

Fingers of the Heart

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A short story about hands.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I have a theory that you can tell everything you ever needed to know about someone by his or her hands. Their personality, their hobbies, anything.

My fingers are nothing remarkable, just like myself. They have been permanently dyed black in some places from my ink, in my constant search for knowledge. They're pale, from lack of sunlight, and are often dry. I don't have time to put lotion on them. I don't have time to paint the nails. Sometimes I don't even have time to cut them, and they grow so long I hurt myself when I scratch at a bug bite or sore.

Professor Dumbledore's hands are old and wrinkled, but at the same time, they radiate power. You can see the sinews tucked underneath the stretched out skin. You gaze at the scars, left over from many duels, both in fun and in danger. You can stare at the pockmarks, the burns, the sores, the reminders that even someone as powerful as he can still feel pain, sense danger.

Harry's hands are young, his skin still soft with youth. The fronts of his hands are callused from the way he grips his broom, his wand, his quill. Dirt and grass are ingrained underneath his nails from Quidditch practice. The fingers are short, naive looking.

Ron's hands are long, and dark. The freckles stand out, showing him to be bold, yet as naive as Harry. He sometimes has a bit of foundation on them, from his trips down to the lake with Lavender. She hasn't mastered the art of Muggle make up yet, though after I brought her back some flavored lip gloss, she's tried.

Ginny has elegant fingers, fingers tipped in bright nail polish, fingers that have seen good, bad, and everything in between. They dance over the keyboard of her piano, they dance over her homework, they dance over Harry's skin. Her fingers *dance*.

The most elegant fingers, the most beautiful fingers, the most graceful fingers I have ever seen belong to Professor Severus Snape. The long, shapely fingers practically scream out about his Pureblood heritage, yet the burns from potions speak loudly of his work. They grade papers, they make potions, they glide over my skin as we make love. His fingers, so long, so elegant, so God damned graceful, they are the key to my soul. One day I'll have been driven insane, like my parents, whose hands smelt of antiseptics, like Mrs. Weasley, whose hands were usually covered in flour, like Ginny, whose fingers will probably never dance again. I'll have been driven insane, but not from a Death Eater, but by my love for Severus Snape and his long, elegant, beautiful, graceful fingers.