

Happiness

by BrenaMarie

A look at the evolution of the relationship between Severus & Hermione through journals and a scrapbook. This is a songfic using the lyrics of "Happiness" by The Fray.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They belong to JKR, that's why she's got all the money.

Also: Special thanks go out to Isaac Slade of the band The Fray. Mr. Slade wrote and sang the wonderful song "Happiness" which is used throughout this story.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zgKslXz30U0> Please Listen to "Happiness" by The Fray.

I don't think it ever truly occurred to me, the actual depth of my parents' relationship. I always had the feeling that they did love one another and cared deeply for each other. Never did I realize how far that love actually went, where it all started, or how much it had grown since the beginning. It wasn't until I was cleaning out the attic of my childhood home and came across a few journals of my father's and a scrap book my mother had obviously been keeping that this epiphany had occurred. While sitting up in the cramped, dusty attic, I came to learn the true meaning of the word happiness.

From the Journals of

Severus Tobias Snape, Headmaster

Happiness was just outside my window

I thought it'd crash Blowing 80-miles an hour

Happiness is little more like knocking

On your door And you just let it in?

27 Jun 2003

Tonight was yet another night of what the Ministry loves to refer to as a "Freedom Celebration," or in other words, a way for them to spend hard-earned Galleons throwing yet another ball because the Dark Lord is dead. The man has been dead for five, long years. Why are we still celebrating? I'm not celebrating. Granted, I'm relieved that I no longer have to answer to two masters, but at the same time, I feel that all these balls are just excessive. After the golden trio was introduced to the gawking crowd, I had

had enough. It is pure insanity, the way the public still rushes to them, camera, quill, and note-pad in hand, hoping for the next greatest newsworthy nugget to come from one of the three of them. Who will get married or have a child next? It's an ungodly swarm that I just cannot fathom. Just as Hermione Granger was about to answer some inane question from a Quibbler reporter, I left. Blasted Ministry functions give me an unbearable headache. I escaped to the quiet sanity of my office. I think I might have only had enough time to swallow a vial of headache potion and settle myself behind my desk before I was rudely interrupted by a knock at my door. I know I could have spelled it open, or I could have just called out my classic "ENTER" bellow. I didn't do either.

At the time, it seemed more appropriate to get up, wrench the door open, scowl at the person on the other side, and say "What?" So, that's what I did, or at least tried to do. I got as far as opening the door and scowling, but the words died in my throat when I realized that the person occupying my office doorstep was none other than Hermione Granger.

"Shouldn't you still be accommodating your adoring fans, Miss Granger?"

"I don't believe I have any fans, sir. Nor should I be accommodating anyone at present but myself."

"Then what, pray tell, brings you to my doorstep?"

"Sir, I was wondering... well, what I'm trying to say is... I mean, I'd like to know..."

"Granger, if you don't come out with it this second, I will slam this door in your face!"

"Sir, I was wondering if there would be any possibility that you might be interested in taking me on as an apprentice."

"Excuse me?"

"Please don't make me repeat myself, sir."

"I think you just asked me to apprentice you."

"That is correct, sir."

"I don't teach anymore. I am the Headmaster."

"I realize this, sir, but I need practical application of certain techniques in order to attend university. This would require direct supervision from a master in my chosen field of study and his recommendation."

"You're serious."

"Yes."

"I have no idea why I'm even considering this insanity. Merlin help me. Why don't you come in and sit down, and we can discuss this further..."

Happiness feels a lot like sorrow

Let it be, you can't make it come or go

But you are gone, not for good but for now

Gone for now, feels a lot like gone for good

14 Aug 2008

I don't know how or when my bushy-haired apprentice became something more to me than a constant annoyance. The truth is that she has, and now that I've come to this realization, she's leaving. Sadly, I've taught her all that I can and supervised all that she's needed me to. I've written the letters to her new professors, and I've signed all the necessary documentation, and she's going to leave me. I'm trying to decide whether or not I even have a chance with her or if I should make a fool of myself right before she's scheduled to go. I'm guessing now would be the best time, so that if she doesn't feel the same, she won't have to look at me every day...

"You've come to see me off then, Severus?"

"Yes, well, it has actually been somewhat of a pleasure teaching you these past few years."

"Few? You mean five."

"Yes, it has been five years."

"Severus, what is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You look like you want to say something, and it actually appears to be causing you some type of pain."

"There is a significant purpose to my coming down here. I needed to tell you something before you disappeared..."

"I'm all ears."

"You've become very special to me, Hermione. I don't want to get in the way of your studies or try and hold you back in any way. I just wanted you to know that if you had any interest in a deeper relationship with me, you know where to find me when you're done at university."

