

My Sweet Hermione

by sigh

A letter from Severus to Hermione.

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Chapter 1 of 2

A letter from Severus to Hermione.

Thanks to Cilla for her tireless efforts at fixing my plentiful mistakes.

My sweet Hermione,

Surely by now, you've realized that it can't work between us; it never could have. We are worlds apart, and I'm not sure there's anything we can do to fix that. Once, you had me caught up in that horrible romantic optimism you're so fond of, but no more. I've seen what really is, and I can no longer pretend or believe in what's not.

My past is something that you should never have had to deal with. It is something that I have yet to deal with, and hopefully it shall remain that way until death makes it all irrelevant. Forgetting the days when I was a Death Eater, the atrocious act of killing the one person who trusted me unconditionally, of killing my mentor, should have been enough to warn you off. You deserve someone with fewer ghosts in their cupboard than those, which currently haunt mine.

I know we've discussed this previously. You almost had me convinced that none of it matters. I saw you, Hermione, trying to justify 'us' to those imbeciles. You couldn't do it, and even you found it hard to stay true in face of their persistence. It does not get easier with time. Those sayings are all false and cannot give you what you need.

I cannot give you what you need. I am an emotional cripple and shall remain so until I die. I will never be a sunny, cheerful person, and I will never be able to stand children. Being near you takes the edge off slightly, but I am still who I am under it all. And even you are not good enough at Charms to hide that hurt look in your eye when my tongue turns on you. I cannot change who I am.

I amused you for a while. Challenged you, kept you busy. But that's all I could ever be to you, another challenge to solve. You always were one to stick up for the underdog and always the first to tackle the next puzzle. I am not a puzzle, Hermione. My personality contains none of the irrelevant fluff that seems to make women of your age so happy, and it never will. It's not a puzzle. I don't terrorise children because I'm in emotional pain. It amuses me in my quieter moments. I'm not a puzzle. I am just - me.

There's nothing left here for either of us. If we were to continue in this way, we would both end up with nothing. We would obliterate each other eventually. My being could not handle the stress of constantly trying to live up to who you want me to be. And you could never handle living with the greasy git of the dungeons for an extended period.

We are who we are, and neither of us can change that. Neither of us should have to change. You will always be an infuriating know-it-all, but you will no longer be my infuriating know-it-all. I shall miss your irritating me whilst I try to read a book quietly on my own. My rooms will never seem the same again.

You deserve the happiness someone else could bring you, someone who does contain that fluff. Intelligence is not enough to hold a relationship together, and ours was destined not to be.

I will forever cherish the stolen months we had together. They were not meant to happen, but they were glorious when they did. I shall remember you; please live on your life without remembering me. I will always be,

Yours,
Severus Snape

Snape

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione's reply to Severus' letter. Not what most people were expecting, but written due to a high demand.

Snape,

Since you felt the need to break us up, maybe you would be so kind as to send on the rest of my belongings? I still don't understand the stupidity of reasoning behind what you did, but I no longer care either. I have my own life now. Don't think I've forgiven you, or that my new life justifies what you did. Just add it to the pile of things you hate yourself for. You always were so fond of that pile, that I'm glad I could contribute to it.

I'm glad you're aware of how many ghosts inhabit your cupboard. I wonder, though, if you've ever pulled your head up for long enough to notice all the good you've done. You are a man who helped to save an entire world; much more than I have ever attempted. And yet, you couldn't find it in yourself to save our relationship.

Don't expect me to fight you on this. You made up your mind, and quite frankly, I don't have anything left in me to try and change it. After all the energy I put into convincing you that you were worthy, I have none left over to convince you again. I surely thought it was enough to lose my beloved family and many of my childhood friends, not to mention my childhood innocence. Apparently, I am to do without you as well.

I wasn't struggling to justify our relationship to Ron and Harry, or 'those two imbeciles,' as you so nicely refer to my closest friends. I was struggling to understand their idiocy in questioning my choice of partner for the tenth time. Now, I'm struggling to understand your idiocy. Do you feel better about your decision knowing that it puts you in the same category as Ron and Harry? I hope so. I also hope that you gain satisfaction in the knowledge that you have proved Ron and Harry to be true Seers. They warned me that you would hurt me; that you would break my heart. Who would have guessed that Trelawney would be so good at teaching Divination? Perhaps I didn't see it because I dropped Divination. I can certainly see you clearly enough now.

There is a difference between a cheerful, sunny person and an emotional cripple. You are an emotional cripple because you choose to be one. You choose to lock yourself away in your rooms and avoid the world. You choose to not let people in, and you choose to avoid seeing the good that there is in you. I will no longer fight to show you the truth.

You are a bad judge of character if you think I need, or want, 'irrelevant fluff.' I've spent my short life avoiding all things that contain such nonsense. I have also never expressed a desire to ruin my life by having offspring. They were never something I wanted. It is a cold comfort to me to know how little you truly knew of my character.

A good point was made in your letter; you did challenge me and keep me busy. You never stopped doing either of those. However, you challenged me through your intellect, not your personality. I never saw you as a puzzle to sort out. You were the first person I could hold intelligent conversations with, and I have never been able to debate anything out with anyone else. If a relationship is not meant to expand your horizons, and challenge your preconceived ideas, then I want no part of them in the future.

Let me make one thing clear, right now. I never saw you as the underdog, *never*. To me you were the best choice. Whatever you choose to believe is up to you. I must make this clear for my own sake. And that's the point, Snape; I do things for myself, not for anyone else. I am the person who must live with my decisions, and I make them based on that. I would never start a relationship with someone simply out of pity. Krum would be a good example at this point. He was not the underdog by anyone's standards.

I never wanted you to be anyone other than who you are. I fell in love with that person, and that's who I wanted by my side. It's a nice little twist that you feared this ending with us both having nothing, yet that's exactly how it has ended, hasn't it, Snape? You are now alone, and from this point on you will probably always be alone—truly alone, unless you choose to change.

From a man who scoffs at anything not proven by research and experiment, you make big claims on destiny. Yours is a self-fulfilling prophecy; you fear being alone, and so you push everyone away. If you thought I deserved happiness, you would never have written such a horrid letter. How am I ever to know true happiness again?

Intelligence is more than enough to hold a relationship together, if applied properly. Pity you suffer from such blatant idiocy.

I will always remember you, and not with fondness. You wanted this over, so be it then. But heed this warning. This is it. You called it off; there's no turning back. I will not allow my heart to be played with by anyone, and I will never put myself through these past few weeks again. We are over. It was your doing, and it shall stay broken forever.

Please return my belongings soon, so that it will truly be over, and I can close this chapter of my life.

Enjoy your solitude,

H.G.