

Ep. 055 Summer Reading Program 2026

[Alan Rickman]

I can teach you how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. I can tell you how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even put a stopper in death.

[Snapecentric]

Welcome to Snape Chat, the voice of the Snapedom, the podcast where we discuss all things Snape, always. Join us as we dive into the world of the bravest man we ever knew. Obviously.

This is Snapecentric with Episode 55, the Summer Reading Program, 2026. There's a great selection of fics from leatbreads, yearofthesnape, Icarus, eldritch, and thefrenchpress. They are read by Keres, Mango, SerenaEW, panhecate, and myself. I'm joined by Keres, doprin, Masao, and SerenaEW. for the listening party. Play our Summer Reading Program bingo game for Snape Chat stickers. You can get two stickers for each fic you read, or 15 if you read all five stories. Find the link in the show notes, or at snapechatpodcast.com. Enjoy the show.

This is Snapecentric, and I'm here with masao.

[Masao]

Hi there.

[Snapecentric]

Keres.

[Keres]

Hi.

[Snapecentric]

And doprin.

[Doeprin]

Hello.

[Snapecentric]

And we're here to celebrate summer with the Summer Reading Program for 2026.

I think I'm going to have a bingo card, even though only four people participated last year. And if anybody wants to go back and do that one, you can still earn stickers. Basically, it's just filling out a form, and I will mail you some Snape Chat stickers.

[Keres]

Ooh.

[Doeprin]

That's kind of tempting.

[Keres]

That's quite enticing.

[Doeprince]

Yeah, not going to lie. Kind of tempting.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

And I have lots of stickers, so, you know, please participate. We're going to start with Severitus [Sev-VER-it-us]. I always want to say Severitus [Sever-Eye-tus], but I think...

[Masao]

Me too. I say Severitus, [Sever-Eye-tus], personally.

[Snapecentric]

Severitus. I've heard Severitus [Se-VER-i-TOOS] as well.

[Doeprince]

Oh my goodness.

[Snapecentric]

Interesting.

[Keres]

I feel like nobody really knows how to pronounce that word.

[Masao]

Yeah, me too.

[Keres]

I agree. I've always, in my head, read it as Severitus.

[Masao]

Okay.

[Keres]

But who knows? Yeah. You know, it's one of those new words.

[Masao]

Yeah, it was the person's username who came up with the trope, right?

[Keres]

Yeah, that's right.

[Snapecentric]

That makes perfect sense. They issued a challenge, I guess. Oh.

For Snape and Harry parental type stories.

[Masao]
Yeah.

[Keres]
Which I guess opened up a whole new chapter in the fic world. I mean, where would we be without that trope now? Yeah.

Yeah.

[Doeprince]
I confess that, you know, I never really got into it. However, you know, in recent years, I feel like I'm being converted little by little because it is really sweet. I mean, not gonna lie.

That idea is very, it's, you know, the found family, the healing, you know, for both of them. I think definitely there are AUs where that absolutely works. So maybe I'll discover some Severitus content today in the episode.

[Masao]
I've definitely stumbled across a lot of Snupins that have that as a dynamic.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah, because you can still pair Snape with someone else.

[Masao]
Yeah.

[Snapecentric]
You get the best of both worlds. Mm hmm. Yeah.

I've heard some Snacks also that, uh, Oh yeah.

[Masao]
Godfathers.

[Snapecentric]
Yes. Oh yeah. We had that last year.

[Masao]
Yeah. Or year. I think it was last year.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah. This one is called [What a Summer!](#) by [leatbreads](#) and it's read by Keres.

[Keres]
[What a Summer!](#) by leatbreads read by Keres.

Summary: Harry is having an excellent fourteenth birthday at the Burrow, at least until Dumbledore arrives with Snape in tow. Dumbledore informs him that he must be tutored by the Potions Master in both Defence and Potions for the rest of the summer, to Harry's great dismay, and so he is dragged along to Spinner's end.

Snape didn't anticipate spending his summer housing and tutoring the son of his late enemy, and he definitely didn't expect that the boy was really nothing like how he had always assumed, but as the days progress, both wizards will learn more about the other, either from a round of questioning...or from behind the other's back.

From [Chapter 1: A Birthday Turned Terrible](#)

Harry was having a great summer, all things considered. Sure, Uncle Vernon did bruise Harry's arm a bit when he was shouting at him for trimming the hedges wrong, but at least it was where he could cover it up easily with a long-sleeved shirt, and yes, his nightmares were still as vivid and terrifying as ever, but after a few days at the Burrow, they were becoming far less frequent, and in the vicinity of adult magic-folk like Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, he was able to do silencing charms on himself before bed without worrying about breaking the law.

Now it was a warm late afternoon, and the Weasley's garden was still speckled with confetti, and a few balloons drifted lazily around the overgrown bushes. Harry had never had a better birthday.

Ron had gotten him a muggle self-defence book ("You might as well get good at duelling the muggle way, too!"); Hermione had bought him a book of famous quidditch techniques and fun facts; he had received some homemade toffee ("It might stick your teeth t'gether a bit, but it'll melt after an hour,") and high quality chocolate from Hagrid and Lupin, who had also delivered him a wand holster from Sirius ("He wanted to come himself, but you know how that might go...").

Hagrid and Lupin had left after the cake-cutting, and Fred and George were trying to charm the confetti into a colourful whirlwind while Ginny and Bill watched. With Mrs. Weasley occupied with transfiguring the decorations back into cutlery, Mr. Weasley and Percy running after the gnomes, which had taken the opportunity, while everybody was distracted with the celebration, to steal a dozen eggs and an egg basket from the chicken coop, Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat in the grass under an old apple tree with their plates of birthday cake in their laps.

"I wish every summer could be as nice as this," said Harry, laying on his back while Ron stuck flowers and bits of grass in his hair. "If the Dursleys knew I was going to be this happy here, they'd never have let me stay for the rest of the holiday."

Hermione was trying to pull out the grass in his hair as fast as Ron was sticking it in. "Ron, this is not how a flower crown looks—Next summer, you two can come visit my family! My parents would love to meet you both."

"They're...dentists, right?" Ron pulled a face, wrinkling his freckled nose. "Stick their fingers into people's mouths and stuff?"

"Have you never been to the dentist before? They check the health of your teeth to make sure you don't have cavities or need braces."

Harry shrugged. "I've never been to the dentist either; I've never had to." A dandelion tickled his ear as Hermione threaded its stem into his ruffled hair. "Maybe our magic makes it so that we don't get cavities?"

"Oh, I wish there was some kind of health class at Hogwarts! There must be so many fascinating biological differences between muggles and magic-folk, like our self-healing that can occur with natural magic, and our overall increased level of pain-tolerance and resistance to damage—"

"Harry, why'd you have to get her started?" Ron groaned in mock-annoyance and chucked a handful of grass at Hermione, who brushed it off with a laugh before throwing a few tufts back at Ron. Harry closed his eyes, feeling content with the world; his best friends were teasing and play-fighting with each other behind him, and the drowsy garden was still full of afternoon sunshine.

He was about to say something when the tell-tale hum of a powerful and familiar magical signature entered the garden. Harry shot upright, his tousled black hair still covered in flowers and slips of grass, as Dumbledore strode cheerfully down the garden path towards the apple tree, and upon seeing the dark figure accompanying the Headmaster, Harry's bright mood plummeted. This can't be good.

Finally, Ron and Hermione stopped their grass-throwing and stood up as well, eyes wide at the sight of Professor Snape standing extremely out of place next to a flourishing garden bed. The Potions master looked as if he was regretting his turn to the light side.

"Good afternoon, children, and happy birthday, Harry," Dumbledore greeted them with a pleasant smile.

