

Hermione & Severus: The Letters and Other Writings.

by nocturnus

A collection of original, diaries, letters, pensieve reminiscences and other documents drawn from various sources within the Special Collections Division, help us understand the attitudes, perspectives and feelings of this popular couple.

Prelude

Chapter 1 of 8

A collection of original, diaries, letters, pensieve reminiscences and other documents drawn from various sources within the Special Collections Division, help us understand the attitudes, perspectives and feelings of this popular couple.

Thanks to Scatteredlogic, Knight Of swords and Jedirita.

To Geminiscorp.

Circe Historical Society Press brings an array of rare books, addressing currently relevant areas of knowledge. That is why the editorial board has decided to print this long overdue manuscript called "Hermione & Severus: The Letters and Other Writings." Widely known by scholars specializing in the post-Voldemort era, from the XXIst century on, there are references to the couple by multiple authors. With their inclusion by Rose the Vain in her *Romance with Death* (2081), their immortality as symbols was ensured. (Note, however, Moon Lovegood's opinion that it was Clement of Faux, owner of one of nine surviving manuscripts, who first showed a "genuine interest" [Lovegood 48].) This is a collection of the surviving manuscripts and script fragments, including single-leaf documents, transcription of Pensieves including the emotional perspective of the owner, now known to have been written or cast in England and Greece, or to have been imported into the country from the twentieth century to the end of the twenty-second, the date in which "Letter to a Young Man" was found among the Earls of Winchilsea and Nottingham's hidden magical archives at Ewerby's town.

These letters and writings are common knowledge to the public for their romantic implications, having faced multiple best sellers apocryphal mainly known as *Time-Turner Series*: "*Marriage Law Challenge Collection*," the controversial "*Hurt/Comfort Rape Fics*," and the most notorious "*Erotica Compilation*." Most of these were popular during the late XXIst century romantic period. Said textual tradition has been problematic, causing debate and confusion among scholars about the authenticity of the texts. This has lead to numerous modern theories as to whether they are genuine, edited or fictional. In her article, "*Eros and Thanatos, a Journey through the Magical Implications of Sexuality during Post-War Times* [Right, 2133]", Barbara Right argues both for and against the authenticity of "Hermione and Severus: the Letters and Other Writings" and discusses why it was called into question. Since then, new spells and arithmantic calculations have assured its originality, and the current consensus (although not unanimous) seems to be that they are genuine.

Guilt

Chapter 2 of 8

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Mark Granger watched as the highlight of the full moon fell heavily over the silhouette of his wife, drawing dancing figures of a fulfilled omen. He sat by the side of the bed and looked at her. There was the smell of perfume in the air, he noticed, a heavy one, and blood and milk. It made him dizzy, all of this.

"*My sleeping beauty,*" he mumbled sadly, concern on his features. He let his finger drift across his wife's cheek; she flinched in her sleep as if it were some kind of annoying mosquito.

Birth should always be a reason for joy, he reasoned. He couldn't fathom it. Joy. Thoughts of guilt and rage crossed his mind. He blamed himself for having agreed with all this! The twins' birth were complicated enough; why not go to the hospital? But Susan, his beloved Susan, had been emphatic; the twins would be born at their country home. Just a pout of her well-formed lips had made him lose reason. Why had he been so foolish? She had the nearsightedness of youth, Mark thought, and felt powerful as if her beauty would protect her from evil; she knew no fear. He, twenty years older, the protector she always looked to, he who had tended to every wound her past left her, had now hurt her the most by allowing all this to happen.

The sound of red wine whirling in its glass helped his mind focus a little, even if its contents remained intact. He watched the sleeping infant: an ugly and weak baby, his daughter. Would he be able to love her? Two days ago he was sure of it! Now fogginess wrapped his heart, making him unresponsive towards the child who had brought death to his home.

Nausea attacked him. While he reached for the basin, he couldn't stop the inner sight of his baby boy, hanged by his sister's umbilical cord, vacant eyes open as if accusing the world, him and Susan of abandoning him. Giddy, Mark returned to bed, resting enough as to recover some strength, but avoided slumber. His dead son haunted him in his vigil. He could only guess what horrible dreams would come with sleep.

The baby girl fussed in the bed, crawling unnaturally toward her mother's breast, like a caterpillar. She was wrapped securely from neck to toe. *As if the clothes want to give her the warmth her mother refuses her*, Mark thought bitterly. It was irrational, but Susan couldn't get out of her mind that it was this baby's cord that killed her twin.

Extracts from the life of Hermione Granger. Years 1999 - 2000

Chapter 3 of 8

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Thanks to Scatteredlogic for her hard beta work.

Extracts from the life of Hermione Granger

I introduce a great friend of knowledge and a great supporter of liberty; a heroine of our cause, Hermione Jean Granger, to be presented the Order of Merlin First Class and Medal for Magical Merit.

Minerva McGonagall, head of the Order of the Phoenix to the Wizengamot.

18 September 1999

Howler, from Hermione Granger to Ron Weasley

(Sometime during November 1999):

CALL ME COW AGAIN, YOU TWIT, AND I'LL HEX YOUR BALLS OFF!

PICK UP YOUR THINGS AT THE BURROW. DON'T YOU DARE GET NEAR ME.

Chat between dean_forest (dean_forest@hotmail.com) and Herm19 (herm19@aol.com)

21:59

dean_forest: Hi sweetie, everything ok?

