

# Snape's Journal

*by averygoodun*

A silly addendum to "Marry a Choice." Shows the events from Snape's point of view.

## January

*Chapter 1 of 2*

A silly addendum to "Marry a Choice." Shows the events from Snape's point of view.

**Disclaimer:** Not mine.

**AN:** *This was just a fun way of getting "Marry A Choice" completely out of my system. Snape may not seem in character at all times, but remember that this is his private journal. Oh, and he has a real potty mouth, which is what the rating is for. I hope you enjoy.*

*Thanks to muggle\_prof for betaing!*

---

*Dec. 25, 1996*

Wasn't this a thoughtful gift? Maybe Minerva's trying to tell me something.

*Jan. 9, 1997*

I hate my life.

*May 15, 1997*

I hate my life. I hate Voldemort. I hate Potter. I hate Potter. I HATE Potter. Hmm, maybe Minerva was onto something. I do feel better for having gotten that out of my system. Of course, now I have to burn the page.

\*\*\*

I can't believe she gave me a permanent, indestructible, water- and fireproof journal. I think I shall be poisoning her gillywater this evening. Of course, if I do, then I'll have admitted that I've used this pile of parchment. Hmm.

*May 16th, 1997*

I hate my life. I hate Dumbledore. Bloody omniscient interfering old coot. Just because I tried to slip a little Veritaserum in Minerva's drink... He has no sense of humor where she's concerned.

*Sept. 18th, 1997*

I hate Potter. I loathe Potter. His friends aren't much better. Expel the lot of them, that's what should be done. Birthday celebrations indeed. Well, at least they all have detentions for the next week. With Argus.

That actually makes me feel good.

*Nov. 30th, 1997*

Dark Lord is up to something. Maybe I should update my will.

*Dec. 14th, 1997*

Joy to the World, the end is nigh.

We're supposed to attack Hogwarts on Christmas Eve. The Dark Lord is completely lacking in the sense-of-humor department, and you'd think that by now I would know better than to snicker in front of him. He always gets so defensive.

Bloody ingrate.

*Dec. 24, 1997*

Weasley saved me today. I now owe the little bugger a life debt. Granted, the look on his face when he saw whom he saved was almost worth it. The worst bit is that Potter ended the battle before I could repay the favor, so now I'm stuck in peacetime with a life debt to Ronald fucking Weasley.

I suppose at the very least I should try to find him and tell him off for saving my life. I expect that will piss him off as much as anything I could do.

Yes. I think I'll go do that.

\*\*\*

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck! Damn, stupid, idiotic, bloody infuriating Gryffindors! I must look up more ways of saying what complete morons those blighters are.

I went to find Weasley tonight and caught him just as he was coming in through the main doors, carrying Granger to the hospital wing. Physically carrying Granger. Imbecile. The girl gets injured, and he forgets he's a wizard. He doesn't even have the excuse of being raised by wolves, like Granger and Potter do. He was so distraught he didn't even see me sneering at him. He just walked, ashen, up to the hospital. Granted, I gather he and Granger were going out, and Granger did look like she was rather buggered, but really! He cracked far too easily.

I followed him, of course. With his record, he would be causing more havoc than Peeves in a foul mood if Granger died. It was my responsibility to prevent him from damaging himself or the school more than he already had.

He managed to be surprisingly calm as he dropped her off in Poppy's care and waited patiently for the diagnosis. At some point he noticed my presence and nodded at me politely as if he was playing at being an adult. Most amusing.

I decided to watch him crumble from the shadows. I stood against that cold wall for what seemed an hour watching as he fetched this and that for Poppy as she tried to heal Granger. It was a mind numbingly boring show.

Weasley obviously loves that girl with all his heart. What he sees in her, I cannot say, but I have to admit (Oh, this is painful.) that for a moment I was envious. The fact that he could change from a silly child to a reasonable facsimile of a calm and cool-headed man-child, all because of his affection, was rather moving. It surprised me that he was smart enough to see that suppressing his emotions was going to help more than acting like Potter would, dashing to and fro while sulking up a storm.

Not that I give a damn one way or the other.

