

Hermione Granger
and the Philosopher's Stone

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2006

Foreword

Everybody knows the henceforth-famous books list "Harry Potter", written by the masterminded author Joanne Kathleen Rowling.

If you have read those books, you certainly know that you can read the whole story from Harry's point of view. You know what Harry does, thinks, feels, and knows, but nothing else.

Only two chapters fail to the rule, through the six first tomes. The first chapters of the first and sixth tome. Don't forget the first chapter of the fourth tome is a dream of Harry's, then applies the rule.

What I propose you is to discover the story from Hermione's point of view. She is, with Ronald Weasley, Harry's best friend.

This fan-fiction was written before releasing the seventh book of "Harry Potter". It is then possible that some elements that will be given in the last tome will contradict what I would have written. However, I'll do my best to respect what was established at the beginning of 2006, when I began writing this story.

Disclaimer All characters but Mr and Mrs Granger belong to J.K. Rowling, and their respective physical appearances. The surname Granger and this couple's work (it's to say dentist) also belong to her; any other element about them (as their physical appearance) belongs to me.

All places but Mr and Mrs Granger's home belong to J.K. Rowling, and their respective descriptions.

Some dialogues and other talks pronounced by the characters also belong to J.K. Rowling. All of them are pointed out at the bottom of the page.

Minimal age The minimal age required to read this fiction is ten years old, as the Harry Potter books.

Sibling Theory In order to give sense to this new approach of the story, I admitted the Sibling Theory as true. Here is its introduction:

The base idea of the Sibling Theory is that Hermione is Harry's sister, James' and Lily's secret daughter.

She was hidden (at birth or possibly later), and her true identity remained a secret, known by only very few people. Hermione was raised by adoptive parents: Mr and Mrs Granger.

Of course, the details of how everything can work are rather speculative. But the heart of the theory is pretty strong. It can be summarised very simply as follows:

- Hermione is Harry's sister, Lily's and James' daughter.
- Hermione knows it.

- As she has Lily's blood, Hermione is important for Harry's protection (Protection Theory).

You can find the entire theory on the Internet. It is written on the forums of the "Chamber of Secrets" Web site: <http://www.cosforums.com/showpost.php?p=2111289>.

The author My name is Sébastien Jean Robert Doeraene. I'm Belgian. I was born on Wednesday, November 15, 1989, in Woluwe-Saint-Lambert. Thus, I am 16 years old when I write this story.

I discovered Harry Potter during the summer holidays of 2000, when the three first books were already released. I loved it, but I didn't become a fan until 2005, when I was mature enough to appreciate fully the genius of the events arrangement of the story.

I don't really like literature. I do prefer mathematics and most of all computer science. However, when I read some other fan-fictions, I thought I had to try, even if I know very well that I can't hold a candle to some of them ...

Where to find this fan-fiction? This fan-fiction was first published on the Web site "Coin Ensorcelé de Harry Potter" (<http://ronfcehp.free.fr/>), in the forum "Les Fanfictions" (<http://ronfcehp.free.fr/forum/viewforum.php?f=29>).

For more reading comfort, you can also find it into PDF (Adobe Acrobat) and DOC (Microsoft Word) formats, into English and French version, each of them by FTP either HTTP download:

- English version into PDF format (Adobe Acrobat):

<ftp://ftp-developpez.com/sjrd/harrypotter/fanfictions/hermionegranger/hg-and-the-philosophers-stone.pdf>
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Thanks to I would like to thank Constance, who accepted to be my corrector and to reread my story, in order to extract all the mistakes I could make. Thank you.

Chapter 1

Very Bad News

Mr and Mrs Granger, of number thirty-two, Burge End Lane, were both dentists and had a two-year-old girl called Hermione. Mr Granger was a tall, well-built man. He had short black hair and blue eyes. His wife was as tall as he was and had the same eyes, though she had curly brown hair.

They were very proud of their daughter. It was obvious she was far cleverer than any other child of this age was. When she was only 20 months, she already spoke very good English, and, now, she knew perfectly well the alphabet.

