

# How Severus Stole Christmas

*by Elizabeth*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: I don't make any money off of this. This is in response the Yule Challenge number four turning your favorite Christmas movie into a Harry Potter feature. I'd like to thank JKR for her characters and also thanks to Dr. Seuss' original poem, "How the Grinch Stole Christmas!" I also would like to thank him for his poem, "A Prayer for a Child," printed in 1955 . . . It is what Hermione uses as her moral at the end. And I'd like to thank *MadBrilliant* for her wonderful beta work. She is wonderful!

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Every child

At Hogwarts

Liked Christmas a lot...

But the Headmaster,

Who ruled all of Hogwarts,

Did NOT!

Severus *hated* Christmas,

The entire Yule season,

Please don't ask why.

No wizard quite knows the reason.

It *could* be his father had abused him at night,

It *could* be Lily never forgot their big fight.

But I think that the most likely reason of all

May have been Miss Granger, or "Miss Know-It-All."

But,  
Whatever his reason,  
Lost love or old anger,  
He stood there on Christmas Eve, hating Miss Granger,  
He glared down the table, where she listed her plans  
With a group gathered round her who were all big fans.  
He knew they were arranging the festivities,  
Yet all were ignoring their important studies.  
"And they're discussing garlands!" he snarled with a sneer.  
"Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here!"  
Then he growled, with his cold fingers angrily drumming,  
"I MUST find some way to stop Christmas from coming!"  
For,  
Tomorrow, he knew...  
...All of the students, and teachers as well  
Would wake bright and early. They'd celebrate Noel!  
And *then!* The bombshell! Oh, the Bells! Smells! Yells! Spells!  
That's one thing he hated! The BELLS! SMELLS! YELLS! SPELLS!  
Then the staff and the students would sit down to a feast. And they'd feast!  
*And they'd feast!* And they'd FEAST!  
FEAST!  
FEAST!  
FEAST!  
They would feast on Chipolatas, and Christmas pudding  
Which was something that would get Severus balking!  
And THEN  
Granger did something  
That made his ears ring!  
She'd lead everyone in a community sing,  
They'd stand around the Christmas tree and start caroling.  
They would giggle with glee, then break into dancing!  
They'd sing! *And they'd sing!*  
AND they'd SING! SING! SING! SING!  
And the more Snape thought of this Granger-induced-Sing,  
The more that Snape thought, "I must stop this whole thing!"  
"Why, for forty-eight years I've put up with it now!"  
"I MUST stop this Christmas from coming!"  
...*But HOW?*  
Then he got an idea!  
*An awful idea!*  
SEVERUS GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!  
"I know *just* what to do!" Severus laughed with a choke.  
He left the Great Hall with a swirl of his cloak.  
And he chuckled, and clucked, "What a great Snape-ish trick!"  
"I'll destroy all HER plans with my expert magic!"  
"I'll wait until nightfall..."

He leered as he spake.

"I'll sneak round the castle, chaos in my wake.

"And to stop all her foolishness, I'll make her heart break.

"No! She can't be allowed

To continue her *prancing*," he bitterly vowed!

His wand at the ready, he stood there endowed

Already in black, he was dressed in a shroud.

THEN

He crept out his office

The halls were all dark

The portraits asleep

As he made his embark.

The Great Hall then the kitchen

The band then the choir,

A man on a mission

They'd *all* feel his ire.

The Great Hall was dark. The enchanted snow fell.

And he charmed it away as he jeered a farewell.

Then he burned the spruce trees, black as an inkwell.

The garlands of mistletoe and holly he shredded

The silver-frosted walls glistened then melted.

He traversed to the kitchens, he tickled the pear.

House-elves couldn't cook or they'd get clothes to wear

He insisted they vanish the food from his sight.

The poor elves gave up, as you know they can't fight.

He left through the portrait; he had places to go,

And he strode through the halls, his brow in a furrow.

He quietly entered each band member's chamber

He hexed their instruments during their slumber

Pan Pipes! Accordions! Mandolins! Lutes!

Clarinets! Fiddles! Tubas and flutes!

All of the noisemakers that were the source of his bane,

Now all were useless and would most likely remain.

Then to each in the choir

His wand at the throat,

Their voices would tire

Without singing a note!

They slept through the hexing but when they would wake

All would discover too late that no sounds would they make!

Then he thought of his list, and his mind filled with glee.

"And NOW!" grinned Severus,

"I will get Hermione!"

He slunk to her room and he countered her wards

A foot in the room . . . a creak on the floorboards

He froze for a moment, his wand at the ready!

He stood still unknowing if his heartbeat was steady.

