

# The Snarkier He Gets, The More It Means He Cares!

*by great greasy git*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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He may be called a greasy bat,  
A royal git, and worse.  
But oh that man is where it's at!  
Deep down Snape is perverse.  
It's true that he has sallow skin.  
He's cruel, vile, and mean.  
But when my thoughts should turn to him,  
They tend to get obscene.  
His limply hanging, greasy hair  
*Must* feel like silken thread.  
His cutting, vicious, burning stare,  
*Must* mean he's great in bed!  
I've seen his supple, tapered hands,  
With fingers long and thin.  
Those digits mean he understands

Caressing female skin.

I call his nose quite aquiline.

Large... limbs... that would suggest.

And if I could but call him mine,

I'd put that to the test.

His robes are blacker than his soul,

More layered, too, and daunting.

In my thoughts he makes me whole.

Nightly my dreams he's haunting.

Yes, he does call me hateful names,

And scalds me with his eyes.

I know that he's just playing games,

His love he must disguise.

"Insufferable know-it-all."

The phrase just warms my spirit.

"Detention!" makes my skin just crawl,

How glad I am to hear it!

Tonight I'll don my best attire,

Run to detention faster.

Seduce the creature I desire,

The snarky Potions **Master**!