

I See Her

by sunny33

Snape can see more than they think.

-

Chapter 1 of 1

Snape can see more than they think.

Disclaimer: The characters and settings belong to JKR. The way the words are arranged is mine.

She roams through the corridors late at night, hiding in the privacy of dark corners and quiet alcoves. Working in the library until it closes, she returns to her house only after her housemates have long vacated the common room. She thinks nobody notices her wanderings.

But I do.

The Weasley prat is ignoring her, playing Benedick to Miss Brown's Beatrice, oblivious to tears shed in the shadows of loneliness. He is blind.

But I'm not.

Her supposed best friends see an overeager, bossy bookworm, valued more for her assistance with their homework and risk taking behaviour than for the sensitive, intelligent young woman she is.

But I don't.

I see her mind grasping concepts far beyond her years.

I see her maturity and integrity.

I see her warmth and love, wasted on two self-absorbed young men.

I see it all.

But she doesn't see me.

They tease her about her hair. Bushy, they tell her. I prefer wild, untamed, quintessential.

Does anyone notice how she ties it back into a fierce knot when she wants to assert control over her life? How when she is sad, it lies limp and lifeless? And how when her passion fires, it forms a halo of unrestrained glory around her head?

No-one notices.

But I do. It's magnificent.

My only confidante is somewhat unconventional. In her pink, silk dress, the Fat Lady has guarded the entrance to the Gryffindor common room since well before my student days. Contrary to popular belief, she is no more a gossip than I, purveying snippets of meaningless information while enfolding sensitive information in a cloak of superficial nonsense. She watched over me with unsought kindness and sympathy throughout that dreadful night in 1976 when hope died and my life became a nightmare.

Every night, the Fat Lady tells me whether she has safely returned. Until then, I prowl the castle, watching for a glimpse of her, allowing her to pass unchallenged and unaware.

She is researching something, I'm certain, and I cannot question the one person who should know the motivation behind her late night excursions to the library. To reveal my obsession with this student, this girl – fresh and innocent – would be to invoke scrutiny into territory I would prefer to remain unexplored.

Neither of my masters sees her as I do. To one, she is a mere contaminant in the pool of wizardkind, to be eliminated with no more thought than one would a gnat. To the other, an expendable accessory to his chosen tool of prophecy, a convenience rather than a necessity.

However, I, Severus Snape, see the girl she is and the woman she will become.

I see her.

But she doesn't see me.

A/N: This was written for Snape_LDWS: Round 2, Challenge 1. The prompt was "Sight" and had to involve a portrait.

Thanks to my beta, KingPhilipsWench.