Herm19: You talk to Ron?

dean_forest: Got me!

Herm19: Don't ever try to pair us again up. That's over.

dean_forest: I know, I'm not THAT brave.

Herm19: ha, ha funny

22:00

dean_forest: He's making a habit of checking his crotch.

Herm19: That was the idea

dean_forest: You're evil, Hermione, you know that?

Herm19: Muahaha: Voldemort incarnate

Mysterious Disappearance linked to UFO Abduction

Melbourne, December 23rd

A British couple, Wendell (45) and Monica (43) Wilkins, mysteriously disappeared from their downtown flat. Police investigators are working under the hypothesis of kidnapping, while the neighbors point out the mysterious circumstances surrounding their departure. José Fuentes, the caretaker, commented: "*It's like they've vanished without a trace; the table was set for two. Everything is normal in there, as if the owners would come back at any minute.*" Meanwhile, local authorities

Letter from Hermione Granger to Harry Potter:

... I had been dead tired for weeks, months if I come to think of it. At first I thought of it as a coming flu, which never arrived, but there it was: the sore muscles, the fatigue, the need to sleep, and the permanent migraine. I have dealt well with it. I have to work harder these days to cast charms to my usual standards, but it was nothing I couldn't handle. Well, not until I arrived from Melbourne.

Chat between dean_forest (dean_forest@hotmail.com) and Herm19 (herm19@aol.com)

12:01

dean_forest: How are your parents adapting?

12:02

Herm19: You don't want to know.

dean_forest: That bad?

Herm19: We've had a serious and honest chat

dean_forest: Eeeewww

Herm19: aha, eeew indeed.

12:03

Herm19: They want me to live with them for a while

dean_forest: Playing good muggle daughter?

Herm19: More in the line of getting to know their only daughter

Excerpts from the Veterans Compensations Commission:

File: Granger, Hermione Jean

The Applicant's Medical Evidence

21. The medical evidence is not repeated here in full. However, some of the relevant medical evidence of the Applicant is as follows:

22. Mediwizard Oliver Faux, in a report dated 26 December 1999, noted that the applicant sustained pain and fatigue in muscles and tendons; charms stiffness; magical impairment; dysmenorrhoea. On examination Med. Faux formed the impression of "well healing of the fractured tibial plateau and left radius and ulna injury consequence of multiple battlefield hexes". Med. Faux noted associated problems of post traumatic stress disorder, sleep disorder with associated panic and vocational issues. He concluded that he expected that the Applicant would be able to return to work in nonmagical duties in six weeks' time.

Chat between dean_forest (dean_forest@hotmail.com) and Herm19 (herm19@aol.com)

23:33

dean_forest: Are you coming to our New Year/Century party?

23:34

Herm19: Count me in! :)

dean_forest: Ron will be there

Herm19: We're friends again

dean_forest: ??? Couple?

23:35

Herm19: nope; friends

Herm19: That clown came to my parents' house in a mariachi's costume.

Herm19: He woke half the neighborhood with this awful song about friendship and forgiveness. Ayaayay!

23:35

dean_forest: What a man must do in order to maintain his balls!

Printed paper at Hermione Granger's Desk

Sociology BSc <http://www.city.ac.uk/>

(underlines are made by Granger)

Sociology questions assumptions about the social world, showing that such things as the family, sex and gender relationships, and race are socially constructed rather than naturally given. Sociologists are also concerned with how power operates in society and the way social institutions advantage and disadvantage different groups of people (...). Throughout your three years, you will also benefit from the high level of research skills teaching available in the Department, culminating in an independent piece of work in the third year...

Notepad at the Granger's fridge; from Hermione Granger to Mark Granger:

Daddy,

Don't forget: Meet me at the mall at the eastern entry, on the green bench

PS: there is meatloaf in the oven.

Odmum

Chapter 4 of 8

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Thanks to Scatteredlogic, a more than nice beta.

To Geminiscorp, a very belated answer to her ssh/hg prompt.

Family was an odd thing. Ginny Weasley knew about it. Love and debts, deep wounds, unfulfilled demands, sometimes coloured with manipulations and contradictions, misled by good intentions, old scripts played again and again. *The secret*, she thought, *is not only to give, but to know how to receive what the rest can offer you.*

"So, what's your answer?" An anxious Harry looked from behind a cup of tea, his glasses foggy with the steam.

Ginny walked her new-born child from one side of the kitchen to another. Now checking a pot, now mumbling nonsense to Jamie or just staring at Hermione with knowing eyes; there was something comical in all this. Hermione, a halo of morning light trespassing onto her unkempt hair. Their Hermione, looking more like a fretting Trelawney than ever, black circles under her eyes, unnatural pearly skin, her shoulders curved from years of carrying more books than was wise.

"Harry I'm no good with children, you know that," said Hermione imploringly; she played lazily with her oatmeal, picking at some fruit while trying to make her point.

Ginny hid her face in her son's neck and inhaled his innocence. She knew what was to come. Harry never took rejection well, and on Hermione's part, the old "Why can't you understand I have quit the Wizarding world drama" would start again. Ginny always suspected that deep inside the hard façade of bravery, Hermione hadn't really coped with the changes in her life; she yet needed to mourn. Her latest obsession, the sociology of death, had a taste of unsolved questions, as her petit mort, the death of magic, still haunted her.