Harry could only nod, petals drifting onto his shoulders as he did.

"I apologise for the sudden intrusion into your party; it seems that my owl got lost along the way. Here," Dumbledore held out a slightly muddy and windblown looking envelope to Harry, who took it nervously. "Please read this now. Ms. Granger, and Mr. Weasley, could you kindly allow us some privacy?"

Ron and Hermione bobbed their heads mechanically and hurried away, taking the crumbly plates and forks with them. Harry, Dumbledore, and Snape watched them rush inside to join Ginny, Fred, and George at the kitchen window, where they were all blatantly staring, before Dumbledore turned to Harry again, who became distinctly aware of how stupid he looked as more blades of grass fluttered down onto his shirt.

He warily opened the envelope and drew out a letter that read:

Dear Harry James Potter, of number four, Privet drive,
I hope that you have been having an excellent summer, but I must inform you that, due to some foreseen complications, you will be spending the remainder of your holiday being tutored in both Potions and Defence Against the Dark Arts. It is not so much of a matter of your grades as your safety and well being, which are of utmost importance.

Your teacher and temporary guardian is Professor Snape, who has very generously accepted this plan.

Snape did not look like he had generously accepted. He looked as if he would have rather kissed Argus Filch, but Dumbledore hadn't given him that option.

You will reside at his residence at number 13, Spinner's End, Cokesworth, until the start of the school year.

Harry's stomach dropped into his shoes as he re-read the words temporary guardian and Professor Snape over again to make sure he wasn't hallucinating. He wished he was only hallucinating.

Professor Snape and I shall collect you at four o'clock in the afternoon on the 31st of July. Please have your trunk packed and ready to go.

Yours sincerely,

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore
Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards
Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot
Grand Sorcerer

"What the hell" was what Harry thought and what he wanted to say, but the only thing he managed to splutter was, "WHAT?"

Snape muttered something that sounded like, "I regret this," but Harry had only eyes and ears for Dumbledore, who was still smiling placidly as he took the letter from Harry's shaking hands.

"I hope you understand why this is necessary, Harry. Do not worry—you will still be able to contact your friends through fire calls and letters, but of course, much of your time will be dedicated to studying and practicing with Professor Snape."

I'm dead. Aunt Petunia finally got me with her frying pan the day I got back, and I'm dead in hell right now. WHAT THE HELL. "Professor, I don't understand—why do I have to go? And why HIM?" Confusion and indignation were battling it out in his head, and his hands were damp with sweat as he balled them into fists at his sides.

"Oh, believe me, Potter, I am not overjoyed at this arrangement either," Snape growled darkly from behind Dumbledore, "and you are also not the only one being kept in the dark about the true purpose of this plan." He shot the Headmaster a resentful look that the older wizard cheerfully ignored.

"Can't I at least know why...?" Harry asked hopefully, but the almost-apologetic way Dumbledore tilted his head at Harry extinguished the last spark of hope in his heart.

"I'm afraid that you two will just have to trust me," the Headmaster replied. "All will be revealed...eventually. Harry, this will be a very beneficial experience for you. I recall that Defence is one of your best subjects, yes?"

Harry stared wordlessly at Dumbledore. The audacity of the man to say that spending the remainder of Harry's summer with Snape would be beneficial for him rendered him temporarily mute.

Dumbledore continued in his serene voice as if Harry's world wasn't collapsing on top of his head. "I would stay longer, but I really must be heading off now. Professor Snape will be waiting for you at the Weasley's fireplace, so if you would kindly pack your trunk, my boy, we will be parting our ways."

Harry nodded listlessly. He hurried past Dumbledore and Snape into the house where Ron and Hermione followed him up the many flights of stairs, peppering him with questions. Ginny and the twins had disappeared.

"What did the Headmaster say?"

"What'd Snape want? The hell's he doing here—?"

"Professor Snape, Ron! Oh, Harry, is he taking you away? Is it about the Dursleys?"

"Bet he has a potion that needs 'flesh of Boy Who Lived' or something."

"Ron!"

Harry burst into Ron's bedroom where his trunk was laying open on the floor, and as he started chucking his few belongings scattered around the room into it, he elaborated to his friends.

"Dumbledore says I've got to live with Snape 'til school starts. Says I've got to learn more Defence and Potions." Harry tried to usher Hedwig into her cage, but she flew to the top of his head and started picking out the remaining tufts of grass with her beak. "Ow! Hedwig, c'mon! He says I can still write and stuff."

"Ooh, you'll learn loads!" Hermione gasped as she and Ron helped Harry slam his trunk shut. "Maybe he'll teach you advanced techniques for Potions."

"Mione, you should go instead," said Ron with a smirk. "Put on a pair of glasses, and draw on a scar. Snape wouldn't tell the difference!"

"You'll tell us what you've learned by the end of the summer, right?" Hermione asked eagerly, ignoring Ron.

"If he's still alive by then."

"Ron!"

Harry laughed hollowly. He carried his trunk and Hedwig's cage—she had refused to leave her perch on his head—the feeling of impending doom increasing as he descended the stairs with Ron and Hermione bickering behind him.

Snape and Mrs. Weasley were waiting in the living room in front of the fireplace. Mrs. Weasley made to hug Harry, but she seemed to decide against it with Hedwig still nestled on his head.

"Now, be on your best behaviour for Professor Snape, dear, and study hard," she told him firmly, brushing a daisy from his shoulder. "I expect you over every Sunday for dinner, you hear? Severus, you must come along as well—"

From behind his mother, Ron made a disgusted expression.

Harry would have laughed if not for the lump of ice lodged in his throat, and he almost choked when Snape gripped his shoulder with a cold hand. Harry resisted the urge to flinch away. If the touch had been from anybody else, it would have been reassuring; from Snape, it was unsettling.

"I'm afraid I must decline that generous offer, Molly. Albus has greatly emphasized the strictness of the regimen that Mr. Potter must adhere to for the rest of the summer; it would not do for him to become too relaxed."

"Oh, every other Sunday, then. I'll fight Albus on it if I must! We'll see you soon, Harry."

Snape nodded stiffly, and with that, Harry found himself being steered into the fireplace with his trunk in tow after the Potions master had thrust a handful of Floo powder into the fire. Hedwig finally deemed it fitting to enter her cage, and Harry clutched it with white-knuckled hands as his view of Ron and Hermione's nervous waves was devoured by the roaring green flames.

Harry would have fallen out of the fireplace if not for Snape's tight grasp on his shoulder. He looked around warily, shifting Hedwig's cage around in his arms, and he found that the house was far from what he had expected; instead of the dark stone bricks of a dungeon, the walls of the living room were of a pale olive green wallpaper, faded with age, and lacy cream curtains fluttered by the dusty windows. On the right of the living room were two doors; the closest was shut, and the other was open to reveal a neat bathroom.

Snape stepped into the house, wordlessly beckoning Harry to follow him to the opposite end of the room and through a set of sliding glass doors that opened automatically to a sitting room where another coffee table sat between two identical leather sofas. Past another door in the sitting room was a long hallway that had wallpaper sickeningly familiar to the pale beige of the Dursley's house. Harry shuddered at the sight of it.

They passed the doorway to the kitchen and went up the flight of stairs at the end of the hallway where there was yet another corridor on the right side of the second floor. They

passed three doors until Snape stopped at the very last one at the end of the hall. He turned to Harry, who was unsurprised to see his face set in a familiar glower.

"This is your room. The door across leads to the bathroom available to you. I would advise you to avoid the second room from the stairs, unless you wish to die from dust inhalation, and to avoid the first room from stairs, as it is my room, unless you wish to die from painful and prolonged suffering at my hands."

