

# Christmas at Hogwarts

by Memory

Who is talking with Snape on the Christmas night? A conversation in the form of a radio broadcast.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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### Christmas at Hogwarts – A Conversation

"Ah, er... Good evening, Professor. Merry Christmas. Er, I'm sorry. I hope you're not annoyed."

**"No. It's a long time since I've felt annoyed."**

"I know what you mean. Not much feels worth getting annoyed about."

*(An imperceptible sigh. Then the harsh, inimitable voice.)* **"How did you get here?"**

"Through the picture of the Memory. The one in the Great Hall... not that anyone ever notices it these days."

**"And you're here again. Like last year and the year before."**

"And every year since the battle..."

**"I see. Wouldn't you rather be with your family? Share their holiday joy?"**

"Ah, er, no... Decidedly, no. Mum would cry and Dad would curse. I'd only spoil everything. *(A pause.)* "They can't get used to seeing me. Not in the happy times... times that used to be happy, I mean."

**"They see you every day."**

"It's different. They only seem to realise at Christmas. So, I go away. It's easier."

*(Another pause.)* "It's the same old accusations every time. Blaming Professor McGonagall or my friends for not having stopped me. Blaming the magical world. *(A long pause.)*" Cursing the day the owl brought my letter. Wishing they could send it back. Dad was so proud. Mum couldn't believe our luck. They were so happy. And now they're so miserable." *(A tremble in the voice.)* "Because of me. And they blame everyone but me."

*(Silence. The older voice again.)* **"Your brother? Surely he misses you."**

"Of course he does... but he's young. He's got his whole life ahead of him."

**"Your friends?"**

"Them!" *(Bitterly.)* "They remember me every year, of course. Then they forget for another year."

*(Silence again.)* "If I'd known..."

**"Do you regret coming back for the battle?"**

"No... no, not exactly. But I wonder if... if there was any point. Did I make a difference? Would anyone have noticed if I hadn't come? They didn't need me. I was irrelevant. An extra frill." *(A pause.)* "Not like you, Professor. You surprised us all." *(Timidly.)* "Would you be angry if I said I still sometimes can't believe it? You, of all people! That we hated so much—Oh! Sorry, sir, I didn't mean—"

*(A sigh.)* **"It doesn't matter. I knew it then; I don't care now."**

*(The younger voice again, hesitantly.)* "You're a hero, sir." *(A pause.)* "I was just silly. A pig-headed, big-headed kid, with no idea what I was letting myself in for."

**"You shouldn't call yourself names."**

"Do you have a better definition?"

**"Yes. I do. And it's not dissimilar from what you called me."**

"You're joking!"

**"Not in the least."**

"But you... you..." *(A sob.)* "I thought you despised me!"

**"No. Don't cry; it's the truth."** *(Softly.)* "We're both past the point at which lying made any sense."

*(Silence, then between gasping sobs.)* "I'm so lonely!"

**"I'm sorry."**

*(Sobs growing stronger.)* "I wish I could go back to that night..."

**"And change it?"**

"Yes!... No... I don't know..."

**"You followed your heart. It was a brave choice."** *(A pause.)* **"And an innocent one. I envy you that."**

*(A long, long silence. Sobbing slowly decreasing. Breath steadying.)* "Professor..."

**"Yes?"**

"I... er... Thank you." *(Swallowing.)* "Would you mind if I stayed here till dawn?"

*(A hint of a smile in the older voice.)* **"Of course not."**

*(A pause.)* "And, Professor..."

**"Yes?"**

"Would you mind talking together?"

**"You are very welcome, Mr. Creevey."**

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To my readers: I would like to wish everyone of you a joyful holiday season, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.