

## Unfortunate

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# Unfortunate

by [NikkiPond](#)

## Summary

It is unfortunate when Hermione wakes up in 1935 in Wool's Orphanage after she got killed by Voldemort. Another unfortunate thing is that she meets Tom Riddle, the younger version of her murderer.

## Notes

Things You Need to Know:

1. Contains spoilers in Half-Blood Prince and Deathly Hallows. It's pretty AU now.
2. I can't say if it ends up as Hermione/Tom (Tomione) pairing due to the Drama/Angst/Psychological content of this fic. You'll just have to find out and see. There's a certain theme I wanted to explore.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Avada Kedavra!"

"Expelliarmus!"

Hermione could hear a big bang that sounded like bombs had dropped out of the sky. She watched as two spells meet coming from both the most powerful wizard she known. Green light met golden, and then everything went silent.

There was a clash of lightning.

Rain poured down upon the crowd.

Two sides, one from light and one from dark. Looks of uncertainty formed on their faces. Hermione clutched Ron's hand, wondering who won, and most importantly, was Harry alive? She watched as the light disappeared and she couldn't help but cry in anguish when she saw Voldemort standing there, his wand pointed at Harry's body, who's lying on the crowd, unmoving.

The dark side cheered and the light cried. Hermione turned to Ron, who pulled her closer to her as she cried for her best friend.

"You see?" Voldemort turned to the crowd, his red eyes glinting. "Harry Potter is dead by my hand, and no man alive can threaten me now. Your hero is gone. The battle is won. My Death Eaters outnumbered you and the Boy Who Lived is finished. I, Lord Voldemort, am your Lord. Your Master."

All hell broke loose.

Fear knotted in Hermione's stomach as she fought off the Death Eaters. She could remember after Voldemort's speech, Neville stood up and the light continued to fight despite the death of Harry Potter, the Chosen One, her best friend, died in the hands of Lord Voldemort. Thanks to Neville's speech, it gave the Light side hope to fight for what they believe in.

To fight for their lives.

To fight what was right.

To fight for their family and friends.

To fight for freedom.

And to fight for Harry.

There was still a chance to defeat Voldemort. All of his Horcruxes were destroyed. Just send the Killing Curse to him and then everything was over. But of course it was not simple when they were still fighting the dark side, the Death Eaters.

Hermione gasped when she saw Dolohov standing in front of her.

"Aw! Look at you. It's the mudblood. All defenseless now with your Potter boy gone." He said maliciously.

Hermione ducked the green light that was heading her way. She rolled to her side and pointed her wand at him, "Stupify!" She watched as Dolohov knocked to the ground, unconscious. She pushed herself up and ducked another spell that was heading her way.

She looked around, her eyes searching for that familiar redheaded man she fell in love with. She spotted Ron dueling with Bellatrix. Gripping her wand tightly, she joined with him in the duel.

"Would you look at that, it's the Mudblood." Bellatrix giggled manically. She sent a Conjunctivis Curse in the way, but Hermione quickly pulled up a shield to protect herself and Ron.

"Impedimenta!" Ron cried. They watch as Bellatrix's head knocked against the wall. She slowly got up and growled in anger as she sent a few curses, and Crucios in their way, but Ron and Hermione managed to avoid it and send their spells to her.

"HERMIONE!"

A sudden force knocked her breath away as her back hit the ground. When she looked up, Ron's pale face was staring at her. His mouth opened.

The sudden feeling of dread came and the pit of her stomach dropped.

"RON!" she cried as she crawled to his side. Cupping his face and leaned her forehead against his, "Ron..."

Everything was a blur to her. She didn't notice Molly fighting off Bellatrix. She didn't notice the tears streaming down her face. She didn't notice one by one, the Light side was losing. When she looked up, she saw Voldemort standing there. With his Death Eaters by his side.

"Why if isn't Potter's mudblood," Voldemort said. "I suppose it must be terrible for you that you know how this ends. Pity." He pointed his wand at her and Hermione did nothing to move away as he sent the Killing Curse towards her.

