

# The Secret Attraction Solace Swing

by Amita

A quartet comes together.

Chapter 1 of 1

A quartet comes together.

"Play it again, Severus."

"I'm never going to get *Song of India*," said Severus, looking at his instrument in despair. I want to go back to my recorder."

"We agreed that we need to find our own peace, and nothing is going to put soul in solace like a clarinet," said Lucius. "Besides, weren't you getting tired of *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*?"

"Don't you get tired of strumming the blues chords on your guitar?" asked Severus.

"No," said Lucius, "but it's probably a good thing my wife has already left me."

"Integrating our objective and subjective parts isn't pretty to watch," said Severus, "or listen to, either."

"I could try the sensitive-female-chord-progression," suggested Lucius.

Unknown to the seekers, a shadow had been lurking outside Severus's shop during the hours they had fingered and strummed their way to solace. There came the evening when she could no longer hold back.

Answering a discreet knock on the door, Severus opened it to let in an anxious Pansy who said, "I really think you two need a timekeeper."

Yes, she had a pair of drum wands with her, and each had, she asserted, a core consisting of a feather from a rockin' robin.

Severus and Lucius gave each other a quizzical look. Whatever.

As she tapped out the rhythm, Severus was thinking that the robin feathers were doing their job until he remembered that the wand chooses the witch. He looked at the well-shaped and well-coordinated lady and mused about what depths lay beneath that intelligent face and what solace she could offer the wizard of her choice.

After several practice sessions, Pansy offered her opinion that the harmony needed an anchor and she knew the very musician.

"Luna?" said Severus and Lucius.

Thus it was that a dishwater blonde was in their midst, plucking a string bass.

Lucius was thinking Luna must be very attracted to music since she kept smiling at him with shining eyes.

"We make beautiful harmony," she told him.

The day came when they wondered about vocals. Pansy remarked that Luna had a lovely voice, and she should sing something for them. With encouragement and much blushing, Luna accompanied herself as she belted out

Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'  
Keep movin', movin', movin,  
Though they're disapprovin'  
Keep them doggies movin' Rawhide!

"Catchy tune," said Severus. "What does it mean?"

"Doggies must be a diminutive term for werewolves," said Pansy. "Someone must be driving them out of the region."

*She's brilliant*, thought Severus.

"Rawhide must refer to their seat since they don't dare stop or get off their brooms," said Lucius.

Luna belted out the rest

My true love will be waitin',  
Be waitin' at the end of my ride.

and looked hopefully at Lucius, hoping he would ride with the metaphor and take the hint. A little raw hide would be nice.

Lucius, however, was deep in thought and said, "It must be what Quidditch players used to do in the off season."

Luna sighed.

"Perhaps that's why Krum has several pairs of leather trousers," said Pansy.

*How does she know that?* wondered Severus and Lucius.

"We can use it as a novelty song," said Severus, "but we need some lyrics that speak to wizardkind."

"I wrote something last night," said Pansy, "but I'm not sure about it."

"Go ahead," said Lucius, giving her an a-minor chord as a prompt.

Pansy summoned her courage.

I hate to see the sun come up  
And start another fruitless trek  
I hate to see the sun go down  
To end the day a hopeless wreck  
I've got a lot to lose  
I've got the Snorkack Blues

Feelings welled up in Severus, and he fought down the urge to gush out his admiration for the beautiful and talented Pansy.

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Combining four prompts from Fairfield

- For solace, Severus takes up the recorder.
- Luna is attracted to a wizard.
- Pansy has a secret admirer.
- Lucius discovers swing.

and one from teaoli

- Viktor in leather trousers