So, for an interminable amount of time, I watched as he and Poppy worried over the girl. Finally other patients started coming in and Poppy was forced to call on me to help Weasley. She told us what to do, and like good boys, we did as she instructed. Watching up close, I noticed Weasley's hands were shaking, so with an insult or two not worthy of recording, I took over. At that point he said, barely audible, "Please save her, sir. Please."

I could have laughed, but I restrained myself. Instead, I sneered at him and said something to the effect of, "No one lives forever." I suppose at that point the stupid debt came into mind or something, because seeing his face go even whiter -- with all those freckles popping out grotesquely -- I actually amended my statement and reassured him I would do my best.

Once I took over, I saw that Miss Granger was in pretty bad shape. She was hanging on by only a thread, both physically and magically. I hadn't been watching her in the battle, so I had no idea how she became so drained, but she was defying every attempt to stabilize her. At my wit's end, I finally asked Weasley how she came to be like that and cursed my stupidity for not asking sooner when he told me Rookwood cursed her.

Augustus. Should have known just by the symptoms. Gus always was good at charms. He developed the Emulgeo Siccare shortly before Voldemort fell the first time and was particularly proud of it. Virtually nothing can stop the curse from gnawing away the life force and magic in the victim, especially as the curse infects the bloodstream, carrying it to every vessel in the body.

Fortunately, Gussie was also a braggart and told us how to stop it, although I thought it was probably too late to do Miss Granger any good as the curse had been in her system for more than two hours at that point. Far too much time.

I cast Petrificus Totalis on Miss Granger and got up to fetch my notes on the curse. Of course, Weasley thought I was leaving her to die, so he stood in my way.

I explained the situation to him, that she would die without my notes on reversing the curse, although it might be too late anyway, and he got that look in his eyes. That "I've lost every reason to live" look. It was odd to see it on another person's face. Vaguely disturbing, even.

He didn't say anything but turned and left the hospital. The ruddy imbecile was off to kill himself. That asinine life debt had me following him to stay his asinine hand. (Didn't I say it would be redeemed at the most inconvenient moment possible?)

We argued in the hall for a while, but he refused to see reason. The only thing he wanted was revenge. Can't blame the boy for that, but I knew Gus would eat him alive. (Figuratively, of course. I don't think Gus went in for cannibalism; his wife was strictly a beef-and-potatoes person herself, and she prepared all the meals, seeing as Gus was hopeless in the kitchen, and raw meat is something only barbarians and the French eat.)

In the end, I had to let him go. I tried every means to manipulate the little bastard out of it, but he was hell-bent on seeking Gus out. Moron. No sense of self-preservation whatsoever. Before he left, however, he asked me to watch over Miss Granger.

The gall of that boy to use a life debt like that! I have to comply, of course, but honestly!

I watched him leave, chased by Potter, (I didn't even see him as we were talking! I hope he doesn't get the wrong idea from this.) and then came down here for my notes. I suppose I should go tend to the girl now.

Maybe I'll get off lucky, and she'll have died while I was down here. I can always hope.

*December 25th, 1997*

I hate Potter. I loathe Potter. If I could, I would rid the world of Potter in a permanent way, but I promised Albus I wouldn't. Me and my big mouth with those bleeding promises!

So last night I went back, and Granger was still alive. Amazing really. Either she wasn't hit directly, or she has one hell of a will to live. Knowing her, probably both.

She wasn't doing well, though. The Petrificus Totalis had worn off, and her condition had degraded even further. I cast the appropriate charms to reverse the process, then there was little more I could do but wait.

I felt compelled to watch her while I waited. Maybe it was because I wanted to observe my charge, maybe I was exhausted from a long and busy day... I don't know. All I know is that as I sat there watching her, I was overcome by memories. On reflection, I guess she looks a bit like my mother, and that sparked my mental tangents. I see no need to repeat them here as they're ingrained upon my memory and not going anywhere. If they were to go anywhere, I don't believe I'd be upset at all.

Needless to say, I was in a dour mood as I watched Granger.

So there I was, contemplating the joys of youth and the merriment of adolescence, and suddenly a voice invaded my musings. Potter's voice. I looked up, and he was sitting across Granger's bed from me. He was waiting for an answer, though to what I had no idea. I shrugged, figuring it would probably be appropriate to the intelligence level of his question.

He looked at Granger morosely, then sulked off to bed as Poppy ordered.

