

# To Be Right

*by juniperus*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Thammit, Thermione, I know I tode you aboud by addergy!" A very irate Severus Snape stood, fists clenched at his sides, towering over the half-cowering, half-sulking young woman sitting in his parlour.

"No, Severus," she began, sounding every bit the grammar-school teacher slowly and patiently explaining the importance of carrying the '1' to a forgetful child, "you told me you didn't *eat* pineapple. I recall no mention of an allergy or even *awon't*, so I decided you probably hadn't had it prepared well, and..."

"By bouth is swodden and covered wid *sores*, Thermione! I ab in *pain*! I ab absolutely *thertain* I described by addergy *berry* clearly, bud why would a bloody ducking *Gryffindor* listen when they already know more than addyone else!" he bellowed.

Hermione went red with rage as every memory of being called an 'insufferable know-it-all' replayed itself. "How. Dare. You. You horrible~~th~~*horrible*..." She stood up, shaking. "... *HORRIBLE* man! All the trouble I went to *just for you*, and..."

And before she could finish, Severus flung the plate of biscuits at her head and snarled, "Dupid child!" He then stalked off in search of potions to counteract the reaction and soothe the sores on his tongue left open and bleeding from their brief exchange.

Hermione stared after him. She opened her mouth to yell about the plate she barely managed to duck, now scattered on the floor around her, and--stopped. And sniffled. "Hermione, you fool," she whispered to the floor as she stared forlornly at her shoes, and the biscuits, and the shards of plate, "you're *done*. A whole year of trying to get close to him, to convince him that you aren't a pushy little girl anymore and you..." She dropped to her knees and began picking up the pieces the Muggle way as tears coursed down her cheeks. "You make the most self-centered, unthinking, childish blunder of your *life*."

She left the mess next to the now-cold pot of tea and wiped her face with the back of her hand. "He'll never see me as *awoman*, not now."

When Severus returned, mouth and self-control repaired, there was no young woman to offer an apology, only a pile of china and biscuits and a scrap of parchment that read, "*I'm sorry. You are right. Goodbye.*"

He sat with his head in his hands the rest of the afternoon.