

It's the Intent That Counts

by nata

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"How long have you known Severus Snape, Miss Trelawney?"

"Thirty years, Chief Warlock. I first saw him a year before he enrolled to Hogwarts. My Inner Eye showed him."

The cough from the audience failed to disguise *letters to parents preps*.

"Quiet! Miss Trelawney, would you recognize him in a crowd?"

"Certainly. He's unmistakable. Always was."

"Did you see him on March twenty-fourth at Diagon Alley?"

"No."

"No?"

"One with talents as great as mine can't believe everything one sees. Headmaster Snape died last year."

"Mr. Fletcher, where were you on the morning of March twenty-fourth?"

"I'd rather not say, your Majesty."

"Chief Warlock, if you please."

"Yes, sir."

"Chief—. Er, never mind. Did you see Severus Snape on that morning?"

"Sure not. After the night I had? I've seen *things* on fine mornings you wouldn't believe. Besides, Snape's snuffing flowers. Everybody knows that."

"Mr. Longbottom, why did you curse Mr. Snape in Diagon Alley on March twenty-fourth?"

"I thought he was a boggart. I mean, he's dead. But he's still my boggart."

"A counter-curse for a boggart is Riddikulus, isn't it, Mr. Longbottom?"

"Yes, it is."

"What spell did you cast?"

"The Riddikulus, Chief Warlock."

"How would you explain that his clothing was transfigured when he wasn't a boggart."

"Ehm. He was a boggart? I mean, Snape's dead, right?"

"Mr. Snape, were you in Diagon Alley on the morning of March twenty-fourth?"

"Yes."

"We heard the witnesses reject the possibility of confirming your alibi."

"They're morons, Chief Warlock."

"Mr. Snape! The Wizengamot requests politeness."

"Dunderheads, then."

"Mr. Snape!"

"Yes? Your question?"

Chief Warlock pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Did Mr. Longbottom curse you with the Boggart-Banishing Spell?"

"He screamed *Riddikulus* at top of his lungs, but he evidently cast a transfiguration spell."

"On the charge of assault on Severus Snape, we find Neville Longbottom guilty. On the charge of causing personal debasement to Severus Snape, we find Neville Longbottom not guilty."

"Ruling: Mr. Longbottom's spell failed due to extreme fright and is excusable. The Wizengamot charges Neville Longbottom with fifty hours of public service in form of brewing medical potions for St. Mungo's."

"I object!"

"What now? What's your objection, Mr. Snape?"

"I brew potions for St. Mungo's. It's my primary source of income."

"Fine. Mr. Longbottom will assist Mr. Snape in his laboratory. The profits will remain solely Mr. Snape's."

The hammer hit the table hard.

"The hearing is closed."

Severus groaned, wishing he had walked away with the vulture hat instead.

A/N: Big thanks to my lovely beta ladies for great inspiration.

Prompt: An unseen presence unsettles the denizens of Diagon Alley.