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Professor Pershing

Harry Potter: Folklore

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Why I chose to do this…

I felt that Severus was a really well written character, who is often foreshadowed by the sequence of events that occur in the series. I know he is not the best person as he holds a grudge towards Harry, and a few others.

I got curious in writing because I wanted him to feel more as an individual than a professor at a school that nobody liked. Yes, he lost the one he loved in an accident he could have prevented, but nobody could see him for who he was. He did have a dark past and I wanted to look into the perspective of what would e have written down in a diary that no one could read. There is a more personified tone in this writing than that of the novels, but that just underlays what I was trying to demonstrate. Yes, he is a well written character, but at the same time, the story needed a different perspective on this character.

Also, you will notice that I only got through the first novel of the series. I was so caught up in writing the fantasy (I will admit that there are some differences, equivalent to eyewitness stories to police), that the length was becoming a factor. So many things happen with Snape involved that is too long to handle in about five pages.

I wanted to be creative with this journal, so I made it into a book. Not sure if you have epub functionality, so I also uploaded the PDF form, as well as the doc for later editing. In class, you said if we wrote a short story, or similar, we wouldn’t have to write much on this review, but I wanted to throw some additional thoughts in before you started reading.

There are many forms of going about this, and I think that this journal method would have been better executed if I wrote it in his eyes as we were reading. This would have been a fun project to do during the class session; choose a character and write journal entries about some of the events that occurred to that character during that novel. It would probably be better if there was a list of characters to choose from as different characters have different involvements.

Most of the content that these articles are based came from the first novel. There are some images included, in which their URL is provided on the last page of this document. I also had to do a quick search for timeline dates (Some I made up, others go with the story). There is a citation for that timeline as well.

**Snape’s Unofficial Journal**

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It was a brisk night in Godrick’s Hollow. The street lights were flickering their vague sunset color while the streets below them stood empty. A thick blanket of snow covered the ground from the existing flurry that brought the emptiness throughout the town. The full moon shown on a hooded figure that lingered in the shadows.

The light flickered twice above it and it floated towards the from gate. Without making a sound, the figure floated through and hovered towards the front door. With a simple twist of his scaly, gray wrist, the door opened. The figure flashed a quick smile to himself seen through the misty streetlamp light and snow.

Within moments, the house shrunk to the blinding green flash that blew apart some of the walls on the second floor. At that moment, I ran through the gate, following his footsteps. It was too late. A second green flash appeared, then a third. This could only mean one thing. The Dark Lord did not complete the quest as planned. I ran up the stairs in disbelief and found her laying on the ground, eyes open as if they were looking straight at me. I betrayed the one I loved above all and I have no one else to blame but myself.

Harry, crying in his bed, looked over at me as he had just lost everything. There was nothing I could do for them now. I was mangled, torn, and distraught. His brown eyes, in which he got from his mother, were filled with tears as they fixated on me.

A soft *whoosh* echoed from the street below and I was soon accompanied by Albus Dumbledore, himself. Footsteps pounded as he rushed up the stairs to join me, but I hardly noticed when he appeared directly behind me. He assured me there was nothing I could do to help her now and that we must protect her son. I carried Harry down the stairs and wrapped him in the basket Albus had brought with him. Professor McGonagall, now waiting at the front gate, rested her hand on my shoulder.

She told me that she was going to bring Harry to his aunts, the only living relative he had left. I begged her to let me care for him, but she would not allow for it. She and Albus knew there was already a plan in place that was best for the boy. I couldn’t object his orders. I looked over at the boy, now asleep in his basket, and a tear brushed down my face. “He has her eyes” he told them before he walked past and apparated into the night.

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That night at Hogwarts, I met with Dumbledore explaining my fault. I couldn’t help myself but let a few tears fall down my face. It was there and then that Dumbledore asked me to work for him the following school year. I thought this was such a bad time for this question to be asked. I must have shown some bewilderment on my face because he started to explain: “The boy is under the protection, and care, of his muggle aunt and uncle. Though they do not provide the best care for the boy, he will be protected from being tracked by Voldemort and his followers. I do not believe this was the end for him, as do you, Severus, and I must tell you that this will be the safest for him.”

