

Dear Lily

by Bella Snape

This entry is Snape musing on the before and after of his first Defence Against The Dark Arts lesson.

1st Diary Entry

Chapter 1 of 2

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Disclaimer: These characters aren't mine, they are they belong to that Goddess Jo, if they were mine I'd be writing book 7 instead.

Diary Entry AM.

I am about to teach my first Defence Against the Dark Arts lesson. I pretended to be smug as it was announced at the table; in truth I'd have preferred Potions. My fingers are just itching to feel the ingredients, to stir the cauldron clockwise and anti-clockwise. I doubt that I'll like Potter any more in this room than in the Potions Lab. As for the redhead... well, let's not go there! What will be unbearable is that this is actually a lesson Potter is GOOD in. This is going to be hard work! What will make it bearable is that this happens to be Miss Granger's weakness. (Hmm, wonder why that is?)

Anyway, it's going to be fun, I think. Of course the person that I would choose for experiments will be Potter, or the redhead! No, definitely Potter. It will be more satisfying. Besides, after fighting the Dark Lord in that graveyard, this should be a walk in the park for him. After fighting him *bravely*, even some of my... er... acquaintances were impressed. Worst luck! Oh well, Severus, you haven't let it bother you before so don't begin now. He's a child. It SHOULD be easy!

Diary Entry PM.

Potter was a sitting duck! I kept telling him what to do, but he would not do it! This is the boy that my acquaintances were impressed with? Oh well! As for Miss Granger...

Miss Granger... Why is she starting to be less fun to make fun of than before? She has grown up a lot I suppose, and being seventeen (or thereabouts) I suppose she does have the right to know a bit more than her peers. You know, I still can't believe I chose her hand in class. Normally I'd just pick someone else, but I didn't. Severus, you're losing your grip! Alright, so her mind works almost exactly the same way as HERS did! There is no point in thinking of that now. Why am I so irked? This is a teenage Mud... ahem, Muggle-born. I have done far more than she'll ever know! I don't know why, but a small part of me actually *likes* her! More than I care to admit. Gods, if I were twenty years younger... This worries me. I even called her talented and intelligent in front of Bellatrix Lestrange. Bitch Lestrange, more like!

Of course I recovered quick enough to insult her for reciting parrot-fashion from a book. Still, the whole class should have read that book by now and remembered that tiny detail. I walked past her during practical and I caught a whiff of her perfume... What kind of person am I turning into? Even if she were my age, she'd probably never give me a second glance!

Potter-bashing certainly seemed more enjoyable after that.

I must try and get inside Miss Granger's mind. Funny how she's managed to build up those walls. She's a natural. I wish it were she in my office on her own all that time last

year instead of Potter! I think I should just take a breather! Relax! She is JUST AN INTERFERING INSUFFERABLE KNOW-IT-ALL! There, that's better. You know Potions was a LOT easier. Damn that Dark Lord! I'll get him one of these days. You see if I don't!

Severus

A/N This is my very first fanfic... I wanted to use first person narrative as that is the particular type of narration I like to read, and I think Severus' mind is particularly interesting to explore.

Dear Lily 1

Chapter 2 of 2

The continuation on which Severus muses some more on Hermione.

The warnings are for later chapters.

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Dear Lily,

Yes, I have decided to give you a name – Lily was the one human being worth talking to and listening to, so I might as well call you Lily, as all the things that will go in here I would rather have told her. If only that bastard Potter hadn't gotten her first. But let's not go there!

I have more observations on the Muggleborn Miss Granger. I think I may as well get this out in the open...

Why the hell didn't she have one grandparent at least? That would have been enough! (It was for Parkinson!) She definitely would have been my favourite student. It's getting harder to hate her the older she's getting. Also, I am wondering why she wasn't put in the year above... hmm, three weeks. Just checked her notes. Who'd argue over three weeks? If she had gotten in a year earlier, she would have been in Ravenclaw, and they're not so bad; at least they ACT like they've got brains! No, don't get me wrong, Lily, I am not falling in love with her; that's sick and even I consider that perverted. What I am saying is that if, or more likely when, she does meet the Dark Lord, then he might actually be impressed with her, and it would happen all over again exactly the way it happened with you, my Lily flower. After all, he has accepted Pettigrew, and he's a Muggleborn, so he'd accept her, as she is 100 times more intelligent and powerful than Pettigrew will ever know how to be! To think that little rat is in my home at this very moment! I am shuddering at the thought of one of THEM going through my precious guarded memories and secrets.

As for your son, Lily, I am doing the best I can, but I am confused, as I hate him. Sorry, Lily, but he is far too much like your prat of a husband, yet I am filled with an overwhelming desire to protect him and make sure he can come to no harm. And I must say that Harry, having a friend like Miss Granger, makes my life a whole lot easier. I also do not understand how he can prefer that Weasel to Granger as a companion; Mr Weasley is only out for fun; I shudder at that thought also! Plus – and I truly mean this – Miss Granger happens to be pretty (another reason why I wish she was in my House... Merlin I'm turning into Slughorn!). And Miss Granger cares deeply about your son, Lily. No, I don't think that they love each other; their love is more of the sibling variety, not that either of us would now about that. It is one of Miss Granger's faults that she, too, happens to prefer the Weasel. But her love for your son could mean her death...

In short, Lily, I think that if Miss Granger were born in 1957/8 along with the other sensible ones (you and me), then you and her would have been the greatest of friends, and I could actually have fallen in love with her... In fact, I might even have been confused. Perhaps it's a good thing she is where she is and I can still owe my heart to you forevermore, Lovely Lily.

I suppose you want to know what she looks like. Well, she has curly brown hair which some call bushy, and she has nice warm brown eyes. When she smiles her eyes light up. She's still growing (in all areas I presume!), and she's probably a little too trusting; that might harm her one-day! You know something, Lily, I really and truly do think that you would have LOVED her and she you. She has your light and exuberance coupled with my love of learning and intelligence. She is the good mixture of both of us. She could easily have been OUR child.

Severus.

A/N I would like to thank my beta Alexandria and notsosaintly for giving the first chapter more examination, also the support of Nokomis Snape and Spookje over on The Dark Mark, without which I would never have had the confidence.