

# Cocos Nucifera

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**DISCLAIMER:** Would JKR *really* do something like this to Severus Snape? In any case, I don't own the character, the setting or the song I used as an excuse to do odd things to poor Severus again.

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Severus Snape sat on the soft seat of his favourite stuffed sofa. He was listening to music, which one might believe was quite uncharacteristic of him, because Everybody knows that dour, sour, glowering men like Severus Snape do not have any appreciation for anything as beautiful and refined as music.

No, not even industrial metal.

As they tend to be when making sweeping generalizations about things of which They know nothing, Everybody was wrong. Severus loved most genres of music, and It is to be suspected that if Everybody knew that Snape was listening to a compilation of humorous songs, Everybody would promptly collapse in a mass fainting spell. But he was listening to a compilation of humorous songs, and on this particular evening, Severus was updating his lesson plans when—as these things tend to happen—a song came on that made him drop what he was doing and reflect upon its deeply meaningful words.

*Down at an English fair, one evening I was there,*

*When I heard a showman shouting underneath the flair:*

Oh, yes! Who *hadn't* ever had an experience like that? Well, come to think of it, he was sure that there were some people who hadn't—for example, he could hardly place Lucius Malfoy at one of those things, and he had a sneaking suspicion that if Bellatrix Lestrange had ever been at one, she'd have tortured everyone there on a matter of principle. But these evocative words brought Severus' mind to a shiny, happy place where he was (perish the thought) *happy*.

*I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts,*

*There they are all standing in a row!*

*Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head!*

*Give them a twist, a flick of the wrist,*

*That's what the showman said!*

Severus could certainly remember one memorable occasion on which Lily Evans had offered to give his "coconuts" a twist. He winced at the memory. That was after the time he'd really pissed her off by beating her at a game of Wizard's Chess in their first year at Hogwarts. She really was a sore loser. He'd let her beat him at the game nearly every time they'd played it afterwards, purely in the interests of Keeping His Naughty Bits in the Appropriate Place and Shape.

*I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts,*

*Every ball you throw will make me rich!*

*There stands my wife, the idol of me life,*

*Singing "Roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch!"*

"There stands my wife..." Oh, Lily! if only he hadn't been so stupid as to call her a Mudblood that day! Maybe she'd have been kind enough to become his wife! But Severus also hoped that if she had, she wouldn't be constantly lobbing coconuts at him. That could be painful. Besides, many potions were known to react very explosively in the presence of coconuts. Half a teaspoon of Dreamless Sleep, for example, could be as explosive as five times that amount of nitroglycerine if it came into contact with a coconut. It was a little-known fact that Uric the Oddball had died in a massive explosion caused by imbibing several glasses of coconut water and a dose of Dreamless Sleep, then (as Uric had been wont to do) jumping up and down several times to tire himself out before he went to bed. The resulting detonation had demolished Uric's house, flattened the woods for miles around, and given the inhabitants of a nearby village the Headache to End All Headaches.

Severus had no idea how Uric had gotten his hands on coconut milk, since it had been rather difficult for British wizards and witches to acquire coconuts in the Middle Ages. Perhaps the blasted things *did* migrate after all.

*Roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch,*

*Roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch,*

*Roll a bowl a ball, roll a bowl a ball,*

*Singing roll a bowl a ball a penny a pitch!*

This part brought an image of ten-pin bowling with Lily to his beautifully besotted brain. Odd, he'd never gone bowling with her, even when they were children. Still, he rather suspected that she might have liked the game, particularly if it meant that she could get away with periodically "accidentally" dropping heavy objects on his foot. He smiled. She'd been so *spirited*. It really was a shame she'd died. They could have had some fantastic arguments.

When the song ended, Severus sighed. Merv Griffin's attempt at what *might* have been a Cockney accent really was miserable. Still, that couldn't erase the sheer beauty of the words and the richness of the emotions and mental imagery that they had stirred in the deep, dark depths of his mind. And they really were deep. And dark. Like...something that was really deep and really dark. Severus wasn't good with similes.

Picking up his lesson plans and starting again where his reflections had so abruptly forced him to leave off, Severus allowed himself the luxury of the faintest vestige of what might have been a non-smirking smile.

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**Author's Notes:** Songfics annoy me. I doubt that writing one myself, even as an attempted parody, was an appropriate response to such annoyance. I couldn't help it, though; this little plot bunny bit me very hard one afternoon and wouldn't let me go until I'd exorcised it properly. I must say that I didn't mind it very much; after all, it's always so much fun to tweak Snape's famously impressive nose.

The title is simply the Latin name for "coconut". Lazy, I suppose, but I couldn't think of anything better.

By the way, if anyone doesn't recognize the source of Snape's speculation about the migration of coconuts, I am going to be sorely disappointed and recommend a remedial viewing of Monty Python and the Holy Grail.