

A Leap Back Into Faith

by snapeophile

Hermione is hit by a Voldemort curse aimed at Harry. She's lost all her memories; can Severus help her regain them?

Leaping

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione is hit by a Voldemort curse aimed at Harry. She's lost all her memories; can Severus help her regain them?

A/N: This is a response to the "Broken Memory Charm Challenge" on LJ grangersnape100 livejournal community. **Many thanks** to my sharp-eyed, insightful beta, JaneAverage!

Words: 100 each, 8 drabbles

Disclaimer: JKR owns all but my ideas.

I.

Hermione hadn't remembered Snape. Her own husband. Even Legilimency hadn't helped.

Voldemort's curse--intended for Potter, deflected onto Hermione--was unidentifiable and untreatable. The Healers said she was a lost cause. Both men were inconsolable.

Snape's emotional mind screamed, "She isn't lost! Don't give up on her!" But his intellect knew better.

She was the sacrificial lamb who had assured Potter's success. She would be taken care of for life, he knew. But what a life? Was it worth living?

He entered the rose cottage they'd shared, empty since her incapacitation. His last chance to save her was here somewhere.

II.

He entered the cottage with a heavy heart. They'd been so happy here. Planning for their life. Children, after the war. A solarium for her garden. A laboratory for both. What good were those plans now?

His heart seized as he entered their bedroom. Her. It smelled of her. Her favorite scent, Diorissimo. Lilies and jasmine and sweetness. All her. Staggering, he lunged to her dresser, opening the top drawer. Gasping for breath, losing his battle for self-control, he pressed her satin and lace lingerie to his face, inhaling her. Huge, heaving, wracking sobs crashed him painfully to the floor.

III.

He allowed himself only minutes to mourn before returning to his task. Self-control had always been his greatest strength and weakness. He shuffled through other drawers, more carefully, detaching himself from his pain. His groping fingers found the prize. A purple velvet bag.

"Hermione." Said softly, to avoid startling her. She had been sitting staring out the window, sadness marring her pretty features.

"Darling, I've brought you something. Something you used to treasure."

"No thank you, Mr. Snape. I'm tired of everyone endlessly forcing me to, 'Touch this. Taste that. Listen to this, Hermione, then you'll remember,'" she spat bitterly.

IV.

"I DO NOT REMEMBER YOU OR ANYONE ELSE. WHY CAN'T I LEAVE? WHY AM I BEING KEPT PRISONER HERE?" she screamed, as tears streamed down her face.

"Hermione, you are not a prisoner. If you left, where would you go? Where would you live? What money do you have?"

"Oh, it's always the same old answers. You're right. I have nothing. I am nothing."

"Please. I promise this will be the last time anyone asks you to try to remember. Take this bag. Look at the contents and relax your mind. Tell me what you feel . . ."

V.

Blankly, she took the velvet bag from her husband's outstretched hand, emptying the contents onto her bed. Fantastically colored pottery shards cascaded over white matelassé.

"Whatever it was, it's broken," she said in an accusatory tone. "How in hell will that make me remember?"

"Hermione, pick up a piece. Hold it in your hand. Please."

Skeptically, the young woman complied. In an unconscious imitation of him, she raised one eyebrow, smirking, and said, "Sorry. Nothing. Nothing at all."

Snape sighed heavily, biting his lip to keep the tears at bay. His long, elegant hands trembled as he gathered the shards.

VI.

He jumped when she reached out and gently traced a scar on his hand.

"How did you get that?"

"That is a souvenir from your friend, Mr. Longbottom. He had a penchant for exploding cauldrons."

"Oh." She leaned over to help him clean up the pottery. Snape was focusing every ounce of energy he had on keeping his hands steady. He would not break down in front of her.

Thus, he did not see her hand dart out to grab a light blue shard. One with some form of decoration, or writing.

But he did hear her cry out, "Mummy!"

VII.

"Hermione! Yes! Darling, what do you remember?" he said frantically; hoping, praying, wanting.

Hermione was fixated on the shard. She appeared not to hear Snape, or to feel him grab her from behind and wrap his arms around her waist. He pulled her down onto his lap as he sat, trying to duplicate the atmosphere of the event she was trying desperately to remember.

"Yes, darling, yes. You remember. You threw that pot with your Mum when you were five. She used her pottery wheel. You sat in her lap. You held your hands like this . . ."

VIII.

He positioned her hands in midair around an imaginary wheel. Then, calming himself to focus his magic, he transfigured a glass of water into a container filled with slippery, wet clay.

He placed a glob of clay in one of her hands. Hermione ground her hands together, squeezing the clay between her fingers. Snape heard her sob. Laughing, crying, she entwined her fingers and massaged the clay, as if it were life itself.

"Mum! I remember my Mum! We made this. Oh, Mr. Snape, what more is there?"

"Much, much more, dear. We'll rediscover it together."