

To be Late

by cflower

Of lateness, papers, and kindness...

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Drabble 100 x 4. This is my first multiple drabble! It was written for the Random Act of Kindness challenge at the GrangerSnape100. I hope you enjoy. Reviews are always appreciated.

Disclaimer: I do not own anything J.K. Rowling has written.

~oOo~

She ran and she walked.

She ran and she walked down the hall.

And she cast furtive glances at the classrooms she passed.

She couldn't be late. She just couldn't.

Gripping her cumbersome notebooks tighter with her left hand, she glanced at her watch.

She groaned. She was going to be late.

Her arms ached with having to carry so many papers.

And the movement of her body had messed up the papers.

Some sides were sticking out in odd places.

She looked down at them in anguish.

Some of the corners were folded.

Some of the corners were folded unevenly.

~oOo~

She ran and she walked.

She ran, and she walked, and she slipped.

She caught herself before she fell.

Her papers flew out of her grasp up into the air.

She stopped. Her heavy breathing filled the air with a rhythm.

She squinted up at the papers as they fell, slowly like feathers, back to earth.

Her face was warm and her eyes burned in frustration.

Her heart was pounding so uncomfortably.

She whimpered. She was going to be late.

And then she heard footsteps.

Calm ones... Walking ones.

And then there was a man. Oh, it was Professor Snape.

~oOo~

And her heart was pounding. She was going to be late.

She was going to be late, and he was going to yell at her.

He would look at her with anger.

He would cross his arms.

He would step heavily on her precious papers.

She had worked so hard.

The corners would be creased even more.

And now he was slowing down.

He looked down at the mess.

Her mess.

His feet maneuvered around the fallen papers that were filled with such diligent script.

One by one. He angled his feet.

Left and right.

Right and left.

Left. Left.

~oOo~

He stopped.

His eyes flickered to every still piece of paper.

Effortlessly, he bent his long legs and began to pick up the papers.

He gathered them. He stacked them. All neatly too. Smoothing out some of the corners.

She stared and felt warm.

Too warm.

And then he picked up the pile with his hands.

And he reached out to hand them to her.

He did this silently.

She stepped forward and took her papers from him.

And he turned around to continue on his way.

And she turned around to continue on her way.

And she was late.

~oOo~