She moaned in her sleep, as she tumbled about

She sat up in her bed, with a bottom lip pout.  
She blinked up at Severus in her lacy nightwear,  
He stared down his nose at her bushy brown hair.  
"Severus," she whispered, "you came for a visit?"  
She threw off the covers then opened her closet.  
"Can I help you, Professor?" she asked as she sighed,  
She slipped on a robe that she tied on the side.  
She turned round to face him, her wand in the air  
He lifted his eyebrow, oh, she wouldn't *dare!*  
They glared at each other, the silence grew thick.  
Neither one moved their magical stick.  
His moment would come; he would just have to wait,  
"*Expelliarmus!*" he shouted, his voice filled with hate.  
She was thrown to the bed  
Her wand soared to his hand.  
Her bed was a mess as she struggled to stand.  
He decided he'd show her just what he had planned.  
"I'm destroying your fun,"  
He said with a snort.  
"Everything that you've done, I am going to thwart."  
THEN  
He turned on his heels  
And made his depart.  
She stood there  
A moment  
Then took off with a start!  
Off to the Owlery...  
As the girl lagged behind  
And she angrily whined,  
"Snape, you are just so unkind!"  
He warded the tower and banished the owls!  
No gifts! And no presents! Just fury and scowls!  
He left her standing on the litter-strewn floor  
She glared at the man who'd once been her mentor.  
She sprinted after him in her frilly-fringed robe  
"Why do you hate Christmas?" she asked as a probe.  
He said, "It's not Christmas so much but what *you* do!"  
Her mouth then hung open for a minute or two  
She thought she knew, then broke into song to construe:  
*You're a mean one, Severus Snape.*  
*You really are a beast.*  
*You're as snuggly as a viper,*  
*You're a stuck-up chauvinist.*  
*Severus Snape.*  
*You're a dour man*  
*Whose attitude is calloused.*

*You're displeasing, Severus Snape.*

*You're something horrible.*

*Your manner is quite shocking,*

*And your temper's terrible.*

*Severus Snape.*

*I wouldn't waste pity on*

*Someone so insufferable.*

*You are ghastly, Severus Snape.*

*You have poison in your soul.*

*You have all the lovely features*

*Of a smelly mountain troll.*

*Severus Snape.*

*Given the choice between the two of you*

*I'd take the smelly mountain troll.*

*You're unpleasant, Severus Snape.*

*You make all your victims cower.*

*Your heart is full of beetle eyes.*

*Your talent is to glower.*

*Severus Snape.*

*The three words that best describe you,*

*Are, and I quote: "Dire. Dark. Dour."*

*You're a monster, Severus Snape.*

*You're the prince that is half-blood.*

*Your heart's a heap of rancid mud*

*With noxious chewed-up cud,*

*Severus Snape.*

*Your soul is a stinking rubbish bin*

*Lacking all the virtues of a civilized wizard*

*Who cannot comprehend the meaning of peace*

*And sneering at anything good!*

*You disgust me, Severus Snape.*

*With a odious super smell,*

*You're a bat within the dungeons*

*And you make life a living hell.*

*Severus Snape.*

*You're a three-decker blast-ended skrewt*

*Sandwich*

*With asphodel gel.*

"That's a song," grinned Severus,

"That is quite simply ME!"

Breakfast time neared, to the Great Hall he walked briskly.

He wanted to see all their smiles erase

He walked right on in with a grin on *his* face...

The students ran to HER

And she ushered them near  
She grabbed back her wand  
And she let them all hear:  
"Please tell all men  
That Peace is Good.  
That's all  
That need be understood."  
They looked quite uncertain, wondering all as they stood,  
Then they joined hand in hand, and restarted the mood.  
He HADN'T stopped Christmas from coming!  
IT CAME!  
Somehow or other, it came just the same!  
And Severus, with his smile wiped clean in a flash,  
Stood puzzling and puzzling as he stood in spruce ash.  
"It came without singing! It came without crackers!  
"It came without music or presents in wrappers!  
And he puzzled three hours, with his brow in a crease.  
Then Severus thought about HER discussion on *peace*!  
"Maybe Christmas," he thought, "*isn't* about gift increase."  
"Maybe Christmas . . . perhaps . . . means love will not cease!"  
And what happened *then* . . . ?  
Well . . . at Hogwarts they say  
That the love in his heart  
For HER grew there to stay!  
He undid his magic with a smile full of teeth,  
He grabbed HIS Hermione, with her smelling like heath  
And he spun her around until they both stood beneath. . .  
And he . . .  
. . . HE HIMSELF . . . !  
*Kissed Granger under the mistletoe wreath!*