

About Snape

by septentrion

Unrelated drabbles bout Severus Snape, written for snape100. DH spoilers in the last set.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I make no profit from this little piece.

All of them have been reread by Dacian Goddess.

Twisted Luck

Rating: PG

The golden hues of the Felix Felicis were beckoning him through the glass of its vial. That was the reward promised to the student who would brew the best Draught of Peace.

"Your potion should be finished now," Slughorn announced.

Of course, Severus won the prize.

A few days later, he gulped half of the potion and went in search of Lily, to try to rekindle his friendship—and perhaps more—with the beautiful Muggle-born witch. Predictably, she was lounging near the lake to take advantage of the September sun. But she was not alone; James Potter was kissing her.

Not a Good Evening

Rating: PG

I slam the door behind me. I don't care if it falls from its hinges. After all, I'm in a very, very foul mood.

I killed Dumbledore a couple of hours ago. I had to deal with a more-arrogant-than-ever Potter, who tried to gain the upper hand on me. I left a scared-to-death—but he wouldn't die—Draco Malfoy with his whining mother and gave an account of tonight's events to the Dark Lord. I literally rip my robes to examine my claw-like injury. I wish

I'd had the time to kill that blasted hippogriff!

Flight Lesson

Rating: G

Sirius discreetly elbowed James and cast a significant glance in the direction of a scrawny, weird Slytherin boy. He murmured an incantation and sent a jet of yellow light at this student's broomstick behind Professor Badeye's back.

Everyone was drinking in the teacher's words and so no one noticed the boys' devious actions: it was their first flight lesson. Both boys sniggered.

After the theory came the practical. The eager pupils scattered. They mounted their broomsticks the way they had been shown to prevent falling, kicked off the ground and started flying all around the ground; all but one boy.

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Severus' broomstick was bucking; the dark-haired, sallow-skinned boy tried to mount it again and again, but was thrown off head first each time. A girl burst out laughing at his unsuccessful attempts at flying.

"No, no, Mister Snape, not like that," the teacher exclaimed loudly.

Soon, he was the object of the others' mockery, Gryffindors and Slytherins alike. However, Severus spotted the more than pleased expressions of James and Sirius.

Several days later, all the Slytherin and Gryffindor first-years were victims of an epidemic of gastric flu, except for James and Sirius who suffered a severe case of dysentery.

Legilimency is a Man's Best Friend

Rating: G

Severus eyed the four whispering Gryffindor boys with distaste from his seat in the Defence classroom. They were to learn non-verbal spells today, and Severus was giddy at the idea of testing his newly acquired skill on his enemies.

The teacher paired off the students of different Houses and set them to work. Potter faced him and prepared to cast a spell. Severus looked him straight in the eyes and thought, *Legilimens*. Immediately, the words '*Petrificus Totalus*' jumped at him. He blocked the spell easily and retaliated with a non-verbal *Sectumsempra*. Legilimency had just become one of his best friends.

Mothers' Plea

Rating: G

After Narcissa and Bellatrix left, Severus sank back into his armchair and helped himself to wine. He was thankful that Bellatrix had never had children. What kind of mother would be willing to give her offspring to the Dark Lord?

He sighed. The Malfoys were close friends of his; how could he have resisted Narcissa's plea to help Draco? She'd managed to move his cold heart with her tears.

A mother's tears. They were—almost—his only weakness. If Lily Evans had come to him and pleaded for her son's life, she and her husband would probably still be alive.

Gryffindor Points

Rating: G

Minerva McGonagall was briskly heading to her—new—office. The funeral had been magnificent. She was sure that Dumbledore would rest in peace; a peace very much deserved, even though she would miss him terribly.

Her thoughts glided to his murderer, Severus Snape, as her eyes caught the still-broken Gryffindor hourglass while she crossed the Entrance Hall. She'd never trusted him completely in spite of Dumbledore's reassurances that the man was redeemed, but she felt no joy in being proven right.

"One should know better than to trust a man who never awarded a single point to Gryffindor House!"

Bluffed Bluffer

Rating: G

As days passed, Severus became more and more nervous. Draco was always this secretive, but his demeanour had shifted subtly these last days, as if he'd found a solution to a thorny problem. Severus feared he'd soon have to fulfil the third part of the cursed Vow he'd made to Narcissa.

She has out-bluffed me, he thought bitterly.

Indeed, he hadn't had a clue about what Draco's task was at the time.

"I have an outing with Harry tonight," Dumbledore had informed him that day. "Stay awake in case I need you upon my return."

And needed him he had.

Christmas Morning

Rating: G

Christmas morning in the staff room was as boring as ever. Or rather, Severus found it boring because he never received many presents and had to endure his co-workers falsely cheerful exclamations when they opened theirs. Why bother in exchanging wrapped packages if it were always to receive the same bottle of Firewhisky or the same grey nightshirt each year?

After a while, Minerva marched to Severus and, looking him squarely in the eyes, she asked him, "Why didn't you even buy something for Dumbledore?"

He snarled. "He's alive to see Christmas, isn't he? Consider it my present to him!"

The Portrait

Rating: G

"Harry! You woke me up," Ginny complained, sleepiness obvious in her husky voice.

"Sorry."

"You're still thinking about it?" she asked, a bit more awake now.

"Yes, and I know how to go about it." He sounded enthusiastic.

Ginny sighed. "Now that you have a plan, perhaps we could go back to sleep and discuss it in the morning?"

Harry seemed to realise it was 3.30 a.m.

"Oh, right. But it's so unfair that he doesn't have his portrait in the Headmaster's office, after all he did for Dumbledore and my mother. His sacrifice isn't meaningless: he saved us all."

*

Ginny groaned: Harry was now on a roll. It'd be impossible to get him back to sleep until he'd vented his frustration at the school's governors.

"I'll have Lee Jordan write Snape's story. I won't let that so-called biography by Skeeter distort the reality. I nearly wish Lucius Malfoy was still a governor. I'm sure he'd have lent me his support."

"Harry, please. You've spoken of nothing else but Snape's portrait for weeks. Do you remember that we are to attend a ceremony to honour your parents' memory tomorrow morning?"

Harry stood dumbstruck in the middle of their bedroom.