# A Muggle Halloween

by mayadidi

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus picked up the cut crystal goblet and allowed himself a small smile as he swirled the amber liquid around the glass. The aroma of fine, aged brandy wafted up from the glass, and he inhaled deeply. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his leather recliner, enjoying the warmth from the fire in front of him The house was for once quiet, and he was alone. He was determined to enjoy the small indulgence that the brandy afforded. This was preferable to the endless feasts he had endured at Hogwarts. For once, he could spend the holiday in peace, with no screaming children stuffing themselves with too many sweets, no irritating old men with twinkling eyes, no unexpected trolls in the bathroom.

He could get used to celebrating this holiday like a Muggle.

Severus was prevented from taking that first sip of his brandy by a doorbell ringing. He scowled at the interruption and set his brandy down in order to do his wife's bidding.

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## thirty minutes earlier...

Severus said goodbye to Professor McGonagall and cut off the Floo connection, stifling a groan as he slowly stood up and relieved the pressure from his knees. The Headmistress Flooed him every year to wish him well and had just regaled him with plans for the upcoming Halloween Ball. He couldn't thank the Gods enough that he was no longer teaching at Hogwarts. As he turned away from the fireplace, he was unable to hold back a quick indrawn breath in surprise as he found himself face to face with a Death Eater.

Severus' hand instinctively plunged into his pocket, reaching for his wand before it was stilled by the musical laughter coming from behind the Death Eater's silver mask.

He scowled and crossed his arms in front of him.

'Hermione, what are you doing?'

His wife whipped the mask off her face to reveal an impish smile.

'I needed a costume, and I found this in the back of the closet. Wait till you see Harry's costume!'

Their conversation was interrupted as they heard the front door of their house open and heard Harry's voice.

'Hello?

'In here, Harry,' Hermione called as her friend entered their house.

'Don't bother to knock, Mr. Potter,' Severus muttered under his breath.

Harry walked in wearing long black robes, similar to the one Hermione had stolen from her husband's closet. Rather than a Death Eater's mask though, the young man was wearing a mask depicting a monster that was scaly and grey with glittering red eyes; his costume was complete with a large plush snake slung around his neck. The snake was purple in color and had a fake forked tongue hanging out of its smiling mouth.

Severus rolled his eyes. Is nothing sacred?

Hermione was doubled over with laughter at the sight of her friend dressed like a caricature of the now-dead Lord Voldemort.

'Harry, what will the Muggles think?'

Harry laughed with her. 'One of your neighbors outside guessed that I was an alien! Hullo Snape.' He nodded to the dour man who still standing with his arms crossed in front of him.

Hermione called out in a loud voice.

'Uncle Harry is here. Time to go kids!'

Severus and Hermione's oldest child ambled in wearing a costume that apparently depicted his new favorite Muggle super-hero. Severus tried to remember what his wife had explained; it had something to do with spiders, but his son didn't necessary look like a spider right now.

Malcom was followed by a small girl in a pink dress with butterfly wings. Both children had dark black curly hair and large brown eyes. His daughter, Rowan, immediately ran to her father and lifted her arms in a familiar gesture.

'Daddy, I'm a butterfly princess! Do I look pretty?'

He smiled and nuzzled her neck a little. 'Row, you are the most beautiful butterfly princess I have ever seen.'

She smiled and kissed him on the cheek before he set her down.

Severus couldn't hold back a smile as his wife handed small orange baskets to his excited children, instructing them to stay close to her or 'uncle Harry.'

Hermione leaned over and kissed her husband on the cheek.

"We will only be gone for a few hours. You remember what I told you? Are you sure you can handle things here?"

Severus' expression had softened, as it always did after receiving a kiss from his youngest child, but now he folded his arms and drew himself up. 'Hermione, I am no dunderhead. I assure you. I am up to the task.'

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Snape sighed as he opened the door and was greeted by children loudly screaming.

'Trick or Treat!'

Severus grimaced before passing out the Muggle candy to each of the children holding out bags and baskets already half full of candy from previous houses. They were dressed in cheap Muggle costumes, and one child looked like a miniature version of Dumbledore, complete with a fake white beard.

It occurred to him that rather than watching children stuff themselves, as he would if he were still at Hogwarts, he was giving them a means to stuff themselves once they got home. Whose idea was it to celebrate a holiday by teaching their children to beg? No doubt these Muggle children will be sick by the time the night ends.

A man, presumably one of the children's parents, leaned over and clapped Snape on the back.

'Nice costume, mate! Most realistic one I've seen so far!'

'I beg your pardon,' Snape said, glaring at the man as he took a step back.

'Your costume, it's the best vampire costume I've seen all night!'

Severus decided at once that he hated the way Muggles celebrated Halloween.

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Two hours later, Severus picked up his still-full brandy goblet and slumped into his armchair in front of the fire. The door bell had not stopped ringing and he was exhausted. It seemed as if the entire neighborhood had rung his doorbell, begging for candy. He had also gotten three compliments on his *costume*.

Finally, the bell had stopped ringing, his family had returned home, and now the kids were in bed and the house was quiet.

As Severus, finally, took his first sip of brandy, his wife walked in the room, still wearing his old Death Eater robes and munching on a piece of Muggle chocolate.

Snape scowled at her.

'Are we going to be doing this every year?'

'Of course we are, the kids loved it. I want them to have all the experiences I had as a child! Halloween was always one of my favorite holidays.'

'Then I will look forward to the day when they are at Hogwarts, celebrating the holiday like the rest of the wizarding world.'

'You didn't enjoy our first Muggle Halloween?' she asked in an all too innocent voice.

He shot her a baleful look.

'I stopped teaching to get away from all those dunder-headed children, why would I enjoy a holiday that invites the Muggle versions to come to my door in droves all night long?!'

'Trick or Treat, Severus,' she said in a soft voice.

He ran a hand through his dark hair.

'Hermione, I've had enough nonsense for tonight.'

She smiled smugly at him.

'I need to show you one more Muggle Halloween tradition. Trick or Treat, Severus.'

Her voice was more insistent this time. She slowly removed his old Death Eater robes, tossing them on the ground behind her and moving towards him.

It was the middle of the night before Severus finished his goblet of brandy, but he decided that a Muggle-style Halloween was definitely the way to go.

End.

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A/N: I was feeling the holiday spirit today so here it is, just a short Halloween romp. Growing up I remember my dad always having brandy while he passed out candy to the neighborhood kids. That was the inspiration for my idea.