

Mistakes

by Pearle

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Summary: St Mungo's is a very busy place. And mistakes do happen. Try explaining that to Severus and Hermione.

The Page 394 Challenge

Doomspark posted The Page 394 Challenge (seen at his LiveJournal account). In essence, the rules were: "Take the five thickest books nearest to you, and turn to page 394 (The five HP books may NOT be used). Take the second sentence on that page from each book, and weave them into a short story."

Tales of Terror 58 Short Stories edited by Alfred Hitchcock

"Was he the prospective father?"

Star Wars Tales From the New Republic edited by Peter Schweighofer and Craig Carey

"Again?"

Song Of Susannah by Stephen King

To me, at least.

The General's Daughter by Nelson DeMille

"Why do you need those?"

The Best of Mystery 63 Short Stories of Suspense edited by Alfred Hitchcock

"I do."

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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Hermione looked up from her magazine as the nurse entered the room.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but there was a problem in the lab. I'm afraid I'm going to have to draw your blood again." The nurse uncapped the phial sitting on the side of the tray and picked up her wand.

"Again? I haven't had any blood drawn yet."

"You haven't? Aren't you Mrs. Hermon?"

"No. Snape. Hermione Snape."

"I'm sorry. It's been such a hectic day. Hermon, Hermione. My mistake. Well, I better check at the desk. I need to draw Mrs. Hermon's blood before I leave. Take care, dear."

Hermione shook her head as the nurse left the room.

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It was one thing to wear a night shirt in the privacy of their quarters, it was quite another to be sitting in an examining room on the sixth floor of St Mungo's dressed in a skimpy hospital gown with a gap in the back that left little to the imagination as to what his arse looked like.

The door opened on silent hinges, admitting a stern-faced nurse carrying a tray covered with what appeared to be multiple instruments of torture.

"What are those for?" Severus gestured to the tray. He pulled at the back of gown, a gust of cold air freezing bits that should not be frozen. No matter how many times he pulled the gown together, the back kept opening. He was convinced they had charmed the gown to act that way. Can't have the patients becoming too comfortable, can we?

The woman placed the tray on the counter top next to the examining table and turned to leave.

Severus felt utterly exposed. The gown gaped in the back and only reached his knees in the front. "What are you planning to do with those...things? And where is my wife?"

The woman marked something on her chart before turning to the angry man. "Those aren't for you. Your wife is fine. She is in examining room..." she consulted her clip board, "...eight. Healer Smythe will be in shortly."

Another gust of cold air swept through the room as Nurse Skrewt, as he had already named her, left. Severus sighed, tugging absent-mindedly at the back of his gown. He looked longingly at his robes hanging on a hook next to the door. He was doing this for Hermione. If he didn't love her half as much as he did...

The door opened and two young men dressed in the traditional lime-green robes of a Healer entered the room.

"Good afternoon, Mister Stape. I'm Healer Smythe, this is Healer Gilkinson. He's going to assist me with today's procedure. We would like to ask you a few questions before we get started."

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Hermione smiled at the Healer. "Please, call me Hermione."

"Right." Trainee Healer Alverton looked at his clipboard. "I'm helping Healer Smythe on the ward today. I was wondering if you could answer a few questions before we get started?"

"Yes, of course."

Trainee Healer Alverton tapped the board with his wand. A 'Word-For-Word' quill hovered over the parchment. "Just lay back and relax. I'm going to do a brief examination while I question you. I just left your husband in the next examining room, by the way. He said to say hi."

"He said hi? Are you sure? Has he been medicated?" Hermione was worried

Alverton looked at her questioningly. "He seemed fine when I talked to him. Rather nice chap, actually."

Hermione stared at him. "Nice? Are you sure you were speaking to my husband?" No one had ever described Severus Snape as 'nice' before.

"Yes, tall, black hair, I believe he's in examining room seven."

"You must have read that wrong. Severus is in room one." The man had mixed up the rooms; that explained the 'nice' comment.

"Severus?"

"Yes, Severus Snape."

"No." Alverton looked at his clipboard. "It says right here Stape. Trever Stape."

"Snape, with an 'N'. Not Stape, with a 'T'."

"Snape? Severus Snape? Professor Severus Snape, the Potions master at Hogwarts?" Trainee Healer Alverton had gone pale. The bat of the dungeon. The Greasy Git. Was *he* the prospective father? She couldn't be serious.

