

Birthright

by sevibaby

Hermione receives a letter from Severus Snape that change her past, present and future.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 2

Hermione receives a letter from Severus Snape that change her past, present and future.

A/N: This story is book canon and not movie canon. Per JK Rowling, Hermione was born in September, and all of the first years had to have been eleven when they received their Hogwarts' letter. I don't own anything, but JK owns the world of Harry Potter.

Chapter 1

How can a morning so bright and beautiful be shrouded in so much sadness and sorrow?

That was the first thought which went through Hermione Granger's mind when she woke up the morning after the Battle of Hogwarts. She looked around the room that had been provided for her and Ron. So much had happened this past year. Besides the defeat of Voldemort, the most important thing that had occurred was that she and Ron were finally together. She turned her head and just drank in the face of her beloved Ron. They had been so used to sleeping in the tent together, when the time came to sleep last night, they couldn't be parted.

Hermione gently rose out of bed and dressed. Realizing she was famished, she decided to go down to breakfast in the Great Hall.

As she descended the stairs, her thoughts took her back to the morning before, the night before that, and what the aftermath of those twenty-four hours had wrought. It was hard to believe that just a day before yesterday they had been hiding at Shell Cottage and now the war was over. When they had broken into Gringotts, they'd never expected that they'd be fighting Voldemort and his Death Eaters that very same night and into the next morning. Or that Harry would die and be reborn, so to speak.

Voldemort was dead, and the Wizarding world was safe once again. The carnage that had taken place on the grounds of Hogwarts was staggering. Bodies of Order members, Death Eaters, centaurs, elves, and even a few goblins had littered the grounds. By now, all of the deceased had been moved inside the castle. The survivors had made certain to keep the bodies separate. Several classrooms adjacent the Great Hall had been set aside as makeshift morgues.

The body of Severus Snape had been retrieved and placed with the other Order members. His bravery had been shouted far and wide in the Wizarding world.

That first night no one wanted to leave the castle. Professor McGonagall had made certain that there was plenty of room for everyone to sleep. After spending so much time together, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were having a difficult time sleeping in their separate rooms. Ron suddenly decided that he would room with Hermione. After much debating, with reluctance and a strict lecture from Mrs. Weasley, Ginny had been given permission to room with Harry. Hermione snorted with laughter at the number of charms Mr. Weasley had put on Harry's bed.

And so it was with a war-fatigued body that Hermione Granger descended the main staircase in the Entrance Hall the morning after Voldemort's defeat. As her foot touched the last step, she heard her name being called. She turned to see a Gringotts goblin beckoning her.

"Miss Granger, I have a letter to give you. You must sign for it."

Hermione was surprised, to say the least, that someone had wanted to give her a letter that had been in the security of Gringotts. She signed for it and said, "Thank you."

Her curiosity peaked. As she started walking into the Great Hall she opened the letter and began to read.

Hermione paled. Crying out, "NO," she turned and fled from the castle, never hearing the shouts of her name called out to her.

She ran until her body protested. Out of breath, Hermione collapsed to the ground by the lake and started weeping. She couldn't--no, wouldn't-- believe what was in the letter. If it was true, then everything she had known her whole life had been a lie. Most particularly, the past seven years. She was a half-blood, or more precisely a quarter-blood. Her father had been a wizard, and her mother... well, was her mother. She just couldn't believe it. It was like someone had just picked her up, tossed her about and then dropped her upon her head.

She looked down at the crumpled piece of parchment and decided to reread its contents, wanting to comprehend the meaning of it all.

Miss Granger,

You are no doubt wondering as to why, I, of all people, am writing to you. If you have received this letter, then the Dark Lord has fallen, the Order has won, and I did not survive the war. My biggest secret will now be revealed.

