

May the Best Team Win

by imhilien

In which Professor Snape & Professor Granger argue through letters over who will win the Quidditch Cup. (For the 'Epistolary' challenge on grangersnape100. 3 x 100)

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Professor Granger was eating her breakfast one morning and thinking about the upcoming Quidditch Cup, when a letter was dropped by her porridge.

The letter was of fine parchment and tied with a green ribbon. She grimaced. Snape wrote more than he deigned to talk to her.

Professor Granger,

No doubt you anticipate your precious Gryffindors winning this year's cup. However, my Slytherins will prove themselves the superior team, naturally.

You will have less to smile about at breakfast time.

Professor S. Snape

Intolerable man, Hermione thought darkly as she looked at a smug looking Snape. She smiled sweetly at him.

Snape's eyes narrowed when he noticed a letter on his desk, tied with a scarlet ribbon. No, he would not try to detect the perfume of the maddening Professor Hermione Granger on the letter. Professor, pah.

Professor Snape,

I'm sure the best team will win this year's cup. Of course, Gryffindor House cannot help having many superior players at the moment.

How sweet of you to notice my smile.

Professor H. Granger

Intolerable woman, Snape growled as he ripped the letter into tiny pieces, even though the paper had smelt of apricots.

He turned the pieces into ash, and sneered.

Professor Granger,

I cannot imagine how the cup result was a tie of all things, but no doubt you had something to do with it.

Please refrain in future from dousing your letters with the pond water you call perfume.

Professor S. Snape

He received the reply at breakfast the next day.

Professor Snape,

If I can accept the tie, I am sure you can be an adult and do so too.

I will wear my perfume more often.

Professor H. Granger

Snape glowered at Hermione. This isn't over, his gaze promised.

Hermione smiled. I've just begun, her smile signified.

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