The Founders' Dilemma

by karelia

Salazar, Godric, Helga, and Rowena encounter a problem.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Salazar, Godric, Helga, and Rowena encounter a problem.

Disclaimer: I still don't own it.

"Swinemoles just isn't a suitable name." Salazar shook his head, sneering at Godric, who looked unaffected by his friend's admonishment and even offered a rakish grin.

The stones of the castle growled-quietly, but nevertheless audibly.

Rowena nodded slowly at Godric. "He has a point, you know? Swine is such a ... common term these days, and it'll only worsen over time. My Arithmantic calculations show it all too clearly. Language *will* change, and not to the better." She sighed deeply.

"I agree with Rowena," Helga chimed in. "Who would wish to attend a school with such a common name?"

The stones of the castle rumbled again, this time slightly louder, and sand fell through the crevices to the floor.

Rowena rose from the cushion of air she'd conjured to sit on and walked across to the opening in the wall, watching the moon climb majestically in the for once cloudless sky. *Help us, castle, please. Help find a suitable name for you so we can follow our dream of educating children*She was not certain if the stones could perceive her thoughts, but after deliberating for days on end over a suitable name for a wizarding school, she was willing to try anything.

Admiring the full moon a little longer, her thoughts strayed to the repeated rumbling of the stones that made up the castle How curious, she thought. Every time we say something the castle doesn't like, it seems the stones complain... I wish they'd tell us what we should call the school.

She turned slowly, and her eyes fell on the floor of the room. Godric, Salazar, and Helga were still sitting around the fire, Rowena's own space between Helga and Salazar empty. "Look," she whispered and pointed her hand to the centre of the room.

The sand that had fallen earlier spelled out the castle's choice. There, in spidery writing, was written the name

Hogwarts.

The stones grumbled once more, this time lightly, gently, and then retreated into silence.

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