

Pride & Prejudice at Hogwarts

by Saz and Soph

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Chapter 1

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Chapter 1

"Welcome back to another year of Hogwarts, and a very warm welcome to our first years. Now, as most of you know, I would normally let you begin the feast as soon as possible; however, I have something of most importance to say," Dumbledore said, causing a stir amongst the students. "There has been a new type of challenge set; not like the Triwizard Tournament, but it involves the same people. The challenge, unnamed as of yet, is a Muggle movie-making challenge," he continued.

Hermione looked excited and grinned at her friends. "This sounds wonderful already!"

Dumbledore carried on. "It involves the sixth and seventh years acting in a remake of a classic film given to them. I am incredibly excited by the prospect of involving our talented students in such a challenge."

I wonder what film we'll have, Hermione thought to herself. I hope it's something I like.

"Our designated story is a British classic. An epic romance that will also include members of the staff."

Hermione could barely contain her excitement; she was bouncing on her seat, clapping her hands together excitedly. "What is it, what is it, what is it?"

"We will be performing *Pride and Prejudice*," Dumbledore finished.

At this Hermione jumped out of her seat, smiling gleefully and squealing in delight until she realised that everyone was looking at her. She sat down hurriedly, looked at her friends, and could immediately tell what they were thinking by their expressions.

"What?" she cried defensively. "I love that book!"

Ron rolled his eyes at Harry and sarcastically said, "Apparently so."

Dumbledore chuckled. "It would seem Miss Granger is a fan of Jane Austen's novel. At least now, I needn't worry about costumes, sets and things of that sort. Miss Granger, would you remain behind afterwards, please? Now, I will be using a system similar to both the Goblet of Fire and the Sorting Hat. Though you needn't worry; no one will have to put on a stone hat or hold a talking goblet. You will just be chosen by a system of suitability. However, if there should be two people equally suitable, luck will draw the name. No one shall be forced into this production; however, I would hope all the seventh years would at least attempt to participate... Registration for casting

will be tomorrow evening. But now, let the feast begin!" Dumbledore said, clapping his hands together as the feast materialised in front of the eager and hungry students.

"Hmm," Hermione pondered. "I wonder who... Oooh, Harry would... Aww, and Ginny... But then who... Oh, no... Oh, that's so not good... And what if..."

"What is it, Hermione?" Harry snapped, starting to get a little bit annoyed with Hermione's ramblings.

"Oh, no... And if... Oh, no... But then... What if... Oh, God... I mean, I would love, but then that means... Oh, God! But to be... but then... they... they have... they have to... to... Oh, no!" Hermione stuttered.

She finally came out of her wonderings to find the hall completely empty, except for Professors Dumbledore, McGonagall, Snape and herself.

Dumbledore vanished the four house tables and conjured a small square table, taking a seat next to McGonagall and leaving only two seats left.

Hermione took her seat, and when she saw Snape sit down next to her, she moaned slightly and subtly edged away.

Dumbledore started talking to McGonagall and Snape about arrangements when Hermione made a barely audible gasp and whispered, "Bad images, bad images--"

"Did you say something, Miss Granger?" Snape sneered.

"Bad--what?"

Dumbledore laughed, guessing what Hermione was thinking, and he gave her a reassuring smile.

"Did I miss something?" McGonagall asked, giving Snape a look that made him sit up and stop grumbling.

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The next day Hermione was first in queue to be considered for a part. She skipped up to the podium where there was a pink bubble arch. She walked through it and looked at Dumbledore, expecting something more, but he simply nodded and beckoned for the next person.

That's it? Hermione thought. She looked over to her friends, who were not far from the front. She sat down and waited patiently until Ron, Harry and Ginny joined her. She got up, wanting to leave, but her friends stopped her.

"We told Neville we'd wait for him." Harry said.

Hermione scanned the queue and found Neville right at the back. She sighed and sat back down. This was going to take awhile.

Over an hour later, Neville joined them. "What parts are you hoping for?"

Everyone apart from Hermione shrugged, but she grinned. "I'd love to be Elizabeth Bennet, but I'd be happy with being any of the Bennet sisters. But I don't know if I'm good enough. And I have a suspicion as to who might be... Oh, God... What if..."

"Oh, crap, Neville, you got her started again!"

Hermione hit him. "You'll understand when the cast list is put up."

Dumbledore clapped his hands together, and everyone had a book materialise in front of them.

"Oh, great. Homework," Harry muttered a complaint.

"I don't need to read it, but I will anyway," Hermione said good-naturedly.

Harry put his arm around Hermione's shoulders. "That's not a good thing, 'Mione."

Hermione blinked. "Well, it is..."

"Shut up, Hermione. You too, Harry!" Ginny said laughing.