I didn’t know what to do. I stormed out of his office and walked quickly through the halls. Before I walked off the grounds, an unusual colorful bird dropped a piece of parchment right in front of me. I stopped in my tracks to bend over. The bird just glared at me as I did. I opened the folded piece and read it aloud. “Help is always given at Hogwarts to those who ask for it.”

At that moment, the bird took off, back towards Dumbledore’s office. A small flickering light could be seen from the tallest tower, following the birds direction. I folded the piece of parchment and placed it in my robes.

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It’s been more than ten years since I’ve written in this book. It seems as though it was yesterday that I lay Harry into the basket in front of his parents house the night they were murdered. Earlier this morning, Dumbledore informed me that Hagrid has been sent to give Harry his letter of acceptance to the school. I can’t believe he is finally of age. I also don’t know how I will be able to explain everything to him. Maybe I am not the right person to do that. He is now famous in our world and he doesn’t yet know why. Would Hagrid be the person to explain? I am not even sure he knows how his parents died that night. He was too young to learn anything the last time I saw him.

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Today is the day. Harry is on his way to Hogwarts. The memories of the night I could have saved his mother circle through my mind as I prepare myself for the evenings feast. I have no idea what he looks like; who he has become. I may not even recognize him. It won’t be until his turn to be sorted that I will first see who he has become.

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The feast was remarkable. Everyone in the school, both new and old, sat in the Great Hall in preparation for the new year. Every student seemed to have a smile on their face. The Hall was decorated in celebration of the new school year with each house at their provided table, of which extended to match the length of the hall itself with the exception of the front stage area and the exits.

The Hall was magnificent. It reminded me of my days at Hogwarts as a student. It did however, bring me great sorrow as this was also the say that Lily and I were separated for the first time.

My deep thoughts were interrupted as Dumbledore made his annual introductory speech, of which seemed both encouraging and repetitive as it hadn’t changed much since I took m position here. I missed every word that he spoke tonight as my thoughts overtook my mind. I was staring at the seat in which Lily took directly after she was sorted. That seat was vacant now, awaiting its new Gryffindor student.

The small words of wisdom, or whatever he claims it to be, were soon over. As he sat down, a group of students followed Professor McGonagall from the side of the hall to the front, ready to be sorted. I, at once, spotted Potter. He seemed so “In Place” with his surroundings; nothing what would be expected of a famous boy of his age. It was there that I was reminded of Lily again. His eyes, although did not glance into mine, faced my direction and I was instantly brought back to my place in that line. The first students were sorted, alphabetically by nature, and Malfoy, the son on my once alliance, sat down in the seat in that I took so many years ago. I was faced with a sort of confusion as I saw he was smiling. He was proud of where he was placed, where I was not. His family history no doubt allowed him to predict his house, but I found it odd at how much he reminded me of who I was at that age.

Potter was soon up. The sorting hat took a while to determine his position. I listened carefully to the word in which it stated. When it started talking about how well would have done in Slytherin, it got me thinking; was Lily supposed to go to Slytherin as well? Why would the hat want the boy to be in that house? None of his parents were in Slytherin, so it didn’t make any sense. Was this part of an old memory of me seen in Lily? Not sure how this would be possible though.

I was still lost in my thought when I heard “Gryffindor!” shouted from the hat. The entire hall burst into cheer and I could’t help but turn my head towards Dumbledore. That was the house that I expected him to belong in, but did Dumbledore insert something into the hat’s mind about Harry in Slytherin? I turned back towards Harry and saw him sit in the empty seat that Lily once claimed after her sorting. Instead of him siting next to James, for obvious reasons, he sat next to Ms. Granger. Could this be the start of another story?

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I just caught professor Quarrel passing the corridors where the dungeons lie. I am not sure what to think of it, but he looked injured. Maybe it was just the way he walked. I was on my way to dinner with my house when I noticed him, and I didn’t really think much of it.