The green light crashed into her.

And then there was darkness.

# Chapter 2

## Chapter Notes

nope didnt bother editing. Just had this file for 6 yrs now

*“Everything should be made as simple as possible, but not simpler.” –Albert Einstein.*

## Chapter Two

Hermione’s head was pounding. That was the first thing she felt.

She tried to open her eyes but her eyelids were heavy. She twitched her hand, but pain shot through her and she cried out. It took a few minutes before her cries turned to whimpers. She didn’t know how long she lay there. Her body was sore and her head was still pounding. She groaned softly but did not dare to open her eyes, afraid of what she might see. All she remembered was a green light heading towards her way.

What happened?

Her chest rose and fell as she closed her eyes tightly, hoping her headache stopped. But it didn’t. And it frustrated her. She just wanted to sleep! Be in peace...she thought. Soon, she slowly fluttered her eyes open and the first thing she saw was a bright light. Quickly shutting her eyes close, she let out another small groan and lifted her left arm when pain shot through her again and she let out another cry in pain.

She whimpered but slowly opened her eyes. She noticed she was lying on a small bed. It was not comfortable and noticed it was cold. The room was small, a door was right in front of her. There was only a single lightbulb here and a small window just behind her. The walls are grey blocks and this place reminded Hermione a prison.

She slowly tried to sit up but pain shot through her again, but she gripped the side of her bed, not willing to give up as tears formed in the corner of her eyes. Once she sat up, she let her back rest behind the head of the bed and looked down. The first thing she noticed was that she was wearing a white night gown. The second was her injuries. Her left arm seemed to be in an odd angle and it was wrapped around a cloth. She could barely feel her fingers. Next she checked her right arm but it seemed to be covered with bruises, but it was covered with cream, Hermione assumed it was for the bruise. There was a cloth wrapped around her ribs, her fingers touched to her side and she winced. It must be broken, she thought. She felt nauseated for a moment as her chest rose and fell. Looking down, she saw her right leg was filled with bruises.

What happened? Where was she? And how did she get hurt? Hermione thought. She closed her eyes, trying to remember the last thing she saw. All she remembered was a green light...

Her eyes flew opened and gasped loudly. She remembered. The battle. Hogwarts. Voldemort. Harry. Ron...

Tears filled in her eyes as an image of Ron's dead body appeared in her eyes. Then Harry, oh she remembered. Ron...she cried in despair.

The door suddenly opened and Hermione looked up, her cheeks red. A woman stood there, holding a tray of food and a glass of water. She had a sharp-featured, her dirty blonde hair was wrapped in a bun. She had a grey dress that went past her knees. She looked around mid-30's.

"Oh dear!" A woman said as she placed the tray next.

"Wh..." Hermione's throat was sore. She coughed.

"Here dearie," A woman placed the tip of the cup to Hermione's lips. "That's it. You'll feel a bit better sooner once you get some rest. But first, you must eat!"

"Where am I?" Hermione asked after she cleared her throat. She remembered the green light. It was the Killing Curse, she was sure of it. She remembered Voldemort casting the spell towards her and then there was darkness. What happened? Was she dead?

"You're in Wool's Orphanage. I am Mrs. Cole, the matron of this place."

Hermione nodded slowly, thinking for a minute. She could only assume she's a muggle and this place. But what was she doing here?

"How do you feel?"

"I'm fine." Hermione said, ignoring the headache.

"Could you tell me what happened? How you came here?"

"I-I don't remember," Hermione shook her head. The green light flashed in her mind before she blinked.

"I understand sweetie," Mrs. Cole nodded. "Now go fill something in your stomach and get some rest...or do you need some help?"

Hermione shook her head.

Mrs. Cole left the room, shutting the door behind her. Hermione felt cold, so she used her uninjured arm to wrap a blanket around herself. She wondered how she got here? She was sure the Killing Curse hit her.

