

Gloomy Day

by karelia

Petunia Dursley discovers a bundle in front of her door.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine.

It was early in the day. Vernon had just left, and Petunia Dursley treasured the minutes she had to herself, the minutes before her precious Dudley would wake up and require her attention for the rest of the day.

She entered the kitchen and chuckled, seeing that Vernon hadn't brought the milk in. Her husband was so absorbed in his work from the moment he put on his tie—always the proper colour to match his shirt and suit—that most mornings, he didn't even see the bottles the milkman had left even earlier.

Petunia put the kettle on, threw a PG Tip in her china mug—only proper china would do—and went to retrieve the red-top milk from the doorstep. Gold-top was tastier, but she feared bad cholesterol levels. When she opened the door, a small cry escaped her.

"What on earth...?" No. It couldn't be! A creepy sensation washed over her. *No. Please, God, no. Don't let it be Lily's son!*

Milk forgotten, she picked up the bundle. She saw the letter the babe held tightly between his tiny fingers, but a movement from the house at the end of the cul-de-sac diverted her attention. A dark-haired man, dressed in a rather old-fashioned pin-stripe suit was heading out of the door of the Jones's house. *Oh, I bet Mrs Jones is having an affair; her husband is away on business, I know that for sure... What is another man doing at her house so early in the morning?* Her eyes widened as the man headed straight for number four.

"Tuney." He sneered as he'd always done. Age didn't seem to matter where sneering was concerned. His hair still fell into his face every time he moved, and it was as greasy as it'd been when she'd last seen him years ago.

"Sev'rus." She infused as much ice as she could in her voice.

"I don't care how you treat Potter's spawn, but if he dies under your care, you will have the entire wizarding world after you. Surely, you don't want that." He nodded at her and disappeared into thin air.

Petunia shuddered. As much as she wanted to throw the bundle down with all her might, she did not dare. Her future suddenly looked much gloomier. So many years ahead and forced to keep this thing—no, it didn't qualify as a human—alive. "How did I deserve such a fate?" It was barely a whisper.

A/N: Prompt issued by Hermione Weasley: Harry's first day at the Dursleys when they find him at the doorstep.

Dear Severus, please forgive me. It's Hermione_Weasley's fault.

[theslacker](#) did a piece of art, which was inspired by Gloomy Day. Well. She called it "doodle." I gasped when I saw it: [Pinstripe Snape the day after Lily dies](#). This artist clearly needs encouragement to post more of her *doodles*, don't you think? :)