

Simply Entranced

by pookah

Hermione has been inveigled into entertaining the children at the WIZARDING Library's story hour. Will she ever survive to have children of her own? Will she *want* to?

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN:

Thanks to my splendid beta, Sempra!

Response to Anything Goes challenge 109. Challenge in notes following story.

I don't own any of this!

Simply Entranced

By She Who Cannot Be Named ????

When two Aurors came to take Severus Snape to his trial, he refused to go.

"NO way in..." Uh... I better not tell you exactly what he said. After all, your mothers and fathers have all told you not to use some words because they are vulgar. Right?

Well, Professor Snape said some rather vulgar things that day. He was justified—well not *justified*, but he was very irritated with the Aurors because he was at St. Mungo's working to save the lives of three patients who had been hit with a very vicious curse by Alecto Carrow. I am certain all of you have heard of the evil Carrows in your History of Magic class. Oh, that's right, some of you are too young for Hogwarts, yet.

Well, you've heard of Professor Snape, though. (Yes, even those of you too young for Hogwarts.)

And you say you've never heard him say anything vulgar in class? Good... but he has more words for stupid than... well, yes, Professor Snape has an extensive vocabulary.

Look! Do you want this story or not? Now, settle down.

Professor Snape may have, upon very rare occasions, used vulgar words. But we shan't repeat them here because this is a tale for good little witches and wizards, a tale of some of our greatest heroes, a tale, I daresay, with a fine moral at the end (if I can think of one).

So, anyway—Professor Snape saved the lives of three war heroes that day because he refused to attend his own trial.

Yes, Cadwallader, I'm sure your mother told you to mind the Aurors if they ever tell you to do something. No, it's not the same thing. What Professor Snape did was Civil Disobedience, and that means...

Yes. Disobedience is usually a bad thing. Look! Those people would have died if Professor Snape hadn't told the Aurors to bug—to... leave him alone. He had to finish his potion before they died. Yes! Like finishing your class work before you leave. Exactly!

So Professor Snape is a great hero of the war, and a hero of the peace, too, because he saved so many lives afterwards working with the Healers.

Well, when he—yes, I know, he got bit by that horrible snake and nearly died. (Boy! Do I know!) So a lot of his work was done while he was recuperating, and he had to tell other people what to do and consult with the Healers from his sickbed.

Yes, Professor Snape *does* like to tell other people what to do, doesn't he?

Anyway, when Professor Snape finished all his work at Mungo's and was all better from that awful snakebite, Harry Potter had a big party in his honour at his house in London.

Yes, I'm sure a lot of you have been to London. Yes, I went to the party. Yes, I know that *you* all know that I'm not really Mother Goose. Yes, you know this is a white wig and a badly-fitting costume. Yes, I know bl—*perfectly* well that I am Miss Hermione. Now hush, all of you!

So! There was this big party at Harry's, and you should have seen all the trainspotters from the Ministry who were there. And nearly everyone got... uh, over-excited. And — you know — ate too much cake.

Yeah, nearly everyone ate too much and got sick the next day. Most people Flooded home that night, but Mr. Potter's house has lots of guest rooms, so his closest friends stayed overnight. And most of them were *sick as dogs* the next morning.

Too much — *cake*.

So the next morning Mrs. Weasley, Professor Snape, and I met in the kitchen before anyone else was awake.

No, *we* weren't sick. *We* hadn't eaten much cake. Yes, I know Mrs. Weasley is your cousin. Yes, your parents were at the party. Uh... yeah... theyhadalotofcake.

Well! Mrs. Weasley asked Professor Snape and me if we'd go to Diagon Alley and get some supplies for—a potion, to make everyone feel better—because of the cake, you know.

No, I *shouldn't* have said, 'Professor Snape and I.' You don't say, 'Mrs. Weasley asked I,' so you wouldn't say, 'she asked Professor Snape and I.'

So! Professor Snape and I Flooded to the apothecary.

No! *Now* I say, 'Professor Snape and I Flooded,' because I would say, 'I Flooded.' Understand? Well, be quiet anyway. Really!

Well, then! The apothecary (Yes, Mr. Jigger) had just made up an entire batch of ha—of *medicine*. So to save time and bother, I bought a huge bottle. Just then, Mrs. Weasley Firecalled the shop for us to pick up some tummy medicine too. I handed her the bottles through the Floo, and I heard, behind Mrs. Weasley, someone being noisily ill. Well, that always sets me off!

Me too, Barbara! It makes me gag! So I ran outside the shop, and Profesor Snape came out, too, and we took a walk out through the Leaky Cauldron into Muggle London.

Well, there's a Tesco nearby, and I'd always wanted to do something. And Professor Snape was being uncharacteristically pleasant, (dead tired, if you ask me) so I suggested we buy a package of Green Brand washing powder, the bio-friendly stuff, and put it in the fountain a few streets over. It made lots of bubbles, and we banished the box, so we didn't look like the perpetrators.

I think Snape must have been giddy with being free from slaving away at Mungo's, and I know I was. Did I tell you I was there beside him the whole time, taking notes, fetching books, stirring potions for *hours*, while he ordered me around? Yes, I was giddy with freedom. And the soap suds in the fountain were very amusing.

We sat on a handy bench for awhile and watched the people surprised by the bubbles. Then we wandered back by the Tesco. I told Professor Snape that we needed something from the store, so we went back into Tesco and bought some loo rolls.

(I'd always wanted to do this!) We threw the loo rolls up into the trees in front of Harry's house. It was so much fun! Lord only knows how I talked Snape into it!

Well, happy times don't last. A bobby came along and asked us to desist. I Confunded him (just a little!) and convinced him that Severus was really a Danish Prince, and he told us to move along, anyway, prince or no.

Then Molly came out and gave us the third degree. The hang-over potion had worked a treat, and she had a houseful of lively people who had looked outside to see us papering the trees. Now Harry and Ron and Luna wanted to go do the same, which made me think they'd been at the...

Hullo, Ginny, when did you get here?

What, Cadwallader? Oh — it made me think they'd been at the cake again.

Yeah, cake. (Why am I telling you this? There was supposed to be a moral.)

The moral is: it's better to throw loo rolls around someone's garden, than to over-indulge at a party.

And — uh — don't mention this story to your folks, OK?

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Yes, I daresay I am NOT as good a storyteller as Neville Longbottom. But *you* asked me to do this, Gin. Now get this damn dress off of me. (Did your mother knit this shawl? It's lovely.) I don't care what you offer me, I'm never going to play Mother Goose at the library story time again.

I swear, this wig must be pinned *right* into my head! Oh, Merlin! That's better! God bless you, Ginny.

Of course they'll want me back! Did you see those kids? They were entranced, I tell you! Simply entranced.

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AN:

This is a response to challenge 109 of the Potter Place Anything Goes Challenge

109. Everyone is at Grimmauld Place, and Hermione and Snape are sent on a mission, as they are the only "sensible" ones available, meaning, the only ones Molly trusts to send off together and not get into "trouble."

Molly, of course, is wrong.

(My assumption is that the Golden Trio are still young enough to be bossed around by Molly which probably means they're still in school or haven't been out long.)