Shaking my head, I looked down and found myself holding Granger's hand. I had no memory of doing that. Realizing I was in no mental condition to be around students, I left shortly after, asking Poppy to let me know if Granger's condition changes at any point. I doubt it will.

As for Potter, he probably thinks I'm in love with the chit.

Oh, and Happy fucking Christmas. God bless us one and all.

*Dec. 26, 1997*

In my mind. Granger is now as bad as Potter. No, never mind. I hate Potter more than I hated Voldemort, whereas Granger is only slightly less annoying than the Dark Lord. Of course, that's without being conscious, so she might get the title if she ever wakes up.

Poppy Flooed me much too early this morning to say Granger is going downhill again. I told her to place her under a Petrificus Totalis until I could get up there. By the time I arrived, it was obvious the girl was dying. Her skin had turned bluish, and her breathing was a tad on the shallow side.

I was just about to tell Poppy nothing more could be done when Albus sneaked up behind me and put a "comforting" hand on my shoulder and started talking. Damn if I know why I listen to him. I always do, though. He told me that Weasley is gone (as if I didn't know that), and Minerva is fine, (Thank goodness - I still have yet to thank her properly for this present of hers... God, has it been a year already?) and this and that. He then looked at Granger with that pathetic countenance of his, the one that always, always suckers me in.

"Severus, Poppy told me you were working on a cure for Miss Granger here. How is that coming along?"

I managed to sneer.

"Hmm. Well, I do hope you succeed, as I expect losing his closest friends will hurt Harry far more than Tom ever did." I was just about to vent my spleen about Potter when he continued. "I do worry about that boy, Severus. He's had such a lonely life. Eerily similar to Tom's, really, except for the orphanage."

Bastard!

So, of course, I had to wrack my mind, trying to find something that would help the chit. When Poppy asked about maybe using Fawkes, I had a brilliant flash of insight. Phoenix Fire! I told them about the potion, and though Albus looked grave, Poppy was delighted.

I may be free of that life debt yet!

\*\*\*

Potter just left here a few minutes ago. He came to help me, and, looking at him, I could see what Albus was talking about- unfortunately. He is rather on a brink right now, and I can see how losing both Granger and Weasley would push him over the edge. I didn't want to antagonize him further, so I accepted his help.

Hopefully he'll find something else to occupy him for the rest of the week. I don't know how long my patience will last.

*Dec. 27, 1997*

Well, so much for the universe saving me from temptation. Potter showed up early this morning to help some more. Fortunately, he was as quiet as he was yesterday. Maybe this happy trend will continue. I doubt it, though. He is still overemotional, as always, and I can see he's dying to talk about all that's wrong with his perfect life.

Well, it used to be perfect, anyway. Having idiots for friends will diminish that perfection eventually, won't it?

*Dec. 28, 1997*

Granger is still holding steady on a diet of Pepper-Up and Petrificus. And Potter is still sulking quietly. Odd.

*Dec. 30, 1997*

Only one more day of Potter's help. Thank Merlin. Albus has been twinkling at me much too much. I expect he thinks I've grown fond of the boy or some such nonsense. I'm surprised I've managed to refrain from hexing the little bugger; I think I've displayed an admirable amount of self-restraint, thank you very much.

Fondness indeed!

*Dec. 31, 1997*

Hermione lives! Thank the powers that be for Phoenix Fire, eh? God, I forgot how good it feels to be pissed- how liborting. Gotta go pee.

*Jan 1, 1998*

What the fuck? I can't even scratch out previous entries? I can't even correct the spelling? Damn!

Well, as proven by this bloody nuisance of a journal's last entry, I obviously wasn't myself last night. Not only did I get pissed, I got pissed with Potter. What inspired me to do so, I have no idea. What I did while pissed, I have no idea. I have a feeling the potion brewing is to blame. That and the sleep deprivation of the last seven years. I mean

seven weeks.

I vaguely remember drinking with Potter, but beyond that... I hope I didn't do anything to embarrass myself, although I have a sinking suspicion that I did. I should know better than to drink around anyone.

I wonder if Bella still has those photos...

I think brewing a memory draught is in order.

\*\*\*

Oh Hell.

*I apologized to Potter.*

Might as well kill myself now.

