

# A Righteous Act of Stupidity

by TeaOli

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**2 May 2008**

Curiosity. Evaluation. Investigation. Hermione silently lists the steps she followed to arrive at this moment of... Discovery?

You know. *Help him.*

Those words – his voice – first ignited the curiosity that caused her to evaluate the theories most called truth. The resulting deeper investigation led to the new theory which brought her here.

“Novikov was wrong,” she insisted. “Or not completely right, anyway. I’m going to prove it.”

“That’s mental! If you’re right, someone else can prove it.”

“You’re jealous—”

“I’m not. You’re a mum and—”

“Rose and Hugo also have a *father*, Ronald.”

“And we all need you.”

\*

She suspected she would need more than one, so she made many. Although she doubts she’ll need the letters of explanation she carries in a tatty beaded bag, she refuses to leave them behind.

“Don’t. If we lose you...”

“Novikov wasn’t completely wrong.” Her smile suggests a confidence she doesn’t feel, but the voice she heard in the night won’t let her change her mind. “This already happened. I’ll be back almost before I’m gone.”

His kiss is so full of devotion, ending it hurts.

"Kiss the children." The word "children" makes her smile again, and she turns the glass.

**2 May 1998**

In her zeal to succeed, she forgot the man she loved was a better strategist than she'd ever been. She pushed aside his entreaties to use caution. Didn't she ~~sh~~*now* she was right where others had been mistaken?

Through a Disillusionment Charm – her own invention; stronger than what was available before – she watches it unfold again.

"*Kill.*"

If she were anyone but who she is, it would be terrible to watch what happens – to see the choices she made as a girl – while knowing what will come. Instead, she waits till they are alone.

"I *know*, Professor. Let me help."

**19 September 2011**

What came after was... not the same.

At first, Hermione Granger forgot Hermione Weasley was more than fancy. The boy who was to become her husband fell, leaving behind no children to kiss.

Many years later, Severus Snape watches his bright counsellor and thorny little judge sleeping in their beds.

"How did this happen?" she asks when she knows.

"You mistook a revenant's reckless desperation for a virtuous truth."

"Then why do I remember?"

"I don't know."

"Why do *you*?"

Severus kisses their daughter and son in turn.

"Remembering is my burden," he tells her. "My family is my solace."

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Disclaimer: All publically recognisable characters belong to JK Rowling. I am not JK Rowling.

**Author's Note:** This was originally written for the GrangerSnape100 LJ community's "When a ghost intervenes" and "Time-Turner" challenges. My thanks to karelia and to linlawless for beta-reading.