

Then Shall I Know

by darsynia

Sent back via a magical device to 1977, Hermione's heart and sense of duty are tested by her knowledge of the future. Though determined not to change the past, she falls in love--and when she finally must return home, she must deal with her new memories as well as the impending war. Humor, Drama, Love, and Adventure!

WRITTEN PRE-DH (ie. canon changed, story did not), elements from both HBP and DH included--this is a novel-length AU.

Time Is On Your Side

Chapter 1 of 1

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Story Notes:

*This story is an AU time travel, and it follows canon up to OotP. It was written **pre-DH**, and as such, some things were changed in canon and some were changed by me. Some elements of HBP and DH *are* included, but not all, hence the 'DH spoilers' tag.*

--Severus Snape was shifted to be the DADA professor in seventh year, shifting Slughorn's arrival back a year.

--Bill Weasley was DADA professor during sixth year, ending when he was attacked by Fenrir.

--I've chosen the 21st of December as Sirius's birthday. The star he was named for is very bright that day, and it's a significant plot point in this story.

--The years of attendance at Hogwarts may be off-canon for certain figures such as Lucius Malfoy.

--Though James and Lily began their canon relationship their seventh year, I've shifted it back to the end of sixth, for plot reasons. Also, James isn't Head Boy in this story.

--JKR changed Hermione's middle name to 'Jean' after I'd written a substantial amount of the story, so it is unchanged here.

--Lily's birthday was given in DH, also after I'd written one here, so it differs from canon.

--Book canon and movie canon differ on James's Quidditch position--I use 'Chaser.'

Lastly--I know there are a lot of quotes for this first chapter. This is only because I have a quote for the story itself, for each 'Part,' and for each chapter, of which this first bit is the first of all three.

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"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face;

now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

- 1 Corinthians 13:12, The Bible

THEN SHALL I KNOW

Part I: Weep Not For the Memories

I will remember you

Will you remember me?

Don't let your life pass you by

Weep not for the memories

- I Will Remember You, Sarah McLachlan

Prologue

Professor Dumbledore walked away from his Pensieve and sat down at his desk, shaking his head in amazement. The experience he'd just had was...well, extraordinary. He hadn't even thought himself capable of such a thing, but just as he was reflecting on a matter for the fledgling Order of the Phoenix, a figure had spoken to him from the wall of his office...from a painting of *himself*.

The portrait had informed him that an unusual and unexpected event was about to take place. A student from twenty years in the future would be appearing in this very room at some point that day, having discovered the *Desideria* in his office at exactly the right...or wrong, as the case may be...time. Albus wondered exactly what events had transpired between then and now, that a seventh-year student's heart's desire would be to travel twenty years into the past...

Chapter One: Time is on Your Side

Come here, oh my star is fading

And I swerve out of control

And I swear I waited and waited,

I've got to get out of this hole

But time is on your side

It's on your side now

Not pushing you down and all around

It's no cause for concern

Come on, oh my star is fading

And I see no chance of release

I know I'm dead on the surface

But I am screaming underneath

-Amsterdam, Coldplay

December 20, 1997

Hermione Granger was frustrated. If she admitted the truth, she was more frustrated by the fact that she wanted to ~~stop~~ working on her essay than by the fact that she couldn't think of anything else to write. For the first time in almost seven years, she actually felt like putting off her work until after the holidays. Of course, she couldn't mention her dilemma to the others in the Gryffindor common room, or she'd be tormented and teased to within an inch of her life.

"Oh, give it up, Hermione," called Ron from across the room. His words made Harry look away from the chessboard where they were engaged in a spirited game, leaving Ron enough time to make a spectacular move without his friend's notice. Hermione saw the move and scowled...she hated it when Ron used teasing her as a distraction in his and Harry's matches. The look had no effect on Ron, however...he just grinned and continued to pester her.

"You've been looking at the same spot on your parchment for the past ten minutes!"

"I thought you were playing chess," she replied primly.

"It's only Harry that needs to pay attention," Ron said, earning himself a green-eyed glare that turned into a smack when Harry realized his queen was cornered.

"You know, I don't resort to cheap tricks to win chess games," Harry said crossly.

"Yeah, well maybe you should try it," Ron quipped.

"Don't let him bait you, Harry," Ginny said, perching herself on the edge of his chair. "He almost drove Percy mad...he hated to lose."

"Speaking of distractions, can you please not do that around me?" Ron said in a pained voice, as Ginny consoled Harry with a kiss on the cheek.

"Get used to it," she sassed back.

"Ginny, don't antagonize Ron," Hermione said, channeling Molly Weasley for a moment. She gave her essay a dark look and then packed up her things. It was (almost) Christmas, after all.

