

Broken Drawer Memories

by MomoDesu

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Bloody fucking hell!"

Severus looked down at his ruined jacket. Yet another jacket ruined by that pesky broken drawer handle. Yet another coat he would have to take to Gladrags to be repaired because he had never been very good at household spells. One look at his home would be a testament to that.

He pointed his wand at the offending handle. *"Reparo."*

The handle jiggled a bit before falling back into place.

He pointed at it again and narrowed his eyes. *"Reparo!"* he cried, with much more conviction.

Again, the handle jiggled a bit before settling back into place, still broken.

He let out a string of curses that would have been enough to make even the most hardened sailor blush and kicked the cabinet door. "Bloody fucking Muggle construction never being easily repaired..." He shot a few more spells at the offending drawer, leaving the handle to jiggle in response. "Stop mocking me!"

The night the handle had been broken remained clearly in his mind. He and Lucius Malfoy had returned to his home after a long night of drinking. Lucius had tripped over the long and extravagant robes that he thought were stylish, and he had landed face-first against the drawer. It had taken Severus ten minutes to stop laughing long enough to check on his long-time friend, who had passed out on the floor in a puddle of blood. He had acted as quickly as he could in his drunken state and had seen to the blond's injuries. The next morning, when Lucius had woken up with a broken nose and two missing teeth, Severus had lied about the two of them getting into a fight with a local prostitute, a fight which Lucius quite obviously lost.

The reaction from the older man had been priceless. In a flurry of robes, he had left to St. Mungo's, but not before making Severus take a wand oath to never speak of the incident to anyone.

Severus eyed the handle once more. On second thought, the handle could stay broken. There weren't many things around Spinner's End that stirred good memories; repairing the handle would take one more good memory away. And if anyone asked, he would simply tell them that he didn't have time for such foolish wand waving.

A/N: Saturday drabble written for ApollinaV's prompt: One of the newest pics from HBP includes a look at the kitchen of Spinner's End. One of the drawer handles on the dingy yellow cabinets is falling off. Please tell me about the drawer. And why has it not been Repario'd?

First thing I've written in a month of Sundays. Hope it's not too bad!

Many thanks to Lyn_F for betaing this for me!