"What I know is that Teddy adores you, Hermione," Harry caught his hair in his hands, messing even more his morning swirl, "you have been a great godmother."

Their eyes met, Hermione was searching Ginny for some support. A long big burp from Jamie was her only answer.

"That's because Ginny always tells me about his birthday and tips me off about the perfect gift," argued Hermione as a last resort; she knew defeat when she faced it, but she could only try. "I'm no good for a kid, let alone a magical one, Harry."

Here we go, thought the young mum. It only took three minutes:

"James will need someone who helps him grow into the Wizarding world. Why can't you understand I have quit the Wizarding world?"

"The boy sleeps with your photo under his pillow! How cool is that? He doesn't give a damn about your magical abilities." A flash of triumph crossed Harry's features. Teddy Lupin, the rainbow cub, had just one idol in his life, that was his odnmur; Hermione couldn't refuse that.

He was possessive – his wife thought – a man that knew no way of loving but gathering his loved ones around him, close. Sometimes Ginny wondered if he married her or the Weasleys; maybe in her husband's mind they were one and the same. She knew how Harry had had a hard time dealing with her friend's change of life; the fact that Hermione was more and more involved with her studies, speaking of weird Muggle things that few people could follow, was threatening. Harry. In his mind, he was losing her to a different world, one he neither liked nor understood. Having her as Jamie's godmother was a last resort to make her close to him.

Hermione understood that, Ginny could see it in her softened expression. "I love you like a brother; I'm like Jamie's aunt, I don't need to be officially his godmother."

"Please."

The sight of a begging Harry, in his Batman PJs, his morning hair all swirled up and his spotted glasses was just too much; the two young women burst in hysterical laughter.

And so Hermione Jean Granger became part of the Potter family.

Extracts from the life of Hermione Granger years 2004 - 2005

Chapter 5 of 8

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Hermione Granger's Ringtone:

Click to listen [Pablo Neruda poem: "The Dead Woman" \(Rickman, a XXIst Century Muggle actor, recites the verse which begins "perdóname . . ."\)](#)

Dead Woman

No, forgive me.

If you no longer live,

if you, beloved, my love,

if you

have died,

all the leaves will fall in my breast,

it will rain on my soul night and day,

the snow will burn my heart,

I shall walk with frost and fire and death and snow,

my feet will want to walk to where you are sleeping,

but

I shall stay alive,

because above all things you wanted me

indomitable,

and, my love, because you know that I am not only a man

but all mankind.

Chat between dean_forest (dean_forest@hotmail.com) and Herm19 (herm19@aol.com) (October 11th, 2004)

02:01

dean_forest: Aren't you being a n night owl?

Herm19: What part of "buzz off" don't you get Dean Thomas?

dean_forest: That day of the month or just midterm exams?

Herm19: you jerk!

Herm19 has left the chat

Herm19 is offline. You can still send this person messages and they will receive them the next time they are online.

Fragment: Letter from Hermione Granger to Miss Judith Lorinstein, Departmental Manager, asking for more time for her thesis due to Fibromyalgia Syndrome.

Departmental Manager

Department of Sociology

School of Economics

Houghton Street

London

WC2A 2AE

Application to postpone thesis deadline due to Fibromyalgia Syndrome.

Dear Miss Lorinstein:

At the start of the academic year 2004/2005, I entered my last term at London School of Economics, Department of Sociology, and committed to end my thesis; this was accepted in lieu of my double honors degree. I now realize that due to my Fibromyalgia Syndrome crisis, this will not be possible...

Ted Lupin's favorite Chocolate Card Frog

(Transcription has been made after several Scourgify spells; () expresses unreadable chewed parts)*

***ione Granger.**

(Currently on Sabbati*.)

*nsidered by many to be one of the greatest witches of modern times. Granger is particularly famous for her work during the war, helping defeat Tom Riddle with her partner, Harry Potter; being the founder of the resistance group "Dumbledore's Army", *

* collaboration in Wizards' Rights trials, and promotion of the Magical Creatures Rights Charter against Tortu*.

My oddmother

Chat between dean_forest (dean_forest@hotmail.com) and Herm19 (herm19@aol.com) (September 15th 2005)

14:27

dean_forest: Hi Oddie!

Herm19: Hi monstrosity

dean_forest: What are your birthday plans?

Herm19: Fight with thesis of doom?

dean_forest: Wrong answer sweetie!

You need to thank the Gods for the day you met me

Herm19: ????

14:29

dean_forest: I got tickets for you

Herm19: Impossible!

They were all sold out! I double - checked.

dean_forest: Called it my Muggle conection

First row.

Mr Rickman could whisper Neruda at your ear

14:30

Herm19: My two loves together

dean_forest: You can dust off your Neruda's copy

Herm19: I wish he recited "La muerta"

dean_forest: Dreadful poem that one, not a cheerful tone.

Herm19: Shut up!

Would I be too childish if asked him to sign it ?

dean_forest: Who cares? My lips will be sealed.

Herm19: If you weren't my best friend I would ask you to marry me

dean_forest: If I weren't gay

Herm19: That 2

London Public Library book, marked page from The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language: Fourth Edition. 2000.

Underlines are suspected made by Granger

Indo-European Roots

ENTRY: mer-

DEFINITION: To rub away, harm.

