

The Charmed Force Of A Butterfly

by beaweasley2

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A response based on a mini-challenge by CharmedForce at Potter Place. Write a story based on the Butterfly Effect (i.e. one butterfly could have a far-reaching ripple effect on subsequent events. Does the flap of a butterfly's wings in Brazil set off a tornado in Texas?).

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Charmed Force this one is for your challenge. Hope you like it.

*To Ladyinthecloak you rock! Thank you so much for helping me clean this up. *hugs**

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Hannah Abbott wanted to get Neville a birthday present, but wanted to get him something useful. After all, he was going to be the next Herbology teacher at Hogwarts. She searched through the shelves of Flourish and Blotts, hoping to find a book that would be practical and yet special. Suddenly, Hannah sneezed so hard, she nearly lost her balance. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. And there it was a large tome on the bottom shelf, *Allston Digger's Guide to Muggle and Magical Medicinal Plants* "Perfect!"

In the next row over, *The Dark Side of Genius*, *The Dark Lord's Rising* fell off the shelf and hit thirteen-year-old Nancy Burbage on her knee and landed on her foot.

*~ouch~*

Nancy pulled out her new book, wondering why the book chose her. Her mum always said to believe in the signs, but this book was scary. Every possible bit of information about Tom 'Voldemort' Riddle was in this book: his youth, school years and his first rising, his backfiring curse, his attempts at resurrection and more. Deborah, sitting next to her in the compartment, was captivated by how many times Riddle tried to regain human form: using Professor Quirrell to obtain the Philosopher's Stone, using Ginny Weasley, now Ginny Potter, and the Chamber of Secrets, and Harry Potter in the graveyard of his father to gain a corporeal body. "Do you think Voldemort can come back?" Amy asked from her other side.

"I dunno," Nancy said. "It wouldn't be the first time, would it?"

"He was the most evil wizard who ever lived!" Theresa said, a bit frightened. "I mean he was killing Muggle-borns or anyone who associated with or married Muggles, and he wanted to wipe out anyone who wasn't pureblood!"

Clarence was nervous. His da' had given him a few pounds for spending money to buy treats, but he didn't know how many pounds made a Sickle or if a twenty pence equaled a Knut, and he had wanted to get a licorice wand. However, what he just heard, passing the last car with the six third-year girls in it, made him nearly pee his trousers!

~eeks~

Clarence waited with the other kids for his turn at the Sorting Hat. His da' had told him that his mum was a witch. They'd met in a small village where he was a vet. "She was lyin' hurt and barely alive, but I cured her and we fell in love. She'd been killed 'cuz she wasn't supposed to be with the likes o' me." His da' had been afraid when Clarence got his letter. "Yah' do all righ', I know ya will. Yer mum was a good lady and capable. Yer like her."

"Clarence MacDougal," the tall man with black hair called his name. Clarence recognized Professor Severus Snape, exonerated ex-Death Eater and the most feared professor at Hogwarts. He walked forward, sat on the stool like the other kids had, and Professor Snape set the old hat on his head. The hat started talking to him, or more exactly about him, seeming to be hedging on where Clarence would fit in. 'Possibly Ravenclaw? You'd do well in Slytherin though, right sharp mind, courage, eager to learn, but determined to prove yourself... hmmm. The new rules... I could...' "Slytherin!"

Clarence jumped up, and Professor Snape grabbed the hat off his head as he looked at the table waving him over, cheering for him. "There's not a witch or wizard that went bad that wasn't in Slytherin," a boy said as he passed. "That was Riddle's house."

Clarence turned to look at who said that, and three big boys glared at him.

Tiffany watched Clarence walk over to the Slytherin table, feeling a deep sense of sadness. She didn't know anyone in school except him. He was her first friend in this school, and they had shared Licorice Wands, Droobles and Chocolate Frogs on the train, making her first ride special. "Tiffany McDonnelly."

"I wanna be in Slytherin, I wanna be in Slytherin," she repeated over and over as the hat was set on her head. "I wanna be in Slytherin!"

Severus listened to the girl's determination to be in his House with a curiosity that was only reflected by a subtle arch of one eyebrow.

