

Fan Mail

by *Pennfana*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I just don't understand it," Harry said to Ron as they sat on the back steps at Grimmauld Place, looking out onto the overgrown space that had once been the old mansion's garden. "You'd think he'd have been pleased that he managed to come out on top like he did. Faking his death, coming back to fight in the final battle and being acquitted of all wrongdoing by the Wizengamot, even getting that Order of Merlin he always wanted...what's he got to complain about, anyway?"

Ron thought for a moment. "I think it's that heap of fan mail he gets every morning. Says it always lands in his breakfast. Not that you can ruin porridge, really—awful stuff—but I bet it really makes a mess on those black robes of his."

"But we've all been getting heaps of fan mail," said Harry, confused. "The whole Order's been saving galleons on firewood because we get so many letters that we don't want. I mean, just yesterday I burned at least a hundred marriage proposals from the same witch! So what's *Snape* got to complain about?"

"Well, I reckon it's got something to do with that book that Rita Skeeter published last month. You remember that bit at the Final Battle where he was heckling V-Vol-er, You Know Who to distract him?"

"Yeah. Bravest thing I've ever seen anyone do—he drew Voldemort's spells away from you, me, Hermione and Ginny more times than I could count. He nearly got hit by the Killing Curse at least six times! Is that why he's been getting that much fan mail?"

"You could say that, yeah. Loads of people want to ask him about what happened."

"Well, it doesn't sound like he's got anything to complain about. I mean, if you're going to do reckless, heroic things in battle and live to tell the tale, then you've *got* to expect that people will send you letters asking you about it. I mean, look what happened to me."

Ron grinned. "Nah, that's mostly just because you're Harry Potter. But Snape...well, you know that Muggle game, Fellytone? The one where you sit in a circle and try to whisper the same phrase, but it always gets messed up, like 'I saw a Hippogriff take off' turns into 'Huzzah! I told him to fuck off'?"

"It's 'telephone', Ron, but yeah, I know the game. So what?"

"So you remember that when he was being a decoy for You Know Who's spells at the final battle, they called it Master-baiting, because he was baiting his former Master?"

Harry's jaw dropped as comprehension dawned at last. "You don't mean—!"

"Got it in one, Harry. They say he's got quite...popular with certain types. It's kind of kinky, if you think about it."

"It's disgusting, if you ask me," Harry grumbled. "For once I actually understand why he's grouchy about something. Still, he hasn't really got it *that* bad—If that had been me, she'd have stolen a Time Turner, found me at Hogwarts during the battle and tried to take a picture of it!"

Ron grinned. "Mate, if that had been you, she'd have stolen a Time Turner, found you during the battle and offered to help!"

"Thanks ever so much, Ron," said Harry sourly.

"Anytime," was his friend's cheerful reply.

Author's Notes: I had this idea months ago, but I never quite managed to make it work. This story just sort of happened—finally—on one morning when I really needed a laugh and couldn't find my copy of "Monty Python and the Holy Grail", which always makes me laugh even in my worst Moods.

As for the original idea itself, I have no idea what to blame for it.