*Jan. 3, 1998*

Draco is an idiot. Granger, on the other hand, is rather impressive. There's no doubt the potion worked, anyway. Must remember not to insult R. Weasley around her. Wouldn't want to end up like Draco, now would I?

I shouldn't laugh. I really shouldn't.

*Jan. 5, 1998*

Classes started again. Little blighters are even denser than usual thanks to the air of celebration going around. I hope it isn't contagious. I do not want to be caught in a frivolous mood. That is, I do not want to be caught in a frivolous mood. What the hell is going on here? Neither time did I intend to write (Did I even think?) the word 'caught,' and yet it spurted forth like some damned stream-of-consciousness crap Muggle psychologists rave about. (Have I mentioned lately that I hate my dad?) (May he rest in peace.) (In Hell, where he belongs.)

Why am I writing in here anyway? Before this journal came into my possession, I never had the inclination to write in a diary, so why now?

Damn Albus! He must have got wind of the gift idea, and poof! Suddenly I'm compelled to write my innermost feelings without even being able to censor them? I'd wager anything he thought it was for my own good, as well.

Bloody goat. Well, now that I know, I can resist. If necessary I will find out what charm he used and reverse it. But I am not writing anymore unless I can tell my own bloody journal that all I want is to be left alone to wallow in my happiness.

DAMN IT!

*Jan. 9, 1998*

I hate my life. I hate birthdays. I hate Albus. And, for good measure, I really hate Potter.

This journal is more addictive than Dreamless Sleep Draught. I should have caught on faster! I should have realized it was spelled from the second I put pen to this infernal trap. As it is, I wonder if it will be possible to resist the call of the journal. It's worse than a siren's song. At least with that tune I know what's lying in wait, whereas here...

I will try to wean myself gradually. I don't want to let the impulse get as strong as it did today. Especially not around students. Again.

I suspected resisting this would be as painful as resisting Imperio, (I hate that old codger! He's too powerful for his own good!) but I have never before experienced such outrageous side effects in any legal spell I've come across! All I can say is that I'm grateful I wear voluminous robes.

She's not even pretty!

I wonder what Albus had in mind when he cast the spell. I must find out whether Minerva had a hand in it, as well.

*Jan. 11, 1998*

I was starting to get jittery again, so I decided it would be better to get the entry over with, rather than risk embarrassing myself again. I wonder, is that enough?

\*\*\*

All right, then, fine! What innermost secret do you demand from me this time? That I secretly love Potter from afar and only wish I were female so I could carry his spawn within my womb? Oh, how about my desire to simultaneously carry Potter's love child while having a torrid affair with Granger behind his back, ending with Granger carrying my love child, and... Right. Never was good at writing romance. Not that I ever tried, mind you.

\*\*\*

Okay... Well, then, what is enough? What do I have to say to release me from this gaes? The truth?

I talked to Minerva today. She seemed vastly amused that I'm actually using this journal. Unfortunately she managed to disarm me before I could hex her properly. I must be getting soft. She then explained to my immobile form how she had bought the journal in a Muggle shop, and thought it would be the perfect joke in and of itself. She didn't bother to curse it, figuring that I would never even open it to begin with.

When I told her how the journal was most definitely not a Muggle journal, seeing as it was impossible to destroy, erase and avoid, she started laughing. The old bint. She sat on my frozen form and laughed.

I will definitely have to look into poisoning her gillywater when Albus isn't around.

Once she calmed down, she asked me to bring the journal to her, suspecting it was a student hoax. As if I wouldn't be able to spot, let alone diffuse, a student hoax! That woman is bound and determined to leave no trace of my pride left in existence.

Well, when I handed over the journal, she exclaimed that this definitely wasn't the journal she bought for me. The one she had bought was made of plastic. Pink plastic. With flowers on top. No wonder she thought it a great joke even without any use of magic. If I had opened that at the staff table I would have been forced to resign, saying to hell with orders! Death would have been preferable.

So, anyway, she tested the journal, using the same spells I had, to no avail. She offered to hand it to Filius and for some strange reason didn't understand my desire to keep the existence of this dratted journal between the two of us.

That woman is insufferable sometimes, but at least her playfulness had its reward. She tried to open the journal and got a nasty shock. Literally. It seems the journal, as obnoxious as it is, has some built-in privacy protection as well.

