

Ducky

by sunny33

Severus Snape finds a rubber duck on his desk.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Severus Snape finds a rubber duck on his desk.

Disclaimer: The characters you recognise are not mine, and I don't want the duck. Any offers?

It looked like a rubber duck.

It smelled like a rubber duck.

It felt like a rubber duck.

But was it merely a Muggle toy? And what was it doing, sitting there complacently on his desk?

The professor circled the desk warily, eyeing the duck as if it would leap up and burst into a round of hearty, Muggle nursery songs.

Not in my classroom, Duck.

The third-year students filed in, casting curious glances at the little, yellow duck and their distracted Potions master. No-one dared ask *why* he had a toy on his desk, or indeed, why he was glaring at the inoffensive item in such a suspicious manner.

He just was.

And what Snape did was Snape's business. However peculiar.

They wisely consulted the blackboard and obtained their ingredients in silence, Snape barely reacting to their presence. It was weird not having him stalking around the room instilling fear into their hearts. Instead, he was stalking around and around his desk, muttering under his breath.

Where did you come from, Duck? Who dared breach the wards on this room to taunt me with your presence? Are you a message? A gift? A threat?

As soon as the children left, Snape passed his wand over the duck several times, searching for any hint of dark magic or ill intent.

Nothing.

To all intents and purposes, it was a rubber duck. A simple, Muggle toy. Totally bereft of magic, it sat there, tormenting him with its benevolence.

Fucking Dumbledore.

The slam of the door echoed through the dungeons.

So, not Dumbledore. You, Duck, are a mystery, and I despise mysteries.

The afternoon and the fifth-years loomed ahead, with the puzzle of The Duck still occupying the majority of Snape's thoughts. Perhaps Potter and his sidekicks were behind this? It was the sort of puerile prank they would devise. But how did they get into the room? A stupid, rubber duck. Bloody ridiculous.

He swept into the room, took the duck in hand, and threw it into the rubbish bin.

There, Duck. I'm finished with you.

Class proceeded as usual, Granger waving her hand incessantly and parroting the text-book, Potter and Malfoy exchanging hostilities, and Longbottom nearly poisoning the entire class during his attempt to produce the required potion. It was quite peaceful, really.

Returning to his desk with the students' potion samples, Snape stopped dead at the sight before him. There, sitting innocuously on the desk, was the duck.

Potter! It has to be! Back into the bin you go, Duck. No Gryffindors to save you now.

Satisfied, Snape set off for dinner in the Great Hall, contemplating how he would prove Potter's guilt.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the castle, soft lips curled into a vengeful smile as another spell was cast.

Two helpings of dessert did little to alleviate the monotony of the conversation at dinner. The upcoming Quidditch match between Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff and the disturbing attempts by Dolores Umbridge to engage him in conversation finally breached the limit of his tolerance, and, with a terse 'Good evening,' he retreated to his quarters.

What the fuck!

Staring at him sightlessly from his favourite side table was the rubber duck, as yellow and inoffensive as always.

Well, well, Duck. It appears you will not be content until you have achieved your purpose. Well, you can just sit there and contemplate your little, orange beak, because I am taking a bath, and you are not invited.

The fragrant steam filled the bathroom with clouds of soothing chamomile, bergamot, and lavender as the large tub filled with perfectly heated water. As Snape turned, naked, to enter his bath, he hissed in alarm. The rubber duck was floating in the water, as if awaiting his company.

Jerking the door open, Snape checked the side table.

No rubber duck.

He strode, still nude, through his office and into the Potions classroom to inspect the rubbish bin.

Still no duck.

Back in the bathroom, the yellow toy floated in the hot water, painted eyes fixed on the porcelain side of the tub. Snape tossed it into the corner and claimed his bath, watching the offending toy as he soaped his body and made plans.

Plans that involved a small, rubber plaything.

Dried and dressed, the professor picked up the duck and carried it through to the sitting room. With a flick of his wand, the fire was burning bright, casting an odd, orange glow over the rubber surface of the duck.

Time to say goodbye, Duck. I can't say it has been pleasant knowing you.

Two words and the duck was Transfigured into a cardboard box. One more and it was cast into the now roaring fire. Snape watched as the box charred and then burned, collapsing into a pile of ashes, which he then *Evanescio'ed* with a flourish.

No more fucking Duck.

Several piles of suitably derided essays were stacked neatly on one side of the desk. An empty glass and half a bottle of Ogden's finest were abandoned on the side table. The fire in the hearth had burned low, and the candles had been extinguished. Snape was ready to retire for the night, all thoughts of the mysterious rubber duck cast aside.

Until he entered the bedroom and saw what was sitting on his pillow.

One small, yellow rubber duck. Mocking him.

Gods-be-damned, cursed, fucking Duck! Who is doing this to me? Do they seek to drive me insane? Well, I refuse to be intimidated. Duck, you can watch me all you like. I'm going to sleep!

As Snape drifted off into restful, duck-free dreams, the curly-haired Gryffindor closed the cover of *Undetectable Spells for Scorned Witches* and carefully hid it under her mattress. Soon, her carefully wrought plans over the past year would come to fruition. Snape would learn that making disparaging comments about a student's teeth was *not* acceptable.

Down in the dungeons, two red eyes glowed in the dark, and a single, sinister sound was heard.

"Quack!"

The End – Or is it?

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble – Severus finds a rubber duck sitting on his desk. Who put it there and why? Prompt from luvsev, who also betaed. Any resemblance to a certain movie doll is purely intentional.

I counted exactly 1000 words in the story itself. I like round numbers!

P.S. If this story is a little dark, blame Droxy.