

# I am Lord Voldemort

By [Flux](#) · June 30, 2014 ·



Photo courtesy of [Kevin Dooley / Flickr](#).

Let's talk about Voldemort. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. The man—or thing—with seven horcruxes.

Sometimes I feel like him.

Not because I cast spells or lead an army of Death Eaters or kill people, but because I've made my own : more pieces than Voldemort's seven.

*Slughorn: "Well, well, it can't hurt to give you an overview, of course. Just so that you understand the term which a person has concealed part of their soul."*

*Tom Riddle: "I don't quite understand how that works, sir."*

*Slughorn: "Well, you split your soul, you see, and hide part of it in an object outside the body. Then, even it cannot die, for part of the soul remains earthbound and undamaged."*

All of my horcruxes are people. My parents and my brother and the rest of my family, a handful of Calvir English students. Some are my slightly hickish friends from Port Orchard, and others are suit-wearing fi my soul—my identity—and scattered it among them.

Each person has a piece: in my family, I am the calmer brother—more boring, but more stable; with 3rd one with offensive opinions and questionable morals; around Port Orchard bonfires, I bring plans and I are right. Each group keeps one of my roles, and each person has part of my personality. I store it with t conflicted to fit in the same body. While Walt Whitman contains multitudes, multitudes contain me.

*The first of Adalbert Waffling's Fundamental Laws of Magic: "Tamper with the deepest mysteries—the sou for consequences of the most extreme and dangerous kind."*

My horcruxes keep me powerful. And they keep me safe. When I laugh at a sexist joke out backpacking, without a shower, I know that I am more than that. I am the college graduate who interned for an enviro equality in Washington state, who wears a suit and tie and styles his hair. And I am the child of Tim and only iron when I have to. Whatever I do in one context cannot define me, cannot determine me, cannot dozen other places. They have made me larger. I am many, and my identity is too vast to ruin.

The upside: I am more than myself.

The downside: Wherever I am, I do not feel complete.

*Slughorn: "But, of course, existence in such a form... few would want it, Tom, very few. Death would be pr*

I have lost myself with all this splitting. I can rush from person to person, flying from Washington to Mic and searching for me, the consistent, unfractured soul—but that soul does not exist.

I can never recover all my horcruxes and gather them in one place. Some float in a nebulous world whe screenwatching in Halo 2, and where I share Monday night dinners with my housemates on the corner c Professor Vande Kopple through Ludington State Park. The others are spread far apart—from Princeton other cities.

At best, I feel like I cannot catch my breath after getting the wind knocked out of me, or like I need to sc

At worst, I feel hollow. A whisper of memory and conversation, flitting between my horcruxes.

*Ron: "Isn't there any way of putting yourself back together?"*

*Hermione: "Yes, but it would be excruciatingly painful."*

*Harry: "Why? How do you do it?"*

*Hermione: "Remorse. You've got to really feel what you've done."*

Here, Voldemort and I diverge.

Voldemort, unlike me, has the option of remorse.

*Tom Riddle: "And how exactly does one split his soul?"*

*Slughorn: "Well, you must understand that the soul is supposed to remain intact and whole. Splitting it is*

*Tom Riddle: "But how do you do it?"*

*Slughorn: "By an act of evil—the supreme act of evil. By committing murder. Killing rips the soul apart."*

Voldemort made his horcruxes with death. He made them deliberately, and he made them for their pov possible.

My horcruxes happened naturally. They were not planned or deliberate, and I did not make them for str that, I believe, is a far more effective method for splitting a soul.

It is how all of us make our horcruxes—how all of us rip apart our sense of self and give it to those close inconvenient and painful, and it leaves us itching and hollow, because we love recklessly, and we love l dying. But for that—despite the consequences, extreme and dangerous—I have no remorse. There is hu And greater than all, there is love.

---

Josh deLacy graduated from Calvin College in 2013, hitchhiked around the United States for two months, and now lives between the Olympic and Cascade Mountains. His work has appeared in several literary journals, including *Porch Review*, and *Perspectives*. His hitchhiking experiences are recorded at [travelingontrust.com](http://travelingontrust.com), and [joshdelacy.com](http://joshdelacy.com).



---

## Flux

---