

Thoughts from Azkaban

An unknown Deatheater delivers a speech

Von LucyPurpleSky

One and Only

In the godforsaken cells of the best and only wizzard world prison Azkaban, the very few Deatheaters who survived the great battle of Hogwarts, find themselves in a short moment of cherishing the everlasting memory of their now dead leader You-know-who.

My fellow Deatheaters,

here we are again, finding ourselves kept in this most awful spot of the world which we thought we had escaped not too long ago.

Not too long ago we were free, freed by the a man strong enough not only to break the walls of well-guarded Azkaban but also strong enough to shake the whole wizzard world with such great fear!

Those filthy mudbloods and blood traitors, they were so scared they didn't even dare to speak out his name!

The most powerful wizzard ever to walk on this foul earth, the most successful in exercising the Dark Arts – the leader of our exquisite group of the defenders of the true wizardry: Lord Voldemort!

Twice, he was able to become so mighty that the wonderful idea of a perfect, Muggle-free world nearly turned into reality. Oh, I remember it so well, the terrified screams of those stupid unworthy Muggles.

It was like sweet music to my poor ears who had to listen to the constant babble of the Ministry – “We need to be nice to Muggles! We need to hide the magic! We cannot hurt them, the poor Muggles!” – bloody bastards! We are gifted with more abilities than them, why should we care about those low lifes? Only our Lord understood this, understood what we wizards and witches are able to do, to achieve!

And I know, my fellow Deatheaters..., my friends, right now our situation couldn't be any worse.

Weeks ago we were striving free, pushing forward to glory and realisation when we were hit unexpectedly hard and our admirable Lord was killed by Harry Scarface Potter and his tedious friends.

And I know, how we, his closest and most loyal servants, suffer from the vast hole his loss has ripped in our hearts and that now, it seems like all hope for us ist lost, swallowed up by the consuming Dementors.

But let me tell you something – my halfdead friends – hope is not lost!
Even with his body buried in the ground, our Lord's visions are still alive! They live in us! They will live through us! We will not back down on a humiliating treatment – we will survive, just like we did before and we will rise again, my dear rotten friends, we will rise and make our Lord's ideas come true! We will take revenge for everything –

Harry Potter – the boy who lived?
We are the ones who will live.