

# Severus' Boggart

by ancientgirl

This is my take on what Severus' Boggart might be.

## Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

This is my take on what Severus' Boggart might be.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

### The Boggart

Severus sat in his study. He could hear the rattling inside his desk drawer. It was a Boggart. How it got into his desk he could not for the life of him figure out, then he remembered. Two nights ago he had left his desk unwarded, in order for Albus to get the report he had written, regarding that past weekend's Dark Revel. *'The old coot forgot to ward it again,'* he thought as he sighed.

So there he sat, slowly swirling a sifter of brandy in his shaking hand. He knew he needed to get rid of it, yet was afraid of what he would have to face. For so long he had wanted to put the doubts out of his mind, yet he knew what his deadliest fear was. And to his complete and utter disappointment, there was no one he could tell. Well, no one who would not think him insane.

He tipped the glass back and gulped down the amber liquid down quickly. It burned as it slid down his throat. He needed to do this now, before he lost his nerve. He readied his wand, and stood in front of the desk. He thought back to a happy memory, and bowed his head as he realized how few he actually had. After a minute or so, he settled on the memory of the day he came to Albus for help. He remembered that for the first time in years, standing in the Headmaster's office, he finally felt safe, and had some hope in his tired life.

He pointed his wand to the drawer, and spoke, *"Alohamora."*

The drawer slowly opened, and a swirling mass of dark air flew out and stopped in front of him. He held his breath, as it formed. Then, suddenly, it was in front of him, tall and proud, just like always. He closed his eyes and held the memory of Albus comforting him, telling him he was beginning a new life, a life that would one day be free of the Dark Lord. That day he had truly given himself a chance at a better life, not just for him but also for the entire wizarding world. He lifted his wand again, and pointed it straight at the Boggart, which was now mocking him, with his own face. He thought hard, then yelled, *"Riddikulus!"*

The Boggart still had Severus' face but now was bowing down before a red-eyed figure with unnaturally long-fingered hands - an exact scale replica of Voldemort, only four inches high. Severus laughed at the Boggart. In a matter of seconds it was gone. He stood rooted in the same spot for several seconds, willing his body to stop from shaking. He had always been his own worst enemy. He had for so long been afraid of what he would do when the time came to fight. Would he stay on the path he had chosen so many years ago, and fight against the hate and evil of Voldemort, or would he turn at the last minute?

As he struggled with his thoughts, he heard a door opening behind him. He turned, and there stood Hermione. She smiled at him, and slowly approached him.

"I know I shouldn't be here. But," she looked down at her feet, "I can't keep this to myself anymore. I was hoping, well, since you aren't my professor anymore, maybe you

