

Strange

by *luvsev*

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A strange, clattering sound filled the tiny flat, causing Hermione to toss and turn in her four poster bed. The more she moved about, the louder the sound seemed to become. Finally, irritated and past the point of being able to sleep, she rose, wrapping the crisp, blue sheet around her body.

She shuffled into the living room and saw numerous opened boxes stacked upon each other in piles across the room. Walking further in, she searched for Severus.

When she found him behind a particularly large tower of boxes, she asked, 'Severus, what is all of this mess, and where in the name of Hades is that noise coming from?'

He stopped tinkering with what looked to be an engine and a small pile of tiny, metal parts, to glare at her. 'You can't tell what they are?' He pointed to the machines lined up in neat rows.

'I know what they are, Severus: they're Hoovers. What I can't figure out is why you have one hundred of them. And why in hell are you taking them apart at dawn?' She sat down beside him, wrinkling her nose at the mess on her floor.

'If you must know, there are only seventy-seven Hoovers,' he said, picking up a screwdriver.

'Doesn't matter how many there are. What are you going to do with so many—sell them?'

'I would think it obvious, Hermione. I am taking them apart and making them quieter. Whoever invented these contraptions must have loved noise. I, however, detest it. I will not stand to listen to these blasted things for one more week. Since you insist on using them, I am going to make sure they no longer interrupt my sleep, woman.'

Hermione rolled her eyes. 'That's right, blame it on me. Still, why so many?'

'Say I break, oh, fifty of them, I still have some to perfect.' He put the last circular metal part on the engine and recapped it, inserting the final screw. 'Now, let's give this a try.' He flicked the switch on the side, and the vacuum began with a low purr.

Hermione's eyes widened and her mouth fell open. 'You actually did it? What—?'

Severus shook his head and began to vacuum a test carpet with crisp crumbs and dirt he had set to the side. As the mess disappeared, he smirked. 'I always accomplish what I set out to do. Now, I believe it's time I contact the company to point out the obvious flaws in their craftsmanship.'

Hermione bit her lip, suppressing a chuckle. *Just when I think I have him figured out, he changes. Typical.*

