

# Extra! Extra!

*by ofankoma*

Severus learns when to keep his trap shut.

## Read All About It!

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus learns when to keep his trap shut.

### Author's Notes:

There are two preemptive bits of information, necessary depending on where in the world you live. First, a fool is a dessert. It's an eggless custard, often made with fruit; you can have a gooseberry fool, a raspberry fool, a vanilla fool, a rosemary and lavender fool, and so forth and so on. Second, there's this great expression that some of you may already be familiar with: 'All fur coat and no knickers.' It means that someone's all for show, but there's really nothing underneath. Looks perfect and upright, but that couldn't be farther from the truth.

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Severus Snape never gave an interview in his first twenty-eight years of life. Then something big happened to make him change his mind.

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"Lockhartmania Hits Diagon Alley" *Rita Skeeter*

Fathers, lock up your daughters! Wizards, detain your witches! Temptation is coming to town, and he's ready to charm you off your feet! Gilderoy Lockhart, 32, celebrated author and adventurer, will be at Flourish and Blotts tomorrow to promote his next bestseller. Crowds are already filling the streets.

"They've been camped out for days," reports Florean Fortescue, 74. "I've added a new dessert to the menu, an eggless custard with Gilderoy's favourite flavours – the Lavender Fool."

"He's a dish," states Madam Malkin, age withheld. "I'm presenting him with complimentary dress robes when he swings by my shop – cerulean, to bring out his eyes."

Even fellow wizards can't resist the blond charmer. "His eyes? His lips?" asks Severus Snape, 28, an expression of inexplicable longing plastered on his sallow mug. "No knickers."

In addition to the events at Diagon Alley shops, there will be a parade in his honour at noon and a kissing booth to benefit new construction projects at St Mungo's Hospital.

It's safe to say Snape speaks for all the witches in England: "If I ever get my hands on him... nothing would make me happier!"

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"Gilderoydemonium: Potions-Induced or Pixie-Related?" *Xenophilus Lovegood*

Stunned townsfolk are still talking about the reign of chaos that descended upon Diagon Alley yesterday. Witnesses said the arrival of Gilderoy Lockhart was to blame for the scores of fainting women and bloody skirmishes.

But *was* it?

One brave soul came forward to set the record straight. "It's a sham!" reported Severus Snape. "He's a disingenuous article, congenitally narcissistic and overwhelmingly incapable of accomplishing anything save manipulating women. His eyes? Charmed that colour. His lips? Muggle surgery! He's all dress robes and no knickers."

Others are saying it's an open-and-shut case of invisible Cornish pixies running amok.

But *is* it?

"It's a damn potion," said Snape, addressing (he claimed) the duped witches of England. "A potion, you slack-jawed sheep! A run-of-the-mill Obsession Potion laced with the duplicitous wanker's pheromones and Merlin-only-knows-what *other* viscous fluids, diluted and sprayed about for weeks. I HAVE SAMPLES, CATALOGUED AND DATED! You'll see. The commotion will stop when it dissipates."

But *will* it?

Not if rogue bands of roving pixies are to blame. They're just one of many mysterious phenomena in England this spring, including beetle swarms *-beetles!* – in this editor's office and yeti sightings elsewhere. (See also, "You-Know-Who's Twin Opens a Successful Urology Practice in Knightsbridge," cover story.)

Others like Snape persist in more speculative answers. "If I ever get my hands on him," he said, "nothing would make me happier than to expose him for the fraud he is."

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Severus Snape never gave an interview in his first twenty-eight years of life. After a single lapse in judgment, he never gave one again.

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**Many, many thanks go to kittylefish for betaing this drabble! She wrangled the very last word out of me ("beetles," for those of you keeping track).**

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