

# Saturday Drabbles

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

This is a collection of drabbles: different pairings and different genres with each new chapter.

## June 28, 2008: One

*Chapter 1 of 4*

This is a collection of drabbles: different pairings and different genres with each new chapter.

Written for CocoaChristy, who requested Ron, the Shrieking Shack, and a faded photograph.

-----

The old Shrieking Shack floor creaked beneath his boot as he made his way into the room where he'd last seen the body. A shiver passed through him, as it always did, and he remembered the blood on the floor, wide eyes open in horror as death claimed their owner. He tried not to think of it often, as it nearly put him off eating, but he came every year on the anniversary to pay his respects.

He sat down on a rickety chair and took the faded photo out of his pocket. Hermione had looked lovely on their wedding day. That was back when life had been good to them, when they were happy, back before their daughter had died from a new type of dragon pox.

That had put her over the edge, and she'd gone mad with grief. One day she said she'd go for a walk, and hours passed without her return. Skiving students had found her body in the Shack and reported it to the headmistress of Hogwarts, who'd Flooed Ron directly.

It had been horrible. He never knew why she'd taken her life in the very place that Snape had died all those years before or why she'd chose to use the Sectumsempra to do it. Wiping a lone tear from his cheek, he placed the photo back into his pocket and stood. "It's too bloody cold to be sitting here tonight, Hermione," he said softly. "Not usually this bloody cold." A sigh left his lips.

"Miss you. Hope you're happy... up there with Rose, reading her a story maybe. See you when I can."

With that, he left, not looking back, missing the ghost of a frowning Severus Snape, who'd been watching from a dark corner.

---end---

AN: A bit sad. Not sure where it came from. :(

# June 28, 2008: Two

## Chapter 2 of 4

This is a collection of drabbles: different pairings and different genres with each new chapter.

For Geminiscorp who asked for Sleeping Late and something with Oliver and Ginny.

-----

Oliver had enjoyed his night out with his old friends for Ron's stag party, so he didn't mind at all having to escort Ron home, fearing the drunken sot would Splinch himself. Harry had gone off earlier with a "friend" and couldn't see his best mate home. As Oliver made his way back down the stairs from Ron's room, a door opened and a hand reached out, effectively pulling him inside a darkened room.

Then lush lips pressed against his, a tongue tasting of mint tangled with his own, and a feminine sigh met his ears.

"God, I want you," she said after a few minutes of intense kissing and groping.

"Er, Ginny?" he asked uncertainly.

"What? Wood? What are *you* doing here?" she exclaimed, obviously horrified. A quick Lumos lit a nearby lamp.

"You pulled me in!"

"Bugger. I thought you were Harry."

"Potter's... er... not here." He didn't want to tell her where he truly happened to be--or with whom.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "Obviously."

"Sorry, I thought you knew it was me. It happened so quickly, and--"

"Just shut up," she said and then whispered, 'Nox,' effectively turning the lamp off.

Her hands found his face, and her lips once again graced his.

Taking Ron home was the best thing he'd done in a long time. It wasn't often that he was in the wrong place at the right time. Hopefully, his day off tomorrow would find him sleeping late in the arms of Ginevra Weasley--without her family catching them, that is.

-----

AN: After the last exchange and reading one of CocoaChristy's stories, "Magical Betrothal," I've found that I rather like Oliver and Ginny pairings. :)

# 13-Sep-08

## Chapter 3 of 4

This is a collection of drabbles: different pairings and different genres with each new chapter.

And this is for PlaidPooka. I've not talked to her in ages, but I've been wondering when she'll be back with us. I fondly remember a conversation we once had at Potter Place, and that's where this comes from.

Have fun.

---

Severus angrily turned the page on his book, casting a glare at his new wife of two days. Sharing his home was bad enough, but he absolutely loathed sharing his bed in such a way.

"I told you to get that infernal beast out of here."

"No," she said primly, turning a page in her own book.

"I'll put him out myself," he threatened.

"The Ministry may have made that idiotic law and forced us to marry, but that's the only decision I'll have taken out of my hands." Her next words were said through clenched teeth. "Cats sleep under the covers sometimes. Get used to it!"

He refrained from saying anything else, deciding to seek his revenge in another way.

A loud ripping noise rent the air.

"What the hell was that?" Hermione asked, sitting up.

Severus said nothing, but the cat beneath the covers began to move about wildly and sought an escape.

"Crooks? What's wrong?" Hermione lifted the edge of the cover, allowing him to bound off the bed and away from them.

Unable to keep a smug expression from his face as her eyes widened in realization and her fingers came up to cover her nose, he sighed contentedly.

"Something wrong?" he asked nastily.

"You didn't!"

He shrugged. "Men fart, *wife*. Get used to it."

---

AN: Hehe. It's terrible, isn't it? Pook said she wanted "realness" in her stories, and she wondered why the characters never seemed to fart like normal people.

Let's hope that she turns up soon and finishes "Price of Madness."

Pook, Sev's blasting just for you, baby. Hahhaaha

## August 12, 2012: Four

*Chapter 4 of 4*

This is a collection of drabbles: different pairings and different genres with each new chapter.

Hermione frowned as she read over what she'd written. She hadn't even made it through a full paragraph. "Think, think," she said aloud. "Blast. It's due next Friday and I've nothing!" Instead of the usual endless supply of words that jumped from her fingertips to her keyboard, she'd spent more time tapping her desk while her consumed mind thought of other things.

Who could blame her? It had nothing to do with the endless supply of owls today. Not at all. She could normally work through them with barely a thought. Something extraordinary had happened. The entire Wizarding World had found out that Severus Snape hadn't died that night during the final battle almost ten years earlier. She had so many questions and mixed feelings about this. Of course she was happy that he'd lived, but how had he faked his death so well that everyone had been completely fooled—including herself? What had he been doing? Why had he waited so long to resurface? Wait. In fact, why come back at all? There was so much she wanted to know and so much Harry seemed to know and hadn't shared with her, which annoyed her. They'd shared nearly everything. Why not this?

An owl hooted impatiently outside her window. She beckoned toward it with a long sigh. "Come on then." It dropped a small letter onto her desk and flew out to settle on a tree branch before she could give it a treat. However, it seemed to be waiting for something. A reply? "Like all the rest, I guess," she muttered.

Upon opening the letter, she immediately recognized the small, spiky scrawl.

Snape.

*Ms. Granger,*

*Potter has taken it upon himself to point out that you are no longer married and might be in need of a date for the anniversary party celebrating the Dark Lord's defeat. I find myself in a similar predicament, for I am to give a long speech as per the Minister, and I refuse to accompany any of the tarts who've been sending owls round all day. I am certain you have also been pestered with much of the same from many wanting to be seen on the arm of Potter's best friend. Therefore, would you kindly accept my invitation and save us both some trouble?*

*Severus Snape*

If she accepted his request, she would likely get the answer to all the questions floating about in her mind. And if she got that, then she'd be able to put her current bout of writer's block behind her. However, she had a single new question to add to the lot: What was Harry Potter playing at?

---

**SW's Note:** It's been a long time since I've written anything in the fandom, though I have thought about it. I just never had any extra time. Luckily, that's changing, and this is just a little something to break the ice. I guess I need to start reading again—new stories and my old ones—to get the feel of things. What better prompt for a drabble than something dealing with writer's block? :)