

Under Cover

by *sweetflag*

Hermione pours her heart and soul into her memoirs; magic borrows them.

Under Cover

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione pours her heart and soul into her memoirs; magic borrows them.

The nib scratched across the page. Hermione lost track of time as memories swarmed, peering over her shoulder, pointing out missing events and refining her recollections. It was only the dimming torches which halted her progress... as it had numerous nights before. Sighing, she closed her book, placing it in its special niche between *Piertotum Locomotor: A Charm For Life and Improving Portraits' Character*. As the torches became embers, she slipped out of the Restricted Section and off to bed.

Magic isn't keen on being contained and confined... being static and, for want of a better term, dead. Wizards tend to forget this or not consider it with the gravitas they should when directing their will through a medium... when pouring thoughts, memories and emotions through ink onto paper. Magic seeks to be free; it craves to... *be*. It gives life to paint... grants books personalities; it could even instill a sense of purpose in an otherwise inanimate object. When something is granted life, it also desires the bonuses of life: to grow and develop... and live.

Magic seeped into the pages. It found something capable of resonating with its needs. It found something to give it form... to let it be.

x

"I'm not having this," the 'wizard' considered mulishly, before scooping ink into a dark, broiling pool. He pondered for a moment, then let the ink ooze back onto the page. "There," he sighed delightedly. "That's much better."

"You can't put that!" came Lupin's irritated mutter.

More ink swirled, and various 'minds' perused the change.

"Why not?"

"Sirius, the only pivotal role you had in the war was housekeeper."

"Well, Snivellus changed his description to 'glossy' hair – amongst other...*exaggerations*," Sirius responded sulkily. "Where is he anyway?"

"In the three hundreds, gloating."

"Why?"

"It's where Neville decapitates Nagini—he's amending it to be more... interesting."

"Bet Neville isn't happy with 'his moment' being changed."

"I doubt he'll be upset; last I saw, he was modifying scenes involving Potions."

"Squabbling is silly," interjected a patient, motherly voice. "We're only helping Hermione refine this, after all."

"Even after she described you as dumpy and dried up, Molly?"

"What! Where does it say that?"

"Page eighty-nine: her first visit to the Burrow."

Beyond the outraged huffing, a small snicker bobbed to the surface.

"No, wait... Bella wrote that."

"The way Granger wrote it, Molly killed me far too easily: recompense was due." If a bodiless entity could stamp a foot, then a foot was stamped.

Another presence slithered into their tense collective: he was not happy.

"Which one of you bastards has re-written my sections?" There was a pregnant pause... which delivered nothing. "Come on!" Lucius demanded hotly.

"Sorry, mate; seems Hermione wrote you as she saw you."

"I assure you, she never saw *that* much."

"Lucius," soothed Lupin. "This isn't getting published."

The assumption hung heavily and portentously over them.

"Just how much has been... changed?" asked Molly warily.

After a thoughtful pause, the ink drained from the page.

x

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

Author's notes: many thanks to my beta, who managed to help this make sense. In case.