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Everyone gathered around the notice board eagerly the next day, waiting for the cast list to be put up. Hermione, to no surprise of anyone, was at the front. She cheered loudly when her name appeared saying:

Elizabeth Bennett Hermione Granger

She ran through the crowd and hugged Ginny. "I got the part!"

"That's fantastic, 'Mione!"

The crowd eventually cleared down and Hermione and her friends were the only remaining. Harry had been given the part of Colonel Fitzwilliam, Ron was Mr Bingley, Neville was Mr Collins, Ginny, much to the Hermione's delight, was Lydia Bennett, the youngest Bennett sister, and Luna was another of her sisters. Hermione was happy, so happy she could have run up and down in the Great Hall repeatedly -- until Harry nudged her.

"Who's Mr Darcy? Is he important?"

"Why?" Hermione asked. She turned around to look at the cast list and saw that her suspicions had indeed been correct:

Mr Darcy Severus Snape

"Oh, my God." Hermione gasped. "That is not good."

Luna put her arm around Hermione and hugged her. "It really isn't, is it?"

"You've read the book?"

"Yes, it is my favourite Muggle book. And, yes, Harry, Mr Darcy is important. Very, very important."

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"You have to what?" her friends yelled at her.

"I... I... I have... I have to... I have to... to kiss him."

"You have to kiss *Snape*?"

Hermione gave a small nod and put her head back in her hands. What was once just a bad image would now be an even worse reality. She really would end up kissing Professor Snape.

"When do we have Potions?" Hermione asked herself, fishing out her new timetable from her bag. "Double, and first thing. I'll be right back," she said, running upstairs.

"Well, hurry up, or you'll be late!" Harry called after her.

Fifteen minutes later found Hermione entering Snape's dungeon, very late.

"Care to share with the class your reason for being so absurdly late?" Snape spat out venomously.

"Sorry sir, I--"

"Enough with your excuses! The bell rang ten minutes ago; you shall make up the lost time in your break!" he yelled. "Now get on with your work!"

"Yes, sir," Hermione mumbled and went to her desk and started to brew The Draught of Living Death, which they were revising.

After two hours of brewing the complex potion, the bell went, signalling the start of break, so everyone left except for Hermione.

"Sir?" Hermione said after everyone else had left. "You did not take a copy of *Pride and Prejudice* yesterday, did you?"

"Well spotted, but that really is none of your business now, is it, Miss Granger?" he sneered.

"Did you not look at the cast list, sir?"

"Why would I need to, Miss Granger?"

"You might need to read it, sir." Hermione suggested, pulling out her copy from her bag and giving it to Snape. "You've been cast, sir. He has a very important part in the story."

Tearing his gaze from the book, his eyes returned to Hermione. "Get out!" He said through clenched teeth, forgetting why he'd held her back in the first place.

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Hermione, as per usual, spent her lunch in the library, but this time it was spent in the small Muggle section, looking up on Old English clothes.

Her last class of the day was Arithmancy, and so she did not see Harry or Ron until dinner.

"Hermione?" Ron asked.

"No, Ronald, I will not do your Potions homework! We're two days into the term and you're already behind!"

"But--" Ron started to protest.

"No, Ron. This year is **very** important. We've got our N.E.W.T.s, and now we're going to have a lot less free time because of the movie. You need to concentrate, work hard and do your homework!" she told him off crossly.

Dumbledore stood up and clapped his hands, getting everyone's attention. "Your attention please, right. Just a quick reminder, the first rehearsal for *Pride and Prejudice* will be on Friday, at seven thirty. All the cast need to be there, especially Mr Darcy." He looked at Snape. "And Elizabeth Bennet." He looked down the Gryffindor table. "That is all. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

Hermione could hardly wait for the first rehearsal. For once, she had a perfect role, and it was in something that she loved. She wondered how Snape was getting on with reading the book as she left the Great Hall with her friends.

The week passed slowly, and while Hermione was annoyed and frustrated with the week's slow pace, she was also terribly excited by the promise of the first rehearsal. Severus Snape, on the other hand, was dreading it. "Why I had to get a role in this thing is beyond me," Snape muttered, as he got ready to go to rehearsals. "And why I had to be Mr Darcy, the main bloody character, is also beyond me, and the real icing on the nightmare of a cake is that I have to act like I am I love with... *Miss Granger*!"

Hermione dragged her friends down to the Great Hall at twenty past seven, as she couldn't wait any longer. They were the first ones there, much to the boys' annoyance.

"Why did we have to get here so early?" Ron moaned. "Harry and I could have finished our game of wizard chess!!"

"Oh, stop moaning!" Ginny snapped.

Harry smiled at Hermione. "Nervous?"

"Excited," Hermione said, correcting as always.

When everybody was in the Great Hall, Dumbledore welcomed them and made a circle of chairs so that everyone could sit down.

Hermione sat down next to Ginny and Ron and watched as an extra-grumpy Snape emerged from the shadows and sat next to Dumbledore.

