

Telegram For Professor Snape!

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Breakfast time at Hogwarts. Aside from the chaos and confusion that tended to happen when the post arrived, it was usually Professor Snape's favourite time of day, largely because he hadn't had time to develop the headache that was the inevitable result of spending too much time in the company of potion fumes. Muggle solutions were out of the question because they reacted poorly with the fumes produced by many potions; the one time he'd taken acetylsalicylic acid, he'd ended up hallucinating that he had become Gandalf the Grey and had tried to lead a group of his fellow teachers (and four first-year students) to the Grímsvöten volcano in Iceland to destroy one of Sybill Trelawney's rune-engraved bangles. And he'd sworn that anyone who mentioned the Great Paracetamol Disaster again would be *Levicorpus'd* and displayed in the Great Hall whether or not they were wearing underwear.

When Harry Potter had finally rid the world of Lord No-Nose...er, Voldemort...Severus had already faded into unconsciousness and was millimetres away from death. In a twist of fate for which he wasn't sure he was able to be grateful, a healer (still anonymous, to Severus' chagrin) had found him, patched him up and given him enough Blood-Replenishing and Rehydrating Potions to make him stable enough to move to St. Mungo's, where he had slowly recovered from the effects of the bite and his massive memory drain. There had been a trial, of course, but thanks to the testimony of the Golden Trio and several students who had been at Hogwarts during his time as Headmaster, his sentence had been light (a year of community service as a means of making amends for his acts as a Death Eater) and now, nearly twelve years later, he was once again teaching the art of Potion-making to unappreciative children and trying his best not to let any of said children blow themselves up out of carelessness or stupidity (which, in his estimation, were very frequently the same thing). He'd wonder how he put up with it if he hadn't already been doing it for so long.

Sometimes he almost wished that the thrice-damned snake really *had* finished him off. If he were dead, then surely he wouldn't have to deal with such creatively stupid children as that Vaughan boy, who had apparently somehow got a few feathers of a blue budgerigar mixed in with his supply of Jobberknoll feathers; when one of the budgie feathers was mistakenly added to his Memory Potion, it had instantly produced a thick purple smoke which had temporarily filled the Potions classroom. Somewhat fortunately, it was mostly harmless; its main effect seemed to be that everyone in the classroom had been coloured neon pink for the afternoon. This might almost have been bearable if they hadn't also ended up smelling like Hippogriff dung. Vaughan had been sent to detention with Madam Pince for a week for that one.

He was so busy snickering at the memory of the boy's glares in his direction after Pince had made him re-shelve the books in the Charms Section...apparently Vaughan was extremely afraid of heights, and most of the Charms books were accessible only by ladder...that he didn't see the small feathered missile that was headed straight for his breakfast. "Watch out, Severus!" the Headmistress shouted as she ducked under the table, trying to drag him along with her.

She almost managed it.

"Confounded clumsy owl!" Severus groaned. What remained of his porridge was everywhere. He wiped off a huge glob from his forehead, and another from his nose, with obvious disgust.

Filius Flitwick, who was seated on his other side, climbed out from under the table and looked at the owl, which dropped the envelope it held in its beak, shook off the

porridge on its wings (thus spraying Severus with more of the sticky whitish globs of what had recently been his breakfast) and flew away. "Well, that was quite interesting, wouldn't you say, Severus? I'll just clean that letter off for you..."

"There's no need, Filius. I'm just going to dry it out and then burn it," he growled. "It's already proven to be too much trouble to be worth reading."

"Oh, come now, Severus, somebody has obviously put a lot of thought and effort into this letter," said the Headmistress, neatly plucking the porridge-covered envelope from his fingers. "You might as well see what it is and who it's from." She gave the envelope a wordless *Scourgify* and handed it to him.

The envelope was blue. It sparkled. And before he knew it, it was flying out of his hand, shaping itself into a parody of a mouth and loudly singing, "*Ti amo in sogno, ti amo in aria, ti amo, se viene testa vuol dire che basta lasciamoci, ti amo...*"

"*Incendio!*" he shouted before it could get any further. But much to his surprise, it promptly failed to burst into flame; indeed, it only glowed for a second before it opened its paper mouth and sang so loudly that everyone in the Great Hall could hear it.

***I am a singing telegram, as you may have guessed,
And every singing telegram's dream is to be the best.
I have a message just for you
From someone who has sent it,
And they would feel extremely blue
If you were not to get it.
So if you hex me I will only
Absorb the magic and get stronger,
And sing other words and tunes all day
'Til you can take it no longer.
So unless you don't mind serenades
At the least opportune times,
I urge you to hear me at once
And end these dreadful rhymes.
I want to give you your message
In spite of your delay,
And until you're willing to hear my song,
I'll sing to you all day!***

Severus smirked. "Ah, now all has become clear. I believe I know who sent this to me. It must be from you, Headmistress; that poem was terrible!"