"Yes, sir," said Harry quickly. He still remembered how furious Snape was at the end of third year when Sirius had escaped, and he had no desire to see how angry Snape would be at Harry if he dared to look into the first room.

"Dinner is at eight, which is in," Snape cast a nonverbal tempus with a flick of his wand, and bright numbers flickered into being above his wand tip, "three hours and 33 minutes. Breakfast is also at eight, and lunch is at one. Do not make excess noise or mess, and do not forget that I am your Professor, not your house-keeper. Despite how the rest of the world may have celebrated your disregard for the rules as well as general recklessness, I will not." Harry nodded stiffly, trying to arrange his face into something that wasn't a frown and failing. Hedwig gave a loud hoot and shuffled inside of her cage, her amber eyes trained on Snape.

Snape glared darkly back at Harry, ignoring Hedwig, his scowl deepening. "You will address me as 'sir' or 'Professor', Potter."

So this is what the next few weeks are going to be like, Harry thought bitterly.

"Yes, sir," he gritted out as he imagined bashing Snape on the head with his trunk. Snape narrowed his eyes before he finally left with a dramatic flourish of his dark robes. Harry did not move from his spot until Snape had disappeared down the stairs, then he pushed open the door to the room with a frustrated sigh.

On the immediate right to the door was a screen that obscured the neatly-made bed from the doorway. At the foot of the bed was a chest of drawers about waist-height that Harry heaved his trunk and Hedwig's cage onto before opening the cage to let the owl out. She shook out her wings before flapping onto the top of the bookshelf in the other corner of the room where an oak desk and chair stood, encompassed neatly by a circular, navy-blue rug. The walls were painted a robin's-egg blue, and the dull cream carpet made Harry's footsteps almost noiseless as he opened the door by the bookshelf to reveal a small walk-in closet.

"At least it's not a dungeon, right, Hedwig?" Harry asked the snowy owl as he got to unpacking his trunk. Onto the desk went his school books, quills, and ink, and into the drawers went his few non-Hogwarts-robcs clothes. Hedwig hooted sleepily in reply from her perch on the bookshelf.

"We just have to survive...five weeks in this place." Five weeks. That sounded like a century. He flopped onto the royal blue bedcover and sighed. If I survived 11 full years living with the Dursleys, I can survive five weeks living with Snape, he thought grimly to himself.

With quite some time to kill, Harry got to work with writing a letter to Sirius about his new predicament.

Hi Snuffles,

I hope you're doing okay, wherever you are. Thanks for the wand holster! It fits perfectly, and it's nice to not have to keep checking my back pocket for my wand.

I wish you could've come to my birthday party, but it'd be too dangerous. Something crazy happened at the end—Professor Dumbledore and ~~Snape~~ the greasiest Professor showed up. I don't know if I should say who, just in case this letter gets intercepted by somebody. It wouldn't look good.

They told me that I have to stay with him and get tutored in Defence and Potions for the rest of the summer! HIM! I can't believe Dumbledore would do this, but he's got to have a really good reason. He said that he can't say yet. Not even ~~Sn~~slime ball knows.

I'll do my best to learn and not go crazy.

Stay safe out there!

Harry

[Doeprince]

I was so engaged, not gonna lie.

[Masao]

Yeah, I was- Was that good? Yeah.

[Doeprince]

I love it. I want to read the rest.

[Masao]

Yeah. Great. Yeah.

[Doeprince]

Everyone was so in character, too. I love that. I mean, everyone's perception of what is in character is- I guess it can be different, but- That's true.

They're very close to my perception of the canon characters, if that makes sense.

[Keres]

I completely agree. That's exactly what I was thinking as I was reading it. I was like, wow, they've definitely got the characterizations so far, you know, down to a T.

The dialogue, especially. Yes. Yeah, you know, Dumbledore being aloof and a little dishonest, maybe.

You know, Snape just having a general distaste for everything. It seemed very accurate to me.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, I just love how much of a catastrophe Harry was making out of things.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Yes.

[Keres]

Right, but he was still, you know, just putting his head down and following Dumbledore's orders, as he always does. So typical. Yeah, I think you had a good point about Ron and Hermione.

[Keres]

Oh, yeah.

[Keres]

Yeah, yes.

[Doeprince]

Yeah, I was just saying that even- I was going to say Ron and Hagrid specifically, those two came to me. Their dialogue was really good, just like the way they said it, because Hagrid had like one little, you know, thing in parentheses. And I think it was a- what was it?

I think English talking or something he gave to Harry. But yeah, it was just- Even the way it was spelled and written, it was so good. Yeah, exactly.

Yeah.

[Keres]

And Hermione too, yes, for sure. Her voice lines, or I guess her dialogue rather, was very in character to what she would say. And like, of course, she's going to focus on the learning aspect of the situation.

And of course, Ron's going to be like, ha, sucks for you. I love that description.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, this fic is 62,000 words, but it's part of a series that's over 500k and counting.

[Keres]

Wow.

[Snapecentric]

It's called [What a Series!](#). I'll just quick read the description.

What a slow burn this should be called.

Harry and Snape's road becoming father and son is a rocky one, full of mistakes past and present, the making and breaking of boundaries, and dreams and nightmares alike. But trust, care, and comfort, as at long last, they become what neither of them truly had, a family. I eat breads is very good at angst.

They're also an artist, and you should follow them on tumblr. It's leatbreadz with a Z rather than an S. That's all one word.

[Keres]

I definitely felt that I was reading someone's username on tumblr. When I read their username, I was like, this is very reminiscent.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah.

[Keres]

Great that they're there.

[Snapecentric]

And lots of angst. The main comic that they do is called Dogwood, where Snape is half vampire, and Harry is a newly turned werewolf.

[Masao]

Oh, I've seen their art. It's really good.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, because Snape is so aloof. And Harry is just yearning so much for connection with him. And Harry's like, "Oh, you can drink my blood".

[Masao]

Yeah, I remember that.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, pretty, pretty neat.

[Masao]

I think I've reblogged some of their art.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, good. Yeah. Okay, next one's a little change of pace.

This is Lavender Brown and Severus Snape.

[Doeprince]

Heard of this one.

[Snapecentric]

Yes, I found it on tumblr. That's just very refreshing. I'll go ahead and get started.

It's [Lavender Brown, Severus Snape, and the Fangs of Fate](#) by Year of the Snape. And it was read by me.

[Lavender Brown, Severus Snape, and the Fangs of Fate.](#)

By Year of the Snape. Read by Snapecentric.

Summary: When Lavender Brown sees someone in trouble, her first instinct is to go help, even if that someone is as unpleasant as a blast-ended scrote. So in fifth year, when Lavender has a prophetic dream in which Professor Snape is bitten by a giant snake, she immediately starts planning to save him. Along the way, Lavender learns to enjoy potions and even, slowly, starts to appreciate the teachers she's trying to save.

Their newfound mentorship, however, makes the bewilderment Lavender feels all the more painful when Snape kills Dumbledore at the end of sixth year. What does it mean to have faith in kindness when there seems to be so little to go around? The future has teeth Lavender can't predict.

And all her bids for security go nowhere. But that doesn't mean there can't be other, better surprises in store. Chapter One.

The Vision. One week into fifth year, in the small hours of Monday morning, Lavender Brown had a very strange dream. In the dream, Lavender saw an unfamiliar room full of peeling paint and broken furniture.

A large, starry cage floated in midair, like a parody of a chandelier. Inside coiled a horrible, gargantuan snake. Beside the cage, two men stood facing each other, wands raised.

One of the men was a stranger to Lavender. He had neither a nose nor lips, and his skin was not merely pale, but positively white. His eyes stood out, large and vividly red, with very thin, vertical black pupils.

