

L.I.F.E

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by [Pupu4bts](#)

Summary

"You were just a mistake".

"Well, it's kinda your fault for not pulling it out in time, all those years ago".

"Why would you do that?!"

" 'Cuz I could"

"You'll find that...I can be very persuasive"

"Yea, right...and I am very deadly"

"MERLIN, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HANDSOME FACE AND....IS THAT YOUR NOSE!!?"

"....Crucio".

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

《You will never understand life until
it grows inside you》

'Cold was the night.
Filled with cries of helplessness. '
'Cursed are those who feel oceans
But can express just a drop'
'A loving gaze that masks the fear
that lies underneath'

"What a handsome face",
said the dying woman,
"A spitting image of that bastard"

"...they are coming"

"Such a shame....",
a single tear runs down her pale cheeks.

"He has your eyes... "

"You disgust me", said she,

The child looked up
His eyes misty
Just like the morning dew.

"I gave up my life for you", crying.

She hugged him close and
left a soft kiss on his forehead.

"....I am sorry....Dray...for letting you live." "....I am sorry....for making you a monster" "I am
so sorry....", she shut her eyes and the tears fell freely.

"Apologies, but we must make haste"
The woman gave her last...everything...to her trustworthy colleague, atleast she trusted him
enough to take care of her child.
She held those tiny hands until the very last," Mother always loves you", she whispered," She
loves you very much, so", she gulped,"...so, don't miss her too much".

She let go.

She looked at Aberforth and smiled softly.
"Thankyou, Abe".

Aberforth let out a soft grunt and wiped away few of her tears a bit roughly with his thumb.
"Goodbye, Rae".

Amyrae looked away and gave a nod.

Aberforth turned to leave holding the bundle stiffly.

"Geuk!!", Blood poured out of the Rae's mouth.

Aberforth snapped his head towards her and looked in horror. He rushed forward but was stopped by her.

"No, Just go!", she cried with pleading eyes, "Its time!"

Aberforth walked backwards looking hesitant.

"Leave, hide him!"

He took in a shaky breath and left in a hurry. He could have apparated but was not sure if it would be good for the baby. He could her screams muffled by the wind.

After running for awhile, he glanced back at the worn down hut at a distance. His eyes widen at the state of it. It was no longer standing.

Aberforth looked at the kid with dull eyes and said, "Don't you dare die, brat".

Goodbye, for now...

«Did you know?
The dark sky often loves to play
Hide and seek with the moon»

He did not stop until he was far away from that wretched place. He kept on running till the town came to sight.

It was serene and dark, with the cold wind whispering ominously.

He checked his pocket watch. It was past midnight. His eyes drifted to the baby and found those big, innocent, blue eyes staring right back at him.
He blinked.

"Yeh must be wondering, 'what in the Merlin's balls is happening!?' ", he chuckled dryly.

"Are ye hungry?"

The child's lips tugged a bit downwards as if it was trying to understand what the big bloke was saying.

He took out a small bottle of milk and warmed it a bit using magic and gently fed the baby with utmost care.

Looking at the baby drinking the milk with such gusto, he couldn't help but laugh quietly.
"Is it that good?", he raised a brow in amusement.

But soon he steeled his gaze, focusing on what was front of him.
"....we are here".

There stood a big, grey building that had a sign
«The Wool's Orphanage » .

He gulped and took a step forward and another one. One more. Another one until he reached the front door.

He was shaking a bit as he carefully let the baby down on the cold floor. He winced when his fingers grazed the floor.

He quickly tucked the baby in the blankets more properly and chanted a few spells to keep it warm and cozy.

He took out a neatly written letter and put it under the bundle. Few tears fell on the letter, so he quickly wiped them away.

'This is all for his own good.....right?', he sighed heavily.

He stood back and looked at the baby one last time, before he vanished into thin air with a 'crack'.

The baby looked around turning his head in every direction, trying to take in the new surroundings.

Soon enough, the door opened, revealing a lady, probably in her mid thirties.

She let out a tired, but sad sigh, looking at the bundle in front of her. She picked it up and noticed the letter. Her eyes widened a bit, as she read it's contents, she quickly snapped her head to look at the baby.

Mesmerized by those eyes, she forgot that it was a rather cold morning. She quickly brought him inside and started to nurse him.

"...you have quite the name don't you?", she mused looking at the note, "Dravien Lazarus". When she looked up, she locked eyes with him, she offered a small smile.

She reached out with her index finger, that Dravien hurriedly wrapped his tiny fingers with. She heard his tiny giggles, and smiled more.

"...atleast you are not that troublesome.."

Friends

《Though they are gold up in the mountains
Lovely pearls deep in the sea,
Those treasures don't mean as much
As your friendship means to me》

Dravien POV (5 years)

"This your new room, kids", Mrs. Cole said, showing us the room on the second floor, to the right of staircase.