Soon, she fell asleep. When she woke up, she saw Mrs. Cole dropping a tray of food. The woman looked up and sighed in relief, "Goodness, you are awake. How do you feel?"

“OK.” Hermione said as she slowly sit up and she winced when pain hit her through her stomach and she hold still until the pain faded away. “I’m feeling much better. A little sour but I’m OK.”

“Dear,” Mrs. Cole sat at the side of her bed. “Do you mind if I ask a few questions?”

Hermione nodded.

“All right. What is your name?”

Hermione frowned, wondering if she should tell her name. It was obvious Mrs. Cole was a muggle. “I’m Hermione Austen.” She said with the first last name she thought of. She had decided to choose her favorite author’s last name, Jane Austen.

“Alright Hermione Austen. Would you care to tell me what happened to you?”

“I...I still don’t remember,” Hermione stammered, not being able to come up a cover. It wasn’t like Mrs. Cole was going to believe her that she had been in war against Voldemort and got killed by him. Besides, she was Muggle.

Mrs. Cole gave her a pity look. “Oh poor dear.”

“Could you tell me how I got here?” Hermione wondered.

“We found you just in front of the doorstep wearing those...clothes,” Mrs. Cole said with a grimace and Hermione wondered if it was because it looked so raggedy that made Mrs. Cole’s face like that. “Do you know anything else?” she asked softly. “Like your parents? Or maybe a friend so we could call them.”

“No,” Hermione shook her head. An image of her parents appeared on her head, she pushed it away. “I don’t remember either.” Then her stomach growled, Hermione’s face reddened a bit.

“Oh dear!” Mrs. Cole stood up, “You must be hungry. Here you go dear, some soup. You need to fill it up...” She was interrupted by a loud cries heard outside the room and some stumbling. “Where’s that Martha girl when you need here...” she muttered as she walked towards the door. “You stay here while I go take care of the kids.” She glanced at Hermione before leaving the room.

Hermione took the bowl of soup to her lap and sipped it. She knew she had to get out here after this. But the injuries still hurt. *What happened? Did Voldemort won? And how did she get here?*

Then she frowned when another thought hit her. *Where’s my wand?*

Mrs. Cole entered the room, followed by a man.

“Hermione dear, this is Officer Brian. He’s here to question you.” Mrs. Cole said. Hermione’s eyes widened when she heard.

Brian sat across from Hermione. "Ms. Austen, I would like you tell me what happened." He said while Hermione thought frantically a lie.

"I...I don't remember anything." Hermione stammered. She settled the same lie she had told Mrs. Cole.

"Do you remember anything else? Like the name of your friends? Your family?" The officer questioned as Hermione shook her head. "Do you know where you live?" Hermione just shook her head "What about your age? How old are you?"

"All I remember is my name," Hermione replied.

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Cole cried.

The officer nodded as he stood up. "Well, without your memory we wouldn't be able to find any records of you. I'll try maybe find your relatives, your family or anyone who know you while you stay here."

"Thank you officer," Mrs. Cole nodded as the officer left the room. She turned to Hermione, "You can stay here dear. I have a room just for you. I'll tell Martha to clean it up. Oh dear! It must be terrible you don't remember anything!"

Hermione could only nod and then watch as Mrs. Cole left the room.

Hermione's eyes wandered around the room but stopped when it landed on the calendar.

*June 22 1938.*

"And right here is the front hall," Martha said as she led Hermione to the room. It had been four days since Hermione woke up. The officer had come back saying they couldn't find any records of Hermione Austen and they had contacted the Austen family but so far they had never heard of her. It was decided that Hermione stayed in Wool's Orphanage. Mrs. Cole insisted Hermione could stay as long as she like as long as she helped with the place.

Hermione's injuries seemed to be OK now that she could walk up.

