

# A Child's Play

*by lux\_astraea*

It's an improtant day for their son,  
but Severus has trouble understanding...

## A Child's Play

*Chapter 1 of 1*

It's an improtant day for their son,  
but Severus has trouble understanding...

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters. If I did, my name would be J.K. Rowling.

A/N: I've had this little thing on paper for ages and thought I'd share. =D

Credit to shalimar1981 for her beta work and getting it back to me so fast.

Enjoy!

---

"It's hardly the end of the world, Severus. We won't even be there that long."

"That's not the point. I just think it's a waste of time."

"A waste of time? This is an important part of our child's life and you think it's *awaste of time*?"

"Yes... well.... It's not as if he'll even realise I'm there."

"That's honestly what you think?" she asked. They had been debating this for a while now, and she, *not* *they*, were already late. She looked at him, awaiting a reply.

"It is," he answered. He rose from his seat at the dining table and walked towards the fireplace, his back to her.

"Fine." She snatched up her cloak from the hook and left, the door slamming behind her on the way out.

"Bugger," he breathed.

He sat down on the arm of the sofa in contemplation. *It was only a play for pity's sake. It wasn't even as if he had a big part, he was more a prop than a character. Playing the back-end of a horse.... Honestly!* He snorted aloud, then sighed, shaking his head. He just didn't understand why Hermione encouraged him so.

~\*\*~\*\*~

Hermione smiled broadly and clapped as the play finished. She was so proud of little Art, even if he was playing the back-end of a horse.

*I just wish Severus would see why this was so important,* she thought. *Arthur wanted him to be here.*

Gathering her belongings, she turned to leave, looking at the other parents milling about. Mostly mums and dads together she noticed with a small frown. As she neared the back of the small school hall, she saw him.

He was standing in a back corner of the hall, arms folded, looking at her with that half smile upon his face.

Maybe he *did* see. Maybe.

---