

# Dear Me

*by peskipiksi*

Young Severus receives an impassioned letter from his future self.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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22nd November 1973

Dear Severus,

If I've timed this letter right, you've just escaped Father's tirade after he caught you looking at Mother's old schoolbooks. Leave it a good half hour before you go back into the house; he's still shouting at her.

I shouldn't wonder if, by now, you are thoroughly confused. Let me attempt to explain it as simply as I can. I am you. In the future. I am... that is to say, you are thirteen years old, in your... our third year at Hogwarts. I've broken about fifty school rules to get this letter to you; I've been experimenting with Rejuvenating Potions in the basement. My version has transported the owl back in time instead of making it younger. It's something Mother was working on. You didn't know Mother was an expert potioneer before she met Father, did you? He stopped her practising after he found out about her being a witch.

Anyway, I digress, and your nine-year-old head is probably spinning again. What I wanted to say was: things are about to get better. I know it doesn't feel like it at the moment, but I promise you it's true. In six months' time you will meet a girl in the very playground you're reading this letter in now – the most wonderful girl in the world! Her name is Lily Evans, she's Muggle-born, and she lives in the next village. She won't like you when you first meet her, but don't be disheartened, it's only because she doesn't understand about magic. Soon, she'll be asking you all about our world; she really looks up to you, Sev. That's her nickname for us – “Sev”.

I know you won't be able truly to understand – after all, I am four years older than you, but she's beautiful, Sev, really beautiful. Long red hair and the most wonderful green eyes that sort of sparkle when she's happy. And she will be happy with you, I promise. I know that when you're nine, girls are like a foreign species, but Lily is different, Severus. She's our friend, our best friend, and she always will be. *Always*. She makes life worth living.

You need to go home now and find the recipe for this potion. Father is going to burn all Mother's spell books. She's persuaded him to keep the school books because they're expensive and you're going to need them, but everything else will be lost. He's gone to get wood and firelighters. The recipe is in the green leather notebook – you'll only have time to tear out the first page. It's a shame, because it means the potion is unusable for humans (far too dangerous, as you can see!), and I won't be able to experiment further, but it's not your fault.

I'm sorry about the owl. Bury it in the playground, won't you? I don't want Lily seeing it and getting upset.

Burn this letter, too. Father must not find it.

Stay safe, Severus. Everything is going to be all right. Once you meet Lily, life will be perfect. You'll never cry again, I promise.

Best wishes,

Your older Self.

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A/N: Prompt from Museamusant: Young Severus receives an impassioned letter from his future self.

Apologies for the very late uploading. I was away at the weekend and have only just seen the prompts, but I couldn't wait until next weekend to write this!