

# His Sanctuary

*by magalena*

Written for the 'outhouse challenge' at GrangerSnape/100. Severus and Hermione survey the former 'facilities' at Spinners' End.

## one

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I do not own HP, it all belongs to JKR. I make no money here.

AN: Many thanks to my beta juliannanight for all her help!

Severus stood at the porch rail, coffee in hand, surveying the back yard. His eyes rested on the outhouse in the far corner of the yard.

"A knut for your thoughts," she said, slipping her arm around his waist.

"We need to take that eye-sore down. No one will want to buy this place with an outhouse on the property."

She studied the ramshackle structure. It had seen better days, surely. Its unpainted gray boards weathered and worn, the entire thing listing slightly to the left. It looked as if a good, strong wind would take it down.

"I wasn't aware we'd settled on selling it yet," Hermione replied, looking up at him. When he didn't reply she asked, "Why have you never removed it before?"

"It's a reminder of my childhood. We didn't have indoor facilities until I was around seven or eight years old. Mum wanted it torn down then, but my da said he wanted it left, 'to remind us of humbler times'."

Draining the dregs of his coffee, he sighed, settling on the steps with Hermione beside him. "It was one of the few places I was afforded any privacy growing up."

"Hence the word privy, possibly?"

He smiled, but then his expression saddened. "Seriously, though, I would hide there when neighborhood bullies were on the prowl, or if I needed a place to cry where no one would see me. I snuck out there when the shouting started or on the nights he would come home drunk and hit her. I'd stay there until it got quiet then I'd slip up to my room." Severus closed his eyes and sighed again, "I felt like such a coward."

"Oh, Severus." She wanted to cry for that long ago child.

"You weren't a coward, darling. You were just a little boy, there was nothing you could do to stop a big bully of a man."

"I know that now, but back then it felt like I should have done something."

"Your mother was probably relieved you had somewhere to hide out, somewhere safe so she didn't have to worry about you getting hurt in the thick of it all."

Looking across the yard she now saw the outhouse in a new light. "I don't want you to tear it down, Severus, we should keep it there."

He looked at her, puzzled. "Why would you want to keep that ugly old thing?"

"Because it's a tribute to that little boy, a hide-out when he needed it. A safe house, somewhere he could go where no one would hurt him. His sanctuary."

Severus stood up, pulling Hermione close to him, holding her tightly in his arms. Only his Hermione would bestow such a lofty title on an outhouse. "I don't need to keep it anymore, my dear. I've no need of hide-outs or safe houses. You are all I'll ever need, you are my sanctuary."

~fin~