

House Colours

by morgaine_dulac

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was a quarter to eight on Friday morning. Dumbledore had called the Heads to his office for an emergency staff meeting, and they had all come, all except the Head of Slytherin House. Severus Snape was not there because he had not been called. Severus Snape was not there because this emergency staff meeting was about *him*.

'I suppose you all know why we are here,' Dumbledore said in a grave tone.

McGonagall nodded. 'This is terrible, Albus. On Saturday, we all thought he was doing it to support the Slytherin Quidditch team. We have seen him in green robes before. *Slytherin green* socks didn't seem too bad.'

'And then the blue ones on Monday,' Flitwick took over. 'I thought the elves might have made a mistake. Those socks were dark blue, after all *Ravenclaw blue*. Almost black.'

'But then on Wednesday ...' Sprout's voice was shaking. 'Albus it was terrible. Yellow! He was wearing bright *Hufflepuff yellow* socks. Oh, Albus! What is wrong with Severus?'

'I am afraid he is losing his marbles,' Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. 'It is no surprise, really. He has been working as a spy for almost two years now. He has endured countless Crucios by the hand of the Dark Lord. And I think he has not had a full night's sleep in months. I am afraid he has snapped.'

Sprout started to sob. And McGonagall, who had hurried to her colleague's side to comfort her, also had tears running down her cheeks.

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Down in the dungeons, Severus Snape stood in front of the mirror, smirking. He had pulled up his robes and was admiring his socks *Gryffindor red* socks, with tiny golden Snitches embroidered on them. Yes, they were perfect!

He let his robes fall, fixed his best scowl on his face and left the dungeons, ready to complete the task he had set himself a week ago.

Swooping down on students and scaring them half to death was a pleasant enough pastime. But what he had had to endure lately seemed to entitle him to more fun than that.

And messing with the minds of his colleagues was just the beginning.

I totally blame my students for this! The little dunderheads gave me seven pairs of coloured socks for Christmas. Ha! As if I needed colour in my life. *proudly wraps her black cloak around her and stomps out of the dungeon ... um, office*