

# A Very Snowy Week

*by blue artemis*

The Burrow gets snowed in for a week.

## A Very Snowy Week

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The Burrow gets snowed in for a week.

Day One:

"Hey, Dad! The wireless just said that everything is snowed in. It is the worst snowstorm in 725 years!" yelled Ron from the living room. There was a crowd there; the Weasleys had been hosting a winter gathering for family and friends.

Molly sighed, looked in the cupboards, and realized that there just might be enough food for everyone for a week or so if she got creative.

Severus looked appalled. He had been forced to this gathering by Minerva. *That cat is going to pay for this.*

Everyone looked at each other and started trying to figure out sleeping arrangements and such.

Day Two:

"Mum, this is excellent! I would never have thought of using peach juice in the French toast," commented Bill. It was good to hear him say something positive. He hadn't quite gotten over Fleur leaving him for Tonks.

Severus glared at everyone from his end of the table. The only people willing to sit next to him were Hermione and Remus.

Day Three:

"Ronald! How in the world are you going to marry Hermione if you are busy shagging Neville? This is the third time I've caught you two!" Molly's rather loud exclamation was heard throughout the Burrow.

"Molly, love, I don't think Hermione is willing to marry Ron if he would rather be shagging Neville. You will just have to let that dream go." Arthur was, as usual, the voice of reason.

From his corner, Severus smirked. He wondered if anyone else had noticed the look of relief on Hermione's face.

Day Four:

At last count, Molly and Arthur had found Ron and Neville shagging in the attic, Harry, Ginny and Luna shagging in Ginny's room, Fred, George and their girls in Arthur's shed, Charlie and Remus behind the sofa, and a sight they were quite sure they never wanted to see again, Minerva and Kingsley in the broom closet. Only Bill, Severus and Hermione had not been caught in compromising positions. The elder Weasleys were not sure whether they were pleased that they were setting a good example or worried that none of the three had found someone.

Day Five:

"Wow, Mum! I really like dinner. Who knew that bread porridge with sausage and eggs made such a good meal!" Charlie was quite enthused. He was planning to ask for the recipe, since it looked simple and was quite filling. It would be popular on the reserve.

Severus looked rather comfortable at his end of the table. Next to him were Hermione, in her usual seat, and Bill, sitting on his other side. They were all quietly discussing something.

"What are you talking about with the greasy git, Hermione?" asked Ron.

"Arithmancy and its relation to Potions," answered Hermione. "Severus is not greasy. And he only did what he had to in order to protect all of us. You told me I was your one and only, but were shagging Neville the whole time. Who is the git?"

Ron decided he would never ask Hermione anything ever again. It would be safer.

Day Six:

Meals included bread pudding, fried bread, butter sandwiches and toast. Molly sincerely hoped they would be able to get out soon.

Ron accidentally walked in on his parents. He decided he would never have sex again. That lasted until Neville caught him and pulled him under the stairs.

No one was quite sure where Bill, Hermione and Severus were.

Day Seven:

The sun was shining. Everyone was able to leave, and everyone was more than ready. At breakfast Molly noticed that Bill, Hermione and Severus were still missing. At that moment, a raven flew up and tapped on the window. It had a letter.

*Dear Mum,*

*We want you to know that Severus, Hermione and I are just fine.*

*We saw the way was fairly clear last night and headed to Tuscany.*

*We decided to have our wedding under the Italian stars.*

*Yes, ours.*

*Just because you didn't catch us shagging didn't mean we weren't.*

*We'll see in September if our first baby is a Snape or a Weasley.*

*love,*

*Bill*

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A/N: Many thanks to astopperindeath for the beta!

A/N2: I used astopperindeath's prompt: the Weasleys et al are snowed in at the burrow for a week.