

Knits and Scraps

by janus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus was proud to be in Slytherin. And he was proud of his scarf. At first. But it was not quite... He looked at Lucius' scarf, at those of the others, and saw that they were not made in the same way. They moved differently. Eventually he surreptitiously sidled over next to the chair where Rabastan Lestrangle sat, leaning back comfortably, Herbalism book propped on his knee. His scarf was hung over the back of the chair and Severus lifted it as if he were idly fingering it. He examined it carefully, even as he pretended to be merely leaning over to ask about the outré plant curling over the page. He could have just asked Rabastan, of course, but he didn't want to draw attention to his own scarf and its... difference.

The wool of Rabastan's scarf was finer, he saw, and there was silk mixed in with the wool, and it was knitted quite differently. Possibly his own was only a facsimile of a Hogwarts scarf. Rabastan's had been knit in a circle and the stitches were much smaller. It had double layers and every second stitch was... backwards? Severus replaced it regretfully, sad now about his own scarf.

There was a section on practical skills in the library. Severus had generally avoided it because it was next to the Muggle Studies section, but in this case, late at night he... nicked a book. *Stitch 'n' Bitch Nation*.

He unravelled his once-precious scarf. He learned and practiced all the charms necessary to transform its wool to a silk blend. He increased its amount and spun it into an even thin cord. He worked awkwardly at first, peering at the instructions and organising his fingers beneath the covers at night. But soon his fingers were flying, and he was able to reknit his scarf so it looked and felt just like Rabastan's. There was wool left. Perhaps... oh yes. Socks. Good Slytherin socks.

He knit socks. And they pleased him. He was secretly proud of himself and wanted more. They were so comfortable, new and clean, and he had made them himself! Soon he began raiding the lost-and-found, first of jumpers that had been left more than a year, then of those that had only entered it recently. Soon he was surrounded by his own fine hand-made socks.

"What are you *doing*?" Evan had noticed.

"..." Severus was defensive and for once had nothing to say.

"Knitting, hm?" Evan thumbed through the book, now dog-eared and worn. "Is this... It can't be..."

Severus opened his mouth, his cheeks red and embarrassed. But then Evan showed him the page, delighted and excited.

"Show me how to fix the wool. Show me how to *knit*!"

And soon, after plying his own needles for hours at night when he should have been sleeping, Evan produced his very own: Joey Ramone knit doll from page 234.