

Know When to Hold ‘Em: A Meme-Based Minific

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Severus and Luna, in the Elevator, With a Deck of Cards. It really isn't what it sounds like. Or maybe it is.

mini-fic/drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Neither the characters nor the idea for this fic are mine. I simply executed the concept to the best of my abilities with the available tools. (See Note for details.)

"HOLD THAT DOOR!"

Snape shouldered his way into the lift and punched the button for the 5th floor of Reform Enterprises, where his assistant should have lunch waiting at his desk (if said assistant didn't wish to fill that role.)

Luna smiled at him as the door closed and said, "You're welcome." In light of the lack of sarcasm in her voice, Snape rightly assumed that his usual elegant eyeroll would be wasted on her.

The car ground to a halt.

Snape said something very ungentlemanly.

Luna giggled and sat down on the floor. From the flowered tote at her side, she pulled a sandwich and a bag of pretzels.

"What do you think you're doing?" Snape asked.

"I'm quite sure that I'm eating my lunch." Luna consulted a watch which had neither words nor numerals, and only one moving hand. She smiled into some obscure middle distance and remarked, "These lifts get stuck for hours at a time, and I'm hungry."

Snape fired several spells at the door, ceiling, walls, and floor of the car and ultimately attempted to Apparate. Nothing worked.

"The lifts are all magic-proof for safety," she said.

"You might have mentioned that sooner!"

"You didn't ask."

Snape's biting retort was drowned out by the sound of his stomach growling.

"Would you like the other half?" Luna asked. She even had the decency to leave it on the paper.

Well, Snape had endured worse than standing in a lift and eating half a cold sandwich that might have the odd Ravenclaw fingerprint on it. He deigned to show a modicum of courtesy. "That's quite gracious of you, Miss Lovegood—"

"—Of course, you'll have to play me for it," Luna interrupted.

"Excuse me?"

She pulled a deck of cards from her tote. Animated unicorns danced across the backs, occasionally making lewd gestures with their horns. "Just one hand, and you don't have to win. I just fancy a game before eating. We can use pretzels as markers."

Snape's brief flicker of Good Will Toward Ravenclaws snuffed out like a spat-upon candle. "You're completely daft. I won't be blackmailed!"

Luna shrugged. "Unless, of course, you don't know how to play and feel embarrassed..."

Snape flung himself (rather elegantly, if he said so himself) to the floor of the lift. "Give me those cards, Miss Lovegood. You aren't shuffling unless I'm quite certain there is no mustard residue on your fingers."

2 hours later...

Draco puffed genteely, having been obliged by the lack of working lifts to climb the seven flights of stairs to the Security Room to find out what had kept Mother from lunch. He found her staring intently at one flickering screen in particular.

"Mother... have you stopped the lifts again?! What have I told you—"

Narcissa adjusted one of the little knobs, trying to pick out details of the cards amid the discarded sandwich wrappings and pretzel bag. "Hush, Draco. I want to see how this hand plays out."

FIN

Author's Note: This fic was based on the meme below:

The idea is simple (HAH!): pick ten characters from the Potter books without looking at the questions, and number them 1 to 10; then answer the questions without changing the order in which you chose the characters to make them fit better. (Thanks a lot, Potteresque_ire, for re-posting this brain-eater. LOL)

This was my blind list:

1. Draco
2. Harry
3. Percy
4. Neville
5. Luna
6. Mrs. Figg
7. George
8. Minerva
9. Snape
10. Narcissa

Another nearly all-dialogue ficlet was my answer to question 7 of 16

Q7. If 5 and 9 got stuck in an elevator together with nothing but a deck of cards, bag of pretzels, and sandwich for 2 hours, how would they pass the time, which one of them brought each item on the elevator, and what would 10 say/think while watching the surveillance video?