

Pain Is A Four Letter Word

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Hermione Life is not what it seems. What happens when she is discovered to be a cutter by Hogwarts most feared teacher?

Numb

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione Life is not what it seems. What happens when she is discovered to be a cutter by Hogwarts most feared teacher?

Authors Note: Songs used: Numb by Linkin Park and Shakespeare Sonnet XXVIII and Whisper by Evanescence, There are some scenes depicting child abuse and rape, I do not condone this I am just using it as a creative writing technique if you don't like it don't read it. Flames will be ignored.

Chapter one Numb

//How can I then return in happy plight,

That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?

When day's oppression is not eased by night,

But day by night and night by day oppress'd?

And each, though enemies to either's reign,

Do in consent shake hands to torture me,

The one by toil, still farther off from thee.

I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright

And dost him grace when clouds do blot the

Heaven;

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,

*When sparkling stars twine not thou gild'st the
even.*

*But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's stranght
Seem stronger.*

~Shakespeare//

//I'm tired of being what you want me to be

Feeling so faithless//

I Hurt.

I'm tired of my life, always living up to people's expectations of me.

People see me as the know-it-all Gryffindor, Harry Potter's best friend and sidekick, and I'm nothing. Not important, they never see me; they only see the bookish girl I portray myself as. But I'm more than that, more than books and learning.

Under it all I'm also a person. I'm Hermione Granger.

I'm just me, Hermione Granger.

Nothing special.

I didn't ask to be smart, it's just always come to me fairly easily and for that I'm always laughed at or mocked.

Sometimes I wish I was dead.

//Lost under the surface

I don't know what you're expecting of me//

I'm balancing on the edge of the blade.

I'm addicted to its sharp edges, releasing me.

Helping me survive in a world that no longer needs me.

The blade calls to me to make another cut.

I look down at my wrists, covered in the white crisscrossing of past scars that hold witness to my addiction.

I could not stop, even if I wanted to.

And if they found out, my so-called friends, they'd make me stop, and I can't let them do that. They wouldn't understand that I need to cut myself, it's how I survive. No one notices my cries for help.

I pick up my blade, my lifeline, and make my first cut, pressing it down. I welcome the small amount of pain it brings to me. I savor the pain as the blade slides through the skin on my wrist, leaving the angry red line of blood behind; adding another line to the ever present pattern covering my wrists.

I can't continue being what you want me to be. I need to be me. To be Hermione.

Not the Gryffindor know-it-all. Just me. At least at home my family can recognize me; can recognize Hermione. They have no expectations of me. But even my family doesn't know me, not really. To them I'm their precious baby girl who can do no wrong. Yet they live in another world; a world without magic. No matter how much they wish to understand the world in which I live they cannot; and somehow I think they never will.

They love me but they don't know me and it's just killing me inside.

I'm crying out for help; but no one is listening.

Help me! Please.

//Put under the pressure

Of walking in your shoes//

Looking around the dungeons I realize it was a pretty stupid place to do this, in Snape's dungeons. But I don't care. Snape is the only one who really sees me. I may be annoying to him, but at least he acknowledges me in some way other than mere tolerance.

Oh, I've no doubt that he hates me, but it's mostly cover; after all it wouldn't do for one of the Dark Lord's loyal followers to favor a Gryffindor, or even show some kindness to one of Harry Potter's friends.

He is a complicated and mysterious man.

He seems to be someone who values intelligence above petty things like looks, like most boys my age look for in a girl.

I'm expected, as Harry's friend, to stand by him as he battles the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters.

I only ever wanted to be a normal teenager; but ever since I entered Hogwarts and became Harry's friend my life has been anything but normal.

I'm only seventeen years old.

I never asked to be involved in a war.

Now that I am, though, I don't think I can do it. I can't do it.

I never asked for it. Can't someone older have the responsibility?

In a way, I pity Harry, whose shoulder this mostly rests upon, but being the Gryffindor I am I feel I need to take some of the responsibility also. But since I did I can hardly breathe.

Who sends children in to fight the battles of full grown men?

And expects them to live?

I feel like I'm set to burst.

I make another cut, and another, until my left wrist is crossed with many lines.

It helps me release the pressure, helps me survive.

//[Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow]

Every step that I take is another mistake to you//

Snapo only sees my mistakes, but at least he sees me and not the perfect girl everyone else believes me to be.

I'm caught up with my addiction.

With cutting myself.

Switching hands, I make a cut on the other wrist.

He would probably understand, unlike my friends.

They couldn't understand; they've never been brutally raped by their uncle since they were six years old.

Until I started Hogwarts I thought what was happening was normal, that it happened to every child.

What kind of screwed up person thinks being raped by their uncle is normal?

When we had our sex-ed classes with Madam Pomfrey I was sick with the knowledge of what my uncle had done. I couldn't stand anyone touching me for months after; to some extent I still can't. And on top of the rapes, I was beaten.

My friends never had to endure the beatings.

Next week I go back home to face my parents and dad's brother.

