

# The Alphabet According To Severus Snape

*by richardgloucester*

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## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione finds an old piece of parchment. Do forgive me, dear readers - I have a toddler and a lot of alphabet books at home. This was beta-read by JunoMagic, to whom go my thanks!

Hermione bent to pick up a tatty bit of parchment which had fallen out of one of the Potions texts she was using. She read it swiftly, her eyes creasing in amusement. Her muffled giggles broke her companion's concentration, and he raised his eyes from the stack of essays he was defacing.

"What are you sniggering at, Hermione?"

"I had no idea you were a poet!"

He frowned.

"What are you talking about?"

She crossed the room and showed him the document, holding it just out of reach. As he read it, his frown deepened and a faint flush appeared along his cheekbones.

"And what would this ... thing ... have to do with me, pray?"

"Don't play the innocent with me, Severus Snape – I'd know your handwriting anywhere!"

"It's a forgery."

"Liar!"

She darted away as he lunged for the paper and, holding him at bay with a Shield Charm, proceeded to read aloud:

"A is for Albus, stuff him and his twinkle;

B is for black, which shows nary a wrinkle;

C is for crumpet – I never get any;

D is for dunderhead, of whom too many;  
E is for everything, all that I do;  
F is for Flobberworm, Weasley's IQ;  
G is for Granger with teeth like a rabbit;  
H is for Hooch, the name like the habit;  
I is for red ink, see how much I buy;  
J is for jump – don't ask "when" or "how high";  
K is for karma, we're all just fate's toys;  
L is for lickspittle – Umbridge's boys;  
M is for Malfoy, who'll end up inside;  
N is for never, a word I'm denied;  
O is for orange, my favourite cake;  
P is for Potter, who makes my head ache;  
Q is for Quidditch – we'll slaughter them all;  
R is for roses, to blast through the wall;  
S is for Snape, the overlooked hero;  
T is for treats this year, sum total: zero;  
U is for underwear – mine is NOT grey;  
V is for Voldemort, barmy and fey;  
W is for wannabes, each one a berk;  
X is for crosses I scrawl on their work;  
Y is for yelling at Potter's confusion;  
Z is for zebra, a fitting conclusion."

By the time she finished, she was barely coherent from giggling.

"I'm glad you find it so funny, Granger."

"It's not very good – is it?" she teased.

"I have never claimed to be a poet. However, I *am* your husband, and you will obey me and hand that over."

She put it behind her back as he shrugged off her restraining spell.

"Will not!"

"Don't pout, or I shall have to indulge in behaviour unbecoming one of my station ..." He seized her and began to nuzzle her neck, which produced the desired effect, and he retreated to his desk, victorious.

"That looks as though it was written during my fifth year, Severus."

He shrugged and slipped it into a drawer.

"You do know I'd had my teeth fixed by then?"

"I needed a rhyme."

"And what on earth do zebras have to do with your life here at Hogwarts?"

"Do you know nothing about the conventions of literary form, Miss Granger?" He sounded both grim and long-suffering. "Even wizards know that Z is for zebra. If Z were for anything else, the world would probably come to an end. Some things are universal constants, and ..."

"It's all right, Severus. I can't think of anything much beginning with Z either ..."