

# Dear Diary

*by sunny33*

Hermione walks in on Snape during a private moment.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione walks in on Snape during a private moment.

Disclaimer: Nope, they're still all JKR's.

*December 29th 1996*

*12 Grimmauld Place*

Dear Diary

You'll never believe what happened today. There I was, minding my own business, slipping into the bathroom for a quick shower, when I saw something no girl should ever have to witness.

Yes, diary, that's right, it was disgusting. Right there in the bathroom was my horrid Defence professor, stark naked, all pale skin and bony arse, playing with himself!

I know; it was awful. He was all sweaty and panting, holding onto that *thing* like it was about to fall off and pulling at it so fast I thought it would. Then, before I had a chance to look away, he shouted something obscene (the f... word!) and splattered goop all over the floor. It nearly hit my shoes. I can tell you I nearly vomited on the spot, but I restrained myself long enough to give him a bloody good piece of my mind, the dirty old pervert. Fancy doing that in a house full of young people without locking the door. Fancy an old git like him doing it at all. It's just revolting. He's a teacher. He's not supposed to even think about sex, for goodness sake!

And then, diary, I went to tell the boys, thinking they would be just as horrified. And the prats laughed at me! They said he had every right to "toss one off like any other bloke," and had the gall to suggest I go back and apologise for interrupting him *and* offer to finish the job! I swear I nearly hexed the pair of them! And if that wasn't bad enough, Harry whispered something to Ron, who came over and pulled my hair for absolutely *no* reason, the pillock.

I left and ignored them for the rest of the day, although Ron disappeared for an hour or so and came back grinning like a blooming Cheshire cat. I don't think he even noticed I wasn't talking to him. Stupid boys.

*January 1st 1997*

*Grimmauld Place*

Dear Diary

I don't know what's got into the males in this place. Harry seems to be sniggering every time I see him, and Ron spends all his time staring at Snape. And the old pervert himself tried to bail me up last night at midnight. Ewww! I wouldn't kiss that mouth even if he'd spent a week in my dad's dental chair.

I think I'm going to spend the rest of the holiday in my room reading.

Boys are weird.

*January 12th 1997*

*Hogwarts*

Dear Diary

Well, that was the oddest week ever. I suppose that's an exaggeration. Most things were perfectly normal. The food was stodgy. The dorms were freezing (thank you, Mum, for the woollen underwear). Harry and Ron tried to get me to do their homework.

But Snape was weird. He kept watching me during class with the strangest expression on his face. A bit like a constipated goat some of the time. It was as if he was expecting me to say or do something any minute. I mean, I know I was a bit out of line over the hols, but so was he, and I wouldn't say anything at school about it. It's way too embarrassing to think about again without talking about it to anyone else. The boys were bad enough.

*January 19th 1997*

*Hogwarts*

Dear Diary

Where in blazes did Ron get Polyjuice base from? I can't believe he did that. Doesn't he realise the danger in Polyjuicing to the opposite sex? Just because he'd always wanted to give it a try didn't mean he had to use *me*.

No wonder Snape's been looking at me like that. He probably thinks he's in for a replay.

Wanker!

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A/N: Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for her evil ideas and karelia for the beta.