Measuring Up

by dracontia

A conversation between Severus and Hermione about just what, exactly, he's been looking at on their computer. Not sure if this has been done before, but it might be passable for blowing off steam between longer stories!

drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Judging by the absence of royalty checks, I don't own these characters.

Sometimes, Severus cursed the day Hermione had acquired a computer and Internet access.

At first, it had been quite enjoyable. It was convenient having all that information just a few keystrokes away. But after he found one particular website, everything changed. One evening, she noticed.

"Severus, what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"I know better. You've got a face like a wet weekend. What's happened?"

"It's nothing important. Just... something I was looking at online."

"May I see?"

"Hermione..."

"Severus, what are you hiding?"

"Oh, fine. There. Are you happy?"

(Long, long pause.)

"Well, that was interesting."

"Come out and say what you think!"

"Love, it's really not bad."

"Yes, it is. I mean, compared to them, I feel so... inadequate."

"Don't you dare say that! You're not inadequate. There's no objective measurement for these things; it's really a matter of personal preference. And I always prefer you. Why do you go online if it puts you in such a state?"

"I found this site, and I just can't seem to help myself. Oh, well. At least I'm anonymous, so no one has to know just who is so inadequate."

"Quit talking about yourself that way!"

"You're just trying to make me feel better."

"You know better than that. No one pleases me more than you, and I'll always be your biggest fan."

(Mmmm...)

(Really, truly, amazingly long pause.)

(Sigh.)

"Do you believe me now?"

"Yes. But I still wish my stories would get more reviews."

Author's Note: It took longer to write this note and the disclaimer than it did to write the entire drabble. Wasn't that enlightening?

If only I knew what sort of fanfiction Severus was writing and where he was posting, I would be more than happy to go over there and reassure him most thoroughly that he is in no way inadequate. In any way I could devise. Wouldn't you?

(To ward off mistaken impressions, I am entirely happy with the number, frequency, and length of reviews I have received for my stories. This is a plea for all the wonderful folks who have been reviewing my stories to please not stone me with virtual geologic missiles for being so long about updating...)