

*The one with the power to defeat the Dark Lord approaches. Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies.*

Harry felt like he'd been punched in the chest. That was the reason Voldemort had killed his parents? Because of half a prophecy? "But... how? How can I have the power to defeat him? There's got to be more powerful wizards than me." Sure, Bill said his core was strong, but he couldn't be that special!

"For all we know, there's something about you in particular," Remus said. He didn't look surprised by any of this; he'd heard the prophecy before. How long had he known? "Maybe something to do with your family magics. You've got quite a few of them, after all."

"Or maybe it means Harry because only he can get rid of the horcrux and make Voldemort mortal again," Sirius suggested.

"But how can that work? If not for the prophecy he wouldn't have attacked me, and then I wouldn't have been a horcrux in the first place!" Harry argued. There was no way Voldemort would've shoved part of his soul inside a toddler *on purpose*. And if he had, he definitely wouldn't then try to kill said toddler multiple times.

"Prophecy magic is a tricky one to work with," Remus pointed out. "It could've been a self-fulfilling prophecy, or there could be something in the rest of the prophecy that details what the power is."

A thought struck cold in Harry's chest. "What if the power is the release of my magic from the block when I turn seventeen?" he asked in a hollow voice. "What if that's why Dumbledore put the block there? The overload of magic is the only thing that could destroy the horcrux *and* Voldemort."

"It can't be," Sirius said immediately. "I don't care what the bloody prophecy says, there's no way you're going to let yourself die to kill Voldemort. There's got to be another option."

Harry appreciated the sentiment, but he was not that important, and if his death was the only way to get rid of Voldemort then he would happily do so.

Though he would check that there were no other alternatives, first. He wasn't *that* reckless.

When the initial shock of the prophecy itself passed, another aspect of Snape's story drew to the front of Harry's thoughts. He turned to the man. "You were the one who overheard the prophecy. You went to Voldemort about it."

Snape's eyes shuttered. "I did," he confirmed. Harry swallowed.

"Did you know? When you told him, did you know?"

"I had no idea he was going to go after any child, let alone you and your family," Snape whispered harshly. "I believed the approach meant a person coming closer, perhaps from abroad; not the birth of a child. As soon as I realised how he was interpreting the prophecy, I rushed to Dumbledore to turn myself in and beg he protect you, and the Longbottom boy as