

# Talks with Ghosts

*by Ladymage Samiko*

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## Talks with Ghosts

*Chapter 1 of 8*

Hermione spends time with a certain ghost...

"I hate being so damned... white." Severus regarded his reflection with disgust.

Hermione glanced up from her book, peering over her tea mug's rim. "I'm afraid you'll have to... um, put up with it," she commented. "Benevolent ghosts are white. Malevolent ghosts are dark. In Europe, anyway. You're apparently not to be considered evil." Her attention returned to the page.

"I just feel so damned conspicuous," Severus grumbled. "It's like wearing a bloody sign saying, 'Pity the Martyr,' when I'm still the same bloody-minded git they all loathed before I died."

"Well, I shan't argue with that," his companion murmured.

an.s - This series will be a series of loosely connected drabbles. So while they're all in the same universe, they'll be a random set of scenes rather than a coherent, linear narrative.

## Arctic Alternative

*Chapter 2 of 8*

Ghosts can be useful, too...

It was too damn hot.

Hermione hated this hideous period of summer with its unrelenting sun and stifling blanket of humid air. And being forced to spend it running after two disgustingly

energetic children... All she wanted now was to crawl out of these sticky, muffling layers of skin and muscle. Just bones would be so much cooler!

A startlingly freezing chill at her neck and shoulders caused her to groan with relief. "Oh, god..."

"Wrong entity, Hermione," came the dry response. Hermione emitted a small shriek of surprise. This feeling, this heavenly, marvelous *coolness* - was coming from Severus Snape's ghostly hands.

## Nightlight

*Chapter 3 of 8*

Hermione has a habit of reading in bed...

Hermione snuggled back against her pillows, deeply engrossed in her latest book.

"Hermione..." grumbled Ron. "C'n you turn th' damned light off?" Her husband rolled over, hunching protectively against the pale glow. Hermione glanced over, annoyed, but the light dimmed obediently. She returned to the book and read on, trying to reach a good stopping point.

"Mione, dammit, I'm trying to get some fucking sleep!"

The book was vehemently snapped shut. If Ron had looked, he would have seen two pairs of eyes glaring at him: Hermione's—and those of Severus's ghost before he vanished, leaving the room in pitch blackness.

## Talks with Mortals

*Chapter 4 of 8*

Hermione talks with Severus... who is anything but helpful.

"Merlin, this makes me look fat." Hermione stared, dissatisfied, at her mirror.

Snape glanced up from his perusal of the bookshelf. "You *are* pregnant, Hermione," he reminded her.

"So I should look *pregnant*," Hermione countered, "not just fat."

Snape shrugged. He knew just enough about pregnant women to know they should be left alone. And young Weasley, as the guilty party, should be the one to suffer her reactions. Still...

"Then *next* time you consider this sort of experiment," he needed, "think of what happened to *Molly Weasley's* appearance."

From behind him, there came the sound of a small whimper.

5/14/08

## A Whisper in Her Ear

*Chapter 5 of 8*

The first appearance of our local ghost.

The silver-chased coffin was lowered into the grave with great ceremony. Though, while solemn and respectful, few people expressed any sorrow as Severus Snape was buried.

"Still think I'm a vampire, do they? I suppose I should be grateful I wasn't festooned with garlic wreaths." Hermione stifled an exclamation at the voice that murmured

near her ear.

"The Order of Merlin's a nice touch, though," Snape's ghost continued meditatively. "No more than I deserve, of course."

"What brings you to me, Professor?" Hermione queried, having regained her composure.

There was a pause. "You're the only one actually *grieving*, Miss Granger."

5/14/08

## A Time for Honesty

*Chapter 6 of 8*

After many years, an event changes the circumstances dramatically.

She slumped in her chair, relieved to escape cloyingly sympathetic people. "You've been very kind recently," she spoke to empty air.

"I'm not kind." Snape materialized several feet away. "I'm a nasty old git."

Hermione shook her head. "There're numerous comments you could've made after Ron died. You haven't and I'm grateful."

"I don't want gratitude," he said harshly.

"It's only part of what I'm offering you, Severus."

He stared. "Why?" he barked.

Tired, she closed her eyes. "I'm 104, Severus. Ron's gone now; even my great-grandchildren are grown. It's time for me to be honest - with both of us."

5/16/08

## Fightin' Words

*Chapter 7 of 8*

Sometimes, a running commentary is a bit unwelcome...

"Shut. the. hell. up. now," Hermione growled through gritted teeth.

Ron blinked at her, bewildered. "I didn't say anything."

He had to wait through another contraction for an answer. "Not you," she panted. "*Him*."

"Him?" There was no one else in the room.

"That. damned. snarky. assed. bastard!" She glared at the empty air beyond Ron's shoulder. "That. fucking. tunn<sup>u</sup>t-wit. \* ghost!"

"Ghost?"

"Yessss," she hissed, still staring daggers. "One more word from you, you arse, and I swear I'll find a spell to tie your see-through bollocks into square knots!"

Ron fled, muttering about fetching the healer.

Severus merely smirked.

(\*tunnut - a contraction of 'two-knut', similar to the Muggle term 'tuppenny')

6/1/08

# No Reason

*Chapter 8 of 8*

Our heroes find themselves at a loss to explain the ghostly presence.

They never did find out why Snape hadn't passed on properly. Hermione spent months in the libraries, researching everything on ghosts while Severus (very unwillingly) fraternized with Hogwarts' spooks. They met every week to discuss their findings. But they could not come up with a reason.

It was all very maddening.

After all, Snape had fulfilled his life's task. (Voldemort was gone.) His death was traumatic (but he wasn't tied to that location). He didn't have any specific grudges. (*Nobody* was worth the effort of haunting and terrorizing.)

But... Granger *was* turning out to be a rather interesting research partner.

6/8/08