The other man Lavender recognized immediately as Professor Snape. However, something was wrong. Snape wasn't snarling or snarling.

Instead, he was watching the stranger as though he had seen death itself lurking in his face. As Lavender watched, the stranger's wand slashed through the air. The enchanted cage with a snake inside it rolled down to cover Snape.

A twisted hiss broke from the red-eyed man's mouth, as if in obedience, the snake's jaws opened wide. Snape's yell turned into a terrible scream as the serpent unfolded its long fangs. The scream echoed on and on.

The fangs bit into Snape's neck. Snape fell to the floor. I regret it, said the red-eyed man, but his high, cold voice didn't sound as though he were sorry about anything.

He left the room, taking with him the snake in its cage. Snape slumped sideways, and everything went dark. Into the darkness, Lavender heard her own voice, small and shaken, asking, when will this happen?

As though in response, another cry rang through her mind. She recognized the voice as Harry Potter. Hagrid, no, Hagrid, come back!

Hagrid, Hagrid! As Harry shouted Hagrid's name for the last time, Lavender jerked awake. She scrambled under the bed for her wand, the cool wood familiar in her hand.

Lumos, she whispered. Her voice wobbling slightly. The wand light revealed the quiet drapes of her foreposter, which Lavender threw back.

The Gryffindor girl's dormitory lay silent before her in the predawn. Parvati rolled over. Hermione murmured something about dogs.

Or was it logs? There were no snakes in sight, no red-eyed men who spoke to them, no one bleeding on the floor. Lavender closed her eyes, but she could still see Snape collapsing when she did that, so she opened them again.

She wished the Gryffindor beds hadn't had red drapes. There was no chance that Lavender was going to be able to go back to sleep right away. So she got out her dream journal for Professor Trelawney and wrote down everything that she had seen and heard.

Once that was done, she looked back over the week of dreams she'd already recorded. In comparison with this one, all of them felt vague and faint, like a ghost beside a living body. Lavender didn't need Trelawney to tell her that this had been no mere dream.

What she had just seen had come from outside herself with the insistence of a message. Lavender put the journal away and stared up at the bed's canopy, unwilling to let her wand go out yet. Her heart was racing, both from fear and from a strange feeling of urgency.

In the past, after trying to wrestle knowledge from uncooperative omens in divination class, Lavender had often daydreamed about having knowledge of the future simply come to her instead. Now that this had happened, however, it unsettled her deeply. When she was the one trying to see what the future held, the future was small and controllable, a thing to be studied.

A future that came to her without her looking for it, however, could no longer be fully within her grasp. Lavender supposed that the things she had tried to predict in the past had not been in her command either, but somehow seeing this vision was more unnerving than trusting her divination skill. It didn't help, of course, that its contents were so grisly.

Lavender had no liking for Snape, whose teaching was usually careless of his students' feelings. But even if she had hated him with the strongest hatred in the world, she could not have wished such a monstrous fate upon him. She had always been afraid of snakes, and the snake she had just seen made all the others she had ever met look like mere earthworms.

Why did I have to see that? Lavender wondered. But she already had a horrible feeling about why that might be.

One didn't show someone exactly when and how people would be in mortal danger unless one wanted the Watcher to do something about it. But what could Lavender do? That red-eyed man was clearly a powerful wizard to control snakes.

Very powerful and very cruel by what he had commanded that snake to do. Meanwhile, Lavender had no healer training, no expertise in snakes, no ability to fight skilled murderers, and especially not this one. For only one wizard Lavender could imagine would fit what she had seen.

No, she wasn't going to think about that right now. Lavender squeezed her eyes shut and took deep breaths until she stopped feeling sick. Think practical, she thought.

Think small. He was gone at the end, and the snake was, too. The important thing is to learn what to do for a snake bite.

The thought calmed her, and with the calm, a person came to mind, Professor Grubbly Plank. She taught care of magical creatures. She would know what to do about snake bites.

Lavender resolved to ask her at breakfast.

[Masao]

Wow. Really interesting.

[Doeprince]

I liked that. That was cool. I wasn't expecting it to be that cool, but that was really cool.

Thanks for showing us that.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, yeah. yearofthesnape just completed this two days ago, I think, was the last chapter. Oh, fun.

[Masao]

Wow.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, that's nice. Congrats to them.

[Masao]

How long did it end up being?

[Snapecentric]

155,000 words.

[Masao]

Nice.

[Snapecentric]

And a nice fast pace to read.

[Keres]

I gotta say, I tend to be very interested in Harry Potter, like, healing as in medical healing fics. Oh, yeah. Because I'm in the medical industry myself.

Oh, nice. And I love the magical take on it. And so I think one of my first feet dips into the HP fic world was [Chasing the Sun](#).

I know exactly what that is. I was like 15 when I read it. Sorry to cut you off.

[Snapecentric]

Keep going. No, no, you're good.

[Keres]

And the thing that stuck out to me so much that kind of set the pace for all of the other fics I would read is that it was so intelligent.

And it was lore accurate and inventive. Anyway, so that seems interesting to me as well. Lavender, who I've always kind of haven't thought too much about, right?

Right. She's just a normal girl. She's just the roommate.

[Snapecentric]

Just a girly girl, which the author tends to diminish.

[Masao]

Yeah, very much so. Right.

[Keres]

She's like, I'm going to try and do this thing that's probably going to be really hard, but I can't just not do it. I'm just a little Gryffindor. Like, I got to do something.

That's what that sounds like to me. It's so sweet. I just love it.

As I'm sitting here with my Gryffindor blanket.

[Doeprince]

Well, hello from a Slytherin.

[Keres]

You know what? I have no prejudices. We need Slytherins here.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, it's nice that people can just be whatever. I tested into all the different houses, so I don't know. Eventually, I just picked Ravenclaw.

[Keres]

My boyfriend's a puff.

[Doeprince]

Oh, nice. Oh, that's sweet. I love a good Puff.

[Keres]

Yeah, he's adorable.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, that's great. Yeah. Yeah, there are some different subplots.

Lavender's a half-blood whose wizard father basically impregnated her mother and took off.

[Masao]

Oh, lovely. That's cool lore, though. You know, that's the fun thing about characters who don't have as much, like, canon about them is people can get really creative.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, yeah, definitely. He does come back a couple times as a Death Eater.

[Masao]

Oh.

[Snapecentric]

That's even more interesting.

[Masao]

Very interesting.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. Maybe he's not a Death Eater, but he's definitely on the wrong side of things. Yeah, very entertaining read.

All right, this next fic is very old. It was completed in 2002.

[Keres]

Wow.

[Snapecentric]

Just after Goblet of Fire came out.

[Doeprince]

I love reading or hearing about fics that were being written while, you know, either the books were still coming out or, you know, maybe right after they just came out.

[Keres]

I just think that's extra interesting because it offers another perspective, you know?

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Keres]

Oh, yeah. Gotta say Phoenix Era is my favorite of those. Yeah.

Yeah. Like the fics that were written right after Order of the Phoenix came out because, you know, no one knew all of Snape's backstory that came out the next year. So you had people writing him as a rich pureblood or as a pure half-blood, you know?

[Masao]

Yes. That's so funny. Snape Manor.

[Doeprince]

Right, right.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

Not to throw anyone under the bus, but it's kind of like the new era of Marauders fans that are like, yes, he was a super rich pureblood who hates everybody.

[Masao]

It's like, no.

[Doeprince]

Oh, yeah. That's so horrible.

[Masao]

I don't recommend you go down it. It's like 2005 all over again.

[Keres]

Yes. I don't know. I just always find those interesting.

