

What a Weekend

by emie554

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry, oh how I wish I did and I could have my way with him and so many other ickle characters. Alas, I am poor and pathetically obsessed with the world of Harry Potter so I only can write about him.

Mornings were not always a quiet affair in the quarters of Severus and Hermione Snape, but with a rambunctious three-year-old, that was hardly a surprise. However, on this particular morning an ominous cloud seemed to hang over their heads; it arrived in the form of a parchment by owl post.

Severus leaned over Hermione's shoulder, reading the invitation, "Hermione, are you sure you have to go?" he questioned. "Surely Albus won't make you."

"Yes, I am sure," she stated firmly. "It's required as part of a teacher's continuing education; not even Albus can change that."

He contemplated his options and smirked as he placed his hands on her shoulders. He leaned down and purred in her ear, "I could go with you. We could get a babysitter, spend a relaxing -- well maybe not so relaxing -- weekend together. We could upgrade to the honeymoon suite, barely make it to any lectures, see the sights of Rome...very romantic."

Hermione leaned into Severus as he nuzzled her neck and murmured, "Mmm that sounds, so nice. But who do you suggest we get to watch Samuel?"

"How about your parents?" Severus responded, while slowly rubbing his hands down her sides.

"They are on a cruise for the next month, remember? They're taking their second honeymoon," she sighed, moving her head to give him better access to her neck. "However, if you do that much longer, I might not care too much about whom we get to babysit."

"How about Draco?" Severus asked, going in for the kill.

Hermione whirled around to face her husband. "I can't believe you would even suggest him! Remember last time we were over for dinner? Samuel drank that strange potion that he found on the floor. How can you forget the trip to St. Mungo's, the two-day stay, the stomach pumping? You remember that, and yet you want Draco to watch him for two days?"

Severus paled in memory of how close they could have come to losing their son. "That was not a good idea. Do you have another suggestion?"

"Well let's see, we have Albus -- but he would just feed him sweets all weekend and let him do anything he wants. How about Remus? No...wait...there's going to be a full moon while we're gone. I know! Harry! He would be perfect!"

"I am not leaving my son with that menace," Severus snapped. "He forgot him at the zoo, Hermione. Alright...I concede. There is no one else besides your parents we trust to watch him."

"I'm sorry. It not that I wouldn't love to go away with you, believe me! Maybe after my parents return we could get them to watch him for the weekend...or even a whole week during Christmas break."

Hermione wrapped her arms around Severus' neck and kissed him passionately. After a moment, she backed up with a small smirk and told him, "I am sure you and Samuel will have a good time together."

The next weekend

As he watched the purple dinosaur dance on the screen of their magic television, Severus thought to himself, Oh yeah, we'll have a great time together! I can feel my brain turning to mush already! Hermione has only been gone three hours and I am ready to hex that damn purple dinosaur!

I love you, you love me

Were a happy family

With a great big hug and kiss from me to you

Won't you say that you love me too?

What a crock! Severus concluded. I'll show you love! Severus wondered how upset Hermione would be if the telly was gone when she came home; but then decided that he might miss it as well if he didn't have it to help entertain Samuel. A feeling of shame overwhelmed him at that thought of him wanting -- no needing -- a Muggle appliance to help amuse his child. Maybe it would be better for him to start spending more time with Samuel...get him interested in something better than some damn, idiotic dinosaur...like Potions! Severus was brought out of his ruminations by his son's voice.

"Daddy, I want to watch Teletubbies!" Samuel whined.

"What the hell is a Teletubby?! Never mind! I don't want to know!"

"Please, Daddy? Can I please?" Samuel sniveled, a fat tear rolling down his cheek.

"Wallowing in your sorrow will not ameliorate your imbroglia; therefore, I suggest you cease and desist your Stygian perturbation immediately!" he stated. "Do you want to be a wimpy Gryffindor, crying all the time? Wait...Don't answer that! Go get a book, I'll read to you."

Samuel gave a squeal of unadulterated joy, and shot off to his room, returning a moment later with several books in hand.

"This one first, please!" Samuel requested excitedly, "It's my favorite."

"Indeed," his father drawled.

"My mom and Bootsie Barker's mom are best friends," Severus began. "When Mrs. Barker comes to visit, she brings chocolate donuts, fresh strawberries...and Bootsie.