~really~

Severus had entered into the common room with his robes billowing behind him and his usual smirk on his face *Two half-bloods, three orphans with questionable background, and two Muggle-borns. The Sorting Hat was determined to take the new policy of 'balance' to the extreme. Salazar would roll in his grave, and Dumbledore would've been pleased.*

All the first years had stood around, waiting for him to give the Head of House rules regarding exploring the dungeons. All of them had listened to him with rapt attention. Tiffany, a little girl with her curly hair in twin braids, who'd been so determined to be in Slytherin, had raised her hand at every one of his rhetorical questions. She'd reminded him of Hermione. *Too bad Hermione doesn't braid her hair like that I rather like the look. I'll mention it to her later* he thought as he strode back to the Deputy Headmaster's office. The Lestrangle boy and Mulciber's daughter were of course sorted into the House. *Should be interesting. Minerva will have to be told of course...*

~itch~

Clarence was so glad he and Tiffany were sorted into the same house even if it was Slytherin. "Did you see that? He touched his left arm!" Avenelina Mulciber said.

"Maybe his arm itched?" Tiffany suggested.

Clarence was unconvinced. Chanda Siri looked positively frightened.

"Dad said he used to be a Death Eater," his new dorm mate, Augustus Lestrangle said. "But he turned sides."

"Once a Death Eater always a Death Eater, my uncle used to tell me," Avenelina stated.

Tiffany was white as a sheet. "There aren't any more Death Eaters, are there?"

"Sure there are. They're in Azkaban," Clarence said confidently.

"Uh uh. There are some still out there," Tommy Weber said, shaking his head. "Biding their time, hiding from Aurors and in other countries."

"First years bed time," the prefect yelled at them from across the room.

The next morning, Avenelina, Chanda, Tommy and Clarence followed Tiffany to the owlery to send letters to their parents. Clarence wasn't sure about the others, but his letter was asking his da' to find out if there were any more Death Eaters and telling him Professor Snape's left arm was bothering him. He suspected Tiffany and Chanda had written the same in their letters as well. Augustus and Marcus Clearman were leaving the owlery when they got there.

~augh~

"Severus, stop scratching it!" Hermione placed a hand on his sleeve, pulling his right arm down with the gentlest of touches. "You'll only make it worse."

"That blasted potion. I know we applied the salve to counteract it but it's interacting with my scar!" he growled angrily.

"Maybe I should take another look at it," she suggested, looking up at him, obviously concerned. She tried to reach for his left arm to pull it toward her, but he teased her by keeping it from her reach.

"You only want to undress me," he said with his most dangerous sounding drawl, knowing full well the effect it had on her. "Admit it, witch."

"Later yes, I want to, but for now I'm more worried about the reaction you're complaining about with your scar." Hermione tried again to grasp his arm, and he jerked it away from her just as her fingers touched his sleeve.

Severus smirked at her. "Oh, come on you can do better than this."

Hermione looked at him with her own smirk and slyly aimed her wand at his legs as she feigned a lunge for his arm again, while muttering the Jelly-Legs curse. Severus

went down, but grabbed her, bringing her down on top of him. "Undo it."

"Let me see your arm first," she challenged.

"Fine." He sat on the floor, allowing her to undo his buttons, offering no assistance. The skin on his arm was red, but the scar of his Dark Mark was blistering and oozing. "Severus, it's much worse! Why didn't you ask Madam Pomfrey to see this?"

"Now that the students are at school, I'll have even less time with you. I only get weekends with you and even then, only Friday and Saturday night and Sunday breakfast. Minerva is even threatening to cut my time to *either* Friday *or* Saturday night, although she has graciously allowed Sunday mornings," he said with a growl. "It can wait until I have to return to the castle. Besides, you are more than capable of applying the salve," he said firmly.

"So, we will have Saturday night and Sunday morning together. I think under the circumstances she's being generous," Hermione said, laughing. "Besides, you're the one who gave up the Headmaster's position. You could have set your own schedule..."

