

Hogwarts' New Portrait

by richardgloucester

This double drabble was written as a small tribute to Terry Pratchett, who died on March 12th, 2015. Of course he knew about Hogwarts. Of course he did. Where do you think the undergrads at Unseen University went to school?

None

Chapter 1 of 1

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It surely wasn't a coincidence that the Hogwarts Insomniacs Club, comprising a Muggle-born and a wizard who had grown up seeking refuge in Muggle libraries, was present when the new portrait started to materialise on the wall of the first-floor corridor. It was a rare privilege to witness such an event: first the frame, and then the picture —gaining in clarity under the moonlight that spilled through the window.

"I think I know that hat," said Severus.

"And that beard," said Hermione through trembling lips. "I didn't realise; I've been too busy to follow the Muggle news the last few days."

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"I always suspected he was one of us," said Severus. "Some Muggleborns don't manifest until adulthood, and their magic turns to less direct paths."

A third figure joined them in contemplation of the sleeping figure in the frame. Cloaked and hooded, he seemed made of shadow, but cast none.

"Did you have to take him so soon?" Hermione said to him, crying freely now.

"IT WAS HIS TIME," said Death. "HE DID NOT WANT TO STAY TO WITNESS HIS OWN RUIN."

"Couldn't you have...?"

"I AM DEATH, NOT A DOCTOR."

The portrait snored and smiled.

"BUT I AM NOT UNKIND."