

# Publishing Private Thoughts

*by blue artemis*

Hermione finds Severus in a strange place.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione finds Severus in a strange place.

*Death comes for me*

*shiny scales*

*dripping fangs*

*blood flows*

*memories spill*

*peace*

*hell*

*I live*

Hermione read the poem displayed in the window of the bookshop near Stanford University where she was doing her joint Healer/Medical training. She backed up unseeingly until she collided with a woman entering the store.

"Oh, are you interested in the work of S Tobias Prince?"

"I hadn't heard of him. Why is this displayed like this?"

"He's here! He's very reclusive, and yet, he's decided to sign 100 copies of his book. But they have to be sold here."

"Thank you."

Hermione entered the store with trepidation and found that she could still purchase one of the tomes. It happened to be the last one. She got in line to wait to see the author, her heart in her throat. When she got up to the front of the line, she realized that, yes, it was Severus Snape, and typically, he was not even looking up as he made out the autographs.

"Who do you want this signed to?"

"Know-It-All."

She smiled as she saw the fleeting look of surprise cross his face.

"Very well, Miss Granger. Or is it Mrs. Weasley?"

"Oh, that didn't last past the funerals. He was more than happy to take comfort where he could find it. He wasn't happy that I caught him at it. He wouldn't have been happy waiting for me to finish my combined degree anyway."

"You are part of the pioneer class, then?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, Miss Granger, I must leave before someone else decides that I must converse with them."

Hermione just nodded. Seeing him alive and well was enough; she didn't need anything more. As she turned to leave, she heard: "Would you join me for tea?"

"Oh, yes. Absolutely."

The rest of the women in the bookshop looked on, wondering what the young woman with the bushy hair had done to warrant the attention of the mysterious poet.

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Many thanks to Southern\_Witch\_69 for the beta. She corrals my commas and puts up with my nonsense. Smooch.

This was the final hpcon\_envy drabble I wrote. It was a gift for mollyssister. The original prompt was: Severus Snape is a published poet. Hermione discovers his work.

Yes, I wrote the poem myself. I apologize.