It's like a different take on everything because, I mean, his actual backstory just makes a lot of sense. Right. But if you try to see him as something different and he came to be what he is after coming from a rich pureblood family for whatever reason, you can get into some interesting writing there.

That is true. It's just, it's interesting. That's all.

[Snapecentric]

Snape is a little black dress of the fandom.

[Masao]

Oh, he could pull that off, too.

[Snapecentric]

Definitely. Especially your Snape, masao.

[masao]
Thank you.

[Snapecentric]
[Dastardly Lemondrops](#).

[Masao]
Yeah. Coming soon to Tumblr. Well, actually, I started a new Tumblr.

It got terminated. I think they thought I was a bot, so I'm in appeals right now.

[Snapecentric]
No!

[masao]
Because I was just posting the pages, right?

[Keres]
Oh.

[Masao]
And I wasn't reblogging anything or anything like that. So I think they thought I was a bot.

[Keres]
Oh, gee.

[Masao]
It's on Pixiv for now, and I'm in the process of trying to get my own website together.

[Keres]
Oh, geez.

[Masao]
It was too spicy for Comic Fury.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah, that's too bad because they hosted it for a very long time.

[Masao]
Really long, yeah. I don't know what really happened, but yeah, I suddenly got a warning, like, yeah.

[Keres]
Yeah, that's too bad. I'm sorry for that, buddy.

[Masao]
Oh, it's fine. I'll figure it out.

[Keres]

Best of luck.

[Masao]

Thank you.

[Snapecentric]

Okay, let's go ahead with [Primer to the Dark Arts](#) by Icarus and Red by Mango.

[Mangotart]

Mangotart reads [Primer to the Dark Arts](#) by Icarus.

Summary: Harry learns he is to be given private (and secret) tutoring in the Dark Arts. His teacher? Professor Snape. Features ghost cats and cursed harps, spells that are supposed to go wrong and don't, a friendly sociopathic Death Eater, and Snape's naughty, naughty library.

Chapter 1. Primer to the Dark Arts.

"Strumpet! Persimmon! Fluke!" Professor Dumbledore said triumphantly, and the feast began.

Harry's plate appeared, heaped with turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy, roast beef, corn on the cob; pumpkin juice appeared on his left, while the wonderful aroma of fresh baked rolls wafted down the table. But Ron had already dug in first, and was grinning from a mouth that was stuffed far too full. Hermione rolled her eyes in disgust. All right, all right, Harry owed him a Chocolate Frog. Harry made a strategic grab as the basket floated by a second time.

Harry was just eyeing a Bakewell tart, wondering if he dare eat dessert first, when Professor McGonagall touched his shoulder. He was only thinking about it! But she had other things on her mind.

"Mr. Potter, Professor Dumbledore needs to see you in his chambers," she said. "You can finish your dinner first, of course."

Ron gazed after her as she returned to the teachers' table.

"What was that about? You don't think you're in trouble already, do you?" he whispered, as much as one could whisper with a mouth full.

Harry shrugged. He couldn't think of anything he'd done yet.

But curiosity nagged at Harry throughout the feast. Not that it affected his appetite. His plate was clean even before the last trace of the feast magically disappeared. He never ate this well at the Dursleys', and always made up for lost time whenever he had the chance. Mrs. Weasley had chortled a year ago that he had a hollow leg. Well if he did, there was a lot more of it now. He had finally caught up to Ron's height. But he was still as thin as ever, and might always be, judging from photos of his father. Though the Dursleys certainly didn't help.

An hour later, while the other Gryffindors tramped up the tower to learn the new password, Harry stood nervously with Prof. McGonagall at the gargoyles which were the secret entrance to Dumbledore's study.

"*Butterscotch!*" she said. "Now, go on up without me, Mr. Potter. Apparently, this is concerning a private matter." This made Harry even more curious than ever. Classical music played as Harvey stepped into Dumbledore's outer chamber. Dumbledore's quarters were at once familiar, and new, as things had been rearranged and new wonders added since his last visit. Prof. Dumbledore sat in a wingback chair facing a roaring fire. The wings of the chair waved gently in time with the music. On a small table by the chair was an orchestra of tiny stringed instruments. They had arranged themselves in neat rows, and were playing by themselves as Dumbledore conducted with his wand. They came to the final crescendo at the end of the piece. Professor Dumbledore bowed to them and clapped.

"Uh.. Professor Dumbledore?" Harry interrupted tentatively.

"Harry, come in, come in!" He gestured to the instruments and explained. "Rehearsal."

The instruments started packing themselves up, chatting amongst themselves, with a squeak of chairs, various musical riffs and laughter. "I realize we've just had our feast, but would you care for some popping soda? I have lemon, and oh yes -- cherry, here it is. Never known a young man to ever stop being hungry - or thirsty. I'll have one myself. Always nice to have one after rehearsal. It went well this time, don't you think?"

Harry nodded absently as he watched the instruments hop to the armchair and each bow to Dumbledore as they left. He gratefully accepted the soda, and the staccato popping sound soon filled the air like small fireworks. Professor Dumbledore smiled.

"Nothing like a good popping soda. Well, what can I do for you, Harry?"

"You asked to see me...?" Harry said.

"

Oh, yes, yes of course," Dumbledore frowned and sighed, "that."

"It's a serious matter, Harry..." Dumbledore looked thoughtfully at him.

"It seems you have encountered Voldemort in one form or another every year at Hogwarts. We are forced to assume that the sun will rise in the east, and the boomslang will shed its skin in spring. There are those who feel you need extra protection this year - "

Harry opened his mouth to protest but Dumbledore put up his hand.

"Now, now, Harry, it's already settled. The arguments have been argued, and there's no use in starting another one. There has been plenty of that already. You will be having extra classes. Private tutoring, to prepare you in case Lord Voldemort puts in another appearance. These classes, I fear, I am not the best choice or I would teach you myself, gladly. But we do have one who is particularly qualified in such matters..."

"One would hope you will prove better at the Dark Arts than you do at Potions, Mr. Potter."

Harry nearly jumped out of his skin at the all-too-familiar voice behind him. Professor Snape emerged from the shadows by the door.

"I am uncertain which is the greater waste of time: teaching you, or having to save you, yet again," Professor Snape continued, looking at Harry with disdain.

Snape must have been there the whole time. Or at least Harry thought so. He fervently hoped Snape couldn't walk through walls. Then what Snape had said finally sunk in. The Dark Arts...? Harry felt a faint chill. Though if he were honest with himself, he had to admit he was a little curious. Professor Dumbledore was speaking again.

"You will have to keep these classes 'under your hat' as they say. You will be Professor Snape's only pupil in this. Two evenings a week. You may have to miss a few Quidditch practices, I fear."

Extra classes? Alone? With Snape? Missing Quidditch practice? This was getting worse and worse, Harry thought. Snape turned to Dumbledore, ignoring Harry completely.

"Are you certain there might not be others who could benefit from my knowledge?"

Competent students, perhaps? If there are any, other than say, Granger?" Snape made a noise of disgust.

"Yes, Miss Granger is quite competent, isn't she? But I'm sure Harry will do fine." Professor Dumbledore stood and patted Harry's shoulder. Harry was still in shock at the bad news. It couldn't possibly be worse. "No doubt many could benefit from your assistance, Severus. I do. Nearly every day. But is not my policy to teach Dark Magic here at Hogwarts as you know. I have only been convinced that this is a singular and very unusual case. I admit - nothing we have tried thus far has worked. Until now we have mostly been saved by Harry's good luck. We can't count on that again."

Dumbledore turned to Harry. "You do understand why you must keep this a secret, no matter how hard that might prove?" Harry nodded. Malfoy would give his eyeteeth to learn Dark Magic. "Good. No one, not even your friends, must know."

