

Torment Poems

by CantSpell

Snape's bullies have written him a poem.

A present from us to you.

Chapter 1 of 6

Snape's bullies have written him a poem.

A reviewer has said that this sounds like something Peeves would sing in the halls...If you read the second section, Snape/Lily stuff.

Ickle Ickle Snivillus!

Trying to fight his way free!

Ickle Ickle Snapey!

You can never beat me!

Poor Poor Sevy!

Fallen in love again!

Poor Poor Sneville!

Potter took his girl from him!

Now open your present Sev!

And there will you find a card:

From Your Loving Seventh Year Class

To A Stupid Tard.

And behind this note,

A beautiful bottle of Shampoo!

A wonderful present,

Just for you!

The Letter That Was Late

Chapter 2 of 6

Snape watches the sky for a letter that doesn't come.

He stared at the sky
Clouds cluttered the view
Hiding the sun from the world
Birds flew by
But none carrying his wish
Maybe his wish would never come
And he was doomed to live
At Spinner's End
But suddenly,
A glimmer of hope
As a large bird flies down from the heavens
Holding a letter
And...
It flies down the chimney of the next house
Along with any hope he has left
That night,
His mother cooks silently
His father sighs in relief
And Severus Snape cries himself to sleep.
When he awakes
Eyes throbbing,
He hears the yell of a man in pain
A yell that could mean great distress
A yell from a man who hates his son
And wishes nothing good for him.
This yell made Severus a very happy person.
He rushes down to the kitchen,
To find his mother crouched on the floor
Crying
And his father holding a piece of parchment.
His wish had finally come.

Cause and Effect

Chapter 3 of 6

Where does Snape's temper come from I wonder?

Wash your hair.

Why is your nose so greasy?

Why are you always reading?

Don't you ever talk?

You glare all the time.

Don't be such a git.

Don't you own anything that's not black?

Everyone hates you, you know.

You study too much.

How do you know so much about the Dark Arts?

I don't like you.

Sirius Black told me you're half Vampire.

James Potter wants to put pudding in your shoes.

Remus Lupin is so much smarter than you.

Peter Pettigrew could do a better spell than you could.

You remind me of a bat.

Well, I heard--

"Crucio!"

The first spell, Part I

Chapter 4 of 6

Snape finds joy in his first spell.

Alone in the back of the classroom,

He tapped his wand on the table.

"Ptero-mothi."

Professor McGonagall was not in any way lenient.

She insisted on perfection.

And he knew,

He would not be short of it.

"Ptero-moth!" he said as he bent,

Looking over the text one last time

Before he reached for his wand.

"Ladies and Gents

I bring you,

Severus Snape,

The Sorcerer Extraordinaire!"

he thought in his head.

"Ptero-moth!" he shouted.

And there it went.

His book flew up in the air.
And with a little pop,
It turned into a beautiful butterfly,
And flew far above his head.
And thus,
Severus Snape did his very first spell.
No tormenter in this one, but the second part of this will

First Love

Chapter 5 of 6

A poem based on a song by TheDarkness.

I can't get rid of you,
And I really don't know what to do.
I don't even know who is growing on whom.
Because everywhere I go you're there.
I can't get you out of my hair.
I can't pretend that I don't care.
It's just not fair...
I'm being punished for all my offences.
I want touch you.
But I'm afraid of the consequences.
I want to banish you from whence you came.
But somehow,
You're part of me now,
And I've only got myself to blame.
You're really growing on me,
Or am I growing on you?
You're really growing on me,
Or am I growing on you?
Any fool can see!
Here I am again,
Sleeping in an empty bed.
I just can't get you out of my head.
I won't have a life until you're dead.
Yes, you heard what I said.
I want to shake you off, but you just won't go.
And you're all over me, but I don't want anyone to know
That you're attached to me, that's how you've grown.
Won't you leave me alone, leave me alone.
You're really growing on me,
Or am I growing on you?
You're really growing on me,

Or am I growing on you?

Any fool can see!

First Love II

Chapter 6 of 6

Sev is in love with a special girl so he takes dancing lessons and writes.

Hey you!

Do you remember me?

I used to sit next to you at school.

We indulged in all the extra-curricular activities.

We weren't particularly cool.

Monday Charms,

Tuesday Transfiguration,

Dancing on a Friday night.

I got Chess Club on Wednesday,

Archery on Thursday,

Dancing on a Friday night.

Hey you!

Could you ever fall for me

The way I fell for you?

And do you dwell upon the thoughts that I occupy

Or do you give yourself things to do?

Monday History,

Tuesday Quidditch,

Dancing on a Friday night.

I got Runes on Wednesday,

Astronomy on Thursday,

Dancing on a Friday night.

With you, with you.

Monday, Tuesday,

Wednesday, Thursday,

Dancing on a Friday night.

Let the music smother me.

Whole weekend recovery.

Dancing on a Friday night.

See the lady I adore,

Dancing on the dancing floor.

Dancing on a Friday night.

Gods, the way she moves me

To write bad poetry.

Dancing on a Friday night.

With you.

