

A Diva is Born

by sempre

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Mr and Mrs Snape! You're here, finally. No time to lose, the curtain goes up in 20 minutes! The costume is right in there."

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I have to wear these? Are those feathers!

Merlin, *why* am I doing this? I should have just said no. There's nothing she could have done.

Except cry. She cries, you crumble, you end up here, trying to squeeze your hairy legs into a pair of tights.

Not so hairy right now, which is a plus - whoever invented tights should be minced up and fed to Thestrals.

**

Ten sweaty minutes later...

Hmm, not bad. Surprisingly soft... I wonder if this George of Asda makes underpants too.

**

What do *you* want? What is that?

No, I don't want you to make me beautiful! I was born beautiful, er, handsome... Like you would know anything about beauty anyway.

Get away from me, you stupid woman!

**

Argh!

Yes, *bravo*, Madame Lucy. The illusion is now complete. Knockturn Alley meets Swan Lake.

If Hermione dares to take a picture, I swear, I will...

Damn spirit stick... Damn witch – ‘Ooh, Severus, we should see what it does! For the good of wizard kind!’ Wizard kind can kiss my hosiery-clad arse!

**

No, Rene, I don't want to hold your hand. Go. Away.

Not even for a Wispa, whatever that is.

Just how will it make me feel better?

By that reasoning, you must be the happiest person alive.

**

Remember, this does NOT mean we're friends! We're only holding hands until we finish the Wispas – purely for therapeutic purposes.

**

Between you and me, Rene, none of these girls has what it takes. No, dear, neither do you, but fortunately you have your Wispas.

But seriously, if not for me, this production would be a disaster.

Take the Cankler over there – tights are definitely not her friend – she's more diricawl than swan—

Impertinent little...! Call that a death glare?

Are you taking a dump or dancing? *This* is a plié! Hey, where'd those knobbly knees come from?—

Owww.

**

Yes, yes, I promise: no pinching, no hair pulling, no biting the other 'dancers'.

For the last time, it was self-defence. I've probably caught Muggle rabies and you don't even care!

Don't look at Daddy like that, Ari, the Cankler started it!

No, don't wipe your nose on my sleeve! There's a handkerchief in the pocket, sweetheart; you're killing me!

**

"Okay, showtime, everyone ready?"

No!

"Good, good."

Deep breaths. Focus, Severus – you can do this. It's child's play.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I am Madame Lucy, and welcome to the Little Prima Donna's production of Swan Lake, starring Arianna Snape as Odette."

Oh gods, I'm going to throw up!

**

Arms up, feet together, smile...

Where are they sitting?

Shuffle right, spin, spin, bend...

They had better be looking. I'm single-handedly saving this production.

Shuffle left, spin, spin, bend...

They can't possibly see me from there!

Spin, spin...

They're not even looking! Hermione!

Bend forward...

Take a pict—Argh!

Click

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A/N: This is based on Hermione's prompt: Severus and his Squib daughter's minds get switched, and he has to dance in Swan Lake as the dying swan. Write his thoughts.

Many thanks and hugs to Sunny33 and KreacherKomfort for their eagle eyes and great advice.

Finally, a Wispa is a fabulous chocolate bar in the UK. I recommend everyone try one.

Hope you like it, hun.