"Good luck to you, Harry." Dumbledore's eyes sparkled. "And to you, Severus."

Snape stalked out with a bare nod to Dumbledore. One of the violins narrowly missed getting stepped on, skittering out of the way as Snape crossed the threshold. Harry knew how it felt. But was it Harry's imagination, or did Dumbledore seem worried when he looked at Snape?

The moment Harry dreaded finally came, towards the end of Potions class a few weeks into the school year.

Harry had almost managed to forget the looming class on Dark Magic, immersed as he was in the flurry of Quidditch practice, new classes and the excitement of seeing all his friends again. He had certainly hoped Snape had, as one week, then another passed without a word about it.

"Mr. Potter," Snape said darkly. "Please see me after class today."

Harry's heart sank to his toes. Ron and Hermione looked at each other, aghast, and some of the Slytherins snickered and elbowed each other to look in Harry's direction. Snape smiled at them.

Ron whispered, "Harry... Snape's really got in for you this year! You didn't do a thing!" "Sh," Hermione hissed at Ron under her breath, "don't give him any excuse to take points, too. Do be careful, Harry."

She looked worriedly at Snape. Professor Snape had always been unfair, had always favored the Slytherins, but he had never given punishments for no reason before, however thin his excuses had been in the past.

"It's okay," Harry said. "I think I know what it is."

"What is it?" Ron asked. Hermione looked puzzled.

"It's... it's fine," was all Harry could say. The two looked at each other with surprise.

But of course it wasn't fine, not with Snape as a teacher. He was spared more questions, because at that moment class was dismissed. Gryffindors and Slytherins started packing up their books and wands, flooded past and edged between Harry and his friends. Snape crooked a finger at him, and Harry shrugged at them apologetically. At the door, Hermione hovered uncertainly, and Ron gave him a cringing smile. Then the door to the dungeon separated them and fell slowly shut.

"Follow me," Snape turned in a swirl of black robes, without looking back to check if Harry actually did follow. "Bring only the wand. Nothing else you own is up to this."

With a backward glance at his books, Harry trailed Snape. Snape wove a circuitous route through the castle dungeons. Dust lay thick on the floor of the last passage, and they came to an ancient wooden door with large, old-fashioned hinges. It looked big enough to have been built for Hagrid. With a Spell and password, it opened onto the cavern where the first years arrived every year from across the lake. Or big enough for a boat, Harry realised. Snape gestured to one of Hagrid's boats.

"Get in."

Snape stepped in, and Harry clambered into the bow. Snape untied the moorings and murmured something unintelligible. The boat shot forward as if powered by an outboard motor. Caught off guard, Harry was thrown back into his seat. Hagrid was never so abrupt.

"Try not to drown yourself on the first day," Snape sneered, and he steered their boat through the cavern and out onto open water.

Harry looked over his shoulder, and up. He had forgotten how enormous the towers and battlements of Hogwarts looked from the water far below. It occurred to Harry that he hadn't been this way really, since his first glimpse of Wizarding School seven years before. It was impressive.

Ahead, the sun hung low over the dark Forbidden Forest shrouded in twilight. Snape urged the boat faster with a word.

Spray spit over the bow, showering Harry where he clung to it as the boat skipped forward. Snape casually, lazily, turned the boat to avoid the lunging arm of a sea monster, and then steered a course for the furthest bank, heading directly for the Forbidden Forest. Harry held onto the bow a little tighter.

As they moored at the dock, Snape barely paused long enough for Harry to scramble out of the rocking boat.

"Quickly - child - we have barely enough time left before nightfall!" Snape said irritably.

Harry muttered under his breath, "I'm not a child..." but otherwise held his peace.

At the edge of the Forbidden Forest Harry instinctively reached for his wand. A twig snapped to the left, and something scampered away. Otherwise, it took Harry a moment to realise what was so strange - there wasn't a sound. Not so much as a cricket chirp. Snape didn't even pause at this unnatural silence, but drew his inky black cloak about his shoulders and virtually melted into the twilight, striding briskly along the narrow trail. Harry scrambled to keep up before he lost sight of Snape entirely.

They followed this trail for a while, then turned onto one less well-tended, hardly more than a game trail. Snape muttered Spells under his breath as they hurried, and turned left than right, avoiding more promising trails for the most rutted. On his own, Harry would have been quickly lost.

Once as they passed an intersecting branch, sparks broke over Harry's head. He stopped, startled.

Snape turned and hissed at him. 'Keep close!'

There was a low rumble, like a growl and Harry felt the ground shudder. He leapt out of the way just as wooden spike-like teeth snapped out of the forest floor, nicking his heels.

Harry followed Snape very closely after that. If Snape noticed, he gave no indication.

They finally came to a dim but otherwise rather ordinary clearing. In the middle was a boulder about the height of a table; on it was a bud vase. Beyond that was a low rock wall.

Snape turned dramatically, while Harry paused warily at the edge of the clearing, wondering what all-important role a bud vase played in Dark Magic.

"We have come here," said Snape portentously, "because the Dark Arts cannot be practiced in on the grounds of Hogwarts proper; even less so in the castle itself. There are many protections against it -- I'm certain even you can appreciate the reasons for this. I suggest you not come here unless you are with me, nor bring any of your little friends, as no doubt you are tempted to do. The penalty is more than detention. I have arranged some rather... unpleasant... surprises for those who might think to interrupt, or spy, on our class."

Snape looked pleased and self-satisfied, and Harry had no doubt that if Snape had thought of them, these 'surprises' were very nasty indeed. Snape would enjoy that.

"Now ... " Snape suddenly had Harry's full attention. "Let's take off your training wheels.

Dark Magic is advanced from the very outset; there is no beginning or children's level. I will show you what real Magic is."

As Snape muttered a low sonorous incantation, he seemed to grow in menace and power. His eyes rolled back and blazed. The simple Potions master Harry knew was gentle and harmless compared to the man before Harry now. Professor Snape aimed a spell at the rock wall beyond, swinging his wand with an unfamiliar hurling motion.

The rock wall cracked, broke apart, and crumbled into a pile of dust. Snape viewed his destruction calmly.

"Age, Potter," he said, with a small look of triumph at Harry's stunned face, "just age. A thousand years in a moment to be exact. The Dark Arts have twice the power of the... simple... magic you have been learning all these years. Dark Magic is so... unconstrained. You have not lived as a wizard until you have experienced it. The likes of Dumbledore - they do not understand. But you shall."

"Of course, so much power takes years to learn. But you will begin with this." And he handed Harry the bud vase. Harry turned it over in his hands, mystified. It seemed perfectly ordinary. Then Snape plucked a handful of fresh, pretty pink rosebuds from his robe and dropped them into Harry's hands.

"You will age these till they are blackened twigs."

Harry blinked stupidly at Snape, hoping for an explanation of some kind.

"Well? Imbecile. Put one in the vase. I don't want you to miss and wreck our only table,"

Snape gestured to the rock.

It was hard to say whether the next hour was more frustrating for Harry, or for Professor Snape. The first problem was proper wand position and gesture, which was entirely different for Dark Magic. Snape corrected Harry again and again, grumbling and muttering things such as "should have learned this in the first year" and "short-sighted school masters." He was trembling with irritation by the end, though fortunately most of it did not seem to be directed at Harry.

Finally, once Harry had the gesture, the wand position, and the incantation down (this last was not too different from what Harry knew), Harry aimed the spell over and over again at the pink rose bud.

Nothing happened.

It didn't seem to matter whether he missed and hit the table or not. The spell just... fizzled. The rose bud didn't even open, let alone turn black like it was supposed to. And Harry had a hard time wanting to kill it.

"You are holding back, Potter," Snape said in bored frustration.