So the upshot of all this is that at least no one can read this but me... I hope.

*Jan. 13, 1998*

No one in the seventh year class could make the potion, not even Granger. She almost melted her cauldron, which was somewhat odd.

Does Phoenix Fire have side effects relating to attention disorders or mental deficiency? I know most of the others are just naturally stupid, but with Granger... Must look into it.

*Jan. 14, 1998*

Combed all the references to Phoenix Fire that I could find, but nothing listed Granger's symptoms. I suppose I will have to talk with Poppy about it. She does have a bit of an instinct concerning ailments.

\*\*\*

Poppy looked at me strangely, as if I had asked something either inappropriate or utterly idiotic. Does make me wonder why I'm bothering. Yes, Hermione is now under my watch thanks to that stupid life debt, but does that mean I have to go out of my way to help her?

Weasley's spirit is hovering over my shoulder shouting, "Yes, you slimy git, that's exactly what it means!"

And I thought I was rid of him once and for all.

Bugger.

*Jan. 16, 1998*

Granger's looking rather poorly. It's impossible to tell with those robes on, but I think she's lost a bit of weight. Her face is much thinner than it was after the battle. I'll have to watch and make sure she's eating.

*Jan. 17, 1998*

She's not eating. The question is, how do I get her to eat? I can't very well sit beside her at the Gryffindor table and be a mother hen. Wouldn't be good for those with delicate sensibilities. Hmm, maybe... No. Albus would not be pleased if any of his precious students died from shock, nor would Poppy, for that matter. I suppose I'll just pass a message to Potter or Miss Weasley. They are supposed to be her friends, after all.

*Jan. 18, 1998*

I'm beginning to wonder about Miss Granger's intelligence. Her friends are so completely clueless that I don't know how she manages to put up with them.

Maybe it would be better to talk to Minerva about Granger. She, at least, can sort the insults from the advice.

Twits.

*Jan. 21, 1998*

Maybe it would have been better to have kept my big mouth shut.

When I mentioned Granger's condition to Minerva, she gave me the same look as Poppy, only with a hint of a smirk. Insolent witch!

At least I've passed the responsibility over to her. I don't have to worry myself over Granger anymore. Not that I was worried, mind you. I was. (For the love of Merlin! Why? Why? It's not like I'm going to lie to myself!)

*Jan. 22, 1998*

Received a note from Lucius saying that Narcissa finally died. The Healers told me she was making progress last time I visited.

Hard to tell from the letter, but he seemed relieved. Wonder how Draco is taking it. I wonder if Draco has even heard.

*Jan. 23, 1998*

Today I caught Nott cornering Granger in the entrance hall, and Granger seemed oblivious. Before I could think on what I was doing, I made my presence known and gave Nott that, "You are not to misbehave within my sightline, or there will be severe consequences, including, but not limited to, your Housemates practicing their Transfiguration skills on you," look. He sensibly turned away from Granger and returned to the dungeons. I'll have to keep a closer eye on him from now on.

*Jan. 25, 1998*

Minerva came to see me today. She had the gall to bring up Granger in conversation, mentioning how poorly she looked and how she seemed to be pining.

I believe I was the one who pointed that out.

Anyway, she wanted advice on what to tell Granger's parents. Minerva thinks that withdrawing her from school would result in a total breakdown.

I privately agreed. Hogwarts is Miss Granger's home and has been for the better part of six years now. She has the library to search, the halls to roam and her friends to talk to. Taking her away from the support system she's built up would be catastrophic.

Then I did something very odd: I told Minerva I agreed.

I know I tell Minerva most things, but to actually agree with her that one of the Dream Team should remain at Hogwarts when there's a clear case for removal... I wonder if I'm falling ill.

*Jan. 27, 1998*

Granger's still not eating. Her chuckleheaded friends seem to have finally noticed, though. Not that they're doing anything about it. All they're doing is looking worried, for all the good that's going to do!

*Jan. 31, 1998*

Must send a birthday greeting to Lucius. I'll have to congratulate him on his newly emancipated status. He'd like that, I'm sure.

# February

## Chapter 2 of 2

A silly addendum to "Marry a Choice." Shows the events from Snape's point of view.