So, Hermione now worked at Wool's Orphanage and Martha was giving her a tour around the house. It had been a huge shock to Hermione when she discovered that she was in 1938. She had even questioned Mrs. Cole and the officer. The officer had given her a weird look while Mrs. Cole looked saddened. Hermione decided that when she was given a break, she would contact Dumbledore. The thought of him made her chest twist just a bit. She knew Dumbledore in her time was dead, but here he was not. He was her only hope to maybe send her back to her time. But would she? Voldemort won, she thought.

Her thoughts were interrupted when 2 children ran past her.

"Oi! Rose, Derek! Stop running!" Martha called. The two children stopped and looked at her. As Martha scolded them, Hermione looked at the children. There was a little girl, Hermione assumed she's six years old. She had a long straight blonde hair and blue eyes. Hermione assumed she must be Rose. While the other one was a boy, around Rose's age. He had a

messy brown hair and blue eyes. Hermione noted their features looked similar and could only assume they're siblings.

"...You play outside, got it?" Martha said, her arms at her hips.

"Yes Martha." Rose giggled a bit and Martha's stern face softened. The blonde girl cocked her head to her side when her eyes landed at Hermione. "Who are you?"

"This is Hermione Austen. She's going to work here and take care of you." Martha answered.

"Hello!" Hermione waved nervously. She didn't have much experience with children. After all, she had been the only child.

"Hello Her..Her...Minn...Er," Rose stumbled a bit. Hermione smiled. She knew in her younger days that kids had trouble pronouncing her name these days.

"You can call me Mione, how about that?" Hermione said.

Rose nodded.

"OK. Would you like to play with us?" Rose asked, her eyes shine hopefully while her brother stood behind her shyly.

"Maybe later Rose," Martha said before Hermione could open her mouth. Martha noticed Rose looked a bit dejected, so she quickly added, "Now why don't you go outside with your brother? I'm sure there are other kids who would love to play with you?"

Rose's face lit up. "Really?" She quickly grabbed Derek's hand and dragged him outside. "Come!" Derek stumbled a bit as he tried to catch up with her sister.

"Twins," Martha chuckled a bit. "Rose is a sweetie while Derek is a bit shy." Hermione nodded.

"Over there is the kitchen," Martha pointed it out as they entered the room. It wasn't roomy. The walls were grey, the same as the other rooms and the kitchen looked a bit dull. "You know how to cook?" Hermione nodded. "Well, you could help me out later. We serve these children at 7 for breakfast, 12 for lunch, and then 7 for dinner. So come here an hour before it."

They walked out of the kitchens and Martha said, "And this is the dining room. Where we will be serving the kids." Hermione noticed there were at least 10 tables. 5 chairs each.

"How many kids are here?" Hermione wondered.

"At least 40." Martha shrugged. "The other building, that's where the teenagers are. Here we deal with children from 6-13."

"Oh that's Billy Stubbs," Martha said, nodding at the dirty blonde hair child. Hermione noted that he looked around eight years old, and he was sitting on the stairs playing with his rabbit.

Billy looked up when he heard his name mentioned. His eyes met Hermione's.

"Say hello to Hermione, Billy. She's going to work here with me." Martha smiled at him a bit.

"Hello," Billy smiled. "I'm Billy. And this is Carl," he held up his rabbit.

"Hello Billy," Hermione smiled. "And hello Carl."

"I like rabbits."

"Well, I like them too."

"I like rabbits." He repeated.

Martha laughed. "Alright, say goodbye to Hermione, Bills."

Billy frowned. "No. I want her to stay."

"She will come and play with you right after I give her a tour to the room."

"No." Billy said stubbornly. "I want her to stay."

"Billy..."

Then Billy burst in tears and Martha tried to frantically calm him down. Hermione wasn't sure what to do before she told Martha that she would play with Billy, who quickly beamed, tears forgotten. And he quickly pulled her next to him and started to babble about his rabbit.

"Thanks Martha," Hermione called, looking out the door before she shut it. She sighed before looking the room. It was small. It had a bed, a desk, chair, and a closet. That was all. She had just spent an hour playing with Billy.

