

A Visit From St. Severus

by hexgirl

"Twas the night before Christmas' is all very well, but who would we really like to see
handling our stockings?

A Visit From St. Severus

Chapter 1 of 1

"Twas the night before Christmas' is all very well, but who would we really like to see handling our stockings?

Written last year as a Christmas greeting for: Sevv, Morgaine_dulac, Agnus Castus and Star_girl.

A Visit From St Severus

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

I turned off the light, and climbed into bed,

While thoughts of mint Bailey's danced in my head.

When outside the door there came such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

He was dressed all in black, from his head to his shoe,

And his cloak how it billowed as he came into view.

He cast me a glare as he threw down his broom,

And bade me to hush as he entered my room.

His black eyes they glinted! His skin was like chalk!

His cheeks were like marble, his nose like a hawk!

The sneer on his lips was enough to rouse fright,

And the hair on his head was as dark as the night.

The end of a wand he held tight in his grip.

He pointed it at me and told me to strip.

He had a thin face and a deathly white pallor,

That dared his transgressors to show signs of valour!

He was slender and lofty, no tiny house-elf,

And I shrieked when I saw him, in spite of myself!

A glint of his eye and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had plenty to dread.

He cast off his robes, and he climbed into bed,

'I expected Saint Nick with a present,' I said.

He laughed as I shivered and said, 'Never fear,'

My purpose tonight is to bring Christmas cheer.'

'What name shall I cry? If you would be so kind.'

'Severus,' he growled, as he thrust from behind.

When it was over, he bade me goodbye.

He drank down the sherry, and ate the mince pie.

I cried, 'Severus... please!' with the strength that I had,

'Will you come back next year if I swear to be bad?'

He said, 'To be sure, of that there's no danger.

God knows I need respite from shagging Miss Granger.'

With deepest apologies to Clement Clarke Moore and JK Rowling.