"Don't bother, Hermione," Ron said, pretending to ignore Ginny. "She was born to do it."

"I thought I was born so Mum could have a *girl* to dress up instead of *you*," Ginny said spiritedly. Ron shuddered, as did Harry.

"Now, there's a thought to drown out all creativity," Hermione observed, coming over to sit with them by the fire. "So," she said brightly, "everyone finished with their Christmas shopping?" A chorus of groans answered her question.

"Don't tell me you do *that* weeks in advance, as well?" Ron said incredulously. Ginny looked at Hermione and rolled her eyes. Hermione sighed. She actually hated shopping, but she hated being unprepared even more.

"For your information, Mr. Weasley, your brother's fiancée dragged Ginny and I all through London two weeks ago to get everything ready for the holiday."

"You went shopping with *Fleur*?" Harry shuddered. "I'm sorry."

"It wasn't that bad," Hermione tried to say.

"Yes, it was!" Ginny declared. "You don't have to *bein* the wedding, so you don't have to be fussed over. She still wants me to be a *flower girl*," she huffed. "I'm almost seventeen years old!"

"Fleur just wants this Christmas to be perfect...it is the first one since Bill was bitten," Hermione offered.

"I wonder when the full moon is this month," Harry mused.

"Last week, I checked," Hermione sighed. "I do miss him as our Defense professor, though. Professor Snape is good, although..." A fresh chorus of groans interrupted her.

"I had always thought he was so cross all the time because he couldn't have the position he wanted, but..." Ron trailed off.

"That's definitely *not* it," Harry was adamant.

"Anything's better than Umbridge," Ginny observed.

"I used to think so," Harry said darkly. "I don't think he's ever quite forgiven me for preventing him from getting his revenge on Sirius." Harry's voice was steady until it reached the name of his godfather, where it broke slightly. Hermione reached out and touched his shoulder comfortingly; none of them had really gotten over the loss of Sirius.

"Not like it mattered in the end," Ron said in matching tones. "Snape sure does like to take house points from you, though."

"Oh, that reminds me," Harry said, cheering slightly. His sudden movement dislodged Ginny from his chair and interrupted Hermione's reflexive correction of *Professor* Snape, Ron." The three of them watched as Harry tore up the stairs to the boys' dormitory, taking them two or three at a time. They had barely enough time to look at each other in confusion before Harry returned with what looked like a book in his hands. He settled himself down on one of the couches behind them and placed the book on the table before him.

"Well," Ron said as he got up to investigate, "it's definitely not *Hogwarts, a History*." This earned him a giggle from Ginny and a vexed look from Hermione.

"Not like you would know," she said.

"Oh, I'd know."

Hermione raised an eyebrow.

"You carry that thing with you everywhere," he said, dancing out of the way as she slapped at him in disgust.

"Oh!" Ginny said, reminding them of why they'd begun arguing. "A scrapbook!"

It was the photo album that Hagrid had given Harry all those years ago. Hermione had seen it only a few times; looking at the images was understandably a bittersweet experience for her friend. She sat down on the couch next to Harry, glad for a chance to see his treasured pictures again.

"I'd nearly forgotten about this," Ron said excitedly, kneeling to get a better look only to be kicked 'accidentally' by his sister, who had claimed the seat on Harry's other side. He scowled at her only to back away as she made as if to retrieve her wand.

"Be glad you two don't have siblings," he said under his breath, nodding in the direction of the couch.

Ginny stuck out her tongue at him.

"The grass is always greener, Ronald," Hermione said, thinking that Ron would probably have hated being an only child. "...Oh," she said, looking back at the album. "How lovely!"

Harry had turned the page for them, revealing a large photo of his parents' wedding. James was beaming, and Lily looked radiant in her white dress, namesake flowers in her hair. The four of them spent the next few minutes exclaiming with pleasure at the sight of the almost-familiar faces of the wedding party and guests. Dumbledore looked very merry, as did a round-faced couple Hermione recognized as Neville's parents. Alice Longbottom was holding her husband's hand, and she wondered with a pang of sadness if the madness brought on by the Cruciatus curse had robbed Neville's mother of that simple pleasure. She hoped not. Edging closer to the scrapbook, Hermione met Harry's eyes and recognized the same sort of melancholy in them. She guessed that he was probably thinking the same thing...would it ever be possible to enjoy these pictures without thinking of the fate that awaited their subjects?

"Well, speak of the devil," Ginny said, pointing at Sirius in a casual way that Hermione discerned was intended to lighten the mood. "Is that firewhiskey?"

"Probably," said Ron, "judging from the grin."

