

# Snape's Start of Term Speech

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Snape's thoughts behind his start of term speech.

## Snape's Start of Term Speech

Chapter 1 of 1

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Dedicated to all the teachers out there.

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*You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making.*

Best to tell them. There are always some nitwits who have no idea that potions are actually made in cauldrons. Their Mummy has always bought them in fancy glass bottles. Who knew that they don't just magically appear in there? Who knew that someone has to *brew* them? Now, that will come as a shock for some.

*As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic.*

McGonagall told me that Flitwick is feeling offended by me calling wand-waving foolish, but what the heck. It's foolish. Swish and flick, my arse. Real wizards don't prance around with wands.

*I don't expect you will really understand the beauty of the simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes ...*

Yes, surprise, surprise! When your potion bubbles like hell and boils over, then you have too much heat under your cauldron. And when the fumes make your eyes water, then there is most probably something wrong with the potion.

But why bother, eh? Let's add some more precious ingredients which you have butchered on your cutting board. Let's stir a little more vehemently, clockwise of course, instead of anti-clockwise. Why read the instructions?

What? The potion has just leaped out of your cauldron and is now hiding under the table? Really? It's probably running for its life.

A million points from whichever House you're in!

*... the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins ...*

Wonder if I'll get away with poisoning someone this year. Just a tiny little bit. Wouldn't want to kill anyone, really, just make them puke their guts out for a day or two.

Poppy will probably notice, though. And she'll tell McGonagall. And then there will be nagging and finger-wiggling. No, it's not worth it.

*... bewitching the mind ...*

No danger there. I doubt some of them even possess a mind. And those who do seem to have decided to make as little use of it as possible. No one would notice if their mind *were* bewitched.

*... ensnaring the senses ...*

I wish something were ensnaring *my* senses. Wonder if it is too early in the day for a drink?

*I can teach you how to bottle fame ...*

About here, I will lose the attention of the last Hufflepuff. They are as much interested in fame as a troll is interested in soap and water.

*... brew glory ...*

Hopefully, this will at least wake up a student or two in my House. Those little snakes better get a move on this year and win me back my House Cup. It has been standing in McGonagall's office far too long already.

*... even stopper death.*

Why bother? Let them die. All of them. Die, die, die, DIE!

*If you aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads like I usually have to teach.*

Oh, why do I even get my hopes up? They will be. Incompetent, arrogant, lazy ... That's it, Dumbledore. Get yourself a new Potions master. I've had it! I quit!

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Snape's speech was, unfortunately, not written by me, but our dear JKR. Credits go to her.