"Today won't be so much a rehearsal as an information evening. Rehearsals will be every Friday, at seven thirty, and extra rehearsals may be put in for extra help. You'll have to check the notice board to see if there is one scheduled. I hope you have all started to read the book I issued you, as there will be no skiving from reading it. There will be lunchtime readings set up for those who didn't. I have the scripts prepared. I expect everyone to take one, regardless of the size of their part. I feel that in order for our movie to flow easily, we need to form a basic friendship or relationship, not a loving relationship necessarily, but one of understanding. The person who you interact most with... is your rehearsal partner."

Hermione groaned. Three guesses who hers would be.

Dumbledore told each character their partner until he finally got to them. "And Lizzie Bennett with Mr Darcy." As soon as Dumbledore said their names, Snape got up off his chair and stormed out of the hall. Hermione groaned again. More time with Snape. No doubt he would be the same unbearable pigheaded git he was in class.

"Miss Granger? Will you go and fetch Professor Snape for me?"

"What?"

"Please?"

Do I have to?

"Miss Granger?"

"Oh, okay," Hermione grumbled.

Hermione went down to the dungeons and knocked on the door next to the cupboard in the Potions classroom, which she knew led to Snape's private rooms.

"What is it, Granger?" he spat, opening the door with more force than was perhaps needed. "What, can't get enough of me?" When Hermione did not reply, he slammed the door shut in her face.

What should I do? Should I follow him?

"Professor?" Hermione queried as she opened the door. "Professor Dumbledore asked me to fetch you."

"You are not an animal. You do not *fetch* things," he growled.

"Did you just compliment me?" a surprised Hermione asked.

Damn it! "No! I shall, however, go to the Great Hall with you, but I shall ~~not--not--~~ form a *friendship* with **you**."

"Whether or **not** you want to, *Professor*, it is what Professor Dumbledore wishes, and I think that we owe it to him."

"I do not owe Dumbledore a thing!"

"Well... Urgh! Tonte pis!"

"Excuse me, Miss Granger? What did you just say?"

"Erm..."

"Did you just *swear* at *me*?"

"You know French." It was not a question.

"I know French."

"Oh, tu poulet!" Hermione cried out in French once again.

"Did you just call me a *prostitute*?"

"No." *Way to go Hermione*

"Did you just call me *coward* then?"

"No, I called you a chicken, as in the animal!"

"And why is that?" he glared at her.

"You're strutting! -- Oops." She realised just how big a hole she was digging.

"Miss Granger, I would suggest for your own good that you shut that mouth of yours!"

"Did you just tell me to shut up?" she whinged.

"I did."

"You can't say that!"

"I believe that I just did."

"Damn it! Merde ça!"

"Miss Granger!"

"Yes?" she asked all too sweetly.

"Will you stop swearing in French. I cannot deduct House points!"

Once back in the Great Hall, Dumbledore summoned them to him. "Severus, I would like for you to arrange at least one private rehearsal a week between Miss Granger and yourself now. You may then leave."

"Once a week," Severus complained.

"At least once a week," Hermione corrected him.

"Once a month would be bad enough! You shall meet me in my office after classes on Monday."

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Hermione nervously knocked on Snape's office door at the end of the school day on Monday, and after a stern, "Enter," she opened the door and stepped in.

"Good afternoon, Professor."

"Miss Granger." He nodded.

There was an extremely awkward silence for a long time, which Hermione politely broke, saying, "Did you read the book, sir?"

"Want to know even more about me now?"

"No... I... Urgh, you égoïste cochon!"

"I thought I said no French!"

"No, you said no *swearing* in French. By the way, did you know that tu as les cheveux gras?"

His face turned a dangerous shade of red. "Why you petite garce!"

"Ah, ah, no swearing, tu homosexuel."

"Are you questioning my sexuality?"

"Well I haven't seen you with any *women*!"

"Been stalking me, Miss Granger?" he sneered at her.

"No!"

"Well, at least I'm not a réverbère sexuellement frustré!"

"Tu salaud malheureux!" Hermione stood up in anger.

He glared at her. "Torte," he muttered.

At this point, their faces were only centimetres apart and each was red in the face due to their shouting match.

"Excuse me?" Hermione shrieked "Tart? Did **you** just call **me** a tart?"

You... You... You canot pneumatique! You chauve souris!" She carried on screaming random French whilst Snape tried to think of a way to shut her up. There was only one way that he could think of. So he did it...

He leant in and kissed her forcefully.

"Ewww! Ew, ew, ew, ew! URGH! Snape germs!" She was wiping her mouth and blowing her tongue, spitting much more than she should have done. "Ew, ew, ew, ew, eww, urgh, that's... eewwww!" She waved her hands around wildly and stamped her feet, acting like an immature infant. "EEWWW!"