Hermione sighed. Severus had that effect on people, whether he was present or not. "Would you like to sit down, Trainee Healer Alverton?" she asked gently.

"Snape married Hermione Granger. It was all over the *Quibbler*. That would make you Hermione Granger." Alverton peered at the witch. "What happened to your hair? It looks different than the photos I've seen."

"Do you like it? I think blonde is much more flattering than that dull brown I had. And really, when your hair is as hard to manage as mine, short is just so much easier." Hermione patted the short bob. A few simple spells and her hair stayed manageable. Why she hadn't cut it off before this was beyond her.

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"Like hell you are!" He was prepared to cast an Unforgivable if they came one step closer.

"Please, calm down. Surely, someone explained the procedure to you? There is nothing to it."

"If there is nothing to it, why do you need those?" Severus gestured to the gleaming implements of torture.

"They're not all used for this procedure."

Healer Smythe took a step toward the examination table. "Most men experience a very small amount of discomfort after the procedure. The swelling will go down in a day or two."

"Swelling!" Severus levelled his wand at the Healer. "Don't you dare take even one step closer."

"Really, Mister Stape, a vasectomy is an invasive procedure. You must have known there would be some discomfort involved." Healer Smythe shook his head. How many times did he have to explain this?

"Vasectomy? I'm not here for a vasectomy. We're *trying* to have a baby, not stop one!"

Gilkinson checked the clipboard he was carrying. "You signed a consent form for a vasectomy."

"I never signed any consent form. What are you playing at?"

"Mister Stape..."

"Stape? My name is not Stape." Severus glared at the Healer.

"You're not Trever Stape?"

"It's Snape, you twit! Severus Snape. Not Stape." That's it. He'd promised Hermione, but enough was enough. It was time to find her and get the hell out of there.

"I'm sorry, Mister Snape, I must have grabbed the wrong file. Well, no harm done. I'm just glad we got that cleared up before we started. Might have been a problem," the man said good-naturedly.

"Might have been a problem? You are not coming anywhere near me. Where is my wife?"

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Trainee Healer Alverton had managed to regain his composure. He moved his wand over Hermione's stomach as the clipboard hovered to the side.

"How long have you and Professor Snape been married?"

"Three years."

"And how long have you been trying to become pregnant?"

"Five months, three weeks, and, I think, two days. It might be three days. I can't remember if the Ministry decided Voldemort died before midnight or after."

"I beg your pardon?"

Hermione blushed. "Well, we forgot the contraception potion in all of the excitement after the final battle. Then we decided, why not. Really, this is just for a check up. So, here we are."

"Here you are."

"Mrs. Snape, that's..."

The door to the room flew open with a bang. "Hermione, there you are love. We're getting out of here." Smythe and Gilkinson trailed behind him.

"Professor, I'm sorry about the mix up. We're very busy here; mistakes happen. But, there was no harm done. We caught it in time. I understand. Really, I do. Believe me, I would be upset if it happened to me. At least nothing was removed." Smythe was worried what would happen if Severus reported him to the administration.

"Removed? Severus?" Hermione couldn't figure out what they were talking about.

"It was a slight mix up. That's all. We didn't perform the vasectomy. That's what's most important." Explained Gilkinson.

"Vasectomy?" Hermione was confused.

Severus had had enough. "They thought I was someone else. No more mistakes. No more surprises. "

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Six Months Later:

"Congratulations, the wand turned green. It would seem you're pregnant, Mrs. Snape. Before I finish casting the charm, did you want to know the sex of the babies?"

"Babies?" Severus paled.

"Yes, you're going to be the proud parents of quadruplets! Would you like to know how many are boys and how many are girls, or would you rather be surprised?" asked Healer Smythe.

Hermione heard a thud as his body hit the ground. "Severus?"

Healer Smythe looked at Severus passed out on the floor. "He should have had that vasectomy when he had the chance."

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AN: Short, humorous, one-shot based on 'The Page 394 Challenge' on Doomspark's LiveJournal. Description of the rules taken from LoTM's answer to the challenge. Thanks LoTM

And as always, a grateful thank you to my beta, Nakhsh, for her wonderful work and unlimited supply of commas. Thanks Nakhsh.