

Vision

by CiraArana

It happened during the Sorting ...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They all belong to Rowling, bless her.

A/N: Will be a one-shot until I can find out what I want to do with it.

Vision

It happened during the Sorting – in Severus's eyes one of the most boring episodes in the whole school year. He knew most of the students that got sorted into his House anyway. There were rarely any surprises. Today, there had been none so far.

Granted, they had only reached G, so there might still be hope for a little change. But as he let his eyes sweep over the gathered first-years, he somewhat doubted it.

His gaze fell onto a small, black-haired boy. Potter. Son of his nemesis from his own time as student at Hogwarts. Severus sneered. The boy resembled his father very much, even at this young age. No doubt he would be as arrogant a Gryffindor as his father had been.

'Goyle, Gregory,' McGonagall called out, and a thickset boy shuffled forwards. Severus sighed as the Hat shouted 'SLYTHERIN!' There were some he could do without, pure-blood or not.

And then the lightning struck.

'Granger, Hermione.'

Severus started and sat up straight as the girl, no woman, marched over to the stool and eagerly jammed the Hat on her head. He watched, his eyes glued to the slender form under the scruffy old Hat, insides for some reason squirming with nervousness, as she sat still and let the Hat sort out her mind.

'GRYFFINDOR!' it shouted finally, and Severus fell back in his chair, blinking. He slowly shook his head. Now, what had happened? Dazedly, he watched as a girl with an enormous mop of curly brown hair and oversized front teeth emerged from under the Hat. He followed her progress to Gryffindor table with his eyes and kept watching her throughout the meal, but the vision did not return, and neither could he find an explanation for its occurrence.

Later that night, alone in his quarters, he sat in front of the fire and tried to sort out what had happened. He had not been the most talented Divinations student, but even he could recognise a vision and differentiate it from an illusion. He had clearly been met by a vision. But why? What was there about the girl that had triggered the vision? She was a Muggle-born, he had already checked on that. Why would he, Head of Slytherin House, be visited by visions about a Muggle-born Gryffindor? They were at the opposite ends of the wizarding world, and that left the age difference unconsidered. Why then he? Why this vision?

Severus shook his head tiredly, none the wiser. But it didn't matter that he couldn't find an answer to the questions right now. The girl was a student. She would be in his

care for the next seven years. It was time enough to figure out this riddle.

He went to bed, and as he extinguished the bed-side candle, he resolutely pushed all thoughts of her out of his mind and concentrated on his new students. It was not long before he fell asleep – there was little as boring as eleven-year-old children – and when he dreamed of her and once more saw a pretty young woman with a head of curly hair, a wide smile, and warm brown eyes march over to the stool instead of a scrawny eleven-year-old, well, then it wasn't his fault. Even a master Occlumens cannot control the messages of his own subconscious.