

Mirror, rorriM

by Doomspark

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Albus has come up with another one of his ideas again – the kind of idea that has the rest of the staff here exchanging the “has he gone mad this time?” looks. I catch Minerva’s attention and quirk an eyebrow at her. One of her shoulders moves ever so slightly in a shrug. No matter what we think of Albus’ ideas, we will do what he says. Eventually.

And that is extremely annoying.

A staff holiday party instead of the scheduled meeting. Please! We have worked together for years; we have no need of a forced gathering for merriment. What’s more, he’s bringing that mirror out of hiding again. He wants us to stand in front of it and tell everyone what we see. He thinks it will be fun.

For him, maybe. I’d rather dance attendance on Voldemort while under the influence of Veritaserum!

Then he beams at me, with that silly grin that means he knows he’s annoying me. “Severus,” he says, “could you bring the mirror up from the storeroom?” At least he has finally learned to stop offering me sticky sweet confections.

Pomona and Filius exchange a look behind Albus’ back. Trelawney puts on her sappiest smile and beams at me. I make a note to murder her later. But there’s naught for it. I rise, bare my teeth at the old meddler, and say, “Certainly, Albus.”

I know where it’s kept; we all do. Just my infernal luck that Filch had to be on holiday. Otherwise he’d go get the damned thing. I exit the staff room and head for the stairs. Up two flights, then over to the back corridor. At least there’s no three-headed dog there this time.

I open the trap door and use a dusty old chair to keep it from falling closed again. Then I cast a Wingardium Leviosa on myself and float down to the floor below. Pomona cleaned up the Devil’s Snare a year or so ago, as I recall. I stroll down the passage, perversely taking my time. The next room puzzles me for a moment. It looks like it should be simple enough to pick up the key off the floor and unlock the door.

Then I remember. Filius had charmed this key, and hundreds more, to fly around the room so that the only way to catch it was to use a broom. Played right into Potter’s strength, he did – though I’m pretty sure he hadn’t planned it that way. I shrug to myself and continue on, past the place where the troll waited, past the wreckage of the giant chessboard. Minerva really ought to come down and clean this up.

The next room is where I set up my puzzle. My beautiful logic puzzle, and my finely crafted potions. I stop here, and look around. The bottles are still there, though somewhat disarrayed now. I straighten them out. Two are, of course, empty. Since the Philosophers’ Stone was destroyed, none of us have bothered to maintain the safeguards here. Perhaps that is careless.

Finally I step into the last room. The mirror stands there, covered by an old sheet. I pick it up carefully and begin making my way back, though I’m severely tempted to

smash it against the walls. "Terribly sorry, Albus. Tight fit getting around one of those corners." But he'd never believe it. Back in "my" puzzle room I stop for a moment to rest. The mirror isn't precisely heavy, but it's awkward. Creating that puzzle was incredibly challenging and stimulating. I almost smile as I remember.

I lean against the table and regard the still-wrapped mirror thoughtfully. What would I see in it? What is my heart's desire?

I admit to myself that I haven't a clue.