Teaching the Order

by Stefdarlin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape sat at the desk in his classroom, waiting. He had already given his yearly speech containing promises to "bottle fame and brew glory" for his first years. Now, he looked over the roster for his fifth-year class. Sighing dejectedly, he remembered the Headmaster had thought it would be a good idea to assemble a double class of Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs. Yet, as Severus glanced over his list, his eyes widened a bit. *This cannot be! How!?* His brows drew together.

Someone had tampered with his register and he would find out whom. This was NOT funny! Raising his wand, he cast a revealing charm on the tome but nothing happened. *Very peculiar.*

Flicking his wand once more, he glared at the list before him as if his searing gaze alone could convince the schedule to right itself, but still, nothing happened. Clenching his jaw, he slammed the book shut. The class was about to arrive, and there was no time to procure a new sheet. He would simply have to have them introduce themselves and Charm a quill to create an accurate list.

His lips quirked and he crossed his arms; someone thought they would get the best of him by switching his roster. *It won't matter in the least.*

Whipping his arm up, the classroom door swung open. Shuffling feet, scraping chairs, and coughs marked the air as the students filed in and sat down. Smirking, Severus looked up, only to have his mirth quickly chased away. His mouth fell open as he realized his roster had been correct.

What the devil...bloody hell!? Scowling again, he closed his eyes in frustration as a pink-headed girl tripped over a table leg, falling face first to the floor. Quickly hopping up, she blushed profusely and sat down. Hair flaming red, she swiftly spun around to glare at a fair-haired boy with a spinning, misshapen eye who muttered something about gracefulness.

To Severus' right, a whisper with a Scottish lilt drew his attention. His brows rose when his gaze landed on a fifteen-year-old Minerva McGonagall as she whispered in an auburn-headed boy's ear. He started when he saw her tongue slip out quickly to caress the young man's ear lobe.

"Miss McGonagall! You will restrain your primal urges when you are in this classroom! That will be fifty points from your house." Severus looked at the pair sternly, twitching suddenly when he realized who the young man was. The twinkling blue eyes, the auburn hair...*How*...? "I believe I need to tell you, Headmaster, that this is not amusing at all." He glared at the boy who sat hip to hip with the startlingly young Minerva.

Realizing the Potions master was talking to him through the distraction of his girlfriend, the teenager looked up at him quizzically. "Sir? What do you mean?"

"I mean, this ruse you have conjured is not humorous, Mister Dumbledore. I find it very irresponsible of you to waste a valued professor's time with pranks especially when it is the first day of the school year. This is not the way to ensure a productive year, and it will result in your house losing not only points but, perhaps, the house cup as

well."

A very young Albus Dumbledore exchanged a worried look with the beautiful raven-haired girl next to him and looked up at the Potions master, confused. "But, sir, I have no idea what you are talking about."

Severus' lip curled. "Surely you cannot think to carry on with this pitiful charade!" Scrutinizing the class, his eyes narrowed. Maybe it wasn't just Albus. Maybe they were all in on it! Stunned, his gaze traveled from face to familiar face. How young they all looked! He frowned. Maybe they had used a Glamour Charm; one could certainly cast one and look years younger.

Taking out his wand, Severus pointed it at the calm-looking, young Albus. He thought he saw a flicker of worry as he pointed it at the lad, but his composure seemed undaunted. "Reveal your secrets," Severus uttered, a golden flash shooting from his wand, hitting the boy in the chest, and causing him to laugh.

"That tickles, Professor."

Nothing happened. No change came about; the boy's features remained the same. Scowling, Severus looked up when another boy piped up from the back of the room, "Hey, you aren't supposed to use magic on a student unless it involves instruction or medical care!"

Eyebrows rising, Severus' gaze landed on a black-haired boy eyeing him angrily but bravely. "I can assure you, Mister Black, that I am instructing. I instructed your friend, Mister Dumbledore here, to remove his Charm. As he did not concur, I intend to do it for him. If the source of this prank is not revealed, I give surety that medical spells will be the next thing I cast." Glowering, he scanned the room. Why did they think they could put one over on him? Didn't they realize this was wasting precious time? His time, to be precise!

They were all there, he noted. Alastor Moody sat at a table with Kingsley Shacklebolt. Severus had never known he possessed so much hair at one time in his life. Nymphadora Tonks with her now blue morphing hair and nose was at the next table. Beside her, Remus Lupin slouched, looking a bit pale, but infatuated with the girl, nonetheless. Behind them sat Dedalus Diggle and Mundungus Fletcher, their heads together as Fletcher tried to sell Diggle a green Remembrall. Severus heard him tell Dedalus it was a new color, but he knew it turned green when it had been stolen and was not in the hands of the true owner.

At the back of the room, Sirius Black sat next to Emmeline Vance. Severus sneered as the girl in the emerald shawl looked at Black with cow eyes while Sirius still glared at the Potions master. Across from Emmeline, he saw Molly Weasley no, Prewett and Arthur Weasley. Their lips were swollen, their faces flushed, and Molly, unmistakably, had leaves in her hair. Her eyes never trailed away from Arthur, but he stared ahead innocently. Snape rolled his eyes.