**Disclaimer:** Sadly, Severus isn't mine. Nor are any of the other characters in this story, but who cares about them, right?

*Feb. 1, 1998*

Feeling that horrid anxious feeling again, which means this condition, or spell, is getting worse. So, what is there to report today? Hmm...

Albus wants us to consider a Valentine's Day party of some sort. I can't believe I'm about to admit this, but thank heavens for that imbecile Lockhart. Without the horrendous memory of those dwarves and flowers and hearts, I expect most of the staff would have been thrilled at the suggestion.

I do enjoy seeing Albus' ideas rejected unanimously. My day is always brighter when I see his twinkle turn sullen.

*Feb. 2, 1998*

Anxious again already. This is completely unacceptable.

I don't understand how everyone misses the fact that Potter is most definitely worse than the Dark Lord. At least with the Dark Lord everyone knew (or at least suspected) that he was up to no good, if only because red-eyed monsters usually don't have everyone's best interests in mind. Potter, unfortunately, has the mien of a hero, and therefore everyone turns a blind eye to his nefarious plots.

Except me. I am immune to Potter's so-called charms. Someone has to be.

At least this time I was able to convince Minerva that his detention was deserved.

"The last thing Granger needed was to get stone drunk on school property. Imagine what would have happened if one of the staircases moved and she hadn't noticed? She is not wholly to blame, however, for Potter should have realized the potential dangers and acted accordingly, as any *friend* would."

Gryffindors are so easy to manipulate.

*Feb. 5, 1998*

The Ministry is worse than Gryffindors. It's worse than the Dark Lord. Those idiotic parchment pushers have even managed to exceed the complete repugnance that is Harry fucking Potter!

According to Albus, they're secretly creating a bill that will require forced marriages. It is supposedly to help the wizarding community recover from the Dark Lord's propaganda, but I smell more than good intentions in the air.

I must think how to circumvent anything they create. I have absolutely no wish to... finish this sentence, for fear of what the journal *thinks* I mean.

*Feb. 7, 1998*

Good God! And I thought I loathed Potter!

The Ministry, in all its misguided glory, is fiddling around with eugenics! Not only would this law require an unmarried pureblood to choose an unmarried witch or wizard of Muggle descent, but it's requiring them to breed?

This is disgustingly stupid, even for those nincompoops.

On the bright side, with my pleasant personality, I'm sure I'll be topping the list of all the lovely pureblood witches throughout the isles.

\*\*\*

Oh, shit. What if I am topping the list of all those lovely ex-students who are out for revenge? Must talk to Albus in the morning!

*Feb. 8, 1998*

It seems Granger has already started researching a way to block this piece of utter insanity.

I imagine that if I were in her place I would have thought of fighting this as soon as she did. I don't envy her. Not only is she the best friend of Potter, but she's also powerful, intelligent and quite pretty when healthy. I mean reasonably comely. In a homely kind of way. If you look hard enough.

The point is that she'd be topping the list of desirable matches for either side. I imagine Lucius would love to get his hands on her... The way he's been vocally decrying the state of the wizarding world since his release makes me wonder how he's involved.

I guess I'll have to keep an eye on that front.

Damn this life debt. It's most inconvenient.

*Feb. 10, 1998*

Hmm. Lucius knows more than he's letting on. He seemed remarkably cheerful for a man who's lost everything in the world. He didn't even mention Draco's disowning him once during our last chat.

Next time I go round for drinks, I'll question him about Granger. If I remember, of course.

*Feb. 13, 1998*

Right. Now I have to figure out how to protect Granger. She's becoming a right nuisance, she is! The worst part is she hasn't recognized a single thing I've done for her. I don't think she even knows she's in danger.

Then again, I'm not sure she's fully recovered. She looks as if she hasn't slept in a week, and her face seems even thinner. I'm beginning to get concerned. I haven't a clue why, though.

*Feb. 14, 1998*

Damn Albus! At least I'm not alone in plotting revenge this time. I think Minerva and I can come up with something suitably nasty for this display of unilateral decision making. Maybe Filius would be willing to help as well.

\*\*\*

For some strange reason, Albus let me skip the party tonight, giving me hall duty instead. I wonder if it had anything to do with my demeanor. Or the crying Hufflepuffs. And Ravenclaws. And ghosts. I'll have to ask Minerva's opinion and keep it in mind for the next party he forces upon us.

