

# It's Good To Be The Prince

*by astopperindeath*

Dumbledore's obsession with Pong has gone too far...

## Chapter One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: None of these characters belong to me; I don't make any money, either.

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Snape walked into the sun-lit sitting room at Grimmauld Place, hoping to catch a few moments' peace. He found Dumbledore sitting in an ostentatious chintz chair, mesmerized by a television set, a joystick dangling from one hand.

"Have you seen this game, Severus? It's called Pong!"

Snape pinched the bridge of his nose, attempting to stave off the tension headache he knew was about to form. *Who the hell had the bright idea to give Dumbledore a video game?*

"Yes, Severus, Pong. Young Harry gave it to me for Christmas this year." Dumbledore fiddled with the joystick, which repeatedly stuck. Harry had gotten the Atari used after all.

"And what is the point of this game, sir?"

"To hit the ball back and forth! I've been doing it for hours! Boop! Boop! Boop!" Albus chanted.

Snape scowled at the Headmaster. While shiny objects and sweet candies often tempted the Headmaster, he usually was not this entranced by simple distractions.

And if the Headmaster didn't stop with his incessant "Booping," Snape was going to *Avada Kedavra* the television.

"Boop! Boop! Boop!"

Snape stalked out of the room. If there was electricity running the television and the game system, then there definitely was a fuse box somewhere in this decrepit, old house. He stomped down the stairs into the cellar and found the fuse box on the far wall. Opening it, he unscrewed the fuse marked "sitting room" and waited.

"Severus!" Dumbledore called from above.

Smirking to himself, Snape climbed back up the stairs. *It's good to be the Prince...*

"It's broken, Severus! You're half-Muggle! Fix it!"

Snape walked over to the television and made a grand production at looking at wires and pressing buttons.

"It's... permanently damaged, sir."

Dumbledore's face crumpled in sadness; he looked for all the world like a child who'd just lost the ice cream off their ice cream cone. Snape patted Dumbledore on the arm as he glided out of the room.

*Snape 1; Annoying Muggle Contraction: 0*

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AN: This story was written in response to the following prompt by debjunk: "Dumbledore has been cursed to be obsessed with playing video games. How does Severus figure it out and cure him?" Thank you, WriterMerrin and ladyinthecloak, for being so awesome tonight!