

To Dwell on Dreams

by PersephoneVerte

22 year-old Hermione Granger reflects back to Hogwarts in a journal entry and sparks some motivation. AU which disregards information from many of the books, featuring Alive!Snape, smut, and the question of, 'Can we really move on from our first love?'
under extreme reconstruction

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters featured in this story, nor do I own anything in the Harry Potter franchise. I am making no money off of this, as much as I would like to be.

AN: The smut is in chapter two, if that's what you're after ;) Many thanks to my fabulous beta, Mandy/ScarletWitch.

I knew at an early age that I wasn't going to be receiving many Valentine cards when I entered my teen years. In primary school we were required to buy cards for everyone in the class, but even then some students "forgot" to give the class know-it-all hers. After I got my Hogwarts letter, my eyes were bright at the prospect of meeting an intelligent young wizard who would buy me Necco hearts, peck my cheek, and send me a homemade card. Upon hearing Ron Weasley's comments in our first year on my desire to better my mind, however, I dashed those hopes and forgot about boys altogether, preferring to stick to my studies.

It's no secret that I was, and still am, mature for my age; therefore, my ideals on teenage love were those of someone light years older than myself. I scorned the girls who had a new boyfriend every week and claimed to be "in love."

So when I found myself mesmerized by Professor Snape, I was ready and willing to write it off as a harmless schoolgirl crush that stemmed from his bravery during Professor Lupin's werewolf transformation. After all, fourteen-year-old girls Do Not Lust After Professors. I suppressed my fascination throughout the majority of my fourth year as well, forcing my eyes down to my potions at all times, except to answer questions.

Then Dumbledore held that stupid Yule Ball. The Yule Ball was the beginning of my emotional downfall. The Yule Ball made me absolutely mad.

I was wine and dined by Viktor Krum, but there was one person in the room who I couldn't help but glance at every chance I got. Sulking in the corner is very becoming of Professor Snape. He looked so regal in his dress robes, black like everything else he owns, and standing there with a sneer on his face, as if he was above such frivolity. He never danced with anyone--not that there was someone in the room brave enough to ask him. He just sulked and sneered. I was amazed at how one person could be so enigmatic, yet teach under one of the nosiest and omniscient minds in the world.

After that, I admit that I went a tad insane. Not literally, mind you, but I became quite obsessed with the good Professor. I was already pushing myself in school, but I began to push even harder in Potions. My concoctions were perfectly mixed, my hand flailed in the air only half as much, and my lips stayed shut to Neville Longbottom. I allowed room for no mistakes whatsoever, nothing that Professor Snape could criticize me for. I even started saving our returned papers, beaming when his spidery scrawl

reiterated his approval of my work.

I saved up those papers for a very long time. My entire Hogwarts career after Christmas of my fourth year, in fact. All of them were neatly shrunken and placed in a small box in the bottom of my trunk. I pined longingly after Professor Snape in ways I can't even describe, ways that I don't even want to remember, they're so shameful.

After graduation, I made my parents aware of my decision to rarely return to the Muggle world. Needless to say, they weren't happy. The best day of my life was marred by a fight with my parents, after which I stormed out of their house with little more than my wand and a few galleons. I began a job in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts office, one of the only positions available, and definitely not my first choice; however, I had to start somewhere. Harry and Ron were happy to have me in their flat, and we lived quite comfortably, the two of them studying to become Aurors.

Though things were working out well in those aspects, Voldemort was still gaining power. It wasn't a shock when my parents were killed by Death Eaters. I was more shocked that it hadn't happened sooner, what with me being Harry Potter's best friend. The hard part about it was returning home. I hadn't been back but once since our falling out four years prior. Seeing the pictures of us smiling together as a family was difficult. Getting rid of their belongings was worse.

I only returned to my old bedroom after the rest of the house had been cleared. It brought me back to a different Hermione, one who wasn't worried for her life on a weekly basis. I sat on my bed and ran my fingers over the salmon duvet with small roses and lace around the edges. I hadn't slept there since the summer before seventh year. I swallowed and began packing clothes that were made for a teenager, not a young lady, as well as some knick-knacks from vacations that I didn't care to remember. I pulled my many books off the shelf and shrunken them into a box. The books I would keep, but the clothes and knick-knacks I would not.

Then I moved to the last item in my room, the one that I had been dreading since walking in the front door: my school trunk. I took out my robes and uniform, banishing them on the spot. My schoolbooks went sailing into the box with all my other books. The bottom was littered with clear lip gloss, a hairbrush, and random socks, all of which I quickly trashed. The last item was tucked against a corner of the trunk, looking just as it had four years ago. I pulled out the box and sat with it in my lap for a good ten minutes. It contained remnants of the man who had captivated my every thought at Hogwarts, and, quite frankly, I didn't know if I was ready to deal with the papers.

I took the box back to the flat I shared with Harry and Ron, where it sat on my dresser for sixteen days, and where it was rather daunting.

Earlier today, I tossed it. The entire box went into a Man U waste bin, never to be taken out again; I made sure to dump a soda over it as to not tempt me to get it back out. I think doing it the Muggle way made it seem more permanent, in an odd way.

I thought it would bring me closure, since I'm well out of school and only see Professor Snape at Order meetings for a few minutes.

Four hours later, I'm sitting here thinking that was Not A Good Idea. I know that it should be a good idea and that you shouldn't cling to the past, especially if there's no hope for the future. But I've never really gotten over him, I don't think. I tried, Merlin knows I earnestly did, but he's always there. I don't know if it's because I've had to see him at headquarters or if it's because Harry and Ron gripe about him so much, but I'm constantly reminded of him, constantly reminded of how similar we are. If they knew my thoughts, my friends would say, "Oh, Hermione, you're not like him at all! You're witty, smart, outgoing, and know exactly how to help everyone."

Ah, but I am like him. I truly am. I want desperately to have some privacy during this war, want desperately to have a space to myself to carry out research on any topic I wish, but I can't. I think Professor Snape would like the same, though it's hard to tell what he'd want. I wish I didn't notice the similarities in us (no one else certainly does), but I do, and I think that's part of the reason it's so hard to move on.

I wish I'd told him how I felt. Even if he had no feelings for me, I could say, "Get on with it. You know for sure how he feels about you now, and there's nothing you can do about it." Yet, I didn't tell him, and I'm stuck wondering, "What if? What if Professor Snape had noticed our similarities and wanted someone to share his wartime strife with?"

I don't think I've been this honest with myself about him, ever. The thoughts flitted around the ends of my mind, but I never brought them forward into pure realization. It makes me feel sick to think about it, but I have to do it.

But I'm not going to take the box out of the bin. I'm going to make myself forget about him before I start fresh with my life. I'm going to make myself forget all the times I wished for him to run his hands over me, and I'm going to be ok. I'm going to get on with life.

Because, as Dumbledore said, in all his infinite wisdom, "It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live."

AN. This is a rather personal story for me, as it was prompted by my finding a box under my bed full of notes from the first boy I ever felt any deep feelings for (a boy, who, I might add, has never been told what I felt for him). However, this isn't a teenage angst story ;) It will be complete in three chapters though.