

Snape's Profound Question

by cflower

What question is more important than the existence of blue apples?

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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This was inspired by Toffeeliz's prompt:

Color: blue

Keyword: apple

Pairing: ss/hg

Reviews are truly appreciated. I'm also thinking of continuing, but, for now, I wanted to make it able to stand alone.

Disclaimer: I do not own anything that J. K. Rowling has written.

~oOo~

Snape's Profound Question

Snape thought there was nothing like biting into a nice, juicy apple as he used one long, pale finger to wipe away a drop of apple juice from his chin. He loved every kind of apple: Macintosh, the tart green ones and Golden Delicious.

He smirked slowly, especially the Golden Delicious.

It was a sunny day at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Indeed. The sun was shining brightly, sharing the sky amiably with a few wisps of cloud. It seemed that for today, at least, the sun and clouds could share the sky in peace.

Snape sighed in contentment as he looked at the gleaming, half-eaten apple in his hand.

Apples reminded him of a perfect Earth.

They were round... like the Earth.

And they had layers... like the Earth.

But every good apple had a nice crunchy skin and a nice soft second layer.

It was perfect harmony, something that the Earth lacked.

Snape understood the inharmonious nature of Earth well. In his most wacked out moments (as he liked to define them), he would play around with apple metaphors, and reflect on why apples came in red, green, and yellow, but not blue.

Why not a blue apple?

That was the question that haunted his thoughts the most nowadays. Not the time the Dark Lord was going to call him for his services. Not when the next teacher meeting was. Not what was for dinner. And certainly not if he was going to make it out of life in one piece.

He found his question profound. As profound and as innate as those other fundamental questions:

What is the meaning of life?

(He took another bite out of his apple.)

What is happiness?

(And another.)

Why not a blue apple?

(And another... finished!)

Using his wand, flicking his wrist, Snape erased the eaten apple out of existence.

He glared at the amazingly large stack of student essays needing to be graded. Raising his eyebrow at the useless matter, he huffed in protest, and turned his head to the window to look outside.

For the life of him he couldn't understand why nature couldn't muster up enough energy to create blue apples. A nice dark, blue apple. Just like the color of his night table.

Yes, Severus Snape, the Potions master, who oozed Slytherin appeal (the amount of appeal he oozed was debatable) was a blue man. His favorite color was blue, thank-you-very-much, and he made sure that his one refuge, his room, was blue too. His night table was a dark shade of blue, while his walls (if you looked quickly) held a tint of blue. Even his plush carpeting was composed of not enough thin, blue strands to make anyone think the floor was truly blue, but enough to make anyone swear they saw something... blueish.

Was this abnormally weird? He didn't know. He figured it was only natural to be a bit fucked up from all the spying he had to do.

~oOo~

Snape scowled as he held his pristine, red apple at eye level. The paleness of his fingers made a striking contrast with the deep red of the fruit. It was lunch time in the Great Hall, and Snape couldn't help the occasional mutter that came forth from his lips.

He wanted a damn blue apple!

Dumbledore cautiously turned his head to stare at the young man seated next to him. He found it disturbing that someone normally so controlled was letting himself, in public, stare rather intensely at an apple.

Why not just eat it?

Dumbledore didn't understand Snape's plight of course. Afterall, he was a Gryffindor through and through and, therefore, loved the color red as much as he was supposed to love the color red... according to the House Guidebook.

Not coincidentally, Hermione Granger was also staring at Snape. But instead of looking to her right, she was looking up at the Head Table.

There was something oddly personal about Snape's intense concentration on his apple. He never gave her the chance to ponder his thoughts. He was always too quick to insult her, too able to embarrass her, too good at making her feel small. But in this perfect moment, she thought she perceived a man.

Who happened to either love or hate apples.

A small, affectionate smile graced the girl's lips.

The smile startled her though, and reflexively she put a hand to cover her mouth.

A sinking feeling made its way into her mind. She was curious about the man... and that was okay.

But she also wanted to understand the man... and that probably wasn't.

~oOo~