Hall duty tonight was actually fun. Gryffindor lost 100 points, Ravenclaw lost 60, while Hufflepuff lost 120 and gave Argus three hard workers for a week. Now to get that image out of my head.

Gryffindor should have lost more than 100 points, though. I don't know why I refrained from throwing the book at Granger. Not only was she out of bounds, but her intentions were clear enough. Stupid girl. She claimed she was only up there checking for miscreants, but I know that hopeless look too well. It was the same one Weasley wore before he went and bugged up my life.

Maybe it was just the life debt reasserting itself, I don't know, but instead of taking a nice round number from Gryffindor, I found myself only telling her off. Mildly, at that. She wasn't even crying when she left the tower, just resigned.

If it weren't for ol' Bloody, I would swear I was losing my touch.

I'll make sure Minerva keeps an eye on her.

*Feb. 17, 1998*

For some reason, Minerva thinks I want to be updated on all of Granger's actions. She wasted half an hour after dinner telling me about how Granger isn't studying, how Granger isn't bathing, how Granger isn't eating, how Granger isn't doing anything. It seems she's not even researching.

At least Minerva had the sense to alert Potter and Weasley, though she claims they didn't need the warning.

The question is, why does Minerva think I care? Maybe she saw me watching Granger during lunch and dinner, but that was pure habit. My eyes are trained to look wherever Potter is, and where Potter is, Granger is close by.

Well, hopefully she'll take my hint and not waste any more of my time with such drivel.

*Feb. 21, 1998*

I think Granger is topping my list of those I dislike. She's become more of a pest than Potter.

She left dinner early tonight, and although that's not unusual, I noticed Nott leaving early as well, which is unusual. I, of course, followed Granger. Her reactions have been very slow lately and if she were attacked, I imagine she wouldn't have the reflexes necessary to defend herself.

So, I followed Granger as she meandered around the school, keeping my eye out for Nott. She seemed completely oblivious to everything. She even passed by a couple of fourth years snogging in an alcove without looking at them.

I took a moment to separate the lovebirds and send them on their way, and when I caught up with Granger she was standing at a window staring out onto the grounds.

I have never thought of Granger as someone worth looking at, but that scene was hauntingly beautiful. If I could paint, it's the kind of scene I would render: all shadows with streaks of cold light revealing her face sharply, while making her mess of hair soft and appealing.

It had the same appeal as looking out onto the hills. They seem so velvety and soft, and yet, when you get close, the terrain is rough and full of rocks and twigs to catch on your clothes. But looking at her, watching her, I...

Why the hell am I waxing poetic? I need sleep.

*Feb. 22, 1998*

Just reread what I wrote last night and immediately thought two things. First, what the hell did I mean by saying that Miss Granger has any appeal at all? She is the impertinent, obnoxious, insufferable, bushy-haired, know-it-all friend of the biggest prat who ever lived, which means that besides being impertinent, obnoxious, insufferable, bushy-haired, and a know-it-all, she also has no taste whatsoever when it comes to people. How could that have any appeal to me? The "soft and velvety" hills at least have the benefit of being aesthetically pleasing, like Miss Granger. All right, at least the hills are mute. Can't pervert that, can you you, journal? And at least when you come down out of the hills you've gotten some exercise.

I am *not* thinking that! I-

Right, the second thing was I never got around to mentioning Nott.

I was standing there watching Miss Granger, like some besotted fool, when I noticed movement from down the hall. Nott had finally appeared. He was looking around nervously as he made his way cautiously toward Miss Granger, who was completely oblivious to the danger she was in.

I decided to watch for a bit, see what move he made, but I got my wand out, just to be safe. Nott is almost as talented as Miss Granger and not to be underestimated. However, my caution was for naught. He never drew his wand (foolish boy) as he crept up on Miss Granger. Surprised that he might actually be mounting a physical attack, I decided to make my presence known just as he was closing in on her.

I think I did a fairly good job of swooping in, if I do say so myself. Nott jumped back a foot, looking as startled as I've ever seen him, but Granger, blast the girl, she didn't make a move until I started speaking.