She sniffed. "My distant familial connection to the worst poet ever to mangle the English language is not my fault."

"They do say that blood will out, Minerva..."

"Then when can we expect to hear that the grandson of Owen 'Sheepshagger' Prince has found himself a favourite ewe?" she asked him sweetly.

"Those rumours were never substantiated!" he snarled at her, standing up and sweeping dramatically out of the Great Hall. The effect was absolutely ruined by the Telegram which floated in the air behind him, screeching:

"L'amore che a letto si fa rendimi l'altra meta, oggi ritorno da lei, primo maggio, su coraggio! lo ti amo..."

As Severus stormed through the halls of the school, the Telegram kept singing, though it also now started to add some commentary about its song.

"Apri la porta a un guerriero di carta igienica..you know, most of that song makes no sense to begin with, but that line about opening the door to the toilet paper warrior is quite possibly the strangest line I've seen in song lyrics, don't you think?"

"I don't care *what* you think! All I want is for you to *shut up!*"

"Shan't," it said impudently. "Though I think we've both had enough of Umberto Tozzi for the moment. What do you say to a little Bree Sharp?"

"Who in the nine circles of Hell is Bree Sharp?"

The Telegram smirked and started singing. *"It's Sunday night and I am curled up in my room. The TV light fills my heart like a baboon. I hold it in as best I can...wait a minute, that was supposed to be 'balloon', wasn't it? Oh, well. I can't wait anymore for him to discover me. I've got it bad for David Duchovny. David Duchovny, why won't you love me? Why won't you love me?"*

"Probably because he has better taste than to fall for a sparkly piece of parchment that can't sing," he growled.

"Oh, such a big meanie! I have just the song for you, then. *Shot through the heart, and you're to blame! Darlin', you give love a bad name!*"

"This is going to be a terribly long day, isn't it?" Snape groaned, putting his head into his hands and massaging the bridge of his nose. "I solemnly swear that I am going to strangle the dunderhead who sent you to me."

The Telegram continued to follow him around during class. "You're breaking my heart, you're tearing it apart, so fuck you!" it sang cheerfully as he swept into the classroom to teach his NEWT students. A few of them giggled, though Severus quickly glared them back into silence.

"For God's sake, we're in front of a classroom full of students!" he hissed at the Telegram. "Will you *BE QUIET?!!*"

"WHATSAMATTA YOU? EH! GOTTA NO RESPECT! WHADDAYOU THINK YOU DO? WHY YOU LOOKA SO SAD? ITSA NOT SO BAD, ITSA NICE-A PLACE! AH, SHADDAP YOU FACE!!!"

"I'll take that as a 'no,' then," he groaned, sinking into his chair.

"Are you going to listen to me yet?" it asked him. A few of the braver students started laughing.

"Absolutely not!"

"Then I'm just going to keep singing. *SAW YOU THIS MORNING WITH THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES, I HATE TO SEE YOU LOOKING LIKE YOU'RE LOST AND LONELY. IT ISN'T EASY WHEN YOU'RE ALL BY YOURSELF! DON'T YOU WORRY, I HEAR YOU, 'CAUSE I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE!!!!!"*

"STOP IT!!!" Snape yelled, generating a few extra exclamation points of his own. "I'll listen to you! I just won't do it in front of my students! Will that be sufficient for you, you confounded recycled Howler?!"

"How did you know what one of my ingredients was? Oh dear, I must inform Research and Development that they're getting sloppy. Do you absolutely promise that you'll listen to what I have to say when you're finished your teaching duties for the day?"

"Yes," he groaned. "Damn it, yes. Anything to get you to stop your damned caterwauling!" By now, nearly the entire class was in hysterics, and even his patented Snape Death Glare couldn't quiet them.

"Oh, dear, you should not have said that. A simple 'yes' would have been sufficient; you've just convinced me that you're totally insincere, and that will not do. *Lasciatemi cantare con la chitarra in mano! Lasciatemi cantare una canzone piano piano! Lasciatemi cantare perché ne sono fiero, sono l'italiano, l'italiano vero!"*

"You are *not* Italian! Your accent, when you're not screeching terrible songs left and right, is very decidedly British! And why are you singing so many Italian...and stereotypically Italian...songs, anyway?"