Miss Granger, no, Hermione, long ago I made a mistake that cost me my soul and the love of my life. On the 9th of January, 1979 I decided to celebrate the auspicious occasion of my birth and the announcement of my love's betrothal to my most hated enemy by getting "shit faced," as the Muggle's would say. I lost control and stumbled into Muggle London, where no-one knew who or what I was. I merely wanted to lose myself for the time being, or die trying. I ended up in a pub and was slowly and mindlessly getting pissed. A waitress by the name of Helen Rothschild took pity on me when I was too inebriated to put two steps together. She seemed to think that I was harmless and took me back to her flat. She mentioned that she and her flat mate were on the outs, and she had a big couch where I could sleep off my stupor. Well, that's not what happened.

We sat up and talked for awhile, though I only remember bits and pieces of what we discussed. It seemed that her flat mate had left her when he had discovered that he was sterile, unable to give her children. I barely remember going to bed by myself. When I awoke the next morning, we were both in the same bed, and there were obvious signs that we had had intercourse. I left and had never expected to see or hear from her again.

A few months later, I received a letter at my home in Spinners End that Helen needed to speak to me (I later found out that in my inebriated state I had informed her as to where my home was located). When Helen arrived, it was to my great astonishment that she was pregnant. To my horror, I had forgotten or was too intoxicated to remember to cast a contraception charm. She and her flat mate had made up and were going to get married. They had decided that he was going to take responsibility for the child and raise it as his own. But seeing as how I was the father, she was informing me of her intentions. I never wanted a child and told her to do whatever she wished.

I had forgotten all about you until the summer of your first year. I was called into Professor Dumbledore's office and questioned as to why there was a first year with the name of Hermione Granger-Snape in the logs of incoming students. At first, I was confused as to what he was inferring, but then I remembered what happened in the winter of 1979. I told Professor Dumbledore the whole story and that I refused to acknowledge you. To say he was vastly disappointed was an understatement. I decided that I would go on as if I did not have a daughter. Was I protecting you? Maybe. Or maybe I was protecting myself. I honestly don't know. What I do know is that I have become infinitely proud of you over the years. I have learned to put my pride and joy for you into the far reaches of my mind. For if the Dark Lord were ever to have found out about you.... I prayed that I would never know that particular scenario.

I have kept numerous journals over the past several years and have hidden them in the Headmaster's office. Behind the portrait of Phineas Nigellus Black, there is a niche where you will find all of my journals that pertain to you, the years you have spent at Hogwarts, and beyond. Please know that over the years, I did start to develop a grudging respect for you.

Please forgive me.

Your father,

Severus T. Snape

P. S.

I have never hated you.

Hermione felt warm arms wrap around her as she started to weep again. When she was done, Hermione looked up into the loving face of Ron and handed him the letter. She watched surprise and then shock cross his face. When he had finished reading, he picked her up, laid her in his lap and gently rocked her, murmuring in her ear.

Hermione began to weep again, and Ron just held her until she calmed. He had witnessed Hermione receive the letter, all color draining from her face. When she'd turned and fled from the Great Hall, he had followed her. After finding her sobbing on the ground, all he could do was sit and hold her.

After a while, she took a few shuddering breaths and began to speak.

"Snape was my real father." She said this like she couldn't wrap her mind around the idea. And like a tidal wave, once she started to speak, she couldn't stop. "I never knew, never suspected. I always thought that he hated me just as much as Harry. I could never do anything to please him. I'm just so confused right now."

Hermione paused for breath and looked out over the lake. How had she gotten here? She had no idea. "How could they not tell me? You know my mum and dad, Ron. They never gave me any inkling, or some kind of sign that Richard Granger was not my real father. I always felt safe and loved in his arms. Sure, I questioned why I was an only child, but they always told me that I was special, and after having me, they didn't want any other children. I feel so betrayed right now. I don't know whom to trust." She looked up to him with fresh tears falling down her cheek.

"Do you want to go to the Headmaster's office and retrieve his journals?" Ron asked her as he wiped her tear-stained cheeks.

"I don't know. Right now, I just want to sit here with your arms around me and just feel the peace and quiet. Too much has happened in the last few days and I'm having a hard time taking it all in. Maybe later, I will get the journals... or I might never go get them."

