

# Emergence of a Successor

by *Starry Wands*

Read the account of Hogwarts through Minerva McGonagall's eyes, her friends, teachers, loves, hates and of course, the frightful opening of the Chamber of Secrets. Who would have thought that this puny, gawky teenager would emerge as a wise and magnificent successor to the greatest headmaster ever? Slight AU in some chapters.

## Off to Hogwarts!

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**September 1st, 1940**

**10.00 pm**

Fifteen is a very eventful age. At least, for my parents it is. That's probably why I was forced into keeping a journal by them as they felt it was the 'right' age to record everything down.

Yes, this most definitely is me, Minerva Mildred McGonagall, inking down my very first journal entry. My name's quite a mouthful, I know. But I'm most proud of it. Especially my middle name, because that was my grandmother's name, and she was the first Healer in St. Mungo's to discover a cure for the very annoying 'scrubbed' fingers we get sometimes when we fiddle with and wave our wands around too much, which can eventually result in loss of our fingers. Yes, Mildred McGonagall is my dear grandmother. Loved her, I did. It was of very bad luck that she passed away right before I turned eleven. Pity she didn't even get to witness me boarding the Hogwarts Express for the first time in my life.

Ah well. I must try not to ramble, and concentrate more on the happenings, I guess.

My, was I mighty tired after the journey! Firstly, since I was the Gryffindor prefect along with Walter (Yes, a prefect! It's been my dearest ambition since I first came to Hogwarts, which has thankfully been fulfilled), we went to the prefects' compartments. Evelyn, Emma and I chatted nineteen to dozen about our summer 'adventures', while Andy and Walter, bored to hear us girls' incessant chatter, contented themselves by plugging their ears up and going to sleep. After they woke up (or rather, were forced awake), Emma and Walter played a game of chess while Andy slept and I challenged Evelyn to quiz me on *Hogwarts: A History*. I know, nobody in their right minds would have done that, but that was just the way I was.

Before I confuse you with the plethora of names, let me explain. Evelyn and I happen to be best of friends. We have known each other ever since we were born, and our families are even distantly related. Emma and Andy (that's short for Andrew) are twins who really know no one here since they're both Muggle-borns, so they usually are around us. It's not that I mind or anything; their company can provide real light-hearted moments for all of us, especially their silly squabbles. But they do get annoying sometimes when Evelyn and I have our secret-sharing-sessions or the likes, which they often interrupt. It's Walter who usually sticks to Andy like a piece of Drooble's, but Andy doesn't really seem to care. So that pretty much sums up why the five of us are like a close-knit group friends, all from Gryffindor.

On with the happenings again, I guess...

Hogwarts never felt so welcoming, drenched in the pale glow of the moonlight as I eagerly relished the warmth of the Great Hall. My friends and I filled the Gryffindor table with much enthusiasm and the chatting commenced.

Emma nudged me, smirking. "Prefect, eh? Must be tough coping up with the duties. But I can't blame you, I guess. Being a prefect had always been your dream..."

"Oh, shut up," I replied shortly. It was true; being a prefect had been my dream, and my friends used to tease the skin out of me for that. I couldn't understand. I mean, what was wrong with wanting to be a prefect? I have always admired people who took on responsibility without a single grumble (Dear old Dumbles). I hoped to be such a person, too, and being a prefect was like a stepping stone for that.

Then dinner came, a scrumptious one by all means. I filled my whole tummy up with all sorts of goodies and made up for the burning hunger I felt back in Hogwarts Express due to lack of Galleons to buy sweets.

Dessert was a temptress in its own way, beckoning me alluringly with its rich, chocolaty look and aroma, so I gobbled it up too. You might have guessed that I'm quite fond of food by now

Rubbing my tummy contently after dinner, I kept silent until Professor Dippet (that's our headmaster, by the way; a fine one, too) stood up and commanded silence.

He clapped his hands in a rather eager manner. "Well, well, well! A new year again! Welcome, the new ones, and to the old hands I'm glad you're back for yet another year of exciting journeys of knowledge! The..."

