Black

by janus

Severus dons a Halloween costume that surprises everyone.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"You have to come. As Head of House, it is your responsibility to chaperone. You know that. And you must wear a costume. Come, Severus. What will you wear?"

Snape frowned and pinched his lips together.

"Tell me."

"I will give you a hint, if I must. Black."

Black. Severus always wore black. His greasy hair was black, his eyes were black. Did he own a garment in any other colour, except his old Slytherin scarf? Ah, but there were other Blacks. The dead Death Eater, the prisoner - both servants of his former master. He could picture the room emptying in panic at Severus' entrance as the Dementor-kissed husk, or in the mask and cloak that had sent terror into the children's parents' souls, so indelible it had perhaps been bred into the children. Dumbledore frowned. "Tell me."

"It is not something anyone would expect me to dare to wear."

Dumbledore monitored the situation in his own way, ready to step in.

The doors to the Great Hall swung open to the dance, and there at the head-table, an unexpected sight greeted the students.

Severus sat in his place, but instead of the fine wool, the silk, the linen, there was fur. True, it was bedraggled slick black fur, but it covered him completely. His frame was still lank and thin; his nose still jutted. His eyes were still black; his mouth had its small twitch of superiority and irony.

He was an underfed, long-limbed, baleful rabbit, with stringy ears laid back, almost flat. Within their protected inner surface and within his curled palms was vulnerable thin skin, pink with veins. The students recoiled.

Prompt from debjunk: Severus' Halloween costume is so surprising that no one recognizes him. What is he?