Derivatives include nightmare, morsel, morbid, mortal, mortgage, and ambrosia.

II. Possibly the same root is *mer-, "to die," with derivatives referring to death and to human beings as subject to death. 1. Zero-grade form *m -. a. Suffixed form *m -tro-. murder, from Old English morthor, murder, from Germanic suffixed form *mur- thra-; b. suffixed form *m -ti-. mort1, mortal; amortize, mortify, postmortem, from Latin mors (stem mort-), death; c. suffixed form *m -yo-. moribund, mortgage, mortmain, mortuary, murrain, from Latin mor , to die, with irregular past participle mortuus (< *m -two-), replacing older *m -to- (for which see d); d. prefixed and suffixed form * -m -to-, "undying, immortal." (* -, negative prefix; see ne). (i) immortal, from Latin immort lis; (ii) ambrosia, from Greek ambrotos, immortal, divine (a- + -mbrotos, brotos, mortal); (iii) amrita, from Sanskrit am tam, immortality (a- + m ta-, dead). 2. Suffixed o-grade form *mor-t- yo-. manticore, from Greek mantikh ras (corrupted from marti(o)kh ras), manticore, probably from Iranian compound *martiya-khv ra-, "**man-eater**" (*khv ra-, eating; see swel-), from Old Persian martiya-, a mortal man. (Pokorny 4. mer-, 5. mer- 735.)

Gathering

Chapter 6 of 8

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To Geminiscorp.

Thanks to ScatteredLogic and NoSoSaintly

That evening they celebrated friendship. They met again at Grimmauld Place, after so many years. The Potters had invited them all, sent the kids to Mrs. Weasley's home and committed themselves to fun. Harry had contacted the former Dumbledore's Army members so they could discuss Alicia Spinet's idea to write a book about it. They were trying to put the facts together when Ron said he couldn't concentrate without music and put on some jazz; Longbottom suggested it was freezing and vodka was in order; someone said vodka was as disgusting as Wolfsbane Potion when drunk alone, so they went out to buy oranges.

They drank and chattered and drank yet a little more. Someone suggested there should be sandwiches; old Kreacher, looking as if death had forgotten to take him, produced a variety of delicious food. Hannah noted that Ron was eating like a gentleman, which caused everyone to laugh in remembrance of his former table manners. Dean sat slouched against a sofa, one arm around Hermione and his legs stretched out in Seamus' lap. Ron looked murderous at that, but Dean just stuck his tongue out at him. Terry thought that maybe it was a little too sensual to be just a pal's joke. Angelina and Alicia were arguing about something, anything, while Kreacher passed by carrying a tray of sandwiches.

Then Luna asked Neville about his grandmother. He told the story of how she was *kept alive*, a peculiar expression as Terry pointed out, but Neville commented he could only hope she would die soon. They all gasped at his apparent lack of compassion. He had seen how his gran had deteriorated, he said, and at some point in the near future he was sure she would pass away; he had even owled his uncle Algie so he could say good bye to her. But at the crucial moment, Augusta Longbottom had stopped dying. "I can't explain it any other way," he apologized. "It's just she is not better but yet she isn't dead." Lavender Brown coyly commented that she had overheard her boss saying the same about one of her in-laws just last week.

Hermione, who now acknowledged Lavender wasn't the vain, silly thing she had shared a dorm with, started lecturing her about how death was a private thing for wizarding society, but it was not a sin to talk about it, let alone accidentally overhear a conversation about it. "Wizarding attitude towards death isn't healthy," she preached. "Portraits are, in a way, a denial of death. Aren't they?" Terry Boot couldn't stifle a gag. *Please, god, make her stop.*

Death, always death; it scared him sometimes. Couldn't she talk about something else? Terry Boot just couldn't understand it – hadn't Riddle been obsessed with death? Maybe it was one of those cultural Muggle/wizard things he would never get. Purebloods, traitors or not, just didn't talk about death, at least not the old ones; Muggles were always picking at the topic, for good or better or worse. He thought that everyone went to the bathroom daily, yet no one talked about it in public, so why couldn't people do the same with death?

He didn't hear the rest of Hermione's speech; he only noticed that the others were saying to Hermione: "Oh, do you sing?" Were they trying to change the topic, or was he the only one disgusted by the turn of discussion? Anyway, Terry did not dare risk going back to that conversation.

More vodka was served, the chairs were pushed back and a small stage was improvised.

Hermione, always bossy, decided she wouldn't sing alone. "Ginny, what about a Celtic ballad? Seamus, an Irish lullaby? And you," she pointed at the Patil twins, "do you know that song? Ah! What's the name?" She made a gesture with her hands, something to make her remember. "Uuuajharaa?"

Both sisters translated the question into normal Hindi; she was talking about the Gujarat nuptial song, and of course they knew some of it. So everyone did his part, having another round of vodka to celebrate each song.

Terry Boot realized that mostly everyone had sung except Hermione, so he decided to ask for her turn. "Her – my – oh – neee! Her – my – oh – neee!" he cried, parodying Krum. He didn't know why he did it; he really didn't give a damn if she sang or not. It was just the fact that he would not let her skip her turn.

Hermione stood up in the center; something in her attitude struck him as different. She pushed her hair aside, cleared her throat and introduced a song as part of the "Little Angel Funeral", a Chilean folk tradition for dead toddlers. It was a song of crying mothers, loss and hope; a song of new worlds of justice. Everyone quieted down; somehow the mood had changed. Hermione had transfigured herself. She wasn't singing; she was the song.