"Hermione, I love you, but you won't rest easy until you have those journals and know what's inside them. How about this? We won't think or worry about any of this until tomorrow. Today, let's just be Ron and Hermione, a new couple enjoying each other."

"I like that idea. So we're a couple now? Well, seeing as how you have just declared yourself, you had best give your girlfriend a kiss to make her forget everything for a little while."

"I think I can do that." And with those words Ron gave Hermione a kiss that did make her forget her worries, at least for a little while.

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After some time, they stood up and headed back to the castle. Ron grasped Hermione's hand in a firm hold and spoke of what had happened in the Great Hall. "I hope you know that Harry, Ginny and my mum saw you receive that letter. What do you want to tell them when we get back?"

"I honestly don't know, but I do know that it won't be the truth for a while, if ever."

"Harry should know, considering how he feels about Snape, now."

"I know, it just too hard to imagine. I mean, you and Harry used to say that I was scary sometimes and now that I look back on everything, Professor Snape and I were a lot alike." Hermione shuddered uncomfortably after certain images of late night activities from her fourth year flooded her memory.

"Ugh."

"What'd you just say?"

"Uh. Oh, nothing. Right now, my head hurts and my heart aches. I don't know which feels worse."

Ron stopped and turned Hermione to face him. Gently pulling her into his arms, he said, "I love you, no matter who your father is. I will continue to love you, no matter what." As he started to pull her back towards the castle, he stopped suddenly. With feigned sarcasm, he asked, "So does this now mean that you'll become the next 'Greasy Git'? Or start giving out detentions for just breathing? Oh, I know! You're going to make Harry, Neville and me scrub cauldrons until the end of time."

Hermione couldn't help but laugh. When it really mattered, Ron was always able to make a joke out of tragedy. Right now, she felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

As they entered the Castle, Hermione's eyes drifted towards the classrooms holding the bodies of Order members, including Snape's body.

"Do you want to go in and take a look?" Ron gently asked her.

"No, not right now." With a sigh, she turned and headed towards the Great Hall where she looked into the concerned faces of her friends---no, her family. As she gazed into the face of Harry, Hermione made a decision that showed how much he meant to her. "Give me some time, guys. I will tell you everything. It's just too much to take in right now. Ron has promised me a day of 'just being,' and I want to enjoy it without any worries." As she said this, they all turned and walked towards a food-laden table.

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After they had eaten their fill, Harry decided that Ron's idea had merit. "I could go for a day of 'just being,' and not the hero of the Wizarding World." Turning, he looked at his future wife. "What do you say, Ginny? Want to just be, just exist without a care or worry in the world?"

"I think I can do that. Soon enough we'll have to help Mum and Dad with Fred's funeral and help George with the day-to-day living." She pulled Harry towards her and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Let's go out to the Quidditch pitch and enjoy the peace and quiet. Professor McGonagall has made sure the grounds are as pristine as they ever were. I heard her talking to Kingsley Shacklebolt about the repairs to the actual castle." Ginny lowered her voice and whispered, "The castle is starting to repair itself."

Ron and Harry regarded her with blank looks in their eyes when Hermione spoke up in her most annoying tone of voice. The one that said, "I know more than you."

"Of course the castle is repairing itself. In *Hogwarts, A History* it states that every time the castle is attacked, the magic that the founders put in each and every stone helps restore the castle to its natural state."

Ron rolled his eyes at her. Putting his arms around her, he whispered into her ear, "Now, that's the Hermione I know and love." Lifting his head and looking at the others, he said, "Come on, you lot, let's go outside and enjoy this beautiful day. Let the others deal with everything else. If we don't deserve it, then I don't know who does."

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Later that night, as Hermione and Ron were getting into bed, Hermione's thoughts turned back to the letter she had received that morning, and she realized that Ron was right. She couldn't rest easy unless she had Professor Snape's journals in her possession. She rose and turned towards Ron, informing him of her intentions. "I'm going to the Headmaster's office. You were right; I need to know what is in those journals."

He got out of bed and asked her, "Do you want me to go with you?"