She took a piece of paper and a pen, thanks to Martha, and started writing a letter to Dumbledore. After she written it, she leaned back and questioned herself. How was she going to send this? She could maybe go to Diagon Alley and borrow an owl but who? Besides, she didn't have any money.

Her eyes widened when a thought hit her.

*My wand? Where is it?*

Instinctively, she started patting her sides till she realized she wasn't wearing trousers. She was wearing a plain grey dress Mrs. Cole had handed her. So she walked out the room and headed to Mrs. Cole's office.

"Mrs. Cole?" Hermione knocked on the door before opening it. Mrs. Cole, who was behind the desk, looked up and smiled when she saw Hermione.

"Oh hello my dear." Mrs. Cole smiled. "How were the kids? Do you feel alright?"

“I’m fine,” Hermione side. “Um, I was just wondering where are the clothes I wore?”

“Oh!” Mrs. Cole looked surprise but said, “It’s right over there.” She pointed across the room where Hermione’s clothes were lying on a chair. Hermione walked over to it and rummage through the pockets of her trousers. She gasped when she pulled out her wand that was broken into two pieces.

“Is something wrong?” Mrs. Cole asked, who could not see what Hermione was holding since Hermione was blocking the view. Hermione sniffed, trying to make sure tears weren’t leaking out her eyes. *Do not cry...Don’t cry...Don’t cry.*

She wiped the tears with the back of her hand before she faced Mrs. Cole, hiding her broken wand behind her back. “Nothing,” she gave her a forced smile. I’m fine.”

“If you say so, dear.”

Hermione gathered her stuff as she walked out of the office.

“Right here Hermione!” Martha called, who had a seat saved for Hermione. They were in the Dining room and it was dinner time. Martha had called the children while Hermione prepared the plates, spoons, and forks as Mrs. Cole served the meal. Hermione felt proud together with Martha their work.

Hermione gave her a thankful smile as she was about to walk over to her when a blonde girl, who looked around eight years old. Her hair had pigtails, and she was wearing a white shirt and a pink skirt. She stared at Hermione curiously.

“Who are you?” she cocked her head to the side.

“Oh! I, um, my name is Hermione,” Hermione gave her a small smile. She had been playing with the kids and keeping an eye of them after she placed her stuff back to her room. This little girl probably was in her room while Hermione was outside.

“Me..Mi...Her...”

“You can call me Mione,” Hermione offered. The little girl smiled.

“My name is Amy. Amy Benson.” The little girl said, “Martha said it is rude not to say your name and it is improper not to introduce yourself.”

“She is right.”

Amy looked at her for a moment before she beamed brightly, “I like you.”

“Why thank you.”

“Could you sit with me?” Amy asked. Before Hermione could open her mouth, Amy took her hand and dragged her to the table. There were at least 3 other children sitting in the table. Hermione took a seat next to Amy. She looked at Martha, who gave her a half-smile before she went back to eating her meal.

“This is Dennis.” Amy pointed the boy she was sitting next to her. Hermione looked at him and noticed that he was the same age as Amy. “My best friend.”

“Hello!” Hermione greeted.

“Hello,” Dennis nodded. Then he gave her a smile, “What is your name?”

“This is Mione,” Amy said. Hermione jumped back in surprise, the girl had a loud mouth and almost the whole room could hear her. “She’s new. And my new friend.” Then she turned to the brunette, “Do you like dolls?”

“Um...” Hermione stammered a bit. She didn’t really much like dolls, unlike other girls when she was young she to read books.

“I like playing with Princess Candy!” Amy declared as she took a bite of her chicken. “She’s been my best friend for a long time.”

“What about me?” Dennis said indignantly.

“She’s my best friend first, Dennis.” Amy frowned, not seeming to notice how rude it sounded. Then she smiled brightly, “But you are my best friend too.”

“Hmmh,” Dennis rolled his eyes.

“After this we could play with Princess Candy,” Amy said to Hermione.

