

The Dark Mark and Memories Revealed

A loud crack resounded in Draco's room, waking him up. "Please wake up Master Draco. Master Lucius has asked of you to meet him in the dining room, sir." A scared looking house elf named Tibby said. Draco, bleary eyed, woke up from his slumber. He sat on the edge of the bed. "Please tell my father that I'll be down in 5 minutes." Draco said absent-mindedly, as he started putting on the clothes the other house elves laid out for him. The house elf then squeaked out "Ok sir, Tibby will tell Master Lucius. Tibby has the best Master. Master Draco is so kind." Before cracking out of the room. ^{1K}

As Draco walked to the dining room doors, he was meet by two death eaters, opening the door for him. When he walked in, he saw his mother and father on the right side of the table, and Bellatrix Lestrange on the le . And in the middle, sitting all the way on the end of the table, sat Voldemort. ⁴²⁰

"Come here, my child." He said in his snake-like voice. As Draco walked towards him, he flashed his parents a glance. His mother looked concerned, while his father was grinning like a mad man. Nice to know where your loyalties lie. ⁷⁸⁰

Just as he approached the Dark Lord, he was struck down by the Cruciatus Curse. A er 3 agonizing seconds, Voldemort let him go. Draco could feel him navigating through his mind, searching for anything and everything. It made him feel disgusted and dirty. When he felt Voldemort's presence leave his consciousness, he sighed. The Dark Lord simply sat down, and said, ¹⁵¹

"You seem to have a clear conscious, and nothing seems amiss, except that you seem to have a missing part or two. But I may be wrong. Did you happen to fall asleep on the train ride home?" ¹⁹⁸

Draco thought for a moment. "I believe I did, I found an empty compartment, and I laid down to get a little nap. I was a bit tired." Draco trusted every word, I mean, how could he not. All he remembered was entering an empty compartment, and lying down, then darkness. So it had to be true. ⁴⁵¹

"Well then I think that clears up my confusion. Now give me your left forearm." Voldemort demanded. ³⁰⁰

Draco slide up his sleeve, and gave him his arm. In a matter of seconds, he was greeted with a terrible burning sensation when Voldemort's wand contacted his skin. Draco watched as the Dark Mark formed on his arm, before darkness enveloped his vision, and he passed out. ²⁸⁴

It has been two days since Harry received that weird letter and box from Draco, but he resisted to touch it until the time came to deliver it. He carefully latched the box around the barn owls feet. Surprisingly, the mysterious owl stayed on his window sill the full two days. It was as if he knew he had to be there to bring back the box. When Harry fastened the box to the owl, he watched as the owl flew slowly away, being weighed down by the box and its contents. Harry then started writing down his order for the Apothecary. On Hedgwig's right foot, he tied a bag of galleons, and on her left, he tied the letter. He watched as she flew away in the sky, before walking out to finish his chores. ¹⁶¹

Draco woke up from his slumber, and looked around in confusion. His mother was there beside his bed, trying to wake him up. Draco blinked a couple of times before coming to. He looked at her. ³⁴

"Mother, why was I asleep? Its daytime outside." Draco's memories of the previous day were fuzzy, but Narcissa's words sharpened every memory. "You received the Dark Mark and fainted. Don't be worried dear, everyone passes out for a day or two. And by the way, I told the house elves to serve your dinner in your room tonight, you look a bit pale. Well, I'm o ." And with that, she swi ly le the room, leaving a slightly confused Draco in bed. Just then, his brown barn owl swooped through the open window, and dropped a heavy looking box on his desk. He stood, and removed the box from the owl, and proceeded to open it. ¹⁵⁸

He found three glowing vials, and a note. The box was the same one he sent a couple days ago. He opened it to find a new piece of parchment with the words 'You can trust me because the password is trus\$omething clicked in Draco. Whoever sent him this, was the same person he sent the box to. That means he can trust them, right. Hesitantly, he took out the three vials. Almost buy instinct, he uncorked one bottle at a time, and watched as the blue wisps floated to his forehead. Every memory, every black spot, was filled with his missing memories. Him and Harry hugging, talking, crying, laughing, planning. Draco wasn't confused anymore, he understood everything! He had actually evaded Voldemort's wrath, without raising suspicion! All he had to do now stay in his room until the ingredients arrive, and he can leave his hell! ⁵⁹⁴