

For Whom the Clock Chimes, It Chimes For You

by Pearle

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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Severus Snape threw his quill down in annoyance. He had been trying to grade third year potions essays. He had read the same line three times now and it still didn't make any sense to him.

He and Hermione had had another row. She had walked out yelling, "That's it. I've had it." The irony of it all was that he could not even remember what they had been fighting about. He looked at the clock over his desk. The hand with her picture pointed to "Gone. Do not try to find me" Bloody hell.

"Now what?" The clock chimed, the hand with his picture had now moved to "Go buy her flowers and a nice ring." He glared at the clock. The ruddy thing must be possessed. He snorted, "Buy her flowers and a nice ring. Right."

Severus moved to his sideboard and removed a bottle of Old Ogden's and a heavy crystal glass. He intended to get soused. She would be back soon enough. "But what if she means it this time and doesn't come back?" A small voice spoke up in his head. The voice sounded suspiciously like that of the Headmaster. "Shut the hell up."

The clock over his desk chimed again. The hand with his picture had moved to, "Should have left 20 minutes ago. What are you waiting for?"

"What is going on here?" Severus stared at the clock. He had not even touched his whisky yet. What was going on?

The hand moved to, "Don't ask me. I am just the clock."

Severus blinked. He was sure he had lost his mind. "All right, I'll bite. I should buy her a ring. I suppose I should ask her to marry me too?"

The clock chimed. The hand moved to, "Now you're thinking." Hermione's hand had moved to, "Ginny Weasley's flat. Not coming back." Oh bloody hell. Now he was hallucinating.

The hand moved to, "Do you love her?" Severus did love Hermione. He just had trouble telling her. They had been together for a year. What would he do if he lost her? He did not think he could handle that.

"Fine." He spat at the clock. "I have my mother's ring here, I will pick up flowers on my way to Miss Weasley's. I will ask the only woman I have ever loved if she will marry me. I will bring her back here and make love to her all night. Will that correct everything? Good gods, I am asking a clock. I must really have lost it." But he knew in his heart this was right. He did not want Hermione to be a passing thing. He wanted forever with her.

The clock chimed. The hand moved to, "Good plan. What are you waiting for?"

"Um, thanks. Now I am thanking the clock?"

Severus went into his bedroom and returned with the ring. He looked at the clock for further advice. The hand with Hermione's picture was pointing to, "Ginny Weasley's Flat." The hand with his picture was pointing to, "Snape quarters."

"What no advice? Cat got your tongue?" The clock did not move. He must have imagined the whole thing. Maybe he was losing his mind. Maybe he had fallen asleep. Whatever the case he was going to get down on his knee and apologize to Hermione and then ask her to marry him. He did not want to lose her.

He looked at the clock one more time before grabbing his cloak and heading out. He would go to Hermione. He would ask her forgiveness and then ask her to marry him. He was ready to start on forever.

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Albus Dumbledore sat back in his chair, his eyes sparkling. He loved Severus like a son, but the boy could be so stubborn sometimes. They would have a wedding to celebrate soon. He would wait until tomorrow to seek Severus out. Obviously Severus did not remember Albus giving him the charmed clock last Christmas. He put the charmed typewriter away since he was finished with it for now. He should find Minerva and tell her the good news.

End.

A/N: Really odd I know, but I was writing a chapter of A Knock at the Door and looking for the right wording for the charmed clock in Severus's office when the phrase, "Don't ask me. I'm just the clock." jumped into my mind. The rest fell in place. I suppose with magic, all things are possible. I believe my muse should get some sleep before she comes up with something odder than this. My apologies to Ernest Hemingway for the title.

Enjoy and review, I love hearing from you. As always thoughts, comments, reviews, whatever are always welcome.

Regards, Pearle