

# 1st September 1981

*by Agnus Castus*

Severus Snape's diary entry.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I can scarcely believe this is happening. My first day as Potions master at Hogwarts and still my luck is as rotten as a pile of Porlock dung.

Perhaps I'll practise *Avada Kedavra* on Avery, the conniving git. I should have listened to Lily when she warned me of his bad influence. I'm sure the smart-arse Death Eater must have known and therefore deliberately entrapped me.

The ceremony was going so well. After the Sorting Hat delivered its sobering song and allocated Houses to the ludicrously young-looking first-years, Dumbledore announced the names of the Head Boy and Head Girl and then asked the Prefects to stand and make themselves known.

And there she was.

Eliza Urquhart.

She was standing at the far end of the Slytherin House table, glancing around the Great Hall, until her gaze finally settled upon me.

From a distance it was difficult to note her facial expression with any accuracy; however, it was plain to see the identity of the new Head of Slytherin caused her no surprise. She fixed her eyes in my direction for several long seconds, appearing impudent and unabashed. The blood in my veins chilled, and I attempted to conceal my shock; I'm not yet the complete master of Occlumency Dumbledore wishes me to be.

How was I to have known she was of school-age?

At Avery's twenty-first-birthday party she seemed like a young woman in her early twenties. She was more striking than conventionally beautiful, with long dark brown hair which had been curled and pinned up for the evening celebrations. Eliza was introduced to me as a second-cousin of the Carrows, so I was relieved to detect no signs of moronic fatuity in her attitude or manner. She acted as a lady should, with a dash of flirtatious self-confidence which put me at ease.

I distinctly recall her purple dress: its plunging neckline was a feast for the eyes. I tried not to stare at her abounding cleavage, but eventually the consumption of Ogden's Old Firewhisky diminished my capacity for self-control. With the benefit of hindsight, it is easy to recognise her seduction technique; but with my sobriety in tatters and my shyness reversed, I was easy bait.

But that is not to say I was taken against my will. When she led me into the firewood storehouse at the back of the garden, I was more than happy to allow her to undo my

trousers and let her take me in her mouth.

Thank Merlin for small mercies: at least the girl was seventeen years old.

I wasn't expecting to meet Avery by the back porch afterwards, blowing smoke circles from his cigarette into the night air. He clapped me firmly on the back as Eliza and I re-entered the party.

He knew. The slippery, pure-blooded bastard knew.

Was I the only one in the dark? Had Eliza known of my impending engagement at Hogwarts? From her resilient, superior manner today, I imagine she was well aware.

And now she has power over me. She has capacity to distract, blackmail, and gain an unfair advantage. Couple that with her Slytherin resourcefulness, cunning and ambition, and she becomes a force to be reckoned with.

I must find a way to contain this newly-acquired skeleton in my closet, before the teenage femme fatale destroys my last chance to help Lily.