

Petunia

by banshee_of_scotland

Father's Day . . .

Prequel to "Newspapers"

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Prequel to "Newspapers"

Note: This is the prequel to "Newspapers," a previous drabble of mine, so I would advise reading that first, but it can stand alone.

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Life, he thought, is really very funny.

Only in a life like his could one have more childhood enemies than friends, lose the only real friend he had, teach complete idiots for twenty years while working as a double agent for the two most powerful wizards in the world (and live), fall in love with and marry one of said idiots (though she was more of the insufferable know-it-all variety), father her child and give the child the pet-name of one of your childhood enemies.

Truth be told, Petunia Dursley, nee Evans, was not really an enemy. Severus, as a boy, had preferred to ignore the hopeless fool rather than pay her jealous griping any attention. She was nothing more than a gnat buzzing around the world he and Lily lived in, and such creatures were to be crushed or ignored. As he had assumed that Lily preferred her sister alive and well, he had to opt for the latter.

And now, his Emily (or Emma-Jean) was his Petunia, thanks to the first Father's Day present she had given him.

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They had eaten dinner on a little picnic table Hermione had set up for the occasion. Her parents, Allen and Donna, joined them, Donna watching her husband jump through hoops to keep Emily entertained. The pair disappeared for a couple of minutes as the adults continued their trivial after-dinner conversation about the Drs. Granger's dental practice.

Emily was the first of the pair to return, both hands behind her back and black eyes exhilarated with the thrill of the chase. Hermione scooped her up, tickling her tummy until the flowers she had been hiding behind her back fell out of her clumsy hands. Hermione looked at them curiously as Allen ran towards them, having been outstripped by his tiny granddaughter.

"I had my back turned a minute, and she was gone. Those little legs can run, though, that's for certain."

"Where did she get those flowers?" Hermione asked, putting her daughter down to gather them up.

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