*A small cottage on the coast of Southern France*

*September 1, 1999*

It had been a mostly quiet evening; the residents of the small cottage having lived there for over a year since they fled England to get away from the war. They had prepared for an early bedtime when a disturbance could be felt a mile out; the war had found them.

A worried look had been exchanged between the two; the man, however, had put on a brave yet sad smile and said, “It’ll be alright; we prepared for this day to come. At least after tonight she might have a future…”

The look she gave him may have held understanding, but there was a certain amount of pain behind it. “I know you’re right, but I can’t help feeling like we’re abandoning her.” She sighed and reached for her wand on the nightstand beside the bed. “Raise the wards and let’s get started.”

Wards are typically designed to stop opposition for long enough time to allow those within to escape. Unfortunately for the ones living in this cottage, they had no magical means of escape this night; instead they stood their ground and fought with their all, taking as many of them down as they could. When the wife fell, the husband flew into such a rage that it actually looked like he might win… this was, until the leader showed up and summarily put him down, reveling in completely destroying his body and leaving no trace that he ever existed.

In a small room close to the center of the house stood a small crib holding a single occupant; at some point during the fighting, a small hum of ancient and powerful magic had started, slowly building in both pitch and power. As the crescendo began to top off, in one instant the crib was there, in the next it was gone; no flash of light, no colorful explosions; just a simple pop and it vanished.

Ten minutes later, the wards around the room were finally dropped and the door was blasted off its hinges; that most evil leader of the opposition in the war strolled through with an air of victory about him. He peered through the debris, slightly puzzled as to why this room was so heavily guarded when there was nothing in it. Unable, or more likely unwilling, to contemplate it, he walked to the center of room cackling madly, only realizing a fraction of a second too late that the rug in the center was covering a section of raised floor which acted as a button when he stepped on it. In the next instant, his world was filled with fire and shrapnel, then the house came down around him, and he knew nothing more.

For despite the fact that he had finally gotten his revenge, Tom Riddle, the self proclaimed Lord Voldemort, had succumbed to the final retribution of Harry James Potter.