"And still only see you privately on the weekends. You were the one who insisted on returning to school to finish your N.E.W.T.s! Besides, Minerva wants to retire in four years, and then, as Deputy Headmaster, I'll be Headmaster again," he said as Hermione carefully dressed his arm. She was biting her lip as she worked, trying to be extra careful with the blisters so as not to hurt him, and it made him smile to watch her. "Besides, I like having this cottage to ourselves, even if it's got roses everywhere."

"It's called Rose Cottage, Severus, and I removed every rose I could from the inside! You are such a surly prat." She tied off the dressing and released the curse from his legs. "Who knew that finding that Time-Turner in the Headmaster's office and using it to save your life would have brought us together?"

"Certainly not Lucius or the Dark Lord, my clever witch," he said, pulling her onto his lap. "Now, about that curse you do realize I'm going to have to put you in detention for cursing your professor?"

"Just as long as I get to serve it under you," she replied cheekily.

"Precisely my intention." Severus smirked wickedly. "Under me."

~ows~

"Severus, is there anything you'd like to tell me?" Headmistress McGonagall asked as he entered her office.

Severus was a little confused. "I'm afraid, Minerva, that unless you offer a few specifics of what you are referring to or allow me to delve into your mind with Legilimency, I haven't any idea what you wish to discuss. I am very knowledgeable about a wide range of subjects." He sat in one of the empty chairs in front of her desk and declined the proffered biscuit.

Minerva set down the tin and looked up at him with a look that did not bode well. "It seems, Severus, that I have been receiving a great many owls lately, especially and specifically from parents of the first, second and third years, that You-Know-Who is returning, that he's alive, and you are mentioned as the proof of such rumors!"

He stared at her, gobsmacked. "Alive, and I me? What nonsense is this?" he snapped. "The Dark Lord is dead! You yourself saw the body. You saw Harry defeat him! You even allowed me to see your memories of it, and you're telling me I am spreading rumors he's returning? I wanted that megalomaniac dead, Minerva. I'm glad he's gone!" He was irate incensed.

"Severus, please, calm yourself!" She handed him a stack of letters. Severus began reading them, scanning the contents of each letter. "They repeatedly remark that you are..."

"Grasping my left arm where my scar is..." he finished for her.

"Well, yes." Severus was only through half of the letters, and he knew that Minerva was waiting for him to comment. "Well?" she asked, sounding a bit concerned that the new rumors might be valid. "Severus... is it er, bothering you? Is it your scar? I don't wish to... I don't want to pry."

"Yes, Minerva, my arm has been bothering me, but not for the reason you think," he said, setting down the letters. "Perhaps we should have the entire staff present or alert the school governors I hurt my arm."

"You do not need to get snippy with me! I was just concerned and had no idea what was going on!" she snapped at him. "Severus, is it your scar?"

Severus exhaled slowly while he unbuttoned his cuff, rolling back his sleeve gingerly and exposed Hermione's latest dressing. He unwrapped the bandage to show her his cauldron burn. "I was experimenting with the Wolfsbane Potion with Hermione Granger. The potion erupted and burned my arm. The ingredients are reacting unfavorably with the scar, and Miss Granger has been helping me with my dressings."

"Oh, thank goodness, Severus," she said with a relieved sigh, and Severus cocked an eyebrow at her. "I mean not your arm of course, but you understand. I'll inform the staff, parents and school governors, and see that these rumors are squelched."

"I shall of course have a word with my Slytherins tonight!" he said, rising.

"Thank you, and I am terribly sorry about your arm. I do hope it heals soon," she replied as he turned to go. "Give Miss Granger my regards and go easy on your students. I feel this was simply ..."

Severus stormed out of the office, heading for his own. *Bloody imbeciles! Just because I was scratching my arm?*

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Author's Notes:

Charmed Force issued the following mini-challenge on Potter Place: the Butterfly Effect and how it affects us all. I want to hear the funniest drabbles, one-shots, or any length stories that can be developed from a basic Butterfly Effect. You know, Hannah Abbott sneezes at her new restaurant, and it somehow leads to people thinking Voldemort's returned.

I changed restaurant to Flourish and Blotts and took it from there.