"No, I want to do this alone. But I would appreciate it if you kept the bed warm for me."

"I think I can do that. If you're not back in an hour, I'll come looking for you. I just don't want you to be alone right now. I love you." He pulled Hermione into his arms and kissed her. Walking her to the door, he stood there watching her until she disappeared down the corridor.

The gargoyles that normally stood at attention by the entrance to the winding stairs were standing apart, making the passage upwards more manageable. Hermione didn't even think to ask Professor McGonagall what the new password was, or if there even was one at the moment. On trembling legs, she ascended the stairs. When Hermione reached the door, she took a deep breath and knocked. Hermione didn't know if Professor McGonagall was in the office or if she was still using her old one. When no answer came, Hermione pushed open the door and stepped in. She looked around at an office that, just the day before, had been in shambles. Now everything had been put to rights. She looked up and into the concerned eyes of Albus Dumbledore.

They had stared at each other for a few moments when he cleared his throat and began to speak. "So, Miss Granger, I take it that you have received some distressing news?"

"Yes, sir, I received a letter this morning telling me that Professor Snape was my father. I've come up here to retrieve the journals he'd left me."

"Oh, my child, he has left you so much more than his journals. I know for a fact he left you everything that was in his possession. It took a long time, but he had finally admitted that he'd left everything to you. You are his sole heir and the sole heir to the Prince estates."

"Did he? I wouldn't know, for all I received from him was scathing remarks and rebuttals. Never once in all of the years that I have been here, or at headquarters, did he ever acknowledge me. I am sorry, Professor, but I am having a hard time believing that he respected me or even gave one single thought about me," Hermione bitterly replied. "I came to get the journals and then I am leaving. May I come back and speak with you if I have any questions?"

"Please do, Miss Granger. Oh, and Hermione? You might glean from those journals that your father did in fact love you."

With a snort, Hermione turned and walked towards the portrait of Headmaster Black. Taking a shaking breath, she reached for the portrait and pulled it open, finding the niche. There were several books bound together, and a letter lay atop them. She reached in and took the journals along with the letter. Closing the portrait, she turned and walked out of the Headmaster's office without a backward glance.

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When Hermione returned to her room, she found that Ron had fallen asleep in one of the chairs by the fire. She smiled and placed a tender kiss upon the top of his head. She then proceeded to sit in the other chair and look at the pile of journals in her lap.

She picked up the letter, and on the front, written in handwriting that she knew as well as her own, were just a few short words:

"Do not read this letter until you have read all of my journals."

Well, that was a letdown; Hermione had been hoping the letter possessed some insight as to what was in the journals. So it was with a fear-laden heart she untied the first journal and began to read.

A/N: Thanks to my wonderful beta, Lissa. I know I will be putting you to work with this one.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione learns how hard her first year really was.

You all know the drill: I only own the plot, JK owns the rest. I make no money from this.

Chapter 2

After placing all of the journals on the table which sat between the chairs, Hermione just stared at them. She finally let out a sigh and picked up the first journal. Opening the page, she began to read:

June 23, 1991

I am going to kill that old man one day. It wasn't enough I had just recently retired to my first night of uninterrupted peace in my own home, but the meddling fool just had to call me back. Why didn't he just get it over with while I still resided in the castle? Let me tell you, Journal, it was not a pleasant meeting. I was being called on the carpet for something I had done 11 ½ yrs ago. My god, did he want me to shout out every mistake and indiscretion I had ever made? It was a long time ago, and I had thankfully forgotten that point in my life.

When I entered Dumbledore's office, he looked at me with disappointment in his eyes. Well, there was nothing new; I was always a disappointment. He proceeded to ask me who Hermione Jean Granger-Snape was. I looked at him and could not even begin to fathom who this person was, so I asked him to enlighten me. Well, Journal, he floored me when he revealed she was an incoming first year and, by all accounts, she was my daughter. Well damn, I had hoped my little indiscretion was a Squib, but I guess I couldn't get so lucky. After much arguing on my part, and firm resolution on Dumbledore's part, it was decided I would take the unwanted little bastard her Hogwarts letter. I need a drink, or I will never get any sleep this night. I have not even met the little bitch, and I hate her already.