I looked around the new room, it had two bunk beds side by side, and there was a single wooden cupboard at the back.

"Get along now", said she, waving her hands towards the entrance.

I scurried into the room with the others. I looked at others and then tilted my head a bit, '...why am I here?..'

As if sensing my confusion, "You, four, are going to be roommates", she explained.

I frowned.

Stepping forward, I tugged at her robe. She looked at me and asked, "what's wrong?".

"Will you not stay here too?"

She chuckled and brushed my hair, lightly.

"Aren't you a big man now?", she asked jokingly, "And, now you will make friends too!"

Friends?

I smiled at that thought.

"Well then, be good and if you want anything, I will be downstairs".

"Bye-bye, Mrs. Cole", we chorused out.

She closed the door with a click.

"I call the upper bunk", two of them shouted and started climbing the ladder. I didn't understand why they were so excited and it made me curious.

"But, I want it too!", I voiced out.

They stopped and scrunched up their nose.

"Who cares what you want", said the taller one in front of me, giving me a look.

I gulped at the size difference.

I took a glance at the boy next to me who was silent. He seemed to be staring at us intently with his narrowed eyes. I noticed that his eyes were pretty.

"I s-say we play a g-game of chance", I began, "It w-would be fair then"

"We will win anyways, ain't that right, Billy?", the other tall one said, haughtily.

Billy squinted his eyes in return but nodded.

"Do you want to join?", I quickly asked the boy-with-pretty-eyes.

He gave a small nod.

"Let's play rock-paper-scissors then!", I gave a bright smile since, it was my favorite game and I was excited for the upper bunk.

They seemed dazed for a second, I blinked and tilted my head towards my side and saw that, even the quiet kid was looking at me, '...that's unusual'

Soon Billy declared agreed with a loud, 'Okay!'

"Fine, so two-on-two?", I proposed.

"Me and Dennis against you two", he stated.

I asked the quiet boy, "Hello, I am Dravien, you?"

He replied, "....it's Tom", rather quietly I might add.

I gave a small smile in answer.

He looked away.

"First, you", Billy pointed to me and he got ready.

I put my hand behind and counted 3.

"Rock-paper-scissor, shoot!"

I had thrown paper and Billy threw rock. I gave a small smirk, 'Just as I thought'. Billy looked annoyed and shouted, "Again!"

"I am going to play paper again, just so you know"

"Huh-"

I waited for a few seconds, enjoying how confused, Billy got, by my sudden confession.

I side-glanced at his hand, his hand was loosening.
I smiled internally.

"Rock-paper-scissor, shoot!"

I played scissors, whereas Billy played paper.

I lifted both of my hands in air and did a little celebration. I looked at Tom, and saw him looking at me with amusement and curiosity in his eyes.

Billy seemed quite frustrated at the outcome and clenched his fist.

Dennis saw this and said, "Let's change it to best out of five".

Tom frowned at the unfairness.

"Alright", I shrugged. Tom looked at me, surprised.

'Just one more', I thought, excited.

"..Shoot!"

It was paper versus rock, in my favor.

'I won!!'

I jumped in circles around Tom and started giggling in joy.

Even Tom cracked a smile at this.

"How did you know...?", Tom asked.

"...how I won, you mean...", I clarified.

Tom nodded, eager to know the answer.

My face became solemn and it looked as if I had aged 50 years.....

I looked him in the eye and said, "Years and years of practice, my boy"

Tom seemed 'bamboozled'.

"But, you are only five...", he mumbled confused.

.....

The Witches and Wizards

«Farm girls & scarecrows & tin men, oh my
Farm girls & scarecrows & tin men, oh my»

Tom lost.
2-1 in Dennis' favor.

Anyways, Dennis gave away his win to Billy.
"I am the older one, and I am YOUR best friend, aren't I?"
"...yes"

I watched the exchange in boredom.
I turned around and started climbing the ladder.

I felt someone's hand on my shoulder, it was Tom.
"Can you teach me..?", he seemed quite nervous. "...how to play?".
I raised a brow, surprised a little.

I guess, Tom IS my friend.
Friends share secrets.
That's what keeps us close...right?

"Okay! Meet me tomorrow after lunch"

Tom brightened up a bit and nodded quickly.

'Puppy...', I thought.

I shook my head and wished him good night.
I hurriedly climbed and crawled under the covers.
"G'night, everyone", I voiced out before falling into a deep sleep.

...

"Good afternoon, children", Mrs.Cole wished us, cheerfully.

"Good afternoon, Mrs.Cole ", we chorused.

"Children, meet your new friends", two ladies, who wore the same uniform as Mrs. Cole stepped forward and waved their hands greeting 'hello'.

"Hello, I am Isabella", the purple-eyed woman introduced.

