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## Prongs' Diary by Carley

Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! I've realised what has happened, what all those strange feelings are. I thought it was exam nerves. Help! What's Sirius going to say? He'll kill me, or disown me... as will my parents. No. I must stand by my beliefs, if people can't take it, that's their fault.

They say people are often nasty to those they secretly like and admire. Does that mean I've felt like this for five years? Oh man, I feel so guilty! Ok, I have to put it down in print:  
I love Severus Snape.

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There, I said it. Phew! I feel so much better. Having had 24 hours to reflect on it, I reckon if I just go and explain everything to him and say sorry he'll forgive me. Maybe he feels the same. I mean, he's been horrible to me as well, but that's easily forgivable. Who can not look at that face and forgive anything? Oh man, my heart's racing just thinking about him...

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Oh Severus, Severus, please like me back! Ahh... that long, black hair, pale skin, dark clothes, muscular limbs. He's so mysterious, there's so much I don't know about him: his middle name, parentage, what he does during the holidays. Maybe I could invite him to join Sirius and I at my parents' house over the summer. They'd love to meet him. After all, they do keep asking if I've found someone 'special' yet. Yes, that's what I'll do: I'll ask him to stay over the summer.

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Hehe! I just got to see his long, white legs. They are so fine! Unfortunately I had to use 'levicorpus' to do it, and in front of a crowd of people, after the DADA exam, which may mean others could start liking them as well. Long live the inventor of that spell! It's ok, I'll just go talk to him.

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And those underpants... I didn't realise the faded look was back 'in.' And even in underwear! Screw the ones I bought last week, I have to get new ones! He looked pretty upset when I did it though, but that's only because he didn't understand why. And the washing-the-mouth-out (that was for my benefit!) It wasn't really because Sirius was bored, I mean, why would I do anything for him? I didn't want to impress him. It was the same with the Snitch. They thought it was to impress the girls by the lake. Girls, what girls? Like I'd be interested in them! Nope. There's only one love of my life: Severus Snape.

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Oh SHIT!

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My heart is broken!

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LIARS! People say that if you like someone, you should tell them. BULLSHIT! It's not fair!

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I'll feel better if I write it down. I did before.

I made up my mind to tell him, to let him know the truth. I thought, the sooner I tell him, the more time we'll have together. After all, he may not come back for 6th year. Actually, it would be a lot easier if he didn't...

Anyway, so I followed him out of the Great Hall after dinner and down the corridor towards the dungeons. About half way down, I called out to him. He pulled his wand out of course, because he thought I was going to hex him. As if I could, now that I know how I feel. I only just blocked whatever it was that he sent at me as I was too busy thinking about what I was going to say to him.

I told him I didn't want to hurt him, that I had something really important to say that couldn't wait any longer.

"Oh yeah?" He sneered in that sweet, sweet voice. "What? You've finally realised your head's too big to fit inside the school?"

I would have laughed so hard if I wasn't so nervous.

"No, I just need to explain something else I've realised," and told him everything. He stood there listening, a look of incredulity spreading over those angelic features.

"So you don't hate me after all?"

"No, of course not, who could? I love you!"

"YOU!? You're one of those?"

"Yes, aren't you?"

"Me? ME? You stupid, short-sighted, arrogant... (I can't repeat what he said). You have the audacity to presume that after everything you've done to me over the last five years: the mocking, the hexing, the out-doing in classes, the flying, the Quidditch, not just in front of your verminous friends, but also in front of the whole school, teachers and the Governors, you have actually deluded yourself into believing that I could ever feel anything other than extreme hatred for you?"

Well, I'm not ashamed to admit it, but I started crying. He hates me? Why? I explained, apologised, pleaded... what more could I do? I told him there was no way I would ever try to kill him, that the idea of following us into the Willow was so that we could all talk, so that he could join the Marauders. Yet again he just sneered. Oh those lips! That hooked nose! Caught in profile by the shaft of evening sunlight coming through the window. But I digress...

He just ran out of the room, as fast as he could, yelling as he went: "Potter's a poof, Potter's a poof," all the way into the Great Hall.

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So what? I'm proud of who I am, of what I feel. I am not ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. I legged it up here as fast as possible. Maybe the others'll be here soon. They'll console me, I know they will. I'll feel better soon, a new day will herald bigger and brighter things.

Oh Severus...