

Dark Wizard's Black Cat

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Snape's familiar reminisces

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Dedicated to star_girl.

The Muggles who'd owned my mother had not wanted any kittens, and so they had put me and my siblings into a box and left us on the pavement.

Children came, fell in love with my siblings and took them to a loving home, one by one. Who could blame them? My brothers and sisters were pretty, tabbies all of them, like Mum. But me, the children left. I was ugly. Black and squint-eyed and with only a stub for a tail. No one wanted me.

In the evening, it started to rain. I was cold, hungry and all alone.

I did not even have the strength to mew when I heard footsteps, and when I looked up, I wished I hadn't. The eyes I was looking into were black and cold. I saw a hooked nose and an angry frown. It was the most unkind face I had ever seen, and I rolled up in my soaked-through cardboard box, fearing for my life. I was sure that he'd drown me in the river.

But I was wrong. He picked me up and wrapped me into his cloak, held me right against his chest and kept me warm. And all the way home, I listened to his heartbeat.

He rubbed me dry with a fluffy towel and then put me on a pillow by the fire. I was so tired, but he insisted that I'd eat. I didn't have the strength to lap from the saucer, so he dipped his finger into warm milk, and I suckled it off.

Then he fed me a potion. Again, he let me suckle his finger. And this time, he rubbed my belly. Then he picked me up and held me against his chest. Again, I heard his heartbeat. And soon, I was fast asleep.

The days went by, and I grew stronger. I followed the dark wizard around his house and watched him do the things he liked to do. In the kitchen, he brewed potions, and I was careful to stay out of his way. In the launch, he read books. Big, leather-bound books that smelled old and were full of dust. But he loved them. And I sat on the armrest and watched him, wishing I could sit on his lap.

After a few weeks, he packed my pillow into a basket and told me I had to hop in, too. I was scared, at first. I was afraid that he was going to give me away. I did not want to leave the dark wizard. He was kind to me, and I loved him.

But my fears were uncalled-for. The dark wizard didn't mean to give me away. Instead, he brought me to the most magical place.

The castle was old, full of secret passage ways and long corridors where I could chase mice. There were also ghosts and hundreds of children. I kept away from both. The ghosts were cold, and the children didn't like me. I was ugly, they said, and laughed at me.

They didn't like the dark wizard either. Some called him names, and others were too afraid of him to even do that. So they stayed away from him, and I was content with that. I didn't want to share him with anyone.

I watched him from my pillow when he brewed potions, and when he settled down to read in his armchair by the fire, I jumped onto the armrest and rubbed my head against his arm. And sometimes, he put down the book and lifted me onto his lap. Then I suckled on his finger and he rubbed my belly, just like on our first night.

I loved to sit and read with my dark wizard, but after some years, those evenings became rare. He often went away, and when he came back, he was pale and tired. When he slept, he had nightmares, groaned and screamed and sighed. Those nights, I sat on his pillow and held watch over him. I don't know if he knew, but it seemed to me that he slept more peacefully when I was close. Towards the morning, when he wasn't dreaming anymore, I cuddled up against him and fell asleep listening to his heartbeat.

Then I became ill. The dark wizard did all he could for me. He brewed potions for me and took me to the best animal healers. But sadly, there was nothing that could be done, and I had little time left.

He took good care of me, my dark wizard. He fed me my potions and rubbed my belly, and once a day, he brought me my favourite snack. The dragon liver must have cost him a fortune, but he made sure that I ate it all. Towards the end, he cut it up in tiny pieces and fed them to me, one by one.

It was so hard for him to say goodbye and let me go. And it broke my little kitty heart to see him so sad. I did not want to leave him, but I had no choice. I died in his loving arms, and his heartbeat was the last thing I heard.

He, too, died. How, I do not know. He never told me. But I've heard that he helped save the wizarding world. But I do not care and neither does he.

He is sitting comfortably in his armchair by the fire now. There are old, dusty books, and he reads them one by one. And I sit on the armrest and watch him turn the pages.

He looks peaceful now, my dark wizard, and I am glad for it. And when he puts down his book and lifts me onto his lap, I know that all is well.