

A Collection of Drabbles about Severus Snape

by *TempestOfDreams*

A collection of 100-word vignettes about the Potions master and various other people in Pottermore.

A Collection of Drabbles about Severus Snape

Chapter 1 of 1

A collection of 100-word vignettes about the Potions master and various other people in Pottermore.

Disclaimer: I own nothing that you recognize. JKR is the goddess, but she lets her friends down off Mount Hogwarts occasionally for us mere mortals to visit with.

Can You See It?

"Aaagh!" Sibyll cried as she fluttered into the staff room, peering intently at a crystal ball.

Severus simply ignored her, briefly considered retreating to his office, and then continued his marking.

The Divinations teacher would have none of that. She crossed directly to the table where he was working and sat down beside him. "I must beware the forked tongue of the King Snake!"

Still Severus continued his marking with no regard for the woman ranting at him.

"What could it mean?" she continued frantically.

Finally the dour Potions master looked up. "Can't you simply *see* what it means, *Professor?*"

Kibble Competition

"Severus, where are you?" Minerva sounded displeased as she strode into the Potions master's office. "I need some bruise-healing paste, as Poppy is rather inconveniently out."

The newly-acquitted teacher stepped out of his adjoining private lab with a small container. He noted the nasty purpling on the Headmistress's hand and inquired, "What happened to you?"

"Hermione's infernal part-Kneazle hellion, that's what happened to me. I offer to cat-sit for her, and what do I get for it?" She grimaced. "He attacked me as I was trying to feed him!"

"Well, Minerva, perhaps he recognized competition for his kibbles," Severus replied.

Checkmated

Although Argus Filch was the Hogwarts caretaker, there were magical items in the castle that wouldn't respond to a Squib, but that he still needed to deal with.

Which was why he was at Professor Snape's door. "Bloody kids," he grumbled as the man answered. "I need some help."

Severus lifted his eyebrows but simply gestured for Argus to precede him down the hall. They stopped at two statues that looked remarkably like the king and queen from a certain giant chess set.

The professor looked at Filch.

"Please tell me that our *innocent* students didn't arrange them like that."

From Memory

"What is it?" Lily asked, looking at the odd bowl that was sitting on the table in the Room of Requirement.

Severus started, once again forcibly reminded that she was a Muggleborn with little knowledge of the wizarding world. "It's a Pensieve. You can use it to revisit thoughts if you want to see them again."

"What thoughts do you need to revisit? You're only fourteen!"

He looked pained. "You wouldn't like the answer, and I don't want to lie to you. Ask me anything but that."

"Well, then . . . do you want to go out with me?"

Musical Quills

Severus stormed into the Headmaster's office. "Albus, what in blazes are you going to do about these ridiculous quills?" he demanded, proffering one of the offending items in his outstretched hand.

"What do you propose that I do about them?" he replied.

"Perhaps you might consider *banning* them, for a start. I assume they're the Weasleys' latest product? Who else would make quills that play a random selection of music *while you're writing*?"

Albus just smiled. "We could use some good cheer these days. What seems to be the problem with them?"

"My classroom sounds like a Muggle audio store!"

Author's note: thanks go out to snarkyroxy for beta reading!