

# 1-Sep-70

*by morgaine\_dulac*

Just a little peek into young Severus' diary.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Just a little peek into young Severus' diary.

Dear Diary,

Good thing you're just an ordinary Muggle diary and not a magical one. The last thing I need right now is a book giving me good advice on how to get rid of that black eye of mine.

Got it in school today. Big surprise! This time, I had not even done anything to piss them off. They were waiting for me outside the classroom. WHAM! I thought my head was about to explode. I asked what I had done to get punched. They said it was because I existed.

They were clever, of course. One of them was distracting the teacher. By the time he came out of the classroom, they had disappeared. And I was told off for having dropped my books on the floor.

Dad forbade Mum to heal the bruise. It's just as well. If I show up in school without a black eye tomorrow, they'll just punch harder the next time. Oh, who am I fooling? I still have one non-bruised, non-swollen eye. I WILL get another punch. Probably tomorrow.

I'm surprised that Dad hasn't beaten me yet. But it's still early. He might still drag me out of bed for a good thrashing when he comes home from the pub. Surely, I deserve to be punished for having been punched in school.

In my opinion, I have been punished already. Dad didn't let me go down to the park to meet Lily after dinner. He said I looked a mess and that I'd shame the family if I went out looking like that. Funny. I won't be shaming the family tomorrow morning, when it's time to go to school.

I miss Lily. We spent every day together over the summer, and now it feels weird to be without her. She goes to a much nicer school than I do, and I am not even allowed to wait for her outside the gate. But I really wanted to see her tonight. Not that I want her to feel sorry for me. I just wanted to see a friendly face.

It will all be better next year, though. Next year, Lily and I will be going to Hogwarts. Next year, we will be with people of our kind. I will be accepted, and I will have friends. Next year, everything will be alright. Next year, I will be a prince.

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Written for the "Back to School Challenge" at *Muffliato!*