

Friday

by phoenix

Severus Snape faces yet another Friday at Hogwarts. Set during Order the Phoenix.
Orig posted: Feb 2005

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This little blast from the past is the first Harry Potter fanfic I wrote back in October of 2005. I realized that it never got archived here when I started posting. I think it has held up amazingly well, and I'm not at all embarrassed by it, unlike some of the other stories I've written that either went too Mary Sue or I find aren't quite as good as they could be. Enjoy.

Severus Snape lay in bed staring at the ceiling. It was Friday. He hated Fridays. No, he dreaded Fridays. One would think that the end of the week would be a welcome time. Oh yes, Friday afternoons were wonderful. He would have two glorious days of freedom. Friday mornings were another story.

His first class of the day was with the first year Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs. They were the biggest group of dunderheads he ever recalled having to deal with. Were parents teaching their children nothing? The day hardly improved from there.

He had the Ravenclaw and Slytherin third years for a dose of double Potions and he fully expected this class to be abysmal. He had no doubt there would be several explosions. He could not fathom why students were incapable of reading and following directions. They seemed to take great pride in skipping steps without regard to the consequences. He was always careful to discuss potentials for dangerous interactions in his lectures and continually assigned them homework researching just that. Of course, given what they turned in for homework, he shouldn't have been surprised that they continued to make mistakes.

He finally forced himself out of bed so that he could get ready for the day. While in the shower, he contemplated all the potential disasters the third years could wreak. Their last homework had shown a surprising disregard for proper research, even the Ravenclaws. He couldn't understand why none of them felt compelled to take advantage of the fantastic education they could get here. When he had been a student, he had poured his heart and soul into learning everything he could, especially about potions. Of course, most of them had no grasp of the subtleties of potion making.

The afternoon would provide only a brief respite. His seventh year NEWT students had a quiz today. He sneered at his reflection in the mirror. Well, they didn't know they had a quiz, but last night he realized he would not feel like teaching after the morning he was about to have, so he had devised a little pop quiz. This quiz would give him an extra hour of peace.

Then, after that hour, the piece de resistance, the fifth year Slytherins and Gryffindors. Ah yes, an hour with the intolerable *Saint* Harry Potter, know-it-all Hermione Granger and incompetent Neville Longbottom. The mere thought started to bring on a headache.

As he was shaving, he considered the lecture he was giving and making a guess at how many points he would end up deducting from Gryffindor. He was teaching on an obscure topic, which meant Granger would probably be good for ten. She couldn't stand it when he wouldn't call on her and still had the habit of blurting out the answer. Frankly, he had stopped calling on her because he was tired of hearing her spout the answers to everything. As the topic was obscure, he could probably count on Weasley and Potter for another five apiece, since the two of them were incapable of behaving for an hour. Since this was a lecture, as opposed to a lab, Longbottom

probably wouldn't lose them any points.

The others were generally well behaved in class. In fact, Dean Thomas actually showed some level of competence. He was reasonably sure that Thomas would continue in Potions after OWLs.

If only McGonagall had paired the Ravenclaws with the Slytherins, this might have been an enjoyable afternoon. But instead, the last thing he had to suffer before his two glorious days of freedom was *Harry Potter*.

He ran the comb through his hair one last time and shrugged on his coat. After doing up the buttons, he took one last look in the mirror and threw on his robe. Someday he would have a student that appreciated the subtle science of potion making, but that day was not today.