

Zen and the Art of... Spelling?

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A passionate argument ultimately yields to humour. Written in response to an HP Con Envy prompt from nocturnus33.

A Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to nocturnus33 for a wonderful prompt. I doubt she expected it to go this direction, but the muse wants what she wants, and I do hope you enjoy it regardless. Thanks to TeaOli for the read-through.

Original Prompt: "People find it far easier to forgive others for being wrong than being right."

"It is!"

"No, it's not!"

"No, really, Severus, it is! I swear!"

"It's not! I am one hundred percent certain you're wrong about this, Hermione!"

"I can see you're certain—certainly *wrong!*"

"Get it through your insufferably bushy head, Hermione—it is *not* a word!"

"What shall we wager, Severus?"

"Cooking duties for a week. Winner chooses the menu."

"Done. Where's the dictionary?"

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"Severus, please. I'm sorry..."

"You aren't *seriously* apologising for being *right*? You love being right."

"Well, no... but I *am* sorry you're so upset about it."

“Hmph.”

“Hardly *anyone* knows that word! I wouldn’t have known it myself if not for that spelling competition when I was nine.”

“You knew how to spell ‘sucedaneum’ when you were *nine*?”

“Well... erm... not exactly... Oh, all *right!* If you *must* know, Mr Spoilsport, the *winner* knew—and *she* was only eight.”

“Ahhhh... Well, don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone that there was once something the know-it-all didn’t know.”

“Oh, you’re just too funny. Just for that, you can make me a chocolate soufflé.”