

A Message from Leaky

by Lariope

A letter, ill-thought out and accidentally delivered, acts as a catalyst between Professors Snape and Granger. Written by OpalJade and Lariope.

One

Chapter 1 of 4

A letter, ill-thought out and accidentally delivered, acts as a catalyst between Professors Snape and Granger. Written by OpalJade and Lariope.

A/N: This story is a collaboration between myself and OpalJade. We began it in our hotel room at Leaky Con in Boston this past May, and completed it for our dear friend Lulabelle72's birthday in September. We always argue over who the story "belongs" to--I say it's more hers, and she says it's more mine. But since I'm posting it, I get the last word: all the good stuff is hers.

Professor Snape,

I believe I have made clear on numerous occasions that I require cauldrons in my classroom on Tuesdays and Thursdays for afternoon lessons.

I haul the cauldrons myself, Snape, as you requested, so that the students will not, as you say, chip or bang them against the walls with their shoddy, careless charm work—no doubt, you would say, learned at my hand.

However.

I haul your bloody cauldrons up from the dungeons each Monday and Wednesday evening, finding invariably that they have been removed at some time during the night.

Who removes them, Snape? Last week you told me it must have been the house elves in that tone of voice you use that implies that you've no idea how I managed to graduate from Hogwarts, let alone teach here. But I will have you know that I personally contacted each and every Hogwarts house elf with the explicit instructions to leave those cauldrons be.

And yet.

And yet the cauldrons were missing again tonight, Snape. And perhaps it was within my rights to venture down into that dungeon of yours. And what do you think I saw?

I saw you, Severus. Standing over a pile—A PILE, Mr Don't Damage My Precious Cauldrons—of sixth-year, copper-bottomed, lead-lined cauldrons.

And so I have to ask myself, what could you possibly need with those cauldrons? What could be so important as to disrupt my Advanced Charms lesson? Perhaps there was some emergency requiring the use of all 36 cauldrons? Was there an outbreak of Dragon Pox that somehow escaped my attention? Was it, perhaps, that St Mungos suddenly requisitioned 36 Draughts of Dreamless Sleep? Or is it, Severus that you

cannot stay out of my classroom?

simply want my attention. Is that it, Snape? Would you like my complete, undivided attention?

cannot help but undermine me at each and every turn, no matter how hard I try to prove to you

No, I don't think so. I don't think that's it. I think you enjoy this, Severus—enjoy seeing me angry. Is that it? You enjoy it when I

continue to feel that I haven't earned my right to be here? Is your hoarding of the cauldrons just another in your long line of staff room temper tantrums?

Perhaps you should just cut to the chase, Severus, and dock me house points or loom over me like a great overgrown bat. Intimidation has always been more your style, yes? So why don't you come down in here those high-collared robes of yours and tell me exactly what I need to do to get those cauldrons.

Shall I beg you, Snape? Is that what you'd like? Or

When are you going to admit that this is all an embarrassingly Slytherin attempt to interact with me?

I see through you, Snape. It's facile, really, and I think you know as well as I do that

Just admit it. You like me.

You. Like. Me.

And that's ok. Because—here's the secret, Snape. I like you back.

But stop stealing my goddamn cauldrons.

Love,

Hermione

Charms Mistress

*This letter was discovered with two empty bottles of elf wine on the desk of Charms Mistress Hermione Granger by Leaky, her house elf. Leaky helpfully delivered the letter to Professor Snape, as it was clear that her mistress was in no condition to do so herself.

Two: Snape's Reply

Chapter 2 of 4

A letter, ill-thought out and accidentally delivered, acts as a catalyst between Professors Snape and Granger. Written by OpalJade and Lariope.

A/N: This story was written by OpalJade and me for Lulabelle72's birthday. Here is Snape's much anticipated reply.

Professor Granger,

It has come to my attention that you have *concerns* regarding our cauldron loan agreement.

I believe that you have overly dramatized the sequence of events that have led me to retrieve my cauldrons from your classroom for safety reasons. Had you waited until the agreed time to procure said cauldrons, you would have found them treated with spelloguard; a precaution which, given the nature of your students, seemed to be... required.

As for the rest of your letter, I can only conclude that your juvenile gibberish is a proof of your inability to write anything that takes up less than 40 cm of parchment.

However, in the name of collegiality, I am willing to re-negotiate the parameters of our agreement. Shall we meet in the staff room during our joint free period today?

A succinct, (and preferably not in the middle of the night) response would be appreciated.

SS

PS- I assure you that my feelings for you are far less benign than "like."

Three: Hermione's Rebuttal

Chapter 3 of 4

A letter, ill-thought out and accidentally delivered, acts as a catalyst between Professors Snape and Granger. Written by OpalJade and Lariope.

A/N: This story was written by OpalJade and me for Lulabelle72's birthday. As always, all the good stuff is OpalJade's.

Severus,

In deference to your sensitive eyes, I'll try to keep this brief.

I'm sure you realize that I never intended to trouble you with my previous missive. My sincerest apologies for waking you with my sentiments. Look, you arse. I wrote to tell you I'm *interested* in you, and you complain about the hour?

I must admit, I'm fascinated that you chose to ignore the crux of my letter. You bloody well know that our disagreements have nothing to do with cauldrons, spelloguard, house elf miscommunication or my student's magical abilities. I suppose your reply speaks for itself.

I will still meet with you during my free period today, but only because I'm curious about what you meant in your postscriptum: Your feelings for me are far less benign than 'like'?

How typical of you to hide your intentions behind double negatives.

H

PS- I assure you, I'm not looking for anything *benign*.

Four: The Leaky-Eye-View

Chapter 4 of 4

A letter, ill-thought out and accidentally delivered, acts as a catalyst between Professors Snape and Granger. Written by OpalJade and Lariope.

A/N: The last of our four part series. :) I hope you giggled as much as we did.

Leaky stood concealed in the doorway, her large ears twitching. Miss Professor Granger had been quite clear in her instructions that Leaky should hide herself and watch Miss Granger with Professor Snape to make a record of their meeting, in case Sir should try to break his agreement with Miss Professor again later.

Leaky raised her fist and lowered it, raised it and lowered it again. Should she punish herself for what she was seeing? Miss Professor Granger had said... but Leaky knew, didn't she, that house elves was not supposed to be watching the wizards and witches kiss. Hadn't her mother told her when she was just a little elf, "Leaky, it does not matter how much they calls you. If the family is making more family, you is staying out of it."

Were Sir and Miss her family? Leaky supposed they were. Hogwarts was her family, and these were Professors of Hogwarts. Were they making more family? Well, not yet, but even a house elf knew that when a wizard clutches a witch's robes in his fist as he is kissing her, and grinds his... well, family making could not be far away.

Decision made, Leaky scurried back to the kitchen, where she could surely find plenty of objects suitable for punishing herself, and breathed a sigh of relief that her cauldron moving days were over.