"It's the worst when Bootsie Barker comes to my house. Bootsie likes to pull my hair and tears up my books. She hates Charlene, my pet salamander. She says that I'm a turtle and she's a turtle-eating dinosaur."

As he sat finishing the story, Severus thought about the little girl in the story, and how she had managed to handle a bully, without resorting to violence. It was very Slytherin...Bootsie Barker was a good book for his son.

After Severus finished reading the second book, he announced, "Son, it's time for bed."

Severus picked Samuel up and carried him into his "big boy's room." After helping Samuel into his pajamas and tucking him in, Severus kissed his son's forehead and murmured, "I love you, Son. Goodnight."

As he flicked off the overhead light, Severus thought, One day down...one and a half to go.

When Severus awoke the next morning, he discovered a warm body beside him. I wonder when he climbed into bed last night? Severus thought to himself. As he lay there with his son curled next to him, Severus remembered having doubts about fatherhood before Samuel was born and was glad the Hermione had talked him into having a child. Otherwise, he might not have experienced the love one could have for one's child. It reminded him that sometimes raising a child could be overwhelming, but times like this made everything worthwhile.

The sun continued to rise, while the two men enjoyed their quiet morning. Severus wished it could continue all day, but as always, there were things to do.

"Samuel, wake up. We need to get ready for breakfast," Severus announced as he gently shook his son awake.

"I want to snuggle, Daddy! It's still night time!" Samuel mumbled.

"No, it's time to get up," Severus replied with a smirk. "I could always tickle you awake."

"NO!" Samuel abruptly sat up, giggling. Shooting out of bed, Samuel called out, "Can't catch me!"

Severus climbed out of bed, chuckling and went into his son's room to help Samuel get dressed. Severus assisted his son in picking out a Slytherin-green jumper and trousers.

"You need to look nice today, Sammy, my boy. We need to have breakfast in the Great Hall this morning." When Samuel was dressed, Severus said, "I need you to play quietly in here while I go get dressed."

As he left the room, Severus placed a series of safety charms on the door, to keep Samuel safe while he took his shower.

Once he was dressed, Severus collected his son and they headed up to the Great Hall. On the way, Severus took points from misbehaving students, as if nothing was different. Upon arrival, Severus settled the two of them at the Head Table and started fixing a plate for Samuel.

"I don't want eggs!" Samuel cried. "Mummy wouldn't make me eat them!"

Severus turned to his son and responded, "I am fixing your plate exactly as your Mum fixed it yesterday."

"I don't like eggs anymore...I want chocolate biscuits!" Samuel exclaimed loudly, with crocodile tears in his eyes.

"You are making a scene!" Severus scolded. "If you don't stop this right now, we will go home and skip breakfast"

"But...but daddy!" Samuel whined. "I just want biscuits!"

"I told you what was going to happen if you didn't stop making a scene, and you haven't quit!" Severus got to his feet.

"I'm sorry!" Samuel whimpered. "I'll eat!"

"Good," Severus replied, placing the plate in front of his son.

The rest of breakfast was uneventful, other than Albus looking at him with those damn twinkling eyes.

As they were walking to the dungeons, Severus announced, "I need you to be on your best behavior. I have to brew a quick potion for Madam Pomfrey. If you behave while I do this, maybe we can go outside and play down by the lake afterwards."

"Oh, yeah!" Samuel squealed. "I promise to be really good!"

A Little While Later

Inside the Potions Lab

Severus had been brewing his potion for about twenty minutes, when he heard a loud shriek and saw something go flying into the potion. It started hissing and sparking, while Severus ran to cover Samuel with his body. The explosion was spectacular, managing to cover half the classroom with a multicolored mess.

Severus looked at Samuel. "What was that?"

"I lost my crayon," Samuel whimpered.

"You didn't lose it," Severus snapped. "You threw it! You have made some very bad decisions today, Samuel. After I clean this mess up, we are going to eat lunch, and then you are going down for a nap. Now, sit quietly at this desk and don't move while I handle your mess."

During the cleaning process, Severus decided that his next lecture would involve the dangers of putting colored wax in potions.

When he was finished, Severus took Samuel back to their apartment "I want you to sit here while I arrange for lunch," he informed the boy.

"Can't we eat in the Great Hall?" Samuel asked.

