

Professor Drabbles

by phoenix

13 100 word vignettes about our favorite Hogwarts professors, or not so favorite professors. The character death is for the obvious, Professor Binns.

None

Chapter 1 of 1

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This week's set of drabbles are on Hogwarts professors, any time frame. Only a few specifically name the professor, but they should be self-explanatory. There are four of them for Severus, as he's my favorite. The other nine are for various other professors.

Start of term. I saw the way they looked at me last night. I saw the disdain they showed for my tattered appearance. I'm not sure I can face them today. I thought I could do this job, but now... I'm not sure. I know Albus wanted to help me, that's why I accepted, but now I have doubts. I don't think they will respect me, see past my outward appearance. And if they find out what I am...

He risked a lot hiring me. The parents would be outraged. I never should have come. It would have been easier.

The stars. You can learn so much from the stars. Sometimes people don't seem to understand. They tell our past, our present, our future. What I teach the students only scratches the surface. Over the years, I have only seen a few that have the aptitude, yet night after night, I teach them the skies, hoping to find one who is truly worthy of what I can teach them.

The staff doesn't understand me either. I am more respected than Sybill, but that is because I do socialize. I only wish they could understand why I enjoy stargazing so much.

Magical! I can hardly believe it. I always knew I was different, but I never suspected the existence of magic. At first, I was mad at Mother for keeping it from me, but after seeing how Father reacted, I can understand why she did.

He has stopped talking to us. Well, to me. He still yells at Mother, but it hardly matters. I will learn magic, and I will use it to protect her. I have already started reading her old schoolbooks, trying to learn what I can. Tomorrow, we go to purchase more books, ones that I will choose.

School is not what I thought it would be. Those in my house ignore me. I did not grow up with them, so they treat me as an inferior. Oh, they will cheer me when I cast a particularly nasty hex, but they normally ignore me.

Those in the other houses make fun of me, especially the Gryffindor boys. I loathe them. They pick on me for no reason other than the fact I exist. Well, they will get theirs someday, I'll see to it. They may not respect me now, but they will fear and respect me one day.

I return to where it all started. My master wants a spy amidst his enemies, and he sees his main adversary as Dumbledore. I can tell he respects, and even possibly fears, Dumbledore's skills. That is why he wants me in the middle.

I will profess to Dumbledore that I am repentant, that I was lured by power. The old man will believe me because I was an outcast. He will feel sorry for me, give me what my master wants.

Is it what I want? I no longer know what I want. I thought I wanted revenge, but now...

The time has come. I tried to beg out of it, but he said no. He has continuously told me my life is more important than his. I don't understand how that is possible. He is worth any ten of us.

He long ago told me that when the time came, I would redeem myself. I don't see how that can be possible now. Not with what I have to do, but I promised him all those years ago that I would follow his orders without fail. Now, I must follow the most difficult and hope that he was right.

"How would you like to teach Transfiguration?"

"Me? Teach? Surely you jest."

"Never about something so serious."

"Why me?"

"You're an Animagus."

"Surely I need more qualification than that."

"A witch of your caliber as a professor is exactly what the school needs."

"But I don't even particularly like children."

"You need not be their mother, only their mentor. You would have the ability to shape future generations. It's a very important job."

"That's why you should choose someone else."

"Consider my offer. With the headmaster retiring, I will require your answer in a week."

"I'll consider it."

"Please do."

"Ah, Gilderoy, you look marvelous."

"I do, don't I?"

"Those students won't know what hit them."

"This is such a great opportunity, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. You can enrapture a whole new generation with tales of your greatness."

"And their mothers will be beside themselves that I am teaching their children."

"This was sheer genius. You will spread your fame with very little work."

"I am a genius, aren't I?"

"The best. Let's see, teeth, hair, robes. You're ready."

He couldn't suppress the huge grin as he walked away from his magic mirror, the best investment he'd ever made.

"A fraud! How dare they call me a fraud? My grandmother was a great seer. I am a great seer, even if they can't see it." She takes a long draught from her bottle of cooking sherry and sways unsteadily. As the bottle tips further up, she nearly falls over.

"Draught, another one empty."

With no other choice, she descends from her tower to make the long trek to the kitchens. "Must hic mustn't let them find the empty." Knowing there is only one place to go, she heads for the seventh floor. "Fraud! Hmpf! I'll show them they're wrong."

This is it. I've been doing this too long and my reactions are slowing. Now that that bugbear got my hand, I'm telling him I'm done. I can't do this anymore. A finger or a toe, I can live without. I can even live with the scratches and broken bones, but this is too much.

He can find someone else. I won't let him talk me out of it again. As soon as Poppy releases me, I'm going to his office. He won't accept my resignation from my hospital bed; he'll tell me I'm being rash again. Not this time.

Cut! They cut me from the team. How could they do that? I'm a great player and should retire on my terms. I know why they did it. They say I'm a gloryhound. Well, we'll just see how the team does without me.

And curse the Quidditch league. They're all conspiring against me. The other teams won't let me try out. 'Go to Europe,' they say. As if! I would never waste my talents with those European teams. But what am I to do? It's not like I've trained for anything else.

Wait. What's this? Hogwarts need a flying instructor?

Ah, power. I knew Fudge would see things my way. I know he doesn't like Dumbledore. In fact, I think he might fear the old man. Fool. Well, I'll expose Dumbledore for the charlatan he is. They have ignored me, shunted me to the side for years. That's all about to change. I will emerge from the shadows and institute a new order. Hogwarts will merely be the springboard to greatness for me. Oh, Fudge may think I'm doing him a favor, but it's actually the other way around. Soon, I will have his job and all will respect me.

I'm so tired. I'll just sit here by the fire, shut my eyes for a few minutes. The bell will wake me. After all, I have class to teach and have never been late before. Armando asked me about retirement, but how can I do that? This is my home. I have responsibilities. Just a few minutes. That's all I need.

Albus saw Binns sleeping by the fire again. Armando should have the man retire. The workload was clearly too much for him. When the bell rang, he saw the most amazing thing. A ghost rose and went to class.

He's back. It was horrible last time, but will be worse this time. I'm out in the open, exposed. His followers are my greatest failures. I tried to teach them there are many paths to greatness, but I failed. So many chose to follow him. I knew he was trouble from the moment he asked about Horcruxes, but I never it would be so bad.

They will come for me. I know many influential people and my contacts would be invaluable to them. They would use me to recruit others. I cannot do that, so into hiding I must go.

I found the perfect hiding place. My master was ecstatic when I told him. Not only can I prepare for his return, I can spy on two of the 'faithful', make sure they are ready for his return, that they still are faithful.

The Polyjuice potion is horrible, but all the pain and suffering is worth it to ensure that he can return. Using the body of this worn out old Auror was perfect. I will be the last person anyone would suspect of being a Death Eater. They will all trust me and I can look for new recruits.