A respectful silence was all that was left for a few minutes.

Then Lee Jordan and George Weasley, returning to normal, magically filled everyone's glasses and started singing a dirty song in the round.

In the end, half the Army was drunk with no hint about how the hell the rest of the verses were written. As things went, there were too many people and too few beds and none of them with a steady hand to Transfigure one. Terry Boot ended up sharing a small bed with Hermione, but to be honest he would have preferred either of the Patil twins... or both, but he was never the lucky one; he was bested by that Weasley bastard.

There is a nod to Wicked

Eros & Thanatos

Chapter 7 of 8

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To Geminiscorp

Thanks to Scatteredlogic and Not So Sainly.

Thanks to all the people that had found time to review: Today I can finally give you a glimpse of Snape.

Extracts from the life of Hermione Granger. Years 2013 2015

E-mail from Susan Granger to her daughter, Hermione Granger:

Dear Hermione:

I'm so happy that you remembered to invite mumy to your lecture. I would have loved to go, but you know how hot Oxford is in this season; and I've never been able to deal with such a climate. I hope you can understand.

Big Hugs, Mum.

The School of Interdisciplinary Area Studies, St Antony's College, Oxford

The Latin American Studies Center cordially invites you to a public lecture :

What: *Nectar & Ambrosia: Going through Death*, given by Prof. Hermione Granger (University of Bath, Center for Death and Society)

Introduction: Prof. Marina Gaete (The Latin American Studies Center)

When: Wednesday, July 20th, 2013; 5:30 7:00 PM

Where: School of Interdisciplinary Area Studies, 12 Bevington Road, Oxford, OX2 6LH

This public lecture will consider how the survival in ancient Greek of the Indo-European root *nek and *mer, which in Indo-European designated two ways of dying, not in the words referring to death, but in the terms ω φ ι χ ρ α π i and α γ π ο ο φ α. At the same time, the analysis of the texts where these terms are connected to death helps us

to determine exactly their meaning and to realize that in Greek religion, like in other Indo-European religions, a belief exists in a substance allowing going beyond death and reaching immortality. Finally, we connect these terms evoking these two different ways of dying with the ancient formula $\alpha \psi \iota \phi \pi \alpha \epsilon \chi$.

Hermione Granger is a Reader in Sociology and the Vice Head of the Department of Social and Policy Sciences at the University of Bath. Before moving to Bath she was the Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of Sydney, Australia. She has also held posts at the University of Sussex and the London School of Economics where she was a T.H. Marshall Fellow in the Department of Sociology. She has been researching and publishing in the field of death and dying for almost ten years.

Granger is a Founding Editor of *Mortality*, the first European journal of death studies, which she now co-edits with Mortimer Killjoy. She has been closely involved with the series of conferences on the Social Context of Death, Dying and Disposal, the first of which she co-organised with Fernando Alvarez in 2003.

For more information on the speaker: <http://www.bath.ac.uk/cdas/people/cdasmem/index.html>

To register or for information: ana.castillo4@bath.ac.uk or maria.willkins@area.ox.ac.uk

Card from Mr. Granger to his daughter, Hermione Granger:

My little one:

I can't express how proud I am of your success; I've framed *The Times* interview and put it in my office. Now all my patients will know I have a brilliant daughter. These 33 roses are a symbol of all the years that you have made my life bloom. (Remember, my dear scholar, to put water in the vase and the roses in it!) Looking to be with you for my birthday,

Daddy.

PS: Mum sends you a kiss.

Letter from Ted Lupin to his Godmother, Hermione Granger:

Hogwarts, 11th November, 2013

Dear Oddie:

...could you believe I'm missing dear old Binns? Prewett sucks! He is full of new teaching ideas and I find myself facing my free periods full of History of Magic homework. Besides I'm his star boy, so he keeps making me explain things from Dad, Mum, Uncle Fred (As if I remember them!). He keeps talking about Uncle Harry or you in front of the whole class. It's so embarrassing being a Lupin! Everyone is making fun of me now; I don't dare enter the common room anymore. I hate Prewett!

Flitwick has made us write an essay: "Ten ways of losing your magic"; I know I'm not supposed to talk about it, Granny says so, but this is urgent, the due day is the day after tomorrow and I have only four ways; so could you please, please tell me how do you end up being a Squib? All the books at the library are "checked out" and I really, really need a good mark in this one or Granny will forbid me to play Quidditch anymore.

Thanks for the Action Helmet Video Camera; I will record you a Wronsky Feint once I manage it.

Ted

PS: Thanks for saving my ass life too

Chat between dean_forest (dean_forest@hotmail.com) and Herm19 (herm19@aol.com)

03:09

dean_forest: Are you there?

Herm19: Have any news?

dean_forest: You were right.

Herm19: How many?'

03:10

dean_forest: No deaths in the last five months!

dean_forest: It's like people just stay alive, a minute away from dying, no changes, neither dead nor alive.

Herm19: Were you able to get the files?

03:12

dean_forest: Love, I can't go around asking for files about non existent dead

03:13

Herm19: So, how are you sure of the facts?

dean_forest: I don't reveal my sources

Herm19: Stop being silly, this is serious

03:14

dean_forest: I AM being serious; there is something rotten here. It scares me.