"..and I am Martha", the other finished, with an awkward smile.

"Hello, Miss Isabella and Miss Martha", we greeted them back, bowing a bit.

"Martha has a story for us", Mrs. Cole started, "why don't we get comfortable, hm?"

We all gathered around Miss Martha and sat down, eagerly waiting for her story. She looked quite nervous, but soon took a deep breath and started storytelling.

"Today, I am going to tell you the story about a little girl", she smiled and continued, "her name was Dorothy"

"Miss, was she a princess? ", a girl, named Susan, asked.

Martha laughed.

"Yes, but not at first", she replied, "She was the princess of Oz".

'Oz?...That's a rather peculiar name for a place'.

"We are going to learn about the story of The Wonderful Wizard Of Oz"

'A... Wizard?

That means magic', my eyes widened.

“Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife.”

"Miss, where is Kansas?", I asked, since I didn't know of such a place in Britain.

"Its in America, dear".

'That explains it'.

As she went on with the story, we found out that Dorothy was an orphan too and she had a pet dog, Toto.

I looked around and saw Tom was listening to Martha, intently.

'I guess, magic is interesting to him too'.

“When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child’s laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy’s merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was.”

'Does 'growing old' do that to you?', I grimaced at that thought of becoming like that, in the future.

“Then a strange thing happened.

The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.”

Some of us were giggling at that thought.

“Toto did not like it. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear”, I winced.

'Ouch! that must have hurt a lot', I touched my ear.

..“and dragged him into the room again, afterward closing the trap door so that no more accidents could happen.”

“The next morning, she saw that it was no longer dark but, bright sunshine came in at the window. She sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels ran and opened the door.”

Martha stopped a bit, for suspense, which I found a bit irritating.

Everyone was silent with intense curiosity.

I even found myself leaning forward to know what Dorothy saw.

“The little girl gave a small scream of surprise and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw.”

“The cyclone had set the house down very gently—for a cyclone—in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patches of greensward all about, with stately trees bearing rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between green banks, and murmuring in a voice very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, gray prairies.”

"Woah...", I was amazed.

And I could see the others were too.

“She noticed coming toward her a group of the queerest people she had ever seen.”

I gasped. 'Are they the wizards?'

“Three were men and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman’s hat was white, and she wore a white gown that hung in pleats from her shoulders.”

I blinked, 'That reminds me of elves...!'

"The little old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice: “You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from bondage.” "

I frowned, 'Munchkins?', 'Wicked Witch?' and what 'Sorceress????'

Dorothy seemed to be thinking the same thing.

"So Dorothy said, with hesitation, “You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything.”

“Your house did, anyway,” replied the little old woman, with a laugh, “and that is the same

thing. See!” she continued, pointing to the corner of the house. “There are her two feet, still sticking out from under a block of wood.”

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.”

'Uh-oh, well, atleast the Munchkins are free', I thought, pursing my lips.

" "Who are the Munchkins?" inquired Dorothy.

"They are the people who live in this land of the East where the Wicked Witch ruled."

"Are you a Munchkin?" asked Dorothy.

"No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent a swift messenger to me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North."

"Oh, gracious!" cried Dorothy. "Are you a real witch?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the little woman. "

I sat up straighter, so did a few others.

'A Witch...she must know a lot of magic tricks'

" "But I thought all witches were wicked," said the girl, who was half frightened at facing a real witch.

"Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them myself, and cannot be mistaken. Those who dwelt in the East and the West were, indeed, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one of them, there is but one Wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz—the one who lives in the West."

"But," said Dorothy, after a moment's thought, "Aunt Em has told me that the witches were all dead—years and years ago."

"Who is Aunt Em?" inquired the little old woman.

"She is my aunt who lives in Kansas, where I came from."

The Witch of the North seemed to think for a time, with her head bowed and her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up and said, "I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized country?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dorothy.

"Then that accounts for it. In the civilized countries I believe there are no witches left, nor wizards, nor sorceresses, nor magicians. But, you see, the Land of Oz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from all the rest of the world. Therefore we still have witches and wizards amongst us." "

I slumped over, 'Does that mean there is no magic in Britain?...'

" "Who are the wizards?" asked Dorothy.

"Oz himself is the Great Wizard," answered the Witch, sinking her voice to a whisper. "He is more powerful than all the rest of us together. He lives in the City of Emeralds." "

'I wish I could meet Oz, he seems to be very powerful', I thought, '...would he teach me some magic, if I asked?'

"...."The feet of the dead Witch had disappeared entirely, and nothing was left but the silver shoes.

"She was so old," explained the Witch of the North, "that she dried up quickly in the sun. That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you shall have them to wear." She reached down and picked up the shoes, and after shaking the dust out of them handed them to Dorothy."