He was blunt in his thoughts about me, Hermione thought to herself. She turned several pages before she found another entry pertaining to her.

July 31, 1991

I have had the most horrendous day. I took the Granger chit her Hogwarts letter and almost had the door slammed in my face. To say Helen was unhappy to see me was an understatement. I was no happier to see her either. After reassuring her I had not come to claim the child, I explained to her what I was and why I was there. I informed her I was a wizard. After much scuffing and disbelief on her part, I proved to her I was indeed telling the truth. I proceeded to ask Helen if the child had experienced any unusual incidents.

Her response shocked me, to say the least. It seems the child, or as I was constantly reminded, Hermione, started to manifest her magic at a very early age. Helen wasn't too sure, but thought it had started when the girl child was around nine months of age. (Note to self: it is very unusual for a child manifest so early.) I then went on to explain why I was there. I told her about Hogwarts and how it was a place where a child could learn to harness and control their magic. Helen was not pleased to find her only child was a witch, but as I had omitted the little fact I was a wizard, who was I to complain as she ranted and raged at me?

Journal, I can positively say the woman is a shrew. I thank my lucky stars I was too pissed to notice. I left after giving her the address to the Leaky Cauldron and explained she needed to go to Diagon Alley and do all of the child's school supply shopping there. I was not going to mollycoddle her and told her so. Helen could learn just like the rest of the Muggles.

As I was leaving, she asked if I wanted to see what my daughter looked like. I refused. I would be seeing the child in little over a month and wished I would never see her at all. I bid Helen good bye and left. Journal, my life as I have known it is over. I am now descending into hell, for Dumbledore has just been so kind as to remind me Harry fucking Potter will be a first year also. I need a drink.

Hermione did not know whether to laugh or be angry at the treatment her mother had suffered. She knew how Professor Snape could be, and to call her mother a shrew was like the pot calling the kettle black. She was torn as to whether she should continue to read on or just throw all of the books into the fire and forget everything. But both Dumbledore and Ron's words kept coming back to her. Yes, she would always wonder what was in the journals, but did she really want to believe Professor Snape's feelings for her had changed? She decided she would just go to bed and sleep on it.

Hermione looked up at the clock and was surprised to see it was well after midnight. She shook Ron awake and watched as he looked around the room.

"Alright there, Hermione?"

"I'm fine. Just a little overwhelmed at the moment." She stretched out a hand to him and they rose to their feet. She spoke as they were getting into bed. "Well, Professor Snape really did hate me. I mean, he called me several nasty names that I will not repeat, but there was also coldness to his words." She snuggled under the covers and rested her head on Ron's shoulder. "I don't know if I want to continue reading them, but Dumbledore's portrait mentioned to me how Professor Snape came to love me as a daughter and left me everything. I don't know about anything right now except I am tired. Good night, love." Hermione sat up, gave Ron a kiss, rolled over and closed her eyes.

"You know, whatever you decide, I will be right by your side. I won't ever leave you again." Ron vowed into her neck, kissing it, sighed and then fell asleep.

Hermione had a very restless night, and after only a few hours of sleep, rose to greet the dawn. She knew she had kept Ron up with her restlessness and made as little noise as possible while she'd dressed. On her way out of their chamber, she picked up the journal she had started to read the night before. As she proceeded down one of the staircases to the Great Hall, Hermione decided she would grab a quick bite and head for the lake to read more.

After finding a secluded spot, Hermione opened the journal to where she had left off and began to read:

1 September 1991

Another welcoming feast is past, and to date, it was one of the worst. Harry Potter has finally decided to grace us with his presence. I will do everything in my power not to look into his eyes. Lily's eyes on James Potter's face, I don't know if I will be able to survive it. Oh, Lily, how I miss you. I hope one day you can forgive me. I will keep to my oath; I will protect your child with everything I have. Lily, he was sorted into Gryffindor; I hope he will be more like you and not like his prat of a father.

