

The Snapes of Wrath

by Fairfield

A small group sets out for a new land.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"We can't go on much longer. You might be able to, but we can't."

Severus gave Hermione a sympathetic look. "I used up my reserves ages ago."

He was thinking that he had already become someone he didn't like and more of his past life would turn him into someone he loathed. He looked around at the few left. At one time there had been thirteen of them, but Bill and Fleur had moved to France and Harry and Ginny had followed. George was planning to join them. Percy had vanished, chameleon like, into the government apparatus.

When there were thirteen, they had considered several strategies, from forming a consortium of mutually supporting businesses to relocating in California, USA, the land of opportunity.

"Think of all those American gadgets," Arthur had said.

Severus was thinking they had been major players in a war the public didn't want to think about or remember, a war that hadn't solved anything. Initially, he was a marginal member of the group, but now those remaining looked to him for support. There was Arthur, Molly, Ron, Hermione, Andromeda, Teddy, and himself. There were too few of them to prosper in Brit wizard society.

California was the promise and the hope. None of them believed it as much as each hoped the others did.

The final blow was Arthur Weasley leaving his job. His co-workers had believed that under Tom Riddle, the misuse of mundane objects would become a campaign against mundane objects and their department would reign supreme, but their hopes had been dashed, and Arthur had been partly responsible. The department neither trusted nor tolerated someone who had conspired against them.

Molly sat among them, wringing her hands and biting her handkerchief, obviously not relating to anything being discussed. The only thing on her mind was her failed efforts to get Arthur out of the shed.

"I can't leave mum and dad," said Ron.

"I can't stay here," said Hermione.

Lucius Malfoy had made a generous loan to the government to help the administration get back on its feet. He was awarded the appellation 'Friend of the Ministry.'

"What'd we fight for?" asked Ron.

"The usual," said Severus. "The poor fought to protect the rich and powerful."

"But we fought the rich and powerful," said Ron.

"This time, we protected them from themselves," said Severus.

"That's nonsense," said Ron. "This is all nonsense. You and the others can run from their responsibilities, but I can't."

"When we get to America, I can send you money," said Hermione.

"We don't want your stinking money," said Ron.

"It would be fair compensation for your looking after two members of our group," said Severus. "It's a hard choice for hard times."

Severus watched Ron walk away, and he watched Andy comfort a weeping Hermione. Andy shot a strange look at Severus, and suddenly, he knew that Hermione was pregnant. He was partnered with a grandmother and her grandson and a pregnant woman, but their courage inspired him.

And there was more than courage to inspire him. When Hermione recovered, she and Andy informed him that they had prepared for this worst case scenario. As he was wondering how they had managed to foresee this turn of events, they outlined their ideas. While they located an appropriate American wizard community and while they worked on establishing themselves as members, Severus, with their help, could earn a living as an illusionist in the non-wizard community. It would be easy for him. The hard part was to be good enough to be successful, but not so good as to attract suspicion.

"We already have your closing number," said Andy. "By using reduction and enlargement spells, you should be able to conceal twenty canary cages complete with canaries inside your cloak. You slowly and dramatically pull them out and display them."

"A bunch of tweeting canaries?" asked Severus.

"Don't be such a sourpuss, Severus," said Andy. "You need a closing number that both impresses the audience and warms their hearts."

They had done their research on famous American illusionists, and they had lots of information, complete with photographs, in the books they had obtained.

"You would look splendid in this one," they said, showing one of the stage costumes.

He made a face. The two women looked at each other. This was going to be fun.

peskipiksi: My other half wants to read a story called 'The Snapes of Wrath'. Content up to you.

Author's Note: Weekend company caused this drabble to be written Monday