I listened keenly. I loved the way Professor Dippet spoke his welcome speech. It was meaningful, yet he spoke it without sounding like a lecture. Meanwhile, Emma and Evelyn seemed to be muttering under their breath about things which certainly had nothing to do with what Dippet was proclaiming.

"...and I am ever so pleased to announce that my close friend and great acquaintance, Albus Dumbledore, has readily agreed to resume his post as the Transfiguration Professor, from which he had previously thought of resigning..."

"Golly, old Dumbles is back!" Andy whispered in glee. I, on the other hand, frowned. I hated that nickname and I thought Professor Dumbledore certainly deserved much more respect than he was getting as the Head of Gryffindor House.

"...also, Professor Adeles will be unable to continue her post as the Herbology teacher, so she will be replaced..."

"Thank heavens she's gone! I never liked her airs!" Evelyn muttered.

I frowned again.

"...will be immediately put in detention, and if repeated will account for expulsion of student from with the school premises..."

"That's pretty cruel," Walter breathed heatedly.

"Will you stop your blabbering and listen? It will do you good to know the rules and keep out of trouble for once!" I murmured crossly under my breath.

Evelyn looked at me mock-meekly. "Fine, Prefect!" She crossed her arms over her chest and grinned at me. I couldn't help but smile back.

"...and if you carry the afore-mentioned items with you, I can assure you of immediate expulsion..."

"What exactly does Lucrieta think she'll gain if she does her hair up in this most hideous way?" Emma hissed, mainly to Evelyn.

And finally, the much dragged, almost droning speech ended. Sadly, I did not get to listen to all of it due to the constant annoying interruptions made by my friends.

Sighing, I got up from the table. "First years, this way!" I called out heavily, dragging Walter up from his seat to help me with the prefect duties.

A bunch of fretful kids swarmed around us expectantly. I sighed again, looking at them. My first duty as a prefect in Hogwarts. I couldn't be merrier!

Well, I guess I'm too drowsy for serious contemplations. My eyes are screaming for a break.

Good Night!

Love,

Minerva

Alright, I don't exactly love you. That's too strong a word. I will, though, probably after I've spilt all my secrets in you, That's the only way to keep you quiet, then! For now, I prefer more subtle words like...'like' or 'prefer'... or 'fancy'. But you're not a person and it would be queer if I end my posts with 'Prefer, Minerva', or 'Fancy, Minerva'. Anyway, I don't think you really care. I could write 'Loathe, Minerva' and you'll still be there, sitting shamelessly before me, flashing your leather cover and yellow parchments blatantly in my face. Because you're not even alive. Are you?

Ah well, my bed is calling me in a most alluring way... So, once again,

Like,

Minerva.

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### July 21st, 1997

Professor McGonagall leaned back into her couch and smiled, a touch of nostalgia engulfing her. Those were the good old Hogwarts days. How she missed them! Who would have thought that this gawky, ignorant teenager depicted in her journal would actually emerge to be the successor of the most powerful wizard in the planet? She fondly yearned for those days where the biggest worry in her mind were getting her grades up and fulfilling her duties as a prefect, and not battling the most evil soul on earth, and that too, without her mentor.

She was all alone. And she had to face and fight it.

Sighing, she felt her eyes brim at the thought of Dumbledore. To think, he had been killed. Killed! And that too, by her colleague, the one person about whom she had cleared all her suspicions due to Dumbledore's firm belief in him; Severus Snape! She shuddered even at the mere thought.

She picked up the journal which lay open-faced on her lap, and flipped to the next entry, trying not to think of the present torture she was undergoing, but to concentrate on more light-hearted things such as her life in Hogwarts as a student.

A student, and not a senior Professor and to-be headmistress with the huge burden of living up to her incomparable predecessor crushing down on her shoulders. The years of changes she underwent lay staring at her, in her lap. Pages of growing up, lines getting wiser and wiser with age.

Shaking her head, a slight, nostalgic smile unfurled as her weary eyes scanned the page.