"Severus, you have no idea how much I care about you. I'll just be gone for a little while. I promise I'll be back."

Happiness is a firecracker sitting on my headboard

Happiness was never mine to hold

Careful child, light the fuse and get away

'Cause happiness throws a shower of sparks

15 Mar 2009

I've been trying desperately to keep myself busy since she left. I've attempted to catch up on books I've wanted to read or music I've be interested in listening to. It's so difficult though, because I miss my friend, my companion. I want to share these things I'm doing with her, to talk to her about everything and anything.

I keep a picture of her on my desk. She's forever smiling and waving at me. For five years she was right there for me to reach out and hold, but I was too afraid. Afraid of what she would say or what people would think. Of course, I had to wait until the last moment possible to tell her how I felt for her. I started something with her and then ran back to the safety of the castle. Even though I received the response I was looking for, it was just too much. Seeing her smile at me that way and hearing her promise to return to me...

Happiness damn near destroys you

Breaks your faith to pieces on the floor

So you tell yourself, that's enough for now

Happiness has a violent roar

23 Oct 2009

Damn it all to hell. How long did she say it would take her to finish those classes? I don't remember it taking me this long to get my degree. Maybe she isn't coming back at all. She more than likely found some good-looking, young bloke to spend her days with now. I was just fooling myself. Maybe she's just busy, and she'll write soon. I need to stop second-guessing her feelings for me this way. It's just way too frustrating waiting like this. It feels like I'm waiting for my life to begin. For goodness sake, Hermione, pick up a quill already...

Happiness is like the old man told me

Look for it, but you'll never find it all

But let it go, live your life and leave it

24 Dec 2009

Christmas Eve. Another lonely holiday is quickly approaching. As I sit here sipping my Firewhisky, I wonder where my lost love is? I wonder if she misses me at all? Considering the severe lack of communication I've had from her, I doubt I've even crossed her mind. "And what do I have to be happy about this Christmas?" I asked the past headmasters and headmistresses that were present in their paintings tonight. Of course, the only one to give me a straight answer was Albus.

"Why must you look for your happiness, my boy?"

"What are you nattering on about, Albus?"

"Can't you see the difference in your day-to-day life now that she's been a part of it?"

"I sit in this office, or I sit in the Great Hall. What is so fabulous about my life?"

"You've taken a greater interest in the students, in this whole school. You're alive now, which is a very large difference from just living. Take solace in that, Severus. Know that Hermione has changed you, and she'll be a part of you no matter what. You'll see, my boy, one day you'll see what I mean."

Then one day, you wake up and she'll be home

14 Feb 2010

Oh, how do I hate Valentine's Day! This has got to be the most God-forsaken holiday of the entire year. I dread dealing with the antics of love-sick, hormone-driven teenagers today. I wish I could just sit here in bed all day. I would love to just scrap the whole day. Oh, bloody hell! Who could be knocking this early? The castle better be on fire for this type of disturbance at this hour...

"I'll be right there!"

Quickly, Severus threw his robe on and ran out to his office from his quarters. "I swear, this better be important," he grumbled to himself while grasping hold of his office door handle and pulling with great force.

"I hope a visit from me would be considered important enough to be important..." Hermione Granger grinned at him.

"Hermione!" Severus exclaimed and threw his arms around his lost love.

"Severus, I've missed you so much. I'm sorry I didn't write more. It's just I was doubling up on classes so I could get done faster so I could get back to you, and here I am. I'm done with school, I'm home."

"Thank the Gods."

I think mum always knew that dad was the one for her. The only reason I say this is after skimming through her scrapbook there are newspaper articles about them as a couple going as far back as when they were simply dating. From headlines and photos, I witnessed the evolution of the relationship between my parents.

She'll Be

Snake & Granger Seen Together in Diagon Alley!

She'll Be

War Heroes Found Sharing Passionate Kiss!

She'll Be Home

SnakeGranger Wed At Hogwarts!

She'll Be Home

Hermione (Granger) Snape Gives Husband First Child!

She'll Be Home

War Heroes Buy Property In Hogsmede

She'll Be Home

It's Number Two For The Snapes, It's Another Girl!

She Will Be Home

Hogwarts Welcomes A Class of War Hero Children. Potters, Weasleys & Snapes!

She Will Be Home

Order Of The Phoenix Reunion Showcases Next Generation!

She'll Be Home

Headmaster Snape Retires In Favor Of Family Life

She'll Be Home

Fifty Years Later: War Heroes Talk About Life, Love & Grandchildren!

She'll Be...

A/N: Major hugs and love to debjunk for the beta work, and her continuing patience with me and my lack of commas.

This story was originally written as a gift to ladyinthecloak.

Hufflepuffs need love too, please review!