I kept a close eye on Harry that night. He was talking a lot with Mr. Weasley; they seemed to be in deep conversation all through the meal while miss Granger was no where to be found. I tried making out their lips, but I could only make out pointless articles and some other professors name.

Just then, it hit. Harry said my name, in whatever discussion they were assuming. I looked harder at them to better make out the words, but I could not succeed. Just a moment later, before I could even switch my thoughts, the large wooden doors opened at the other end of the hall and Quarrel came bursting in, now with a terrible limp. He yelled that their were Trolls on the loose.

Again, another thought hit me. That must have been what he was doing when I noticed him before the meal. I am on protection duty for Dumbledore of which other professors are included. I must have been the only one that noticed something odd. because I quickly sprang up from my seat and headed up the stairs, towards the corridor on the third floor. Dumbledore announced to the students that they were to head back to their houses in groups and soon followed me.

It was no shock to what I found. Quarrel had been there just before. The lock on the door had just been broken and his wand lay behind a pillar nearby. Dumbledore examined the lock quickly and then looked at me. He knew as well, without laying eyes on the wand. “Watch him for me, Severus” he warned me.

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I caught Harry and his friend Ron indoors today and am not sure why. Hermione was with them, of course, and they seemed to be up to something. After the Troll even in the girls bathroom too recently, they have never been apart. They looked quite curious and had something on their mind. I do understand why they wouldn't bother to tell me anything. I put Harry on the spot when I asked him 3 simple questions above his year that he didn’t know the answer to. I just couldn't bear that the reason he was famous was because Lily lost her life. The other students needed to understand that he is just another student with the same goals. Being famous doesn't make you different, it makes you unbearable to those who knew you prior.

I got to thinking about what they could be up to this afternoon, on such a sunny day like this. Could they know? Could they be putting the clues together while we just stand around? If so, how easy is it for other students to figure it out?

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Earlier this morning, my recent fear had come true. During a routine inspection, I noticed the lock had been removed once again from the door. There was a Harp in the corner of the room, silent as can be, with Fluffy still clawing at the trap door as if something just went down. I went for Dumbledore immediately. He must know that someone is down, searching for what we were supposed to be protecting. I found him in the kitchens with the house elves, encouraging them for the upcoming feast.

He came at once and gathered the other teachers who were protecting the stone as well. He had informed me that there was a back door to the location the item was stored in his office and we must go immediately, for whoever went down there will soon be greeted. All of us, with the exception of Dumbledore, looked dumbfounded. Why did we go into so much work protecting an item when there is a back door to its hiding place in the headmaster’s office?

Regardless, we all followed him to his quarters and, with a wave of his hand, the bookcases moved to the side and the walls behind it started to form an arched doorway. It reminded me much of Diagon Alley. He smiled at me as if he knew what I was thinking. “You are right, Severus, I did get the idea from there” and nodded. Professor Mcgonagall smiled, too, as if she knew what he was talking about as well.

We went through the archway and found us to be too late. Harry was laying in the center of the room; stone in hand. Dumbledore walked over to him and grabbed the stone. He motioned for me to pick the boy up and carry him. I did as such. I checked his pulse before reaching around him. He was still, very much so, alive. We have no idea what had happened here, or what happened to Quarrel, and won’t find out until Harry has recovered. He is in the hospital wing now, awaiting the arrival of Ron and Hermione, who are being summoned by professor Mcgonagall.

It was at that moment, that I looked into his still face, that I realized he was much more than Lily and James ever were, and ever were going to be. Harry was growing up to be different than anyone preceding html for the better.

Image references:

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Timeline gathered from:

Bunker, Lisa Waite. "HPL: What Really Happened on the Night James and Lily Were Killed?" *HPL: What Really Happened on the Night James and Lily Were Killed?* The Harry Potter Lexicon, 9 Dec. 2001. Web. 20 Nov. 2015. <http://www.hp-lexicon.org/timelines/essays/timeline\_potters.html>.