Irma Pince to Hermione Granger:

Dear Miss Granger:

I will be delighted to receive you in Hogwarts Library again. You should not be concerned about your condition; measures will be taken to make your stay as pleasurable as always. I send you this bookmark with the invitation; it's a Portkey that will be activated next Monday at 8:30 sharp.

Regards, Irma Pince.

Black, Araminta Melliflua, Birth Date Unknown 1800.

Papers: Guide. Hogwarts Library, Hogwarts School of Witch Craft and Wizardry Descriptive Summary

Repository: Hogwarts Library, Hogwarts School of Witch Craft and Wizardry

Location: Restricted Section b (shelved with bMS Flamel 6)

Call No.: MS Flamel 7

Creator: Black, Araminta Melliflua. Birth date unknown? 1800

Title: Papers

Date(s): 1741-1773.

Quantity: 1 box (.5 linear ft.)

Abstract: Letters to and from author and literary hostess Araminta Melliflua Black, from the Noble and Most ancient House of Black, a partial draft of her *An Essay on Death, Comparative Study among British Muggles and Wizards*, and her transcripts of poems by a variety of authors paying tribute to the essay.

Acquisition Information: *1984JM-58 (part)

Donor: Cedrella Black

Custodial history: Most of the letters in Series I had previously been bound into an extra-illustrated edition of *The Life of Honoria Nutcombe*. Which Nicholas and Perenelle Flamel purchased at a Chilean auction in 1801, and which they disbound in 1823. The contents of Series II were all sold as a group to Benjy Fenwick in 1971, along with four letters in Series I: Starkey to Black, 1769 Sept. 29; Gregory to Black, 1768 Oct. 31 and 1769 Mar. 18; and Black to Lyttelton, 1769 Sept. 22. Several other letters were acquired by the Flammels from miscellaneous sources. Araminta Melliflua Black, an author and literary hostess, was a central figure in Wizarding Bluestocking circles, and a friend of Honoria Nutcombe; their friendship broke when Mrs Black tried to force through a Ministry Bill to make Muggle-hunting legal. Her best-known work was the anonymously published *An Essay on Death, Comparative Study among British Muggles and Wizards*(1769). Arrangement.

Organized into the following series:

I. Correspondence

II. Manuscripts The correspondence is arranged alphabetically by correspondent.

Scope and Content Series I, Correspondence, includes fifteen autographed letters by Black, and ten letters received by her. Prominent correspondents include her friendship and depart with Artemisia Lufkin, philosophic discussions about the nature of Muggles with Gondoline Oliphant & Flavius Belby; Perenelle Flamel, her romantic letters to Edward the Young (covers the subsequent change of perspective that led to her being disowned for disagreeing with the belief in pure-blood supremacy). Several of the letters discuss her *An Essay on Death, Comparative Study among British Muggles and Wizards* Series II consists of a partial draft of Black's *An Essay on Death, Comparative Study among British Muggles and Wizards*, and nine poems written by a variety of authors which honor the essay. Most are transcripts in Black's hand.

Processed by: Snape, Severus

Hermione Granger's pensieve reminiscence from the Unspeakable Department unclassified archives:

They had tipped her that "Eros & Thanatos" was a unique independent Muggle bookstore at Perarchori, at Ithaki Island. It has one of the best and most extensive collections of death and erotic studies in known literature. Her grant allowed her to go overseas, but the board of trustees wanted her to visit a prestigious institute, not a private bookstore. She lobbied, defending her cause, presented tons of documentation and finally almost begged them.

Hermione was finally there, at the small paved street, watching the white and blue building with its red door. The aroma of dark coffee tempted her. Maybe she could leave this for later and look for a new place in which to drink a sketos? Ever since she had arrived in Perarchori two months ago, she had been experiencing problems crossing that street. Not that she first noticed it, but the closer she got to the store, the more she felt this great urge to go and explore the rest of the island. So far she had made four excursions towards Homer's land, read the Iliad and the Odyssey twice, and visited Kioni and Vathy more times that it was worth before it struck her as odd behaviour.

After a few more tries she contacted Bill Weasley to ask for an amulet against magical shields; the owl took three days to find Bill and more than a week to come back. Bill's recommendation had been simple, for this particular ward, stating aloud a piece of the Odyssey in which quoting Ithaki could do the trick. He didn't say if a translation would do, neither did he mention if her lack of magic could affect the countercurse. So there she was again, looking at this lovely little bookstore, fighting the urge to go and visit that lovely Monastery near the top of the mountain again to drink coffee with the monks. Inhaling deeply, Hermione cried to no one:

"Bright Ithaca is my home:

it has a mountain, Leaf-quivering Neriton, far visible.

Around are many islands, close to each other, Doulichion and Same and wooded Zacynthos.

Ithaca itself lies low, furthest to sea towards dusk; the rest, apart, face dawn and sun."

A few people passing next to her mumbled in Greek what she guessed was a reprobatorial comment, but she didn't care. The shield was neutralized; she could feel it. She wasn't happy, though.

She knew that the magic was made by the amulet and not cast by her; that brought a deep sense of loss that struck her with force. Ever since she started investigating this strange phenomenon with Death in wizarding culture, her well-built inner wards had melted, making her crave magic; the mystery added by the bookstore dilemma had turned her sabbatical, not into the self-search travel she hoped, but into a intense mourning for what she had lost years ago. She tried to divert her feelings and

concentrate on the task at hand. Hermione consciously held her breath, and then let her breath out slowly while crossing the street.

