

# The Journey

*by sigh*

A tale of four founders and the building of Hogwarts.

## The Journey

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A tale of four founders and the building of Hogwarts.

Author's Note: Just something I had sitting around on my computer (and my head) for awhile now. There's more coming if there's a big enough interest in founder fics.

Usual Disclaimer. Not owned by me, no profit made by me.

\*\*\*

The stars twinkled in the night star completely unaware they were being contemplated from below. The reason for the contemplation was as unknown to the contemplator as it was to anyone else. It seemed to just be one of those things you find yourself doing, before you can really think of a reason for it. And Godric was definitely one of those boys who followed instinct over thought. This was why it was so surprising that he was presently in the company of one Salazar Slytherin.

Salazar Slytherin had no tolerance for fools. And his definition of a 'fool' was definitely a lot wider than anyone else's. Somehow, though, this vulnerable boy who did everything by instinct seemed to have quite accidentally discovered a hitherto unheard of soft spot deep inside Salazar's heart.

"Would you get a move on and stop wasting time doing nothing!"

Not that he ever let that soft spot show to anyone of course. Especially not the boy.

"I don't see what the big deal is; I mean who cares if we're late? Why do we need to rush?"

"I would rather spend as little time as possible out here in the open, where we can be attacked by those witch hunting Muggles any time they choose. The faster we meet up with the other two, the better we will both be."

"But the other two are girls! It's not like they could protect us in any significant way. Unless you mean that we need to catch up with them to protect THEM. That makes sense. You could have just said that in the first place, you know. You don't need to run around in circles."

Salazar shook his head at the sheer stupidity of underestimating someone based on gender. Suddenly a grin crossed his features as he imagined the boy up against Ravenclaw, or even Hufflepuff. Spouting out such stupid sentiments in their hearing would certainly turn a dull evening very interesting indeed. Maybe he should set something up when he got back...

But no. The point of this endeavor was not to fight amongst themselves; that had been tried by wizards for too long now. If their race was going to survive, they needed a stronghold. And a stronghold is exactly what they were going to get. But first they had to reach the meeting place, and this wasn't going to happen anytime soon the way the boy was carrying on.

"Listen to me, little Gryffy. You either walk faster, or I'll leave you here to be found by the Muggles. I'm behind the proposed schedule as it is, and I should never have

stopped to pick you up. That wasn't in the plan, and I'm sure Rowena and Helga won't appreciate the effort it took if I'm more than two days late."

Godric winced at the hated nickname, and Salazar was oddly pleased. It was so easy to annoy the precocious little scamp, and he never failed to react in a predictable manner. The two males were only four years apart, but Godric seemed so much younger to Salazar than he had ever been. Maybe it was simply because of the tragedy he'd been through. Everyone wants to be able to afford the buying back of innocence; everyone wants to revert to their childhood when given an opportunity.

Despite the boy's daydreaming tendencies, the trek continued much as plan, and they were only one day later than originally planned when they met up with the two females.

"This is a pile of rubble. This is what you made us walk so fast for? I think I would have preferred to stay where I was!"

"And exactly how would you have managed that, boy? No parents, no relations anywhere nearby. Muggles aware of not only your existence, but the location of your home as well? I highly doubt you would have made it past the first week, if that."

The boy's reply was cut off by yelling from within the 'pile of rubble'. Salazar grimaced as he recognized the tone in Helga's voice. How he didn't foresee her mothering this boy he had no idea. Maybe he really should have left him where he was. Instead he had just added one more person to gang up on him with. With a sigh he looked over the two of them. One day he'd learn.