

Cheese, Anyone?

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus could not believe that the old man had ordered him to kill him. *Old coot! He KNOWS that I have not killed in 20 years. I already used the cleansing ritual. I cannot do so again. He KNOWS what that means to my soul. But no, he has to have the last word. And he calls the Dark Lord evil.*

After fuming, pacing, stalking through the corridors and, finally, taking 30 points from Gryffindor for having to see Ron Weasley's freckled bum, Severus had calmed enough to return to his classroom. He decided to find out once and for all what the old man was hiding. He transformed into his Animagus form, which was a small black fruit bat (not that he would ever tell ANYONE that), and flew into a corner of Dumbledore's office. He hid in the shadows, and waited for the old man to start talking to himself. After about twenty minutes and countless sherbet lemons, Albus began to talk.

"Well, then, that is Severus taken care of. Even if we are victorious and somehow he survives, he will never be accepted. It is no less than he deserves; such a great shame that Black didn't manage to have that abomination kill him. I would have been shot of so many of them at once... well, Harry should not survive his encounter with Tom, even if he finds all the other Horcruxes, and so therefore no one will be thought of as greater than I. Isn't it lucky that Sibyll found it within herself to give a true prophecy? It makes it far easier for me, in any case. Little does anyone know that I can see magical potential, and have rid myself of the competition through various accidents. I learned with Gellert that love does not pay, as a heart can be taken advantage of. Pity I couldn't control myself in regards to the Resurrection Stone, but then again, I am only human." Albus started humming to himself as he made more plans.

Severus was sickened. Here he thought he was doing what was right in order to atone, and instead he was trapped by this madman as well as by the other.

Severus left the headmaster's office and changed back into himself in the corridor. Unfortunately for him, he ran into Miss Granger having an argument with Draco over the lack of creativity in the Wizarding World.

"Enough! Both of you come with me; you have detention."

"But, sir, it is almost curfew," Hermione protested gently.

"I will give you a pass, Miss Granger. Another word and I will take fifty points from Gryffindor."

Draco tried to smirk, but it didn't work. He fell in behind Severus and Hermione.

Once they arrived in the dungeons, Severus made them sit down at the two desks directly in front of his.

"I am going to ask one question, and if you give me a good answer, then you may go," Severus said. Both students looked intrigued. "What is the most horrible, yet painless death you can think of?"

"Avada Kedavra," responded Draco promptly.

"Unoriginal. You must stay. Start chopping up that pile of flobberworms over there."

Hermione was sitting there looking thoughtful. "All right, sir. We were just discussing a human to inanimate transformation, whenever the inanimate object was animal in origin. Professor McGonnagal said that although the item did not have nerve endings, someone transformed in that manner would still know what was happening. This was in response to Ron stupidly saying that he wished he could transfigure Death Eaters into sandwiches. So I would imagine that the most horrible, yet painless, death I could think of would be: to be transfigured into a food substance and subsequently eaten."

"You may leave, Miss Granger. And I believe that you have just proven that you had the right side of your argument with Mr. Malfoy." All of a sudden, he followed Hermione to the door, reached out, took a hold of what looked like nothing, and pulled. "No one said you could leave, Mr. Potter."

"Fine, sir. But I really want to talk to you. I saw what you did right before you happened on Hermione and Malfoy, and I heard what you heard too."

"Not tonight, Potter. You are dismissed."

"Well, whatever you are planning, I want to help." Harry walked out quickly, pulling the Invisibility Cloak over his head as he walked out the door.

About a week later, Harry walked into the headmaster's office with Draco Malfoy. He presented him as a willing spy for the light. Dumbledore readied himself to perform Legilimency, as he was wont to do, and all of a sudden he was hit by a spell from behind. In the place of Albus Dumbledore sat a nice wedge of Romano cheese.

Dinner that night was spaghetti with meatballs. Walking around the tables was Dobby, holding the wedge of cheese and a grater.

Severus walked up to Draco later that evening and said: "Do you understand true creativity now?"

All Draco could do was nod.

A/N: Thank you to slytherinlaurel for the beta!

A/N2: A conversation in the chat room between irishredlass69 and droxy resulted in the idea of a dark fic using a cheese grater as the method of death. I hope I did it justice.