Has she become imperturbable? I know I am not losing my touch, as I practice every god-damned day, but there she was looking placidly out the window until I started haranguing her and Nott for their secret rendezvous. Then all she did was turn to look at me with those mournful eyes of hers before shrugging and turning back to the window.

I was not pleased.

Not only did she not appreciate the effort I put into saving her, but she was actively disrespecting me, not even bothering to look at me while I impugned her lack of sense, decency and intelligence.

Of course I went for the jugular. I took off fifty points from Gryffindor for disrespect, another fifty for violating school rules, and twenty more for unseemly conduct by the Head Girl. She didn't react except to nod her head in mute acceptance. So, I turned to Nott, toned down my voice, and told him I was ashamed he didn't have the sense to find a better meeting place, then ordered him back to the common room without any further punishment.

For a moment I thought I saw a slight spark of anger in Miss Granger's eye, but then she simply turned back to the window.

I gave her detention, of course. She's serving it tomorrow morning.

*Feb. 23, 1998*

Well, that was uncomfortable.

Lucius showed up at my door this morning bemoaning the fact that wizarding society is still shunning him *him*, of all people, and after all the money he'd donated, and all the good deeds he'd done. It was very difficult not to laugh in his face. I was sorely tempted to point out that previous good deeds are often disregarded if one is proven to be a psychopathic murderer, or even just a follower of one. He might have become a tad tetchy at that.

Anyway, I listened to him whine about his new status as social scum for half an hour. I was just about to break out my whiskey when I noticed the time; I was going to be late for Miss Granger's detention. Unfortunately, Lucius does not take hints unless you're predisposed to torturing him, and I, unfortunately, never did get into that happy habit. Respect for your elders and all that rot.

It's also possible he may have been trying to piss me off. It is Lucius, after all....

I left for my classroom, offering the excuse (true, this time) of having a detention to oversee, but he followed me! When I reached the classroom, Miss Granger hadn't arrived yet, which was a small mercy, but just as I was on the verge of convincing Lucius to go try talking to Draco, she arrived and all thoughts of leaving left his mind.

I don't know who was more nervous, Miss Granger or myself, at the attention Lucius was paying her. He chatted her up about how hard it was being a widower, how much he missed his beloved wife, and all that rubbish. I would have appreciated Albus' presence, but I didn't dare leave Lucius alone with Miss Granger, and it would have seemed a bit odd for me to only give a fifteen-minute punishment.

Lucius may not have money or influence right now, but I don't dare piss him off. The majority of his connections were not in the government, and I doubt many of them were dispatched (or even discovered) during the war.

The only thing I could do was stand by and make sure he didn't touch her. Not that I need to justify myself.

Now that I think about it, *I could* have contacted Albus rather discreetly, couldn't I? Oh, well. Next time.

So there we all were in my classroom. I watched Lucius as he watched Miss Granger, who was scrubbing cauldrons while she tried to ignore the both of us. In a way, it was reassuring to see her discomfited by Lucius' presence: It meant she hadn't lost all her self-preservation instincts.

I tried to get information out of Lucius about the progress of his reintroduction into society (i.e.: the bill), but he was very closed mouthed about it. Whenever I brought it up, though, he would let his eyes wander over to Hermione. And lick his lips.

I have never wanted to punch someone so badly before. Not even Potter. (I'd still happily hex Potter to the moon and back, but physical contact?)

It was a very long hour, and I have never been so grateful to see a student leave early. But maybe it was worth the discomfort. Maybe Miss Granger will see the need to snap out of her self-pity and get to work on researching a way to stop this infernal bill from becoming law.

*Feb. 24, 1998*

Minerva came over for a spot of tea this evening. She mentioned Miss Granger has started working on research again. I casually mentioned the detention, and though upset, she did seem to understand.

For some reason she kept giving me suspicious looks through the rest of tea.

We also devised a revenge on Albus. I'm not mentioning it here until it has occurred, nor am I saying when it will occur, just in case the old bugger does have access to these entries. Wouldn't want to spoil the surprise, now would we?

*Feb. 27, 1998*

Noticed Nott stalking Miss Granger again. I'm afraid I might actually have to warn her. Maybe I could get Minerva to do it. Would save me the trouble.

---

AN: Big thank yous to muggle\_prof for helping me whip this into shape.