Apart from their daughter and their work, Mr and Mrs Granger loved all kinds of odd things and feasts. Actually, they were themselves a bit odd.

So, it was non surprise they were amazed in this Hallowe'en evening. They had given many sweets to all the children who had come for trick and treating. However, the night wouldn't be as happy as the day.

A few minutes before midnight, they heard Hermione howling in her bedroom. It was very strange, knowing she hadn't woken up during night for two years. By the time they got near her, she had calmed down. As they were about to go and sleep back, she screamed for the second time. And almost at once, she stopped.

Mrs Granger took her in her arms, and began singing a lullaby. Then the little girl stopped breathing, she looked scared. Her parents thought she was having a fit or something.

Fortunately, she was not. She breathed again a few time later. She began crying silently. Her tears were red, shining red. Her tears were ...

'Blood!' exclaimed Mr Granger.

The next morning, Mr Granger woke up at 7.00 am, for he had to go and buy bread and eggs before breakfast. As he left the house, he was thinking about that night when an owl passed right ahead him. He had just noticed it was wearing a letter before he came out of sight.

Mr Granger raised his eyes and watched the sky: there were loads of owls flying here and there, all of them carrying a letter or a package.

He was about to enter his car when a piece of parchment fell on the top of it. It was addressed to him and his wife.

It was not the first time he got such a letter. However, he usually got them in the evening, when no one could see the owl. He knew only two people who sent their mail this way: Mr and Mrs Potter. They were friends of their – their only friends, actually.

The Grangers lived at the end of a lane out of the village. If they hadn't been the only dentists in the village, they would probably know nobody.

They had met the Potters three years ago, as these were on honeymoon. They were very young indeed, 18 years each. Since then, Mr and Mrs Potter often send mails to the Grangers, and vice versa, and came once a month to them.

A few months later, they got to know that Lily Potter was pregnant. They were so pleased ... and a bit jealous at the same time, for they hadn't had a baby themselves, though they wanted to.

Another few months and James Potter came alone to the Grangers, on September 19, and announced their daughter's birth. He said Lily and he would come and introduce her the following week.

So they did. The next Saturday, the Potters went to the Grangers with their little baby. Though they weren't alone. A man and a woman they didn't know accompanied them.

'Let me introduce two friends of ours,' said Mr Potter. 'Pr Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts, our college. And Pr Minerva McGonagall, a teacher.'

Albus Dumbledore was tall and thin. He had silver hair and beard, both long enough to tuck into his belt, and wore half-moon-shaped glasses. Minerva McGonagall was not young either, and looked quite severe behind her square spectacles.

'Please to meet you,' said everyone.

Half an hour later, Mr and Mrs Granger weren't that happy any more. The four guests had informed them of the existence of a dark lord, whose name was not to pronounce. They also learnt that some people, the four of them in particular, were fighting him so that they were critical enemies of his, and many other horrible things.

'But *why*,' asked Mrs Granger, 'are you explaining us all those terrible stuff on a happy day like that?'

After a short pause, she wanted not to have asked the question, because Mr Potter said:

'We would be so pleased if you'd accept to adopt Hermione, to hide her from You Know Who.'

At eight o' clock, Mr and Mrs Potter, Pr Dumbledore and Pr McGonagall took leave from the Grangers. When she said goodbye to her baby, Lily Potter cried some minutes.

Ten months later, Hermione had got a brother. Mr and Mrs Potter went once more time to the Grangers. They thought they would adopt him too, but the Potters explained them that He Who Must Not Be Named had already discovered Harry. It was then absurd to hide him: they would protect him themselves.

That was all Mr Granger thought about when he opened the letter. A narrow, loopy and blood red writing was bringing very bad news:

Terrible things have happened last night. I will come and see you this afternoon, two o' clock, and explain it all.

Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts

What could be *terrible things*? What couldn't be written in a letter? He helped himself not to imagine the worst. It must concern the Potters, though. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been informed by Pr Dumbledore.