"But... but what if it's too much?" Harry wondered aloud. He quickly regretted asking any questions in this class.

"It's supposed to be too much!" Snape was out of what little patience he owned.

"Tender-hearted Fool! The spell is meant to do damage! That is the point."

Snape gathered his composure, grumbling, "... why couldn't I have Malfoy, he would excel at this... even that insufferable Granger..." Snape took a deep breath.

"Look here, Potter." Snape drew Harry uncomfortably close with a vise-like grip, breathing down his neck. "Through some cruel prank, a twisted joke of fate, I am stuck with you. You, of all persons, as my sole student. The sole inheritor of all my knowledge. I do not know whether to laugh or go mad." Harry though privately he was doing quite well at the latter. His arm was starting to go numb. "Somehow, I must manage to sieve all my experience and knowledge of the Dark Arts into that teeny, tiny, little brain of yours. Now I may be gentle and accepting in Potions class -

-- at this Harry goggled -

"- but I will not be so tolerant here! You will learn, Potter. If I must kill both you and I in order to do so. Bear in mind the order of that, by-the-way.

"Class dismissed," Snape said wearily, and released Harry, "I can tolerate no more of this today."

Harry followed Snape, staring miserably at his back as they followed the path through the Forest back to the boats. Snape's disappointment was palpable in every line. If there was one thing Harry hated, it was letting someone down. Even if that someone was Snape. Harry wished he could be back at Hogwarts faster. He fervently looked forward to Arithmancy... Divinations... Charms... any normal wizarding class, with his whole heart.

Over the next few weeks, Harry's second and third classes in Dark Magic were no better. His fourth was, if possible, worse. All that improved was Snape's sarcasm, which increased in its accuracy and sting with Harry's every mistake, as there seemed more and more ground for Snape's opinion.

"I would call you an abysmal failure, and give up, Potter, if it were acceptable under the circumstances."

"Do it again!"

"Do try at least to have an effect. Of one kind or another. Even Mr. Longbottom, despite his capacity for destruction, usually manages to accomplish something."

It became clear that Snape wasn't just being unfair this time. Harry slowly came to the dawning conclusion that he was genuinely bad at the Dark Arts. Nothing he did went right.

Or rather - wrong. Things in Dark Magic were supposed to go wrong. Harry began to feel sorry - or more sorry than he had - for Neville Longbottom, who was bad at everything. Except Herbology. Now Harry knew what it felt like. He began to happily visualize Snape dressed in Neville's grandmother's clothes, stuffed vulture hat and all.

What made the class even harder was the fact Harry could never practice - of course, since Dark Magic wasn't allowed on Hogwarts' grounds. And Harry couldn't even come to the clearing where it was taught without getting snared by one of Snape's booby traps. He couldn't ask for help from his friends. He was sworn to secrecy by Professor Dumbledore.

And Harry wasn't even allowed to study his notes where others could see. Worst of all, his Quidditch was falling off, because of all the practices he was forced to miss for Snape's class.

The excuse Snape had for his sporadic absences a couple nights a week was that Harry had detentions. A lot of detentions. The Slytherins were overjoyed. Meanwhile the Gryffindors became as quiet as mice in Snape's class, shocked into submission. There were angry mutters and plans for revenge in the Gryffindor common room, many of which were stopped by Professor McGonagall.

As Snape's first test drew near, Harry grew desperate. He started carrying his Dark Arts notes with him everywhere, tucked in his book bag, studying at every opportunity. No one would ever look for them there, he was sure.

It was in Potions class that disaster fell.

Harry's bag was on the floor, slightly open where he had taken out his potions kit. Harry was stirring a Calming potion, trying to get it to turn a proper fuchsia - Ron's was looking a strange green and they couldn't figure out what they'd done to it - when Snape suddenly stopped at Harry's cauldron. At that moment, Harry remembered where his notes were. He shut his eyes, praying hard that Snape wouldn't look down. Don't look down - please, don't look down. Snape stooped, and ever so slowly, seized the scroll of notes.

"What's this?" Snape hissed at the back of Harry's neck. "Potter. If you cannot be trusted to keep these from wandering around, then you must do your homework from memory! No doubt, our hero Harry Potter can manage to recall a few simple spells?"

Simple spells? It was the hardest class Harry had ever had! Harry watched as his notes, his only lifeline in Snape's impossible Dark Arts class, disappeared into the folds of Snape's robes. He followed Snape with his eyes as he stalked back to his desk, and closed the precious scroll of notes into one of his drawers. There was a whirl of several different locking mechanisms and spells, and the drawer clicked shut.

There was nothing for it. Regardless of the consequences, Harry had to get help. He had to get those notes back.

[Masao]
Super interesting.

[Keres]
Yeah.

[Masao]
Did I miss the description of the fic beforehand?

[Snapecentric]
I don't think I did it.

[Keres]

No, I- I- Oh.

[Snapecentric]
Go ahead.

[Keres]
I swear I had- I swear either you read this or Mango read this or maybe it was in my head and I read it to myself. I don't know. But I was like, I was ready for dark arts, but I- I- I may have just missed it.

[SerenaEW]
Just wanted to say hi. I wouldn't be able to tell because like, you know, I just joined. Hello.

Sorry for being late. I was at a rehearsal until just now. So yay.

This was really interesting. Also, I loved your reading, Mango.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah, Mango's mostly just listening and- Yeah, I liked the reading too.

[Masao]
It was great. Yeah.

[Keres]
I always forget because I've only ever read the books, after everything was all out. So I forget that there was a genuine time and we didn't realize that Snape was actually the good guy. And the whole, was it Harry's imagination or did Dumbledore look nervous was like, like, oh, I totally forgot about this time period.

Yeah. So interesting.

[Snapecentric]
There's kind of a common trope with [What a Summer!](#) and some classes with Snape.

[Keres]
Yeah.

[Snapecentric]
Which is a great trope because, yeah, kind of forces them to be together.

[Keres]
Right. And, you know, Snape is one of the most knowledgeable wizards alive, you know, aside from Dumbledore, that any class of his, whatever it's teaching is going to be a wealth of knowledge. And it's interesting.

Like, I would be curious where this goes and how far into the dark arts it goes.

[Masao]
Oh, yeah. Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Well, it's only 58,000 words. So it's- Right. Kind of a short read.

It's very enjoyable.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Snape is a little gray here.

[Masao]

Mm-hmm. But we love that.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

It's all this, what will he do next? I forgot to mention on the first one for [What a Summer!](#), that's the summer between third and fourth year.

[Keres]

That makes sense.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. And so the series continues on into the Goblet of Fire era and beyond. This one is Harry in seventh year.

So he's 17 years old. And this is a Snarry. There is student-teacher interaction or involvement.

I don't know how you want to say it.

[Masao]

Yeah. That used to be a lot more common than it is now. Yeah.

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

You know, what's really fun is there was mention of Snape's naughty library.

[Masao]

Oh, yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. He and Ron go to retrieve Harry's scroll in Snape's desk and they find the Book of Arrows.

[Masao]

Oh, boy.

[Snapecentric]

And then they do some experimentation.

[Masao]

Harry and Ron? Yeah. Oh.

Oh, yeah. I could see that tag too. I found it because you sent it to me, I realized.

Oh, yeah.

[Snapecentric]

And I had such a wonderful conversation with Icarus, you know, over comments. And then we moved to email and it was pretty cool. Lots of interesting ideas and stuff.

How cool. And yes, Icarus is still writing now. Not so much in Harry Potter anymore.

Other.

[Masao]

Other fandoms.

[Snapecentric]

Other fandoms. Yeah. I actually did one of their stories on Snirthday 2024 called Two-Way Mirror.

It paired Snape and Percy.