"Why did the chicken cross the road?" She snorted; she remembered facing torture at the Malfoys' Manor when she was young; in the middle of that traumatic experience, her mind wouldn't shut up. Making bad jokes and seeing the irony in an unexpected turn of events was a habit that had brought her more than one problem through the years.

Hermione crossed to the little red door that welcomed Muggle buyers from all over Greece and gasped. She was facing the loveliest and cosiest bookstore she'd ever seen. Eros & Thanatos was one of those places in which books, apparently without order, crowded on small exhibition tables or on the shelves that covered the walls. The apparently small store had a first floor with the owner's selection of books, often exceptional and rare enough to satisfy any social science lover. She could well spend a week sharing a cup of coffee with that Gilgamesh she glimpsed over there. Hermione had been told that it was the basement that gave the bookstore its fame. In apparent disarray, the buyer could spend hour after hour walking through the bookshelf labyrinth, finding more and more surprises at each step. This bookstore was designed for the pleasure of discovering books in the chaos of covers, spines and formats. How different from the cold columns of identical volumes at a neat retail bookstore, arranged as if they were a large miniature city of soon to be bestsellers; here titles were supposed to catch the reader's eye, seducing, inviting, capturing them. With all her will she fought the lure; not a magical one, but her own compulsion and fetish for what was offered here.

She approached an old lady for directions: "Do forgive me; it's my first time in here. I don't see any clerk or someone who could help me. I'm researching the phenomenon of Intermittences of Death in ancient cultures"; *Well, that was stupid*, she thought, *this woman will have no idea what I'm looking for*.

The woman assessed her while thinking of an answer, her face impassive. "You know better than me that life and death has no intermittence." Chuckling, she changed her deep tone for a more pragmatic one: "Still, you might want to check in the last corridor, in the south wing." Something in her eyes reminded her of Dumbledore. *Good Lord, how long since I last thought of him?*

Locating it a grey shadowy corridor, a bit anticlimactic after the gorgeous bookshelves she had stepped by on her way here Hermione caressed the side of a few books with her fingers, distracted by the smell of humidity and her own disappointment, not really looking at the volumes. Another reader was near; diffused between the shades and shadows, bent over the pages of a book, totally engrossed and oblivious to his surroundings. She had to go back a few steps when it struck her it was someone she knew, as she had seen him so many times in her childhood. Hermione slowly approached him. Just a few steps, clasping her mouth, her eyes wide. She could see him dressed in layers of clothes: Close-cut textured jacket, a black cashmere turtleneck and a shirt with dark-based fussy patterns. It couldn't be him, she thought, not alive, not in Muggle clothes. *Lovely logical train of thought, Granger*, she congratulated herself, but then, there were his large thin hands and his sharp aura for lack of a better word that made her believe her gut instinct, so she called to him:

"Professor Snape!"

La Force & L'Etoile

Chapter 8 of 8

A collection of original, diaries, letters, pensieve reminiscences and other documents drawn from various sources within the Special Collections Division, help us understand the attitudes, perspectives and feelings of this popular couple.

This fic would not be the same without the help of Scatteredlogic and Not So Saintly.

To Geminiscorp.

Severus Snape's Pensieve reminiscence from the Unspeakable Department unclassified archives:

He had only a few happy memories at Spinner's End, most of them linked to his "Ya Ya" Anna, his paternal grandmother. She had lived with them, the queen of their home. He must have been four or five when she died; both of them had fallen ill with pneumonia, and there had not been enough money for medicine.

He could remember little of her, but he treasured those memories with care: the smell of strong cigars and the softness of her flowery apron; the way she hid him inside her long skirts when father was mad at him; the reverent way she read the tarot cards. She had an old and ragged set of cards and consulted it frequently; he was not allowed to touch them. Once she was finished, she would put them away in her chest of drawers.

Severus once had dared to pick them up while no one was watching. The weak autumn sun played upon the walls and the ceiling of his grandma's rooms; the tremulous leaves of a tree were bright and whispered with the evening breeze. He thought about a magical kaleidoscope his parents gave him on his birthday. He needed to climb the chest of drawers and pull hard to open it. The cards were there, and Severus thought they glowed under the sun.

He spread the cards out on the rug. Imitating the ways of Ya Ya, he picked two and watched them intently. One had a young woman with a weird hat and what he thought were uncomfortable clothes. A lion was next to her; she was caressing it, her hands in its mouth. He wondered then why would someone do something so stupid? Still, he admired her. You must be brave in order to have a lion friend. The other card had a naked woman on it. He liked her; she was awake at night, something adults never allowed him to do. Big stars covered the sky while she knelt in front of a river. She was doing a silly thing, he thought, just like the other lady: she was feeding the river with blue and yellow water. Why would a river need water? The woman had a moon in her head, so she might be related to the stars above.

Then Ya Ya had come; it was proof of how strange adults were that she did not punish him for trespassing. Instead, she looked intently at both cards and kissed him.

Later, he wondered how he had come to obtain those two cards: La Force and La Toile. He doubted his parents had given them to him, and he was certain he had them after Ya Ya's death.