Shifting, Severus' eyes widened when they landed on Hagrid, looking incredibly young, but still as big. Raising his hand, Severus pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. This was the class from hell. Sucking in his breath, his mind traveled to another thought which caused him to pale a bit. What if this was a spell or trial created by the Dark Lord? No, he relaxed when he remembered the Dark Lord did not know all the members of the Order of the Phoenix.

Suddenly, there was a bright flash, and Severus ducked to avoid being burned alive as a flaming phoenix flew directly at him. Rising, he looked instinctively at Albus, who innocuously gazed at the ceiling. When their glances finally met, Dumbledore's brows rose into his hairline, and he nonchalantly jabbed a finger toward Minerva.

"Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore! How dare you do something to show off your talent to me then blame it on me when you get into trouble?" Furiously, she whipped out her wand, Transfiguring him instantly into a toad. This started off a tirade of happenings in its wake, much to the dismay of the Potions professor.

Laughter filled the air. "Always have to remind him... never remembers... bloody constant vigilance," Moody muttered, then added more loudly, "Minerva, turn him back!"

"I will when I am good and ready. And not until I think he has been punished enough," she snapped, turning up her nose at the grumbling boy and crossing her arms. "He's lucky I didn't turn the tables on him!"

Jumping out of their seats, Sirius and Remus began a mock duel while Dedalus shouted at Fletcher for selling him a faulty Remembrall. Moody started haranguing Minerva, threatening to demonstrate the Unforgivable Curses for her, and Hagrid began to wail over it all. Never had there been such discord in Snape's class before, but he had never had a class like this in the past.

"Silence!" Severus shouted. "Miss McGonagall, you will return Mister Dumbledore to his original state this instant. I believe that will be another fifty points from your house," he informed, "and... it will be another fifty if you give me any cheek." The green-eyed witch pursed her lips, but turned Albus back into himself, albeit, on the floor, sitting in a froglike position. Blushing profusely, he hopped up and returned to his chair.

Turning to the dueling duo, who had ceased at his scolding, Severus cast a glare at them. Quickly, they returned to their seats, Sirius glowering back, and Remus trying to melt into his chair. Meanwhile, Moody had started giving Minerva examples of the Unforgivable Curses with a cockroach he had found under the table. He had enlarged the horrible bug and was making it tap dance on the table in front of her.

Shrieking, Minerva drew her wand to eliminate the threat. Pivoting around, Severus yelled, "Stop!" All eyes flew to him as he paused and took a steadying breath. Closing his eyes briefly, he thought, *Am I in hell?* It was the only solution he could come up with for this horrid affair of a class. Time seemed to crawl; had it really only been five minutes?

Clenching his hands, Snape seethed, "Mister Moody, that will be detention, with me tonight, after dinner. Put your wand away. There will be no silly wand waving in this classroom!" At that moment, Moody's cockroach flew in front of him, and Severus was hit with the Imperius Curse. Jerking ramrod straight, Severus felt like he was floating then falling descending into a sea of nothingness.

Jolting from his slumber, Severus dragged his eyes open, moaning when his head swam with blinding pain. Slowly, his eyes focused and he realized he was in his quarters in his bed but he was not alone. Feeling warmth against him, his eyes snapped open.

In the stillness and beginning of morning light, he heard the unmistakable sound of snoring. Rolling over, he gazed into the sleeping face of Rolanda Hooch, and while this was unusual, it didn't bother him. It was the faces of the other two people in the bed with them that alarmed him...that and the fact that after several tankards of Minerva's Scottish Firewhiskey-spiked eggnog, he couldn't quite remember much.

Hauling a hand over his face, his thoughts shouted at him, *I am NEVER indulging in her eggnog again. EVER!* Suddenly, his stomach lurched. Jumping from the bed, he startled the occupants and jostled them into wakefulness as he bolted to the bathroom, slamming the door.

Rolling and stretching, Rolanda felt a slight twinge of pain in her head, but smiled when her gaze fell on the other inhabitants of Severus' bed. "Morning, you sleepyheads. I wonder what is wrong with Severus?" She smirked.

Minerva beamed. "He's probably mortified that he has no clothes and doesn't realize that we do. I can just imagine what he thought when he saw Albus and me." She chuckled.

"Yes, well, thank you for helping me get him to his room last night. He was in a right state. That was some Christmas party, and then him streaking through the halls like that because of my dare." Rolanda laughed out loud.

"But he'd have never stayed in bed if we hadn't kept him here. Transfiguring the bed was an excellent idea, Albus," Minerva remarked, gazing lovingly over at her husband. Heaving a hand up to his forehead, he smiled wistfully at her.

"Thank you, my dear. But don't you think we should tell Severus nothing happened between all of us last night? After all, he *is* the only one without clothes. If we don't tell him, he will think all sorts of awful things."

"We will... eventually." A slow, malevolent smile crept over Minerva's face. "I heard the nightmare he had last night. He took one hundred points from me personally for something you did, so I think I will let him stew for a while."

Startled, they watched the bathroom door when a muffled retch reached their ears. "Serves him right," mocked Minerva.

"The poor love," Rolanda crooned.

Shaking his head, Albus sighed. "Oh, dear."

Fin

Disclaimer: Don't own them, never did... just playing for a little while.

A/N: I am ever in the debt of one of my wonder betas, ladyinthecloak. Thank you for everything.