On the way to the baker's, he hardly noticed all the people in the street wearing strange clothes, for all he could think about was that letter.

However, as he was going back to his car, bread and eggs under the arm, he couldn't help himself stopping as he heard from two people wearing cloaks:

'... say they're ... Are they really ... dead?'

'It seems so, Amos ...'

Mr Granger made a great effort not to think they were speaking about the Potters.

'Hello, dear,' he called as soon as he came home. 'I've something very important to tell you. Come.'

When he had showed her the letter, she stopped dead.

'Do you think,' she said in a scared voice, 'You Know Who could've found them? Do you think ... he could've found Harry?'

'I dunno ...' he said miserably.

At ten to two, that afternoon, fear was growing up for the Grangers so that you could've touched it. Time was getting longer and longer.

At two o' clock, precisely, the bell rang at last. Mr Granger went and welcomed Albus Dumbledore.

He looked very worried as he sat in the armchair Mrs Granger was presenting him.

'Where is Hermione?' he asked suddenly.

'Upstairs. She's playing in her bedroom.'

'Good. She'd better not hear it.'

'What happened?'

'James and Lily Potter were killed last night by Lord Voldemort himself.'

Mr and Mrs Granger stared at him. They couldn't believe it! James and Lily weren't that careful, but they had told them a few days sooner, by owl mail, that they had hidden and put up a trick so that they couldn't have been found.

'And, what about their son, Harry? Is he too-?'

'No, he isn't. He's still alive.'

'How come?'

Pr Dumbledore told them what had happened the night before. How James had fought Voldemort to give Lily time to flee with Harry. How Voldemort had killed him. How he asked Lily for stepping aside to let him kill Harry. How she asked him to kill her instead of her son. How he killed her and then turned to the little baby. How he tried to kill him, too. And how Harry survived, while Lora Voldemort disappeared.

'She knew it. She felt it,' whispered Mr Granger for himself.

'What did you say?'

'Er - I said she knew it.'

'Who knew what?'

'Hermione. She felt her parents dying: she screamed twice just before midnight last night. And then ... and then she stopped breathing for a while, and just afterwards, she began crying. And her tears were blood tears!'

'Are you sure?'

'Yeah, I am.'

'It isn't possible ... It can't be ...' Dumbledore murmured.

'What can't be, professor?' asked Mrs Granger.

'I think ...' he began slowly, 'the little Hermione Granger is going to be as special as her brother, if not more ...'

'What do you mean? What *speciality*?

'I can't tell you that now. I first have to check my thoughts. All the books my dear friends offer me will at last be useful. Could I meet Hermione?'

'Of course you can. Follow me.'

They went upstairs, and entered the second bedroom on the right. There stood Hermione playing with a wooden alphabet. She was making words such as Mum, Dad, Hermione and even Granger.

'Hello,' said Dumbledore softly. He was smiling and his eyes were sparkling.

‘Hello,’ she answered, looking both afraid and amazed. She had never seen a man as weird as he was. He must be a bit mad, she thought.

‘I’m Albus Dumbledore, a friend of your parents’.

As her parents nodded, she approached the headmaster.

‘I would like to inspect your face, if you don’t mind.’

He *was* mad, she thought. However, she ran into his welcoming arms. Pr Dumbledore then examined each part of his face, and particularly her eyes. He was muttering some strange words.

‘I can’t believe it,’ he said at last. And he let Hermione go.

Back into the living room, Mrs Granger asked:

‘What will happen to Harry? Where is he going to live?’

‘Since I’ve learnt that, I don’t precisely know. As I already said, I first must confirm my thoughts.’

‘I’d better go,’ he went on. ‘I still have much to do today, beginning with studying this strange phenomenon.’

‘Are you sure? Don’t you want a drink or something?’

‘No, thank you very much. I will send you a letter as soon as I know where Harry’s going to live.’

He said goodbye to Mr Granger, Mrs Granger, and Hermione who had come down. The little girl was already engaged in great events. Terrible, yes, but great.

Contents

1 Very Bad News

3