## Seasons of Reasons

by Sevvy

Ever wondered what keeps us all coming back to this site time after time, whatever the season?...

## **One-shot**

Chapter 1 of 1

Ever wondered what keeps us all coming back to this site time after time, whatever the season?...

As the nights grow dark

And the days get shorter

We know we shouldn't

We're sure we didn't oughta...

But our fingers stray

And hit this site all the same -

Finding our favourite Potions master

Is our one and only aim.

Move over Sheriff of Nottingham,

Hans Gruber, Jamie and Alex Hughes.

Forget Colonel Brandon and Metatron,

It's Severus Snape we always choose!

For although JKR wrote the book

And thus decided on his fate,

We know otherwise

And keep our stories up-to-date...

Of his current escapades -

The snake that finally got him
With that fatal final bite
Bit off more than it could chew
But meant poor Sev gave up the fight.
Now he simply never fails;
He keeps us on our toes.
So just why did she kill him off?
It's only Jo alone who knows.
But at least it gives us chance here
To express our fantasies
And put in printed copy
Why we tremble at the knees
Each time we see our Prince
Appear upon the page -
Sometimes passionate and loving
But, more often, in a rage.
His dark and brooding nature;
The mysterious man in black
Seem out of a Gothic novel
And ensure we'll keep coming back.
He captivates our hearts -
So charming and enthralling.
He appears so hard and uncaring
But just who does he think he's fooling?!
We love everything about him;
From the dark to light beyond.
And we've heard he performs magic
With his legendary wand!
He definitely hits the spot
For us ladies one and all;
Through springtime and the summer
And right until the fall.
When end of year approaches
And it's time for mistletoe
We'll be stretching for a 'virtual' kiss
(He's six feet two, you know!)
'Cos this time of year is special
With it's tinsel and it's cheer.
So, merry Christmas everyone -
Here's to another S-E-V-E-R-U-S New Year!

His adventures far and wide; Either in total solitude

Or with love-interest by his side.

Our shining, dark and tragic hero

Never lived to tell his tale;

Instead he relied on the memories Passed on inside that vial.

A/N: I know, I know – it's way past Christmas and New Year! I apologise profusely for only just posting this poem, but I'm new to this site and I wrote this just befor Christmas (honest!) Still, I guess it's better late than never (or maybe not; you decide!) With all the snow we've been having here in the UK of late, it's actually mor Christmasy than ever, so please just use your imagination a bit!	re re