I digress; my bastard has also arrived this day. All I have to say is the child will win no beauty contest. She is buck-toothed and has a bushy mop on her head I presume she calls hair. (The resemblance to my Muggle grandmother is uncanny). I could see she was acting as if the Sorting Hat was a test she was going to fail, and of all the horrors, she was sorted into Gryffindor also. I pray I will only have to deal with the little chit in class. I will have to wait and see. I will have both children in my class tomorrow. Wonderful, just wonderful.

Hermione could just hear the sarcasm dripping off the page.

Also, Quirrell is acting peculiarly; I will have to keep up my guard. I still don't know whose side he is on, and to preserve my status as a Death Eater, I must be wary and tread carefully. With Albus hiding Flamel's Stone in the castle, we will all be on our guard. Albus has asked me to create one of many challenges which will protect the Stone. I will have to put my mind to work and think long and hard. Time for bed.

2 September 1991

The Gryffindor/Slytherin first-year Potions class was an inimitable disaster. Mr. Potter thought he could not pay attention in my class, and when I brought the boy to task, he had the gall to get cheeky. And Miss Granger, her insistent hand waving will be the death of her by my hand. Maybe I should have taken an interest in the child when she was born, so that now she would have been better prepared to handle the Wizarding world. She is already showing signs of being insufferable. I will definitely have to keep an eye on her. The Longbottom boy will become the death of us all. He is no potion brewer and will definitely make me stay on my guard for every class if today is to be an example. I may become an alcoholic.

Hermione looked up at the lake as she remembered her first class with the Potions master. She was mesmerized by him even then. Now, she understood a little of the attraction she felt even at her young age. She had respect for all of her professors, but Snape seemed to command the most from her. She had always felt she had to strive to do better in his class. To achieve the intangible goal of receiving his praise.

4 October 1991

Quirrell has been acting out of character. I know he is a bumbling idiot, but lately the things he has been saying and doing almost make me wonder if he is a Death Eater, one which I was unaware. My instincts tell me not to trust him, but if he does have the Dark Mark and is truly loyal, I must warn Albus. The Stone will be safely hidden before too long, and hopefully this whole mess will be swept away.

I have noticed the Granger girl has not made any friends. Well, is it any wonder, Journal, with her nose stuck up in the air and the superior way she acts? She almost acts more pureblood than the pureblood. She will get no sympathy from me. But I do remember being an outsider when I first started here. Black and Potter did not make things any easier for me either. But at least at the time I had my dear Lily. I will just have to sit back and watch what happens.

20 October 1991

Albus is concerned with the way Quirrell has been acting. He has asked me to put on my mask, so to speak, and to watch for any more peculiar quirks with the good Defense teacher. Maybe for all we know the curse is already starting to affect the way Quirrell behaves and acts. Who knows, only time will tell, but I will do as Albus has asked. Albus also had another request to make of me that concerned "my daughter," as he puts it. He wants me to start taking an interest in her. I reminded him that the less I have to deal with the chit, the happier I am. I can't stand the child, and I let Albus know in no uncertain terms. I will have to watch Albus; he can be just as insufferable as Miss Granger.

31 October 1991

I just returned from the most horrendous night so far this year. Somehow, a troll managed to make his way, not only into the castle without being seen, but into the dungeons as well. I have my suspicions, considering it was during the Halloween feast that Quirrell came hurtling through the Great Hall and announced to the entire school that a troll was in the dungeons. As all of the professors were heading to the dungeons, I noticed Quirrell was not with us. My instincts led me to believe Quirrell was headed to the third floor. I decided to head him off in the corridor. Unfortunately, the beast Hagrid calls Fluffy attacked. I was able to pull Quirrell out of the room, but not before the beast swiped at my leg.