"Not a fan of Italians, then? Racist. Ah, well; I'll just have to find something else to sing...something a little closer to home, perhaps." As Snape attempted to sputter his protests that he was *not* racist against Italians, he disliked them precisely as much as he disliked the rest of the world, the Telegram thought so deeply that if it had been gifted with a face, it would surely have worn an expression of pure concentration. "Oh, I know! Ireland! It's not *exactly* British, but at least it's fairly geographically close. *Pale pubescent beasts wander the streets and coffee shops. Their prey gather in herds of stiff knee-length skirts and white ankle socks. But while they search for a mate, my type hibernate in bedrooms above, composing their songs...of LOOOOOVE!!!!*"

"Merlin save me from artificially intelligent pieces of paper," Snape groaned as he tried to sink deeper into his chair. "I will give fifty points to the house of whomever manages to concoct a potion to dissolve this bloody Telegram," he said wearily, waving his wand and replacing the previous assignment, Burn-Healing Paste, with "FIND A WAY TO GET RID OF THIS DAMNED SINGING TELEGRAM".

"Snapey swore at his students! Snapey swore at his students!" the Telegram chanted in a sing-song voice.

"Oh, shut up!"

"You got my heart, so why should I hide it? You say you want it so, so why fight it like you do? Ooh, you twist it and turn it, ooh, you twist it and burn it, ooh, you slash it and burn it, and then you crucify my heart!"

"What is that idiocy, and why are you spouting it at me?"

"They say the singer looks like you."

"If he does, then it is not nearly punishment enough for unleashing *that* on the world."

"Put your arms around me, baby. Can't you see I need you so? Hold me close against your skin, I'm about to begin lovin' you." Not bad so far, though rather cliché. Perhaps the Telegram *could* be tolerable once in awhile.

"Spit on your hand and stroke my cock at a medium pace. Play with my balls and tell me how big they are..." He raised an eyebrow. The words were starting to get a bit explicit for his tastes, but even when the Telegram began singing about voyeurism and masturbation he still thought it wasn't too bad so far until...

"See that shampoo bottle? Now STICK IT UP MY ASS!"

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" Snape roared.

"But I haven't even got to the fun part yet," the Telegram whined. "Can't I at least sing about making me push my dick and balls back between my legs?"

"Absolutely not! And what sort of dunderhead would write a song like that one, anyway?"

"Adam Sandler, apparently. So I guess this kind of love song isn't your favourite, is it?"

"If you call *that* a love song, your creators obviously need a remedial lesson in romance!"

"And I suppose you're the one who's going to give it to them, are you?" the Telegram chuckled.

"Better me than some idiot who thinks that having a shampoo bottle shoved up his arse is romantic!"

"Why, Professor Snape, I didn't even think you knew what a shampoo bottle was."

"I know what lighter fluid is," he threatened it.

"Won't work," came the saucy reply. "I'm fully protected against everything you could possibly do to me...and a few things that you can't, including the Killing Curse."

"Shame."

"From Sault Ste. Marie all the way to Coeur D'Alene, angels on the freeway speak to me. Crosses on the road with names that I don't know, a million whispers telling me where to go..."

"I know where I wish you'd go," Snape grumbled.

"Admit it, you're beginning to like me."

"I would, but I'm not in the habit of lying to annoying little sparkly bits of parchment."

"Flattery will get you everywhere, Professor," it said to him in a seductive tone, nuzzling up against him.

"GET OFF OF ME!"

"JEREMIAH WAS A BULLFROG! WAS A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE! I NEVER UNDERSTOOD A SINGLE WORD HE SAID, BUT I HELPED HIM DRINK HIS WINE! AND HE ALWAYS HAD SOME MIGHTY FINE WINE!"

"If music be the food of love, shut up!"

"I can't until you listen to me," it reminded him. "SINGIN' JOY TO THE WORLD, ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS! JOY TO THE FISHES IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA, JOY TO YOU AND ME!"

Severus crossed his arms on the surface of his desk and let his head drop down onto them. "Somebody kill me, please!"

"Sorry, I don't know that one," the Telegram replied.

That night in his rooms, Severus sat in his favourite overstuffed chair, his head in his hands. "You're making me absolutely miserable, you know."

"I've been instructed to do everything I can to get you to hear my message, Severus," it told him.

"And when, precisely, did I give you leave to address me using my given name?" he asked it icily.

"Technically you never did, but I think I've earned it. You've hexed me sixty-eight times so far today."

"Would you like to try for number sixty-nine?"

