

The Remains of the Day

by veruslumen

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I have traveled quite some distance this evening. I am not as young as I once was, and I can feel now the strains of Apparation upon my weary body. The Dark Lord decided that, at the last minute, he would organize another one of his bloody congregations, and again I was responsible for caring for the victims of his monstrous leanings. I was once the whipping boy, as it were, but that sad task has fallen to young Draco Malfoy. He, the beautiful one, receives more than a little attention from the other Death Eaters. They treat him like a plaything, disregarding his more valuable traits. The boy is quick witted and creative. He would make a fine Death Eater if only they'd give him the opportunity. Again, I find myself rambling as if I were still one of them. These congregations are wearying. They are entirely too frequent of late.

And yet tonight, in the quiet of this room, I find that what really remains with me from this day's travel is not Voldemort and what I would call his cohorts, nor any of the other minor annoyances I have encountered, but rather that marvelous view encountered this morning of the rolling English countryside. I feel that I am becoming more and more like Albus with age. There are many troubles today and there will be yet more tomorrow, but like Albus, I have found that small moment of peace in the day to day. He has his assorted sweets, and I have my marvelous landscapes. For this, I am entirely grateful.

I enjoy reading during the small amount of time I have to myself. This night, I have just finished a book concerning the greater effects of pureblood dilution within the Muggle community. I do not wholeheartedly agree, but there are a few interesting facts within. Unfortunately, these facts are not at all in the interest of my true political affiliation, so I like to keep these opinions to myself.

I move cautiously between the objects in my room. My bed faces a couple of armchairs and the fireplace. Beside the fireplace on either side, I have made built-in bookcases. The room is quite small, but I have managed to fit some creature comforts within. To the right of my bed, I have arranged a small table to eat meals. I have added an extra chair to maintain balance. Beyond the table, there is one door and one archway. The door leads to the washroom, which is nearly one quarter the size of this room. My kitchen lies past the archway. I would like to expand it, as I enjoy cooking, but Albus has convinced me that it would be much too difficult, considering the school's crematory is blocking the way behind the kitchen wall. And to the left of my bed lie my nightstand, my dresser, my coat closet, and my door.

I sleep alone, as usual. My bed is cold as I enter it, and my joints protest. Slowly, none too comfortably, I lay my head upon the down pillow and close my eyes to sleep.

I've borrowed, 'And yet tonight, in the quiet of this room, I find that what really remains with me from this first day's travel is not Salisbury Cathedral, nor any of the other charming sights of this city, but rather that marvelous view encountered this morning of the rolling English countryside.' From Kazuo Ishiguro's book, *The Remains of the Day*, and I have altered it to suit my story.

Don't hate me if I've butchered your favorite story. I know there are a lot of avid fans of this book and movie. I just wanted to write it with Hermione and Snape because it

seems like fun.