Snape stood there, arms folded, trying to hold back a laugh. "What happened to the mature Miss Granger?"

Hermione suddenly stopped her drastic hand gestures. "You think I'm mature? No... No! That's not the point. YUCK!" She started to wipe her mouth, crying in disgust again... "Oww! I poked meself in the eye!"

"Here, let me look." He pushed Hermione under the light and examined her eye.

She looked up at him innocently. "So why did you kiss me?"

"I was **trying** to shut you up!"

"Oh, I thought that it was because you want to hug me, you want to date me, you want to kiss me..." she chanted.

He stepped away. "Do not flatter yourself, Miss Granger. So, who is this... Mr Davis, and why are you so intent on marrying him?"

Hermione stopped mid-chant. "What?"

He pulled out of his robe pocket an old piece of Muggle paper, which was covered in scribbles of 'I ♥ M.D', 'Mrs. Matthew Davis', 'Mrs. Hermione Jane Davis' and 'Hermione 4 Matt 4eva'. "I found this in your book."

Hermione could have fainted on the spot at seeing this scrap of paper.

"So," Snape pressed. "Who is Mr Davis?"

"Why do you care?" she snapped.

Snape could see that he had disturbed a memory that clearly upset her, and he said in a kind voice, "Who is he... Hermione?"

Hermione looked him in the eyes and welled up with tears. "No-one."

He gave that look that clearly said *right*. "If he was no-one, then you would not be crying."

"If you weren't such a pompous prat maybe I would tell you," she sniffed.

"Touché," he muttered. "Hermione, I'd like to help."

Since when does he want to help anyone but himself? "Maybe I don't want your help."

"Fine. Bottle it up. Suffocate yourself with your sorrows."

Hermione blinked in surprise. Maybe he really was being nice. "He... he... he was my... first... crush."

"How sweet," Snape said.

"Will you shut up with the sarcasm! You asked so I'm telling you. At least have the decency to--"

"I apologise. Please carry on."

"He was my first crush. When it comes to affection, it doesn't come easy; affection as in fancy affection, or love I suppose. I really liked him. I was eleven at the time. I had never experienced anything like it before, so I became vulnerable. I thought about him all the time. I wrote about me becoming his wife for God's sake! I was eleven! He never noticed me, no one did. I was a geek. Yeah, I know, you're probably thinking that I still am--"

"You are not a geek. You are intelligent. There is a difference."

"I had no friends, apart from one girl called Amelia, who only talked to me because her mum was friends with mine. Anyway, one day, I was sitting in the library--"

"No change there then."

Hermione gave a small smile. He wasn't being rude, despite his sarcasm, and he was just trying to lighten the atmosphere.

"And Matthew, or Matt, came in, looking for a book or something..."

"Something?"

"Victorians. I had the book that he wanted. He asked me. He talked to me. I wasn't invisible anymore. Do you know how that feels?"

Snape thought back to his time at Hogwarts, to the first time he was noticed. He was helped by the beautiful Lily Evans. "Yes, I do."

"Soon he came to the library every lunch. We became friends. And then one day, I found out that he was moving to Australia. The one friend I had was leaving. I was devastated. I didn't find out when he was leaving. One day he just wasn't in school. I never got to say goodbye. I never had the chance to tell him how I felt."

Snape watched as tears fell from her eyes, and she sobbed into her hands. Snape reached into his pocket and pulled out a black handkerchief with an embroidered silver snake and a green 'SS'. He handed it to Hermione. "Here, have this."

"Merci," Hermione said feebly, taking the handkerchief and drying her eyes.

"So much for bonding and rehearsing."

"I'm sorry--" she whispered.

"I think that in a way, we have bonded."

"We bonded by yelling insults at one another in French?"

"Oui."

"I'm sorry I called you a rubber dinghy."

"Oh, is that what it was?" he said, laughing. "Well I'm sorry I called you a tart."

"Do you really think I'm--"

"Let's try to forget the French abuse yelling argument. There's no point in dwelling on the past. You may keep the handkerchief, by the way."

Hermione took in his words. "Right. There's no point in dwelling on the past. Oh, thank you."

Snape smiled. "I think it's time for you to go."

"So do I. Goodnight, Professor."

"Goodnight, Hermione -- I mean Miss Granger."

Hermione nodded and walked out of the door.

She wandered back to the Gryffindor Common Room, feeling she was finally free from a piece of her past.

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Soph n Sarah's Notes : Hey everyone, well, here it is, our first chapter. If you are not very good at French, or do not know any, then here are the translations, as we'll be using French a fair bit; we're going to keep returning to it. Please Read & Review to let us know what you think of it.

Thanks!

Translations:

Tonte pis! - Bloody hell

Tu poulet - You chicken! (Poulet can mean three things, prostitute, chicken or you could take it as coward)

Merde ça! - Fuck that!