

Small Ebony Tome

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Several years after the Final Battle, Hermione is teaching Transfiguration at Hogwarts. She is also acting as Snape's parole officer. Eventual HGSS, Rating is for later chapters.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or any of JKR's other characters... I just play with them occasionally. ^_^ HBP-compliant

For the "Little Black Book" Challenge on WIKTT... ^_- Title subject to change.

I breathe a sigh of relief as the last student leaves my classroom. A quick glance at the clock reveals I have a little over an hour before the meeting with Severus. That should give me plenty of time to make a short entry about last night's Mr. Wrong. How many men must I date before I find Mr. Right?

I look around the room to see if anyone left anything today. Nothing major, just a few quills scattered around. A firm *Accio* brings them all to my hand. I place them all in the spare quills tin before leaving the classroom for my adjoining office.

Sighing loudly, I drop into my large, comfortable office chair. Another week down the hole. I have no idea if any of my students even listened to me all week. I might as well not even bother showing up for class some days. Fridays are usually the worst. Today was no exception.

I quietly say the charm to unlock the top drawer of my desk. I need to find a more secure place to keep this little book of mine. This drawer is so convenient, though. It's not like it's terribly conspicuous anyway. It simply looks like a small, Muggle journal. I bought it after my first encounter with a guy at the end of my third year here at Hogwarts.

Most people don't know about that one. Oliver Wood was an awesome kisser. I imagine he still is, but he's married now so I'll never know. I just wanted to congratulate him on leading our Quidditch team to victory. I never imagined he'd kiss me. Of course, then I kissed him back. It never went much further than that. I was only fourteen at the time.

Everybody thinks Victor Krum was my first kiss. Ha! He was my third. Cedric Diggory was my second. I gave him a congratulatory kiss during the week after the Triwizard Tournament entrants were announced. He tried to take it further, but I managed to subdue him... Good thing I paid attention in my classes.

I quickly flip through the rest of the book looking for a blank page. Tears fill my eyes as I flip past Ron's page. We were to be married, but then the final battle happened. Poor Molly. She lost three children and her husband during that mess. They all wanted to make sure Harry would be alive to do in Voldemort. They succeeded in that, but they lost their own lives. Another tear makes its way down my face and onto the page. The page nearly rips from being flipped too fast.

Finally, a blank page. Not that I have that many entries. But this little book holds so many memories: some I'd rather forget, some I hope to always remember.

I pick up my favorite quill, dip it in the inkwell, and begin to write. The name goes at the top of the page. Remus Lupin. Tonks was another soul lost in the final battle. We all miss her; she was always such fun to be around.

Now for his ratings. Let's see, he rates a 7 on kissing, but only a 2 for chemistry. He knows how to kiss, but there is simply nothing between us. We agreed to remain friends, but we now know to never try dating again. Last night was our second date; he doesn't believe in kissing on the first date. That was a nice breath of fresh air, most guys want to go all the way on the first date.

A loud knock sounds on my office door. Crap! I've gotta hide this. I toss it in the top desk drawer, and slam it closed as I reply, "Come in."

"Ah, Severus. Is it that time already?" I inquire as he walks through the door.

"I wouldn't be here otherwise, Miss Granger," his caustic voice replies.

He really needs to loosen up. I agreed to act as his parole officer so he wouldn't have to travel to the Ministry every week.

Some part of me always believed him to be working under Dumbledore's orders. Even as I refused to speak of him, or to him, for so many months, I knew, in my heart of hearts, of his loyalty to Dumbledore. I even testified as much at his trial after the last battle. The Ministry agreed to sentence him to supervised parole if he served three years in Azkaban. They were nowhere near that lenient with other convicted Death Eaters.

"Why do you persist in holding this grudge you have against me?"

"Let us get down to business, Miss Granger."

*Author's note: Well, here's the first chapter. Let me know what you think so far. Any suggestions (corrections?) for British terms (including slang) that I should be using in place of my American words are welcome and much appreciated. Sorry this is so short, but I just started three days before the deadline... *sweatdrop* No worries, though, I have a rough outline already! ^_^*