

How Snape Saved Glinda the Good Witch of the South

by June W

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It is a truth universally acknowledged that once you are declared a war hero, you are trotted out at every damn anniversary.

"Severus, you are expected to attend," Kingsley said each year. "By the way, are your monthly stipend cheques arriving on time?"

It was not a subtle message, but any Slytherin would have understood quite clearly. It was payback time – payback for not being sent to Azkaban. "War hero" indeed!

He knew he was fortunate that all the Order of the Phoenix asked was that he spend time with their small children, who didn't think of their own parents as war heroes – but who had heard of Snape the war hero.

"Severus Snape brushes his teeth," the parents told their children. "Severus Snape eats his vegetables."

At each anniversary gathering, all the children needed was to actually see The War Hero, to know he wasn't merely a myth like the Queen of the Snorkacks. It didn't matter what he said.

So last anniversary, their parents told him to read fairy tales. He didn't want to tell fairy tales to young children, because if he did a good job of it they'd want him to do it again. And again. And again. So he did a bad job of it – well, it was actually an excellent job of story-telling, but he'd told the children fairy tales with the *original* endings. Nobody rescued Red Riding Hood; she listened to the wolf and got eaten. The prince married a princess, and the Little Mermaid committed suicide. The Three Bears ate Goldilocks.

Spoilsport Gryffindor parents now insisted on stories with *happier* endings.

Humbug.

This year, Hermione Weasley demanded a Muggle story. Political correctness and all that.

The Wizard of Oz would have been a booklet if Snape had been the Powerful Oz. The wicked witches would be dead, the Munchkins would be dead, Glenda would be banished for unnecessary sweetness, the Tin Man would have been melted down into something useful, the Scarecrow would be tied to his pole for eternity, the Cowardly Lion would be kept and shown on occasion to Gryffindors to keep them humble, Dorothy would have spent all of five minutes in Oz before being shipped back to Kansas, and nothing would happen to the Flying Monkeys, because they would amuse him.

The Emerald City... he'd sell off the emeralds and bars of gold, which were completely unnecessary to protect the city's residents. And then Snape would take the money and leave Oz to Princess Ozma, let her listen to all the whingers and make laws all day.

But that's not the story that Hermione Weasley gave him to read.

"Just read the book, word-for-word," the swot said, jabbing her finger at the book as if Snape didn't know that the book was a damned book.

So much for being a war hero and Order of Merlin recipient, if all the "glory" brought him was that he had to obey a minor Ministry official who spent her days settling house-elf wage disputes.

But a true Slytherin knows how to get around an agreement. He read the book, word-for-word. And then he threw in just a few extra words.

"The Wicked Witch of the East was a pureblood witch, tall and with classic great good looks and arrogant bearing," he said, thinking of Bellatrix Lestrange before she went to Azkaban. "She was more powerful than the Good Witch of the North, but she had better hair." His eyes glanced briefly at Hermione's frizzy locks.

"The Wicked Witch of the East deserved to be killed when Dorothy's house fell on her. Her body shriveled up, leaving only her magical shoes," he said dramatically.

"Were the shoes silver or ruby?" asked young Rose Weasley, just as inquisitive as her mother. "The book says silver shoes, but the movie has ruby red slippers."

"They were magical shoes!" Snape declared. "I saw them. They could change from silver to red to any color, just like this lad's hair." He pointed to Teddy Tonks.

All the children nodded their head. Snape the War Hero knew all the things their parents didn't tell them. Even Rose Weasley knew better than to doubt Snape, since she knew full well that Teddy could indeed change his hair color – and his nose, feet, and other body parts.

"Mr. Snape, I don't know if that's true about the shoes," Hermione said primly.

"They were magical shoes. They transported Dorothy, like a Portkey."

"Well, yes, but..."

"Are you saying they were *not* magical shoes?"

"Of course not. You're right, sir."

Snape sniffed. "War heroes do not lie."

"War heroes do not lie," the children repeated solemnly. Snape was a War Hero, and Snape said War Heroes do not lie.

Hermione noticed her own children looking skeptically at their father, also known as a war hero. Ron was flirting outrageously with Lavender, just as he did every year at these gatherings. But only as a joke and *only* at these gatherings, he assured her, because he never saw Lavender during the year.

Severus finally finished his storytelling duties – rather, Molly Weasley rescued him by bringing out a table of cauldron cakes, treacle tarts, chocolate eclairs, trifle, no-melt ice cream, and custard pies.

"Wait a minute, who brought custard pies? I didn't make these."

Children screamed when a custard pie started chasing them.

"George, you know I don't allow these with the children!" Molly shrieked at her son, who had sneaked in the Self-Propelling Custard Pies from his stock at Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes.

As Molly and children were busy evading and chasing – and being hit by – the Self-Propelling Custard Pies, Snape found a moment alone with Hermione Weasley.

"Glinda had a Great Book of Records that enabled her to keep track of everything that occurred in the world from the instant it happened," he murmured, as he slipped her a small package. "This is only if you want to know."

Hermione couldn't break the wards on it until hours later. She enjoyed the challenge to her magic, but she didn't enjoy the knowledge. Snape had given her a small clock similar to the Weasleys' family clock, but this one only had two hands – one for Ron, and one for Lavender. Over the next few months, Hermione saw Ron and Lavender were together too many times, including "in Lavender's bed" and "private room #6 at Leaky Cauldron." Ron didn't enjoy the vial of Snape's extra-strength Veritaserum.

The next year, Snape was not asked to do anything except appear at the Order's annual gathering. He came out of curiosity.

Hermione Granger – no longer Weasley – slipped him an invitation to dinner, which led to more invitations.

Who needed the Flying Monkeys? Severus had better entertainment than anything the Wizard of Oz had. Hermione the Good Witch had more charms than Glinda.

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Author's Note: Many thanks to ms_fig for inspiring this; she wrote the paragraph about "booklet" that triggered my muse.