

How Do You Mend a Broken Heart?

by sunny33

Severus Snape has a unexpected taste in music.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Severus Snape has a unexpected taste in music.

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Severus Snape had a secret. It wasn't one of those If You Find Out, I'll Have To Kill You secrets, or even an Important Stuff Could Be Compromised secret. It was more the kind of secret that, if anyone let the cat out of the bag, would leave the Potions professor Very Embarrassed Indeed.

You see, Snape liked music. Of course, you immediately think of powerful Wagnerian operas or Beethoven's Ninth. Perhaps you would even consider John Cage's 4'33.

Well, you'd be wrong. Snape's tastes were far more plebeian. In case you've forgotten, the man was brought up in a working class terrace down by the mill in outer Manchester. His mother may have been a witch, but his da was a mill-worker, just like all the other blokes in the area. No fancy-pants classical music in that boy's upbringing.

Snape had few friends as a small child; the red-haired little girl from down the road and her snotty sister were the only local kids who deigned to play with the funny lad from the last house on Spinner's End. He spent most of his time reading the dusty old books he had found in the attic and listening to music on his record player.

Truth be known, his da was pleased to find him listening to the locally born boys who'd made good. At least it was *normal*, not like the foolish wand-waving stuff he was being taught at that school his mother had insisted on. Catching his son at fifteen in his room awkwardly boogieing to the disco beat of *Jive Talking* had Tobias almost as pleased as if he had come home with his first hickey. Not that he ever did. Come home with a hickey, that is.

The following year, young Severus spent all summer moping around the house, listening to the same songs, over and over...

How can love so right, turn out to be so wrong...

If I can't have you, I don't want nobody, baby...

If he didn't know better, Tobias would have thought his boy had been spurned by a girl. But this was Sev; he would never have had a girl interested in the first place.

Time marched by, and Snape learned a few more hard facts of life. Promises from smooth-talking, charismatic psychopaths were inevitably broken, and when one's heart shattered, one's body didn't always do the decent thing and follow. Vowing allegiance to yet another manipulative bastard beforehand merely served to keep him out of Azkaban and in a position to avenge his loss.

Sixteen years on, after killing the only man who had ever trusted him, Snape wept in a dusty room over an old photograph, the plaintive *immortality* playing soundtrack to his memories. Even while he was lying in yet another dusty room twelve months later, blood and memories leaving his body in prolific streams, his mind played one of his favourite songs.

I've just got to get a message to you, hold on, hold on.

One more hour and my life will be through, hold on, hold on.

Luckily, one more hour was enough. Any less and he would have been history. An assortment of potions and salves and a few weeks of foolish wand waving later, Snape was as good as new. Ready to take on the rebuilding of Hogwarts and his newfound fame and popularity, complete with simpering groupies and binloads of fanmail.

Snape managed to hold it together with the help of his favourite music and his least favourite ex-student, who also happened to be the new Charms apprentice and a whiz at making Muggle electronics work in the magic-soused atmosphere of the castle.

It wasn't until she snuck up on him in his office one day that she discovered exactly what music had reduced him to asking for help from an insufferable know-it-all. She'd also discovered she actually fancied the grumpy old bugger, and had a Brilliant Idea. In fact, she'd had rather a lot of Brilliant Ideas, mostly involving chocolate sauce, strawberries, and very few clothes, but she had to implement the primary Brilliant Idea first.

Snape had realised leaving Apprentice Granger in his office unattended while he sorted out the little problem of the Fat Lady instituting a portrait rebellion over inappropriate passwords was asking for trouble. Had he thought about it earlier, he would have delegated the task to Filius, or even Granger herself, but even he'd had difficulty resisting when she turned on her patented Bossy Voice, honed for years on the recalcitrant Boy Who Wouldn't Stay Dead and his ginger sidekick.

Gingerly opening the door, he was relieved to find no trace of the bushy-haired harridan. Snape breathed a sigh of relief as he leaned back in his favourite old chair with the cushions perfectly shaped for his bony arse and flicked his wand at the charmed CD player. According to his reckoning, the next song was *Spicks and Specks*, perfect for maudlin ruminations about his lack of a love-life. Even he wasn't desperate enough to take up the lurid offers written on cheap, scented, pink parchment.

There's a light

A certain kind of light

That never shone on me

I want my life to be lived with you

Lived with you

There's a way, everybody say

To do each and every little thing

But what does it bring

If I ain't got you, ain't got?

You don't know what it's like, baby

You don't know what it's like

To love somebody

To love somebody

To love somebody

The way I love you...

That definitely was *not* the song he was expecting. It was another song from way back in the early days, but he distinctly remembered listening to it as he was deciding whether to wear his black teaching robes, his other black teaching robes, or his other, other black teaching robes that morning. It was not due to come back to the top of the list for another three hours and twenty-two minutes.

Someone had been Tampering.

Before Snape had the chance to work himself up into a really good, satisfying snit, there was a knock at the door. Swiftly turning off the CD player and composing himself, he settled behind his desk and grabbed the first piece of parchment he could lay his hands on before bidding the unexpected visitor to enter.

"Thank you for dealing with the portraits."

"Indeed. Do you have anything useful to say, Granger, or may I resume my work?"

"I see you're very busy. I'm sure the Annual Toilet Paper Budget is vital, but I suggest you turn the parchment up the right way, Headmaster. It may make a little more sense."

"Yes, well..."

"You know, you didn't have to hide it."

"Hide what?"

"That you liked listening to the Bee Gees. I like them too. Especially that song you've just been playing."

"How did you..."

"How do you think?"

"You tampered with my playlist! How dare you!"

"Well, I thought it was the only way to get you to listen to what I had to say."

"What you had to say?"

Hermione Granger waved her hand at the CD player. Much to Snape's disgust, the damned thing responded to her impressive display of wandless magic.

There's a light

A certain kind of light

That never shone on me

I want my life to be lived with you...

"Oh." Somewhere, deep in the recesses of Snape's brain, a few connections were starting to form.

She smiled and moved closer.

"Oh." Now the connections were shaking hands and starting to dance.

Finally, she dropped her robes, revealing a scandalous lack of anything substantial beneath.

"Oh!" Loud cheers, whistles, and applause managed to drown out any token objections the rational side of his brain may have tried to make.

"If that's all you can say, you might as well kiss me." The Bossy Voice was back. How could he resist?

With the touch of sweet, young lips on his own, Headmaster Severus Snape relinquished his somewhat shaky hold on reality and succumbed to the dream. Twelve hours later, he woke with an armful of naked witch and smirked.

Not a dream.

Oh girl, I've known you very well

I've seen you growing every day

I've never really looked before

But now you take my breath away...

A/N: This piece of silliness was written for the Saturday Night Drabbles. Prompt from Pennfana: What is Snape's favourite music and why?

The mention of Beethoven and John Cage at the beginning were nods to Karelia's *Reacquainting With Beethoven*, and debjunk's 4'33.

The songs, including the chapter title, are all written by the Bee Gees, who were born in Manchester and moved to Australia while young, returning to the UK to begin their long career in the Top Forty in 1967, just as Severus was beginning to appreciate music.

Songs in order of appearance are: *How Can You Mend a Broken Heart* (1970), *Jive Talking* (1975), *Love So Right* (1976), *If I Can't Have You* (1977 I fudged the date on that one), *Immortality* (1998 fudged that one too), *I've Got to Get a Message to You* (1968), *Spicks and Specks* (1966), *To Love Somebody* (1967), and *More Than a Woman* (1977).

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.