On our way back downstairs, we heard a commotion coming from Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. As we drew closer, I could hear shouts coming from inside. I saw Minerva enter just before us. I swear, Journal, I thought I had hardened my heart against that little girl. But when I saw Miss Granger standing next to the defeated troll, I thought I would have heart palpitations. Then when she proceeded to lie about what had happened and Minerva bought into the story, well, it was all I could do to not exert my parental rights and demand she speak the truth of why she was actually in the bathroom. I tell you, Journal, I strongly believe Potter and Weasley had something to do with it. I must strengthen my resolve and not let the little lying bitch into my heart. My heart will only belong to one person, and she is dead by my hands.

Tonight is also the night of my beloved Lily's death. I wonder, Journal, do you think Potter even knows this is the night his beautiful mother was killed? He seems a little too joyous to even consider what day it actually is.

At this, Hermione stopped reading that particular entry. She was stunned by the little tidbit that was hidden in the middle of Professor Snape's monologue. He'd been frightened of the prospect of Hermione being in the bathroom and that Harry and Ron might have been the cause. Well, he was right to a point. Hermione leaned back against the tree and remembered the fateful night so long ago. If Ron had not been so cruel earlier in the day, she would not have hidden in that particular bathroom, crying for the rest of the day. She had to smile, for if it hadn't been for Professor Quirrell letting in the troll, she, Harry and Ron would never have become as close friends as they were. She finally had a brother, or five, if one counted all the Weasley boys. Six, if she included Fred. Dear, sweet Fred, how he would have loved this turn of events. George will be unbearable, but to have had both Fred and George find out about this, they would never have let her forget where she came from. She had to shudder at the thought. No, George alone will be enough.

2 November, 1991

I can't believe the arrogance of Potter. He just walked into the staffroom liked he owned it and asked for his bloody book back. Filch was helping me bandage my leg at the time. My rage at him was so great, I almost broke my vow of protecting him by murdering him myself. He thinks he owns everything in this castle and we the teachers

should bow down to him and kiss his little arse. I don't think so.

Another thing, Journal, it will be interesting to see who can conjure fire and keep it in a jar. For when I took Potter's book away today, I noticed he and the Weasley boy, along with my bastard, were hiding a jar of blue flames.

Tomorrow, my Slytherins will play and beat Gryffindor. I wonder what Minerva will want to bet this time. I must be more cautious around that Gryffindor. She is ruthless.

Hermione laughed a little as she turned the pages to find another entry.

3 November, 1991

We lost. Potter caught the Snitch in a most unusual way. By his mouth. Well, at least he put it to good use for once. I was distracted through most of the game, for I believe Quirrell was performing a spell. I needed all of my concentration to perform the counterspell, and I needed to keep eye contact with Potter. Somehow, my robes caught fire. When I jumped up to put the flames out, I lost my concentration. Thankfully enough, my actions caused Quirrell to become distracted as well. I believe it was Granger; out of the corner of my eye, I saw her running from under the stands. So, now I know who the pyro is of that little group. I don't know whether to be proud or very afraid of what the little witch can do. We will see.

Hermione fell over in a fit of giggles when she read that. Her, a pyro? As if. The next entry she found was more or less just a footnote. Snape had been happy she was going home for the holidays. Well, now that she thought about it, she was happy to accommodate. It had been a wonderful Christmas that year. Since she had been away from her parents for so long, they had gone all out to make that Christmas one of the best. She was starting to cry again. How she missed her parents. As soon as she could, she would go to Australia and retrieve them. Thank god, she had explained everything to them before she changed their memories. Hermione just hoped they were still safe and Voldemort had not discovered what she had done.

The next entry that pertained to her directly was more towards the end of the journal. As she was thumbing through the pages, she eyed the entries containing the Quidditch match Snape refereed, and also the conversations he had had with Quirrell. She could still remember the horror she had felt when it had been revealed Quirrell was actually the human host to Voldemort. So much had happened that first year, and not surprising was how she, Harry and Ron had all survived their quest to find Flamel's Stone. The next entry she came to was quite interesting, and just remembering that particular incident made her smile.