Uncle Stan has lived with us for as long as I can remember. 'It' has happened for as long as I can remember and no one ever cared enough to notice; not even mum and dad.

I love my parents and spending time with them, but with them comes my uncle, and I cannot stand another summer being near him.

Please don't send me back there!

//I've Become so numb

I can't feel you there//

I've become numb to the world around me, I'm on auto pilot just going along like normal.

No one notices.

No one cares.

Who would believe them--or me--anyway? They never have before.

When I was nine, I told my primary school teacher when she found my bruises. She told the child services who came to investigate, but they never found anything. Uncle Stan made sure of that. Once the investigation was over I got the worst beatings and rapes of my life. I was out of school for a month recovering. No one thought to check up on me. I never told anyone since. Telling only leads to pain and hurt. My parents never noticed. They were away at a conference for two months; when they returned I was too scared to tell them and they never noticed.

//Become so tired

So much more aware//

I'm tired of living with so much pain.

But with me just existing, I notice everything.

I pull the blade through my wrist cutting slightly deeper than the last time.

//I'm becoming this

All I want to do

Is be more like me

And be less like you//

I'm numb.

I feel as if my world is crumbling around me; that the people I surround myself with: Ron, Harry, the other Gryffindors, that they don't see the real me.

I'm tired of everything.

I feel smothered.

Maybe Uncle Stan was right: maybe I am just a useless waste of space.

Only useful for a good fuck. He treats me like an unwanted possession.

Only there to be used, for him to relieve his frustrations with.

The summer holidays start next week.

I don't want to go back.

I can't go back.

But Dumbledore won't let me stay.

//Can't you see that you're smothering me

Holding too tightly//

He says it's what's best for me. I'll be safe, protected.

What would he know?

Just another small cut...right here; I take the blade pulling it along my skin making a large cut about five centimeters long. I am relishing the euphoric feeling the pain-filled cut gives me. It releases all the pain, the feelings of despair and loneliness that I feel.

My blade is my one true friend; it's always there and never judges me, just accepts.

//Afraid to lose control//

If others knew, they'd stop me. Tell me it's wrong to hurt myself, but they don't understand. They can't understand.

I'm alone.

My blade helps me stay in control of my life. Before my life was like a never-ending roller coaster ride.

It helps me stay in control.

It knows what's best.

//Cause everything that you thought I would be

Has fallen apart right in front of you//

If they knew their perfect Hermione cut herself, hurt herself, their illusions would be shattered.

They might actually see me, and not only what they want to see.

They'd lock me up like I'm crazy.

I'm not; crazy, that is.

I just hurt.

And my blade eases my hurt; makes my life more bearable.

//[Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow]//

I move along; existing with everyone else, but not quiet living.

//Every step that I take is

Another mistake to you//

Why can't you just see me?

I make another cut, letting the pain and hurt seep out with the blood flowing freely down my arms.

//[Caught in the undertow, just caught in the undertow]//

I feel wetness slide slowly down my face.

I'm not crying. No, there must be a leak in the ceiling somewhere.

I don't cry.

Crying is for wimps, for freaks.

My uncle said crying needs to be punished.

Crying is wrong.

//And every second I waste

Is more than I can take//

Every day gets worse.

It used to only be maybe once a week I'd feel the urge to cut.

To feel the release of pressure I'd get from the act.

Now I feel the urge at least every second of every day.

I look down. My arms are now covered in blood, my blood.

Tonight I've made several new cuts.

I already feel better; more like myself.

//And I know

I may end up failing too//

I feel lightheaded; I slipped.

Cut too deep.

And now I can feel my life slipping away slowly.

This was not how it was supposed to happen. I wasn't supposed to die like this.

Alone.

Helpless.

Scared.

"Help..." I try and call out for help. I didn't want to die, but my voice cracks and falls on deaf ears.

No one will hear my cries for help.

I'm going to die here.

In the dungeons.

But at least I won't have to return to home for another summer of abuse.

// But I know

You were just like me//

Snape should be by soon. He always catches me when I do something wrong.

He'll help me.

No... he hates me. No one will want me around now.

Footsteps. Yes, someone's coming. I'm not going to die.

They'll save me.

They'll save Hermione.

Not the Gryffindor know-it-all; she dies tonight. From now on I'm just Hermione.

"Granger, where are you? I know you are in here!"

Snape.

"Prof..." I try to call out to him. I've no voice left.

He'll leave me here.

Maybe I will die after all.

I slide bonelessly to the dungeon floor.

I've got no energy left to call out to him.

I laugh weakly. An ironic, slightly hysterical laugh.

I'll die and they'll realize they almost found me, almost saved me.

Almost.

Apparently my laughter must have been louder than I thought, as I see Snape come around from the other side of the desk.

He sees me.

I'm going to live.

Maybe someone cares after all.

Even if it /is/ Snape.

Finally I succumb to the calling darkness and slip into unconsciousness.

//With someone disappointed in you//

~Finis~