

The Making of a Witch

by KellyH

Someone sees something surprising/or something they shouldn't have. What do they see?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Ficlet response to prompt: Someone sees something surprising/or something they shouldn't have. What do they see? Thanks to Ladyinthecloak for betaing!

Disclaimer: I'm playing in JKR's sandbox. I may have built the sculpture, but in the end she owns the sand.

The Making of a Witch

It had all began yesterday while helping Headmistress McGonagall with files that needed to be sorted and placed into storage. Normally this task would have been considered a detention to other students, but Hermione enjoyed the meticulous task of organizing the files.

She really had nothing better to do. Her studies were long up-to-date, three weeks ahead as per usual, and no tests or exams were due any time soon. It was odd that now in her last year at Hogwarts, she had so much time on her hands. She didn't realize how time-consuming her adventures with Harry and Ron had kept her busy. Complaining to the Headmistress that she needed something to occupy her time, she was given the task of sorting the school files. McGonagall gave her a confidentiality contract to sign and sent her on her way.

They were an utter mess, Madam Pomfrey's files being the worst of them all. Hermione had found too many notes placed within the wrong patient's file, which deeply distressed her. She had made a mental note to question her about this when she stumbled upon a note in Professor Snape's file. A note that had her name written upon it, and within this note she discovered that she had been given an Oblivious Unction that Professor Snape had made just for her. His signature was placed just below her own.

This potion had been given to her in her fifth year, and it appeared she was given this on a regular monthly basis, and of course she had no memory of it. Hermione was only slightly aware of what the potion was used for. Ron had been given it to treat the welts on his arm after a brain had attacked him in the Ministry of Magic. She understood the purpose was to heal the scarring left by thoughts, but it was considered an ointment, not really known to be taken orally. Yet, in the notes left by Pomfrey, she was given this orally with the added note that the potion had been slightly changed by Professor Snape.

Upon questioning Madam Pomfrey, Hermione not only found out that she was given this potion but that she also had been the one to say that she wanted to take it. However, Madam Pomfrey was unaware of why she had been given it.

The older women gave a concerned look to Hermione and explained that it was under the Headmaster's wishes that it be done. It seemed unethical that Madam Pomfrey would do such a thing, but Madam Pomfrey explained to Hermione that, "it was the war – things had to be done like that."

Since Madam Pomfrey was unable to give her answers, she went to the only source that could provide her with them. Getting special permission to speak to Professor Dumbledore's portrait alone, Hermione asked him why she was given the potion and why it was so important that she be healed of any scarring.

Dumbledore looked down at her, his eyes somber within the portrait, and explained that the atrocious experience she had endured in her fifth year made him decided to give her the potion and to take away her memories of that event.

"It was given to you for a reason, Hermione," he replied. "You wanted the memories taken from you, but because of what had happened to you, there were deep scars that were left. Deep scars which only could be healed with that potion, and that was why it was given to you. I know your mind will not let this rest - your inborn curiosity will demand that you know all the answers, but know this. You were the one who wanted this, and I could not deny you that. I can assure you, Hermione. You wished to forget it all."

After Professor Dumbledore spoke these words to her, he spoke no more. Quickly, his portrait self fell asleep in his chair, and no matter how much she yelled for him to awake, he would not.

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Hermione now sat in the library at Hogwarts. Only one book lay in front of her, the pages having been tattered and abused through time, which hindered her research. The ink had worn off in some places, and there were a good many notes on the side of the pages that had been torn off. Hermione was adamant that she would somehow piece the words together – even if it involved guessing.

For the past hour she had been engrossed in this book, a book whose former owner had neglected it, which stuck Hermione as odd. She had always thought Professor Severus Snape as someone who treasured knowledge and to treat one of his possessions like this astonished her.

It was also one of the reasons that she took such interest in this book. It was apparent that he used it often, and from some of the very worn and tattered pages she was able to find the ones that he used the most.

Hermione was trying to find the link between the potion she was given and the memories that she apparently told them to take. A part of her heeded the warnings of Professor Dumbledore, but he was right about her inborn curiosity to know. She debated most of the night before on whether she wanted to know, but in the morning as she awoke, she was determined to find out.

Turning another page, something interesting hit her eye. She couldn't be sure, but she thought she saw her name scribbled out with a red ink. It was barely invisible, but none-the-less she thought she could see the indentation of her name upon the page.

Professor Snape had made a reference to another book – a journal actually, and one she assumed was his own.

Rushing from the library, Hermione immediately ran to the storage room that held the belongings of Professor Snape. She had seen his personal journal when she first started to go through the files, but had no inclination to look through his personal logs – to her that was rather personal, and she had no business to do so, but now was different. Now she felt a reason to do so.

Sitting upon the floor, she quickly went through his journal, which seemed rather cryptic to those who just stumbled upon it, but Hermione had knowledge that others did not. His journal was not of a personal nature, rather more of a journal of an experiment that he and Professor Dumbledore had conducted.

The test subject was never referred to anything more than subject H, but Hermione knew that they were referring to her.

As she continued to look through the pages, her heart began to quicken, and she felt nauseous with this new knowledge.

They had experimented on her as child and conducted experiments on her without permission of her parents. They had taken a Muggle child and made it into a magical one.

Hermione Granger was never born a witch; she was made into one when she was three years old.