

Hair Apparent

by Rose of the West

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The Wig

Chapter 1 of 1

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He looked in the hand mirror and turned his head from side to side. He ran his hand over the wig and sighed. "Now that the chemotherapy is over, my own hair should grow back soon. I'm not sure this is better than baldness."

"Now, Severus, you muttered about the baldness when they came to take your picture for the papers. You have to decide one way or another." This mediwitch was one of those over-cheerful types. He'd originally made a game for himself of trying to annoy her, but had to admit defeat.

"Why can't everyone just leave me alone?"

"There's no reason to be so curmudgeonly. Everyone knows that you were really on the right side."

"Hmph."

As far as he was concerned, he was on the wrong side of the grave. Some do-gooder had thought to bring him to the hospital. Once there, the Healers tortured him with various spells and potions before hitting on a Muggle potion called chemotherapy. He'd quickly been healed, but his hair had fallen out.

Now some other benefactor had donated hair to have a wig made for him. The hair was thick and full, and was woven together in such a way that there was no backing or lining for the wig. As he lay down, he discovered it was soft. It made a welcome change from his pillow, so he decided he might as well leave it on as he slept.

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He awoke and found that his whole head itched. He slid his fingers under the borrowed hair to slide the wig off and found that it had somehow attached to his head. Swearing, he summoned the mediwitch.

"I knew it was a bad idea. Now the hair won't come off."

She checked his scalp. "I've never seen this before; it appears to have taken root."

"Now what do I do?"

"I'm sure it's no big deal."

"Not to you, maybe. Do you know why this happened?"

"I can't imagine."

The Healer didn't know what had happened either, so Severus demanded any books the hospital library might have on magic involving hair or skin. He was given two such tomes and worked his way through them in a matter of days. As he did, the hair only strengthened its hold on his head. He had to request a comb and brush to tame it.

What the book told him floored him. It was something that he wasn't expecting in the least. It made him rethink quite a bit of his past. He demanded information about the donor but was told that the person wanted to be anonymous. He sighed and fumed. He'd be released from the hospital soon and it shouldn't be hard to find someone with brown hair that had a tendency to tangle.

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He was forced to endure some sort of awards ceremony at the Ministry. He would receive an Order of Merlin along with several of the Hogwarts students. It would be a master class in embarrassment, he was sure.

He tried to avoid looking at Potter, Granger, and Weasley, but there was something that caught his attention. He looked more carefully out of the corner of his eye. Granger's hair had been cut so that it now fell in curls down to her chin. He fingered his own new hair, which had been cut and styled so that it looked similar to his previous hair, only lighter in color... the exact color of those short curls.

He pondered everything he'd ever known about Granger. He closed his eyes and pictured her student file. Her birthday fit a certain night of elf-made wine and reckless abandon. He looked at her—really looked at her for the first time ever—and knew. Since only hair from a direct blood relative would grow into a wizard's scalp like that, it meant that he and Lily had a daughter.

From capepfir's Saturday Night Drabble prompt: After Nagini's bite, Snape is in St. Mungo's, healing. Since he's a half-blood, Healers are curing him with chemotherapy. He loses all his hair. Generous as always, Hermione offers him a wig made of her own frizz. Will he wear it?

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