potter series, he avoided any movie featuring Ralph Fiennes, especially the sappy one with Jennifer Lopez.

One set of films Voldemort had watched over and over again was his Star Wars box set. He figured George Lucas was a genius. Rowling had divined a detailed story about something that was actually happening on Earth, while managing to pass it off as fiction. This was impressive enough, but Lucas had done the same thing regarding another galaxy.

Unfortunately, like Rowling, Lucas underestimated his antagonists in the end. The Emperor and Darth Vader were very powerful wizards, but in the story, they had a serious flaw. They thought they could persuade their young nemesis to join them. Voldemort had even taken to yelling at the screen, alarming his pet snake.

“Fools, he will not join you! Kill him!” Voldemort sometimes yelled during the scene on the Death Star. He had ruined four televisions by casting the killing curse at the Jedi Luke.

Voldemort knew that Vader may have been too sentimental about his son ruling the galaxy by his side to understand that it could never happen, but the Emperor would never have been fooled. He surely would have killed Luke on sight and continued to destroy the rebellion. Maybe the Empire was still in charge in that faraway galaxy.

Voldemort had never even considered turning Harry to his side. The boy was almost powerless anyway, and would be useless as a death-eater. He had that same Luke Skywalker thing going on; that ‘Good, loyal, pure-as-the-driven snow’

dorkiness about him. Harry would have died rather than turned. That, of course, was his biggest mistake.

Voldemort glanced at the darkness and the flying snow outside the window. This Earth had been easy to take over. Tipping the balance of its power was not really a challenge at all. He was dismayed. His greatness paled in comparison to the wizards of the past, especially to those who ruled entire star systems and galaxies.

He wanted that same glory. He had already built a legacy here on Earth, but that was nothing. There was so much more. Voldemort had an idea. He had seen enough stories involving time travel, including the Potter series itself, to know how it was done. He knew he could cover great distances of time and space, bending it to his will. This was possible.

The insignificant Earth was just a warmup act. Voldemort had so much more conquering to do. He decided that his real accomplishments would occur a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away.