

Death By Oster

by Arachnae

Humor with a touch of the macabre. Voldie is dead so let the games begin!

One Down...

Chapter 1 of 1

Humor with a touch of the macabre. Voldie is dead so let the games begin!

Harry's seventh year had been briefly eventful and sadly anti-climactic. Voldemort had died rather quickly and without much fuss or to-do, much to Harry's disappointment, when a sword had been thrust into his heart from behind as The Golden Boy of Gryffindor had managed to sneak up on the Death Eaters' camp one night. It had been a fluke...sheer dumb luck as Professor McGonagall would put it. Now he was known to the Slytherins as The Boy Who Stabbed In The Back. He rolled his eyes at this thought. Now that Snape, he refused to call him Professor in his thoughts, had been vindicated, and Professor Dumbledore was back among the living (how did he DO that?)... Snape had given him detention for some infraction or another, and he was grounded to the castle as well. Harry shrugged. Some things never changed.

As it was, he was playing Hide and Seek (or was it Sneak?) with Ron, Hermione and a few others in the castle, and he had just found an unused area. Seems the castle was full of such places. Harry stopped a moment and considered. Hermione always found the best hiding places where apparently she would hide, read a book, and take a nap. Why else would she look so rumpled when she came back after the game and no one had found her? He shrugged and continued looking for the perfect hiding place. He brought a book on Quidditch just in case he found it. Like 'Mione always said..."You can't be too prepared!" Harry grinned as he found the 'Perfect Place.' It had a chair, a blanket, candles and a locked chest. How cozy! Waitaminute! A locked chest? Harry approached the chest, looked a minute and decided to try the one unlocking spell he could remember.

"Alohamora!" he barked out. The chest's lock obligingly opened. Harry grinned. That was easy! Now to see what lie within!

Inside was a lovely cloak of many colors. He admired the cloth a moment before checking the rest of the thing out. Of all things, it had a label on the collar! Oster? It sounded familiar but he couldn't quite think of where. Ah well...he'd figure that out later, right? On the collar were some buttons. Buttons? On a cloak? A particular look of confusion crossed his face before he shrugged away the questions and decided to try the cloak on. The cloak fit perfectly, and he hooked the clasp at the top, twirling in it a bit to get the feel of the cloak before again turning his attention back to the buttons on the collar. Hmmm..... Off, Chop, Whip, Purée and Liquefy. Must be offensive spells the wearer could have the cloak cast at his opponents. He wanted to try one. Which one though? Ah well...why not? He'd go for the strongest spell first. Liquefy! He pressed the appropriate button and soon knew no more....

Snape was always told when these little idiotic games were going to be held. They were infantile but gave him an excellent way to meet up with Hermione while it was going on. The only thing that infuriated him about the whole affair was the fact that she refused to marry him. She loved him. He knew she loved him. She said so. How could she not? He was good to her. Still, and yet, they had argued again... and over the other 2/3 of the Golden Trio! He ground his teeth in frustration. As long as they stood in the way, they would never marry and have all those adorable little Snapes with curly black hair, chocolate brown eyes and intelligence to baffle even that lemon-sucking old bat named Dumbledore! How did he manage to cheat death yet again? He stood puzzling a moment before continuing to look for his Hide and Sneak playing victims. They never did figure out where Hermione hid every time. He smirked at that thought. She was well-hidden all right, in his room under his blankets and under him. The evil grin that resulted from that thought sent every creature with any sense scuttling for cover in a 100-foot radius as he advanced.

His wandering finally lead him to a part of the castle where dangerous items were kept and forgotten. The room the stuff was kept in was well out of the way, but the lock

the items were behind was easily accessed by anyone with half a mind. He looked chagrined. Harry had half a mind, as did that redheaded weasel that was constantly sniffing after his Hermione. He would have to deal with him soon. He wasn't quite sure how just yet but was never short of ideas. He heard a short yelp of pain in the direction of the room the items were kept in. *SHIT!* he thought as he took off at a run. The scene that greeted his arrival almost made him lose his lunch. There was a blood-red pile of liquid goo bleeding blissfully from underneath a deceptively lovely looking cloak. A hand went to his mouth in shock and horror. Harry! It could only have been him. There was the Quidditch book Hermione had given him, his Impervio'd glasses and his Gryffindor Quidditch Captain pin. Snape's mind, though at first in shock, began to work at a feverish pace, and he smiled. He picked up the dripping cloak carefully with two fingers (Eeeeewww!) before drawing out his wand and casting a Scourgify spell on it. Potter down and one Weasley to go. Hermione and his dream of little Snapes would yet be his!

He unhooked the clasp and draped the cloak carefully over his arm as walked softly down the hall.

"Oh Mr. Weasley..." he called softly with deceptive mildness... grinning.