I scrunched up my nose in disgust, 'Yuck, don't take them, Dorothy'

" "I am anxious to get back to my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry about me. Can you help me find my way?" "

'I would be anxious too...'

" "At the East, not far from here," said one, "there is a great desert, and none could live to cross it."

"It is the same at the South," said another, "for I have been there and seen it. The South is the country of the Quadlings."

"I am told," said the third man, "that it is the same at the West. And that country, where the Winkies live, is ruled by the Wicked Witch of the West, who would make you her slave if you passed her way."

"The North is my home," said the old lady, "and at its edge is the same great desert that surrounds this Land of Oz. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to live with us." "

"Oh no....", some kids groaned.

"Dorothy began to sob at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they immediately took out their handkerchiefs and began to weep also. As for the little old woman, she took off her cap and balanced the point on the end of her nose, while she counted "One, two, three" in a solemn voice. At once the cap changed to a slate, on which was written in big, white chalk marks: "LET DOROTHY GO TO THE EMERALD CITY" ".

'The Emerald City!', everyone thought with their eyes shining in wonder, including me.

" "You must go to the City of Emeralds. Perhaps Oz will help you."

"You must walk. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I will use all the magic arts I know of to keep you from harm."

"Won't you go with me?" pleaded the girl, who had begun to look upon the little old woman as her only friend.

"No, I cannot do that," she replied, "but I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare injure a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North."

She came close to Dorothy and kissed her gently on the forehead. Where her lips touched the girl they left a round, shining mark, as Dorothy found out soon after. "

'She must have worn magical lipstick', I chuckled lightly.

" "The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick," said the Witch, "so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz do not be afraid of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. Good-bye, my dear." "

'Aw, I wish we will meet the nice, old lady again', I pouted sadly.

" "The three Munchkins bowed low to her and wished her a pleasant journey, after which they walked away through the trees. The Witch gave Dorothy a friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel three times, and straightway disappeared.

But Dorothy, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just that way, and was not surprised in the least." "

But, I was very surprised and also envious.

"I wish I could 'poof' into thin air too!", someone voiced my exact thoughts.

"Well, everyone", Miss Isabella drew our attention, "Its time for lunch"

Chaos broke out.

"The storytelling will continue tomorrow, kids"

We, all, collectively sighed.

'...I really want to have magic', I, then, looked up to find Tom, at a distance, looking at his hands with a calculating gaze.

I walked up to him and said, "Wanna join me for lunch, Tom?"

Tom looked up, bewildered.

I gave him a toothy grin.

"Sure...", Tom didn't have much time to react, as I grabbed his hand, and literally flew.

"Eeek!", Tom let out a small shriek while I giggled.

"Boys!", Mrs. Cole shouted from the other corner of the room, "Don't run down the stairs!"

I ran, laughing with joy.

...

What he didn't notice, is the big smile, Tom had on his slightly flushed face.

Wish upon a star

One week later.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The sun had just set and all the children went outside to play.

Except for two of us.

"...why was Dorothy so dumb ...?," I mumbled, after the finishing up lunch.

Tom looked horrified.

"You said a bad word!", Tom gasped, accusingly.

I dismissed it with a shrug.

"Tom, you don't understand...", I continued, "She could have just stayed in the Wizarding World, but nooo, she had to go back to Kansas, like wasn't she the one who told it was boring, and nobody EVER laughed", I paused, "...like, who would go back to a place like that?!",

Tom was silent.

I thought back for a moment, "...I guess...she really missed her home..",

"...but can't she just make Emerald City, her new home?.."

"I know right!", I agreed, eagerly.

"If I was her, I would never come back", I declared, "I would take you too!"

Tom smiled and said wistfully, "I hope there really is magic in Britain..."

Suddenly we could hear some excited screams from the backyard. We ran to the nearest window and we were in awe.

The sky looked as if someone had blissfully painted wonderful colours on it, that were destined to match with the beautiful orange sunset.

And, not only that, small, sparkly, stars came running towards the Mother Earth.

It all looked simply....magical.

"Quick!", I remembered, "Make a wish!",

We quickly joined our hands, closed our eyes, and made a wish.

'I wish to be friends with Tom, forever...and...', I hesitated, '..I hope my parents are safe...'

I gulped audibly and my smile faltered.

'They remember me, right?...'

'They....LOVE me, right...?'

Tom fluttered his eyes open and noticed my saddened expression.

He looked taken aback and then, realization dawned upon him.

He pursed his lips and gave my hands a squeeze.

I snapped my eyes open and looked towards him.

He smiled reassuringly.

His smile calmed me down and I relaxed. We both smiled at each other.

"Thankyou, Tom", I whispered softly.

"Thankyou for being my first friend "

End Notes

Thankyou for reading, hope you have a swag-a-licious day~<3

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