"No, we cannot," Severus informed his son. "It is just now lunchtime, and we have already had a temper tantrum at breakfast and the crayon incident in the classroom afterwards. I am not taking you anywhere, until after you've had a nap."

"You said we could go outside!" Samuel whined.

"I said that if you behaved we could go outside. Right now, you are working on taking a nap without lunch. It is time to calm down and be quiet," Severus ordered.

Severus summoned a house elf and ordered a lunch of sandwiches, crisps, and juice. Once it arrived, they ate in an uneasy silence.

After they had finished eating, Severus cleaned up and helped Samuel into bed.

"Daddy, will you lay down with me?" Samuel asked.

"Fine!" Severus muttered grumpily.

They both fell asleep quickly, exhausted from the day's excitement. A short time later, Severus woke up to a little finger poking his face "Wake up! Wake up!"

Severus slowly opened his eyes. "What do you want?"

"Come play with me!" Samuel pulled his father by the hand to make him get up.

"What do you want to do?"

"I wanna play Zoo!" Samuel exclaimed.

"Indeed," muttered Severus. "Lead on, Son."

"Zoo" was a game that Potter had given Samuel last Christmas, and being that it was a wizarding game, part of its intent was to teach magical control. You could make the animals move or make noises with the right commands, making it one of the few presents that met Snape's approval.

It was important for children to learn to control their magic, in order to prevent accidents. It came as no surprise to anyone that the Snapes' child was precocious, but Severus always laughed to himself about the way people treated his son. This silly little game was a good example: at his son's age, he should just be able to make the animals move. However, Samuel could not only make them move, but do tricks and make a lot of noises as well.

After about an hour of playing Zoo together, Severus was getting tired. "I believe you've had enough of this game. It's time to play something else. What would you like to do?"

"Color," replied Samuel.

A Half Hour Later

"After dinner, we will have enough time for a bubble bath, if you are well enough behaved." Severus announced

"Can I have purple bubbles?" Samuel asked.

"Are you sure you don't want green ones?" Severus teased.

Samuel gave him a blank look, asking, "Why? Purple is my favorite color."

"Never mind." Severus blew off the subject. "I was fooling around."

A While Later

After Severus started the bath water running and dumped in the potion that would cause the requested purple bubbles he quickly stripped Samuel and lowered him into the tub.

"I want toys, Daddy!" Samuel informed his father.

Severus speedily summoned several toys from his son's room charming them to float around the tub as he did so. However, Samuel quickly became over-excited and fell out of the tub, soaking his father and hitting his forehead as he flew.

Samuel began to scream at the top of his lungs. "Owwwwweeeee!"

In a flash, Severus snagged a towel and scooped Samuel's sob-wracked body into his arms.

"I want Mummy!" Samuel shrieked.

"I know you do, Baby!" Severus soothed. Almost as an afterthought, he muttered, "I do too."

Severus waited a few moments while Samuel calmed down, and then rose and carried his son over to the sink. Upon inspection, Severus found that it was merely a shallow cut, and there was no need to involve Poppy Pomfrey.

"It will sting a little bit, but it will be all over in a moment." Severus assured his son. There was a small flash as the laceration healed with the help of a charm, but it took no more than a second.

Severus held Samuel up to the mirror, so he could see what his father had done. "See? All better."

Severus carried Samuel into his room, dressed him in his pajamas, and tucked him into bed. "Stay right here and I will be back to read to a story." Severus leaned over and kissed his son on the forehead.

Walking back to the bathroom, Severus waved his wand a bit, and then did some last minute tidying by hand, before returning to his son's room. After a quick perusal of the bookshelf, Severus selected a story about a young boy who found a dragon's egg while wandering through the forest and tried to convince his parents to let him keep it. As he read, Severus decided in the back of his mind that he was going to talk to Hermione about Samuel's books when she returned -- the world did not need another Hagrid.

When the story was over, Severus noticed his son's eyes were closed. Rising quietly, Severus placed the book back on the shelf, and then leaned over for another kiss on the forehead.

"Goodnight," Severus whispered.

"I love you, Daddy," Samuel murmured sleepily.

"I love you too, Samuel."

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Bootsie Barker Bites writen by Barbara Bottner, Peggy Rathmann (Illustrator)

Thanks to my Beta Dayanara