25 March, 1992

It seems, Journal, Miss Granger isn't as perfect as she wants everyone to believe. The girl has earned herself a detention, and to my utter delight, Potter and Longbottom are right along with her. Unfortunately, Draco was dragged in with that band of ragamuffins. I will say Minerva made my day no, week, with as many points she took off of her precious Gryffindors. I may have to do a little jig at Slytherin's good fortune. For now, Gryffindor is dead last in the race for the House Cup. I have a place on my mantel all clear for the Cup to reside on.

1 April, 1992

I don't know whether to be upset or just relieved; the children had their detention tonight, and nothing went as it was planned. They were to serve their time with Hagrid in the Forbidden Forest and return at dawn. Well, that is not what happened. A unicorn was attacked, and Potter was rescued by a Centaur. Hermione, Miss Granger was with him. Well, at least she was with Hagrid at the time. It seems he had the children split up into two groups, and to my horror, Draco was with Potter. It's amazing they did not kill each other. All hell broke loose once everyone had separated. From what I have been told, Potter and Draco stumbled across a unicorn that had just been killed. While investigating the unicorn, they were set upon by some creature. Draco ran, but Potter was brought to his knees. It seems the centaur, Firenze, was able to rescue to boy just in time. I am just thankful Draco is alright. It seems that girl has a penchant for trouble. I am going have to keep a closer eye on her.

Well, once again Hermione was given a glimpse into Snape's mind. She noticed his slip up in writing her name, and although he didn't come right out and say it, he was concerned for her as well. Though, it did seem as though he cared more for Draco than her. She probably should expect it though.

She was coming to the end of the first journal when entries pertaining to her seemed more in depth:

5 June, 1992

Thank Merlin exams are finally over. Now all I have to do is mark them. They are nothing but an abysmal excuse for wasting my time.

As I was monitoring the halls for delinquents, I came across my favorite group of children. I heard them whispering about Albus, and my name came up. Miss Granger noticed I was standing there and got the boys' attention. I so love putting the fear into Potter; it brightens my otherwise dreary day. Also, I would seriously like to know why Miss Granger was loitering around the staff-room. She claims she needed to speak to Filius about one of her exam questions. Lying little bitch. She left before we came back to the door. I would really like to know what she is up to. She, Potter and Weasley are up to something, and I mean to find out...

6 June, 1992, early morning

I am going to murder that child. How dare she put herself in danger that way? Sneaking into the classroom where that mangy mutt, Fluffy, resided. Going down the trap door. Figuring out the Devil's Snare. HELPING Potter with the flying keys and then playing that bloody chess game. She could have been killed. No, I will kill her myself.

What are these feelings I am experiencing, Journal? My chest is tight, and I am frightened that if I close my eyes for an instant, I will awaken, only to find Hermione did not survive her battles in the lower dungeons.

I DO NOT CARE FOR THAT BLASTED GIRL!!!!!!

Oh, god, yes I do. I have come to care for her. My daughter.

I will just have to harden my heart over the summer. I will not see her for several weeks.

But do know, Journal, it was Hermione who figured out my logic puzzle. If it hadn't been for my brilliant daughter, I doubt Potter would have survived his quest to meet the Dark Lord.

Oh, yes, the Dark Lord has been in the castle this whole time. It seems that "Professor Quirrell" was playing bloody host to the evil incarnate, and Potter faced him. Quirrell is dead, and Potter is in the hospital wing recovering. I don't know all of the details, but it seems there is something in Harry that stops the Dark Lord. I am sure Albus knows, but the old man won't say. We will all know soon enough.

Thank you, whoever you are, for watching over the children. I am glad they survived.

Hermione had to put the journal aside to wipe her eyes. He had cared for her as early as first year and never let on. What must he had gone through to hold it inside... She sat staring off over the lake for some time when she was startled by footsteps coming upon her. She looked up and was surprised at who was standing over her.

Thank you to my wonderful betas for putting up with all of my issues. BattleofLissa and Sunny33, you both deserve lots of chocolate kisses.

Sorry this took so long, but RL was really kicking me in the butt this year.