They all laughed. Sirius did indeed look very happy; his dazzling smile and handsome features showed no inkling of the wasted, gaunt creature he was to become. Hermione shook her head, frustrated with herself. What ever was making her focus on the negative when she was looking at pictures of a wedding? On an impulse she asked Harry if the album had earlier snapshots of his parents...perhaps from their time at Hogwarts.

"Yeah, want me to start from the beginning?" Harry looked around at his friends, the slight smile he wore breaking into a grin...they looked as eager as first years. "All right, then."

He flipped back to the first page of the album, making Hermione slightly dizzy, as the images scrolling past weren't stationary like the ones in *her* family album. The first photograph was of James, smiling toothily and waving at them from beneath the caption: 'Prongs, the day he earned his nickname.' He looked to be about fifteen.

"Oh, brilliant!" Harry exclaimed. "'I'd nearly forgotten about this one--it must be around the time they first managed their Animagus transformations!'"

"Shame he can't transfigure himself in the picture," said Ron.

"Yeah, well, they have no way of knowing who is looking at the photographs, do they?" Hermione pointed out.

"Good point."

"I'd have loved to see what it looked like, though," Harry mused. They turned their attention to the next picture, which was slightly confusing at first. After they'd turned the book this way and that a few times (with Ron muttering crossly that someone had forgotten the caption), Ginny exclaimed, "Food fight!"

As soon as she said it, the picture's participants began enthusiastically throwing everything within reach at anyone in sight, and a stylized caption appeared underneath.

'HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY, FIRST ANNUAL GRYFFINDOR HALLOWEEN FOOD FASHION SHOW.'

The un-pictured Gryffindors howled with laughter as they watched their predecessors' antics, particularly as a food-splattered Sirius Black and James Potter simultaneously tossed full pumpkin pies at each other. Sirius' hit his mark, while Harry's father missed terribly, hitting their Head of House...Minerva McGonagall. The scene faded away just as the look of horror on her face began to give way to anger. None of them were coherent enough to notice the enchanted page resetting itself for the next time it would reveal its secrets...all four of them were collapsed in hysterics.

"I'm beginning to see why they called themselves 'Marauders,'" Hermione gasped out.

"Can't... breathe..." choked Ron.

"That was great," Harry agreed. Ginny just nodded, holding her stomach with a pleased but pained expression.

"You know," Ron managed, "it's a shame it's too late to carry on that particular tradition..." The boys beamed at each other as the girls rolled their eyes.

"I doubt McGonagall'd let either of you near a pie, judging by the look on her face just then," Ginny said.

"Too right," Ron agreed.

"I don't even want to think about how many house points*that* cost them," Harry said, and they all shuddered.

The next page earned excited whoops of pleasure from Harry, Ron, and Ginny...it was designed to look like a Quidditch player card, featuring James in a spectacular photo apparently taken just as he scored a goal. The caption read:

'JAMES POTTER

CHASER

QUIDDITCH CAPTAIN

GRYFFINDOR'

The letters flashed red and gold, and Hermione admired the expert charm work, albeit privately. She wasn't as keen on Quidditch as her companions, although she did enjoy watching the matches. She knew them well enough to know that complimenting a charm on the page would probably start a row, particularly when confronted by equally expert flying...James Potter was indeed amazing, as Professor McGonagall had once remarked.

"Great Merlin!" Ron remarked. "I wonder how long it took them to get that picture?"

"It does seem to have been taken at an odd angle," Ginny noticed. They all looked more closely at the setting of the picture, although it was hard not to watch James executing an amazing loop around the Hufflepuff Keeper to score.

"You know, now that you mention it, I don't recall there being an observation tower with that view," Hermione said thoughtfully.

"Not unless the Quidditch pitch has changed a lot since then," Harry agreed. He broke into a wide smile. "I think I'll ask Professor Lupin about this...there's bound to be a pretty good story behind it."

"Yeah, knowing them," Ron grinned.

"There's no picture on the opposite page," Hermione said.

"Well, not even photographs want to be outdone," Harry said with annoying superiority. Hermione suppressed a sigh...she just didn't understand their fascination with Quidditch.

The next batch of photos was pretty tame (Hermione groaned at her mental pun, considering the subjects of the pictures were Animagi), showing James, Sirius, Lupin, and Pettigrew in various familiar scenes about the school. Each time Wormtail's face appeared, Hermione felt herself flinch, almost as if she expected the representation of the man to reach out and harm her from the confines of his frame.

"You know," Ginny said, her gaze lingering on the four young men in grinning camaraderie, "time really wasn't on their side, was it?" They all looked at her, and Hermione thought to herself that what the youngest Weasley had said was an almost poetic way to look at it...and the bitter truth. It just... was, she thought, in a way that wasn't judging, or even tragic.

"I wonder," she said, looking at her three closest friends, "if it is on ours."