

## Rise From The Ashes

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# Rise From The Ashes

by [Talanted\\_wiccan](#)

## Summary

Takes place during the summer before sixth year. Harry learns that Dumbledore is not looking out for Harry's best interests, and has made the worst mistake possible by forgetting Harry is human and not a weapon.

Please read and review with constructive criticism. Warnings of Violence, OOC-ness, foul language - or alluded to, etc

## Notes

After forgetting where i originally posted this, Archive sent me an email asking if i still wanted the story.

So i am back!

Just so you know, there is no Horcruxes in this story, but Voldie is still around.

AN: I do not own Harry Potter etc. I'm a Student/Part Time worker not a billionaire! I have yet to win Lotto, although it helps to buy a ticket first.

I am also thinking of bringing Sirius back somehow.

*\*Prologue\**

All was quiet in the Dursley household. Well as quiet as one could have it at midnight, with two horizontally overgrown men breathing hard due to vapor-lock, but that didn't stop a young man from studying his school books hidden by a thin sheet that smelled like it needed to be washed and then thrown out or better yet, burnt. If Aunt Petunia found him studying his "freakish books" she would screech that the abnormal boy needed disciplined more often to beat the unnaturalness out of him. No, the small scrawny boy with messy black hair and big emerald-green eyes had to study late at night under the protection of his thin sheet with a torch as his only light source and his snowy owl as a companion. Finishing his Care of Magical Creatures essay, he signed his name, *Harry Potter*. Sighing he switched off the torch, bundled his homework together and leaned over the side of his bed to pry open the loose floorboard and put the packaged bundle in there for safekeeping where none of his relatives would find it.

Glancing over to a broken stool with tape to hold a leg on that held a windup clock, Harry folded his glasses and carefully placed them on the stool next to his clock. Tomorrow would be the day before his sixteenth birthday, two more days until his friends contacted him with well wishes for the next year to come. Not that his luck had ever been good enough to take him from the Dursley's. Sure it had saved his life a couple of times, but still, what good does luck do to save lives if only to make said life more miserable.

Slipping under the covers, Harry slowly slipped into a slumber worthy of the Princess and the Pea. The last thing on his mind was the mantra '33 days left at the Dursley's', if his uncle didn't kill him first that was.

AN: Seems like a typical everyday day/night for young Harry. Keep reading, its about to get interesting. Any paring suggestions besides the obvious Harry/Hermione, let me know. This is my first fic ever. Any reviews will be greatly appreciated. Any ideas will also be appreciated. Any flames will be used to light my cigarettes and heat my chocolate for fondue.

I know its small but remember its a prologue, its meant to be short

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