"Ooh! I think I've got the perfect song for that! *Lock eyes from across the room. Down my drink while the rhythms boom. Take your hand and skip the names, no need here for the silly games. Make our way through the smoke and crowd, the club is the sky and I'm on your cloud, move in close as the lasers fly, our bodies touch and the angels cry...*"

"AVADA KEDAVRA!"

The power of the curse set off a particularly fierce blaze of light when it hit the Telegram. "I've already told you that wouldn't work!" the Telegram shouted, and then, speaking in a voice that would never need a *Sonorous* to echo through the entire school, it continued. "*Leave this place, go back to yours, our lips first touch outside your doors, the whole night what we've got in store, whisper in my ear that you want some more, and I JIZZ! IN! MY PANTS!*"

After everything else, this final selection was just too much. "All right! All right! I give up! I'll listen and I'll listen *now!* Just get it over with!"

"Finally!" the Telegram sighed. "To be honest, I was getting tired of trying to come up with songs...I was going to have to start repeating myself in another day or so."

"Let joy be unconfined," Severus groaned. "Just give me your message and go away."

"As you wish, Professor." Snape had the impression that if it had actually possessed lungs, it would have drawn in a deep breath before it sang:

Dear Professor Snape,

We hope that you don't mind

Hearing from us now,

After all this time.

We just want to tell you

That we're really glad you survived.

As it's been twelve years

Since that awful snakebite,

We thought you'd need to hear

That someone's glad you're all right.

We don't need a reason,

Unless it's to try to cheer you up.

We hope that this has made you smile,

Maybe even cheered you up for awhile.

Sent by George Weasley and Luna Lovegood.

As the Telegram finished singing, it gave a great sigh of relief and settled on the floor, apparently lifeless. Just when Severus thought he was safe, it perked up a bit. "You can re-cast the charm that animates me if you like. It's a swirl and flick with your wand, and the incantation is '*Cantaridiculum!*'"

"I'll remember that the next time I want to be annoyed to within an inch of losing what's left of my sanity!" he snapped at it.

But he smiled as he said it.

Author's Notes: This was partially inspired by a couple of MuseAmusant's Saturday Night Drabble prompts a couple of weeks ago, though it's obviously exploded far beyond the point where it could ever be called a drabble. The first one was posted in late September. "A hex causes someone (your choice) to break into embarrassing/inappropriate bits of Muggle song whenever they attempt to speak." Of this one, only the incantation "*Cantaridiculum!*" ("sing-ridiculous!") and the notion of someone (or in this case, something) spouting off inappropriate Muggle songs survive. However, the second one, posted about two weeks ago..."Professor Snape receives an extremely persistent singing telegram"...ended up being the main inspiration for this piece.

Oddly enough, originally the Telegram did not have its own personality, but at some point in my writing process it developed one. I think I had more fun writing it than I had writing poor Severus, though he remains my favourite target for mischief and general weirdness, largely because he's such an austere character that I can't help wanting to tweak his nose every once in awhile.

"Acetylsalicylic acid" is aspirin, and "Paracetamol" is the international nonproprietary name (and, if I'm not mistaken, the British Approved Name) for acetaminophen, which may be better known to Canadians and Americans as "Tylenol".

When Severus blames the Telegram's first message on Minerva, he refers to William McGonagall, who is popularly known as the worst English-language poet ever...though in comparison to the lyrics of most 90's boy band songs, I'd say that his poetry really isn't all that bad.

The songs sung by the Telegram are, in order of appearance:

Ti amo - Umberto Tozzi

David Duchovny - Bree Sharp

You Give Love A Bad Name - Bon Jovi

You're Breakin' My Heart - Harry Nilsson

Shaddup You Face - Joe Dolce

I'll Be There For You - The Moffats

L'Italiano - Toto Cutugno

Songs of Love - The Divine Comedy

Crucify My Heart - Private

At A Medium Pace - Adam Sandler

Sault Ste. Marie - Three Dog Night

Jeremiah Was A Bullfrog - Three Dog Night

Jizz In My Pants - The Lonely Island

I've also alluded to another Adam Sandler song, "Somebody Kill Me, Please" from The Wedding Singer.

You know, I'm not entirely sure I understand "apri la porta a un guerriero di carta igienica" from Tozzi's "Ti amo" correctly. Either I'm really misunderstanding the words of this song, or there are Italian love songs that make about as much sense as most English ones do and he really *is* saying "open the door to the toilet paper warrior".

The final message of the Telegram can be sung to the tune of Enya's "Wild Child", provided that you make allowances for an extra syllable here and there; I've always thought that if Luna were into Muggle music, she would like Enya, whose music often has a sort of dream-like quality to it that I suspect that Luna would probably appreciate.