Ya Ya's death: a turning point in his childhood. He remembered it so vividly:

Everything was dark except the corner with the deadly lamp. He was faking sleep; he enjoyed the feeling of power that the simulation gave him, and he had slept for days, maybe weeks. He felt as if he were flying slightly, as if the fever had made him lighter than air. Next to the lamp, he could hear murmurs. The words 'pneumonia' and 'funeral service' floated to his ears. Even if they were meaningless to him, by the way they were pronounced, he understood that they implied a lethal threat, they were part of the adult world, and he felt vaguely important. "The kid is seriously ill... He needs to rest... He is frail." He felt the absence of his grandma; he missed her cold hands on

his forehead and the soothing words that made him feel safe. Far from where he was, someone closed a door, and then he fell asleep again for an eternity.

Was he awake? Deep in the night he heard his mum quietly weeping, from so far away that maybe it was a dream. It was a sobbing that seemed to come from Hades. Everything was dark, and he was alone. He recognized that voice, and no, it wasn't a dream. The voice was too high and the shadows too deep to be a real dream, and again he fell asleep. He slept more than he could imagine. At his bedside table, Ya Ya had forgotten two of her cards. He hid them between his pillows, enjoying Ya Ya's smell on them.

There were murmurs again, next to the door in the corner. The room was chilly and the air seemed sharp. It was early in the morning, and the sun projected a golden resplendence on the wall above his head. His father's face was gray, and then the words suddenly became comprehensible. The doctor let his sentence drop with the full force of his professional potency. It was almost as if he was delighted to say it: "I'm sad to tell you this, Mr. Snape, but as it was with your mother, your child's situation is very extreme. He'll soon follow her; there is no possibility of him recovering." He saw his father's head fall in helplessness and the doctor's hand on his shoulder. "You must accept things as they are; all is in the goddess' hands."

At least it's not in your hands, you foolish man. He hated that doctor because he made his mum cry and kept his granny away. He also, and this was unforgivable, made his father suffer. His father was invincible, omniscient. He was the light and the darkness in Severus's life. He adored and feared his father beyond measure. Father was a force capable of the most intimate concern and despotic fury. He would not fail to heal his son. Severus wanted nothing to do with doctors, gray faces, suffering and funerals. Once again, he let himself be drawn effortlessly into the profound deadness of unconsciousness.

Over the years he had developed the habit of carrying those two cards in his pocket, and he subconsciously caressed them with his thumb when in trouble. During his childhood he started inventing a background story for each of them: a name, desires, feelings and attitudes. Most nights, he fell asleep while creating imaginary worlds in which he shared adventures with his two ladies and the lion; mostly, they protected him from faceless monsters and other dangers.

Once at Hogwarts he had learned to despise Divination and, with it, tarot as a Muggle attempt at witchcraft. He felt slightly guilty for the allure those two cards had over him. Around his fourth year, he had taken up the habit of visiting old London bookstores, looking for used and out-of-print tarot cards. He couldn't buy them most of the time, but he enjoyed observing the arcana and comparing his old ladies with the ones in the stores. As soon as he started earning his own money, he started collecting them. He had come to meet lots of antique dealers and clerks of fine books. All of them would faint in horror had they known that seventy-six arcana were thrown away, while only La Force and L'Etoile would be treasured with care. Even if he had come to own rare and valuable pieces of art through these decks of cards, his grandmother's cards were always the dearest ones. All through his life, those two cards remained in his pocket. Severus knew them so well that he could see every detail with his eyes closed. When he reached adulthood, he could see that by smiling so fondly at him that day, Ya Ya had planted two main spotlights in Severus heart: one, the knowledge that no matter how bad things looked, he had La Force to face it, and second, even if it was painful, the hope of a nurturing and brighter life.

He had outgrown the Divination shit; in order to discover its deeper symbolism, through colors, gestures and figures, the ancient Marseille version, the one Ya Ya had bequeathed him, had come to encompass deep archetypal symbols of his ache for Strength and Hope, guiding him through the painful years of both wars, saving him from the Dark Lord's clutches ... even bringing him back from the edge of death. He couldn't explain it rationally, but after being left by the Potter brat in the Shrieking Shack, both ladies had come to him. Covering the ceiling with stars, L'Etoile had fed him with her water and enlightened him with moon rays; La Force had laid him over the lion and forced him to look past the present situation. Not knowing how much time had passed, he awoke during the night and had walked unharmed out of Hogsmeade and into the unknown.

Over the years, he had come to live on a small Greek Island, his "Ya Ya" Anna's land, and became a book clerk himself. Life had been peaceful, finding respect and friendship among the villagers, with just a few anti-wizard wards in case someone bothered to approach him. He had come to relax and love the life La Force had shown him. *Comfortable, not fulfilled*, would whisper La Toile now and then.

So when Granger had appeared, like a ghost from the past, he didn't recognize her. Not at first. All he could see was La Toile addressing him. Not a blond, but a brunette one; at that moment he couldn't even focus on details. Just her sad expression: a thin and tired, yet strong face, black circles below her eyes, surrounded by wrinkles. A fertile soil, he felt a strong desire to rest his head on hers.

He vanished wordlessly.

Authors note:

Go and look at the Camoin's ancient marseille L'Etoile and La Force here:

<http://es.camoin.com/tarot/Vista-del-Diagrama-Camoin-3-x-7.html>