

# Filling in Time

by sunny33

Severus Snape and Hermione Granger are stuck together in a hut waiting out a thunderstorm.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters belong to JKR. I'm just teasing them.

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"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck!*"

"Professor Snape!"

"Fuck!"

"Professor!"

"Shut it, Granger! Fuck!"

"Anyone would think you were afraid of a little bit of thunder and lightning, Professor."

"For your information, I have an important appointment in an hour. If this thunderstorm continues much longer, I will miss it. Not that it's any of your business, Miss Want-to-know-everything. Fuck!"

"Can't you send a Patronus or something?"

"No."

"Oh. I remember now. The electrical discharges of a thunderstorm interfere with the transmission of a Patronus message, thus making it an unreliable method of communication during such a storm."

"Congratulations. Once again, you have regurgitated the textbook word for word."

"I'm sorry, *sir*, but it wasn't *my* decision to look for Potions ingredients with the weather predictions looking so poor."

"It was you, however, Miss Granger, who managed to delay our return by chasing wild ducks."

"I believe you mean geese, Professor. It's a wild *goose* chase, not a wild *duck* chase."

"Nevertheless, if you hadn't run off when you *thought* you saw a unicorn foal, we wouldn't have lost the trail. We would have been back at the castle long ago, if it hadn't taken us an extra two hours to find our bearings."

"I was meaning to ask, sir. Why does a *Point Me* spell not work in here?"

"Too many magical beings. They confuse the spell. Our wands are attuned to wizardkind, not other creatures."

"Oh, well. I suppose we might as well find something to pass the time. Now, I just need that piece of wood and a handful of those dried leaves. There!"

"Why have you Transfigured a Scrabble board, Miss Granger? Surely, you don't expect me to play childish board games."

"Do you have a better suggestion? Come on, sir, I'll bet you're brilliant at this."

"Stop sucking up, Granger; it doesn't suit you. All right, I suppose it will fill in time. How many tiles does one start with? It's been a few years."

"Seven, Professor. Here, you choose first."

"Ha! I knew that Lovegood girl would come in useful one day. N.A.R.G.L.E. Sixteen points, I believe."

"It's so tempting. Oh, why not? Only six points, but worth it. G.I.T. What? It's a word."

"Very well, Granger. E.L.V.E.S. Another sixteen. Don't scowl; it doesn't suit you."

"I didn't know you cared, sir."

"I don't. Fuck, is that storm *ever* going to stop? What are you...? S.H.A.M.P.O.O. Very clever, Miss Granger. I don't suppose you have enough letters for C.O.N.D.I.T.I.O.N.E.R?"

"No. But I do have another fifteen points. Your turn."

"Certainly. V.O.W. Seventeen."

"Not bad. But not the best choice of placement."

"How so, Miss Know-it-all?"

"Because I am going to do this. V.O.W.S. and W.I.T.C.H.E.S. With the W on the triple letter, the triple word score, and using all seven letters, I believe my score is one hundred and seven."

"Feeling smug, Granger?"

"A little."

"I'll allow you your moment of glory. K.I.A.S, A.W, and S.I. Twenty-three."

"That's not a word."

"K.I.A. Know-it-all. It's a word."

"It's an acronym. That's not a word, sir."

"I'm the teacher here, and I say it's a word. Clear?"

"Crystal."

"Your turn, Granger."

"I think I've found just the right word. P.I.L.L.O.C.K. Shall I use it in a sentence? 'The teacher was a right pillock.' There. Seventeen."

"You are treading on thin ice, girl."

"Less threats, more action, Professor. What have you got?"

"Z.P.O.X. Triple word score and X on the double letter. Ninety points."

"Zpox? What exactly is a zpox? You made that up!"

"Are you accusing me of cheating?"

"Explain it, then. What does it mean?"

"The advantage of my superior knowledge in magic. Zpox is a disease caused by contact with zombies. It's extremely rare. Hardly anyone survives long enough to contract it. Don't look so sceptical, Granger. You can look it up when this infernal storm is over."

"I intend to, sir. Ah, there's a possibility. L.I.L.Y. Twelve points. It's a *flower*."

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"Professor? Professor? I'm sorry. That was uncalled for."

"I think this game is over, Miss Granger."

"Yes, sir."

"Thank, Merlin, the storm is abating. We can leave now. I might make my appointment yet."

"What *is* so important about the damned appointment?"

"Must you know *everything*?"

"Er... yes. Is it a secret?"

"No. It's none of your damned business. And keep walking! For goodness sake, girl. If it's that important... I have a dinner date with a lady friend. Satisfied? Bloody hell, don't look so scandalised. I *do* have a social life."

"I would never suggest otherwise. You're a man. You're still young. I imagine you have a lot of women interested in you, war hero, and all."

"No need to get carried away, Granger. There are not that many. Why do you look relieved? Granger? Stop looking at me like that. Hermione!"

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A/N: Written for Saturday Night Drabbles. Prompt from ApollinaV: Severus and Hermione in a hideout during a thunderstorm.

Kindly betaed by KingPhilipsWench.