

# Godric's Legacy

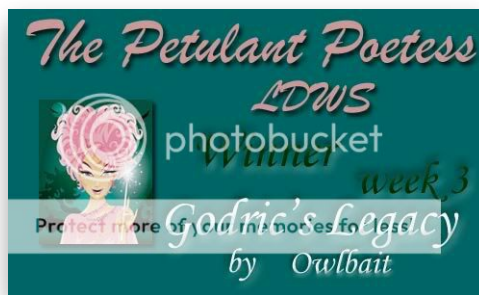
*by Owlbait*

History is written by the winners.

## Godric's Legacy

*Chapter 1 of 1*

History is written by the winners.



"Please!"

"I can't, you know I can't, Rowena. Did you not hear what that Hat sang to the children?"

"You know that Godric only did it to tease you."

"So he says, and mayhap he only meant it so, but Rowena, with all your intelligence, can't you see what will happen?"

"Nothing will happen, unless you refine on it too much. Everyone will laugh, and then it will be forgotten."

"It won't! Long after we are gone, the hat will remain."

"Yes, the hat will remain. The hat will sort, exactly as we intended it to. The most canny students, those who unite intelligence with loyalty to our traditions and the bravery to fight for them, the very best, Salazar, will always go to your house," Rowena told him.

"We four together enchanted the hat. It was supposed to speak for us equally, but Godric has written only his own story into that song. The hat has accepted it for its own, and the song will be truth forevermore.

"The hat's voice speaks to each student," Salazar continued. "The Mu ... ggle-borns especially, it will be their first introduction to our great traditions. They will learn of

Gryffindor's bravery, Hufflepuff's loyalty, and your wisdom and brilliance. But, what will remain of my legacy? Cunning and hunger for power. My House will be distrusted and scorned for all the years to come."

Rowena could argue no further; she saw what he said was true.

"When will you leave?"

"Now. I have ordered the house-elves to pack my things. I won't spend another night under the same roof as Godric Gryffindor."

"Must it be so? Can you not stay one more night, leave in the morning?"

Salazar buried his face into her hair, she felt his arms tremble about her. "I can't," he murmured into her neck, "the betrayal, it cuts too deep."

Tears leaked from the corners of Rowena's eyes. She knew she could not sway him, but she couldn't let go yet. Gently she pulled his head up, so she could meet his lips with hers, then spoke to him. "[Open to me](#)," her voice hissed softly.

Salazar's eyes whipped open and he crushed her to himself, opening his mouth to her questing tongue. When he came up for breath he asked her, "When did you learn to speak the snake language?"

Rowena smiled at him through her tears. "You talk in your sleep, love."

---

A/N: The parseltongue comes from <http://parseltonguetranslator.warnerbros.com/>

Many thanks to Rose of the West who beta'd my fic and wiped my fevered brow.

Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.