“I’m sorry but I have to help with Martha after dinner,” Hermione said apologetically.

“Wow! You are a nice lady Mione!” Amy beamed. Dennis rolled his eyes again.

Hermione walked into the library—which she had learnt from Martha there was one. It had been three days since her first day of working here and it felt tiring. She had nightmares about Harry and Ron, her family, her friends, and the war. She wondered what happened? Tears filled in her eyes and she quickly wipe them away with the back of her hand. She had been mourning them after dinner and now she didn’t know what to do.

She felt hopeless.

She was stuck in 1938. And her only hope was Dumbledore.

Hermione was smart not to mess with the timelines or even think to tell Dumbledore what happen in the future. But the question that had bothered her mind was could she? Could she go back to her timeline where Voldemort was there? Her friends were dead. Harry was dead. *Ron* was dead...

Tears started falling down her face before her she could stop it. Hermione couldn’t help but cover her face with both of her hands as she chocked a sob. She leaned against the door, not caring if anyone saw her in this state.

Hermione rubbed the side of her head, feeling a head ache. She had been having one quiet a while and she assumed it must be from the injuries she gained. She was sitting outside in a bench, watching the children play.

Amy was in the swing giggling as Dennis pushed her higher. Rose and Derek were chasing each other. Hermione couldn't help but smile a bit. At least they were happy. Her eyes then landed on Billy and some kid around his age, who were facing another kid around their age. Hermione noticed her had a pale skin and messy black hair that reminded her much of Harry.

Billy pushed the black-haired kid to the ground.

"See! This is how you do it!" Billy laughed together with the kid next to him, who Hermione guessed that was his best friend.

"Hey!" Hermione stood up and marched over to them. "Stop this! What do you think you are doing Billy?" She slowly helped the black-haired kid up.

"Teaching him the game I invented," Billy said.

"By pushing people?" Hermione raised her eyebrow as she placed her hand on the hips.

"Billy that was not nice. Say you are sorry!"

"But it is fun pushing him!"

"It is not nice pushing people around. They could get hurt!" Hermione said sternly.

"Mione, it's just a game." Billy gave her an innocent look.

"It is not a nice game, Billy. Now I want you to apologize him." Hermione said

"But---" He protested.

"No buts. I want you to apologize!" She glared.

Hermione could hear Billy muttered "I'm sorry". He didn't look apologetic.

"Don't do that again, understand?"

"Yes Mione." Billy said, his eyes downcast. Hermione didn't seem to notice the children around her stopped playing and was watching her.

"Good, now don't do that again." Hermione said. She watched as Billy and his best friend, Eric, walked away from her. Hermione turned to the black-haired boy. He stared at her curiously. "Are you OK?"

His brow furrowed before he nodded hesitantly.

Hermione gave him a small smile. "Good. Now why don't you go back and play with the other children, alright?"

“I don’t want to play with them.” He frowned. “I want to go to my room.”

“OK.” Hermione nodded and watched as the black-haired boy walked to the building.

“I suppose he wouldn’t like that would he?” Martha said thoughtfully as she and Hermione walked down the corridor. They had been having a conversation and it was nice for Hermione to talk to someone around her age.

“No, he won’t.” Hermione shook her head as they passed the stairs. She looked up and saw a boy seated in the middle of the stairs, with a book on his lap. He seemed to sense her gaze as he looked up and stared at her with his dark eyes. Hermione realized this was the black-haired boy who was pushed by Billy a day ago.

“I’d stay away from him if I were you,” Martha whispered to Hermione as they entered another room. Hermione looked her.

“Why not?”

“Bad things happened around him. I get goosebumps around him.”

“Bad things?” Hermione frowned. “But Martha, he’s just a kid.”

“He’s no little angel,” Martha shook her head. “The children avoid him a lot.”

“So what’s his name?” Hermione asked curiously.

“His name is Tom. Tom Riddle.”

Hermione froze and the color in her face drained and could only think one thing.

*Oh Merlin!*

End Notes

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