

Seventy Hundred Shiny Black Buttons

by pokeystar

Severus Snape's sartorial vanities cause him problems.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus Snape's sartorial vanities cause him problems.

Author's Notes: Answer to prompt 59: What if someone (pairing of your choice) introduced Snape to Velcro? No more buttons! Further acknowledgement of inspiration due to Pookah, who asked for house-elves, and Shel Silverstein. I miss you, Uncle Shelby. Many thanks to my beta.

Seventy Hundred Shiny Black Buttons

Exceptionally punctual Severus Snape

Justly prided himself on never being late

When one lazy morning he woke at half of eight

To gaze with dismay at

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

With regret he skipped breakfast, boy was he cranky

A very good thing Hogwarts disallowed spankies

Down in the cold dungeon, all darky and danky

Pupils froze in fear of

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

His demeanor dour, by lunch did not improve

Summons to the Dark Lord further blackened his mood

To his Master he was snappish and rather rude

Felt Crucio in all

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

A post-torture pants change earned him the shortest straw

Missing the staff meeting really stuck in his craw

Being conferred Gryff patrol, his ice did not thaw

Even his peers dodged

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

A most inopportune and ill-timed W.C. break

Spoiled the potion he was attempting to make

So many buttons to clasp, he'd had all he could take

S. Snape was fed up with

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

Head of House duties called in the middle of night

Hurriedly dressing, much too late to prevent a fight

Lucius would be displeased, when he heard of the bite

Sev denounced each of

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

These summons to the Death Eaters were getting old

How rich he would be, for every torture paid gold

Elder Malfoy's skills rivaled his Master's tenfold

What could be done about

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

All this time, house-elf eyes watched the Black Bat's struggle

For means of relief, elves sought while duties they juggled

Hermione told Dobby of a solution Muggle

Elves grabbed his clothes graced by

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.

Little hands sewed all night to appease the spy's woe

Loyalty to the man with a Patronus doe

By dawn every jacket bore a strip of Velcro

Hidden behind rows of

Seventy hundred shiny black buttons.



Drawing by Thanfiction