[Keres]

That's an interesting pairing.

[Masao]

That is. Yeah. I can see it, though.

[Doeprince]

I can't say I've ever heard of that, but there's always a first with all these Snape ships.

[Masao]

Right. Yeah.

[Doeprince]

I remember when Snilch was a thing, like in 2017.

[Keres]

Oh, my God. It was like four blogs.

[Doeprince]

And now they're all gone.

[Snapecentric]

That was a funny era. But it's a very enjoyable read.

[Masao]

I will have to check it out.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. The next one is by eldritch. Just a really amazing author.

Has kind of... It's not a series. It's kind of a series, or it's kind of a cycle of different stories.

This one is about the friendship of Albus and Snape. [These Gives on Our Hands Set You Free](#) by [eldritch](#).

[SerenaEW]

[These Gives on My Hands Set Ye Free](#). Written by [eldritch](#). And read by Serena E.W.

Summary: It's 1995. Albus is an alcoholic. He's wallowing. He's rather keen on dying.

“You are inordinately excited about his return, young man,” Minerva remarked. Though she was striving to effect equanimity, the depth of worry in her eyes gave her away.

“The man is madder than ever, my contacts say,” Severus said thoughtfully, his back to us as he stared out the window that overlooked the Forbidden Forest.

Tom had returned. With Cornelius refusing to acknowledge the truth, I had to rely on the Order to ensure Harry’s safety. However, a line of defence was futile if we did not know what to defend against. For that, Severus needed to be sent back into the field. While he said that he was ready, that he had always been ready for this, I did not think so. He was no longer as young as he had been. He was fast approaching forty, had led a sedentary life all these years, had relaxed his paranoia and had become cosy enough at Hogwarts. Despite his constant tirades about the collective stupidity of the student-body, the lack of generous remuneration for his work, the school’s stingy funding for his private researches and innumerable other topics, Severus had started to consider this place home, as much as I did, and a return to his spying days would not be easy at all, and that was an understatement.

“How is Malfoy taking it?” I enquired.

Normally, Severus discouraged questions about his former associates. This reticence was more pronounced if the associate mentioned had been in Slytherin with him. For some reason, he was ridiculously loyal to his House fraternity. In fact, he had stubbornly refused to take the witness-stand against Malfoy and some other associates in the trials after the First War, despite my assurances of a closed court.

“I am your spy,” he had said then irritably. Crouch had wanted me to put Severus on the stand so that they would finally have solid evidence to indict Malfoy. “Undercover. You said He will return. I can’t take the stand against them, if you want me to spy again when that happens.”

Now Severus huffed and took a large gulp of my fine Chateau Lafite that he had insisted upon to mark the occasion of his return to spying. Sometimes, I really feared that his sole purpose in life was decimating my liquor cabinet.

“He keeps raving on about the *mistakes of our youth*,” Severus muttered. “I suspect he has been talking to his father’s portrait too often of late.”

“His father was a right wild card!” Minerva laughed, the worry in her eyes fading slightly.

“Like Alphard Black, bless him. Sometimes I wonder how Abraxas could have fathered a bastard like Lucius Malfoy.”

Severus sniffed, but did not offer a response. Perhaps he was hoping that signalling his lack of interest in the conversation might spare him further discussion on the matter.

“I hope you aren’t relying on Malfoy to make your case to Tom,” I told the boy sternly. Uncertainty flashed upon his features for a moment before it was quickly replaced by his habitual arrogance. Then I realised what he was trying to hide.

“You really have no idea how to go about it, do you?” I asked, horrified. Quickly, I rose to my feet and joined him by the window. “Severus, you are not planning to Apparate to *him* the next time he calls everyone and hope that he doesn’t kill you instantly!”

“Forgive my lack of meticulous planning,” he huffed.

“Severus!” Minerva exclaimed. “You daren’t!”

“He won’t kill me instantly,” Severus said briskly. “He isn’t as mad as all that! He is clever, you know, and he will likely want to extract as much as he can from me before he does away with me.”

“Apart from the pesky matter of your demise,” Minerva said testily, “how does this scenario serve us at all?”

I made my way to the liquor cabinet and poured myself a dash of brandy. Somehow, from the first time eleven-year-old Severus had stood in this very office after an altercation with the Marauders, to this day, his presence in my office usually necessitated the consumption of brandy.

“He drives me to drink, Albus!” had hissed Sirius Black after an Order meeting at Grimmauld House.

“Yes, my boy,” I had told poor Sirius sympathetically. “He has a way of doing that.” I should know. Continued exposure to Severus on a daily basis had made me an alcoholic. Sometimes, I wondered if Voldemort’s grand plan to do away with me simply involved cirrhosis brought on by this injudicious drinking caused by Severus.

“He is madder than ever,” I remarked. “What makes you think he might even bother with drilling your mind?”

“I am worried,” admitted Severus. “He does so despise traitors. Regulus died in a very messy manner, I have heard. However, there are factors that might keep me alive. He wants to know what you have been doing. He wants to know about Potter and the prophecy. There is talk of raising Inferi using the old Dark rituals. He will need potions for that and I doubt any of his current followers have my talent.”

“Pettigrew did manage to raise him from the dead,” Minerva retorted. She no longer called him Peter. However, she refused to call him Wormtail. “Potions can be brewed as long as one has motivation enough.”

“The Dark Lord was desperate enough, at that point, and would have been grateful enough for *Longbottom*’s potion-making expertise, or the lack thereof.”

“I wish you wouldn’t persist in calling Tom so,” I complained. “There are eyes on you, Severus; the way you address Tom might raise questions about allegiances in certain quarters.”

“I am used to it, I think,” Severus said thoughtfully. “From the very day I was Sorted into Slytherin, I have constantly heard him addressed so. Anyway, I prefer it to that fanciful *French* name.”

“It never fails to amaze me how you have a fondness for French wine while being less than appreciative of our neighbour across the Channel in general,” I said, smiling despite the situation.

Severus muttered a bon mot that shocked even my ears, long inured though I was to his vulgar wit. As it was, Minerva cleared her throat and primly glared at Severus who promptly apologised.

“I am leaving,” Minerva said with a faint smile of indulgence at the pair of us. “The two of you can be merry in your cups together.”

“I will come along,” I told her. “I am throwing him out soon. There is only so much of him one can take for the day.”

“I know you like to take it up the arse,” Severus said dryly, “but surely you could leave my phallic attributes out of your fantasies, you barmy old man?”

Silence fell like a shroud upon the room, rapidly stifling the merriness of earlier. I brought a weary hand to my brow. Severus, registering that he had crossed a boundary, began to apologise. Then peals of mirth rang shrill in the room as Minerva began laughing, clutching at her side and shaking her head at us.

“That, I believe, is my cue to leave,” Minerva declared, in between bouts of helpless laughter even as I lobbed the rest of my brandy at Severus who reacted with a very satisfying yelp. After she had departed, Severus turned to meet my gaze and said solemnly, “I had not intended to say that.”

“Wretched boy. Pour me another.” He did so, his countenance remorseful and glum. “You will be the death of me,” I agreed with a sigh. “I have long made my peace with that.”

“Not literally, I hope,” he said with a wry smile. I reached across to pat the boy’s shoulder. Fawkes, silent so far, let loose a soft trill.

“How do you know?” I asked Severus, torn between curiosity and mortification.

“He sent me, all those years ago, to make my way into your confidences by *seducing* you.” Severus gulped down his drink without finesse. His hands shook as he set the glass down. Clearing his throat, he turned away. “It only confirmed my belief that he had no idea about the concept of attractiveness. I had spots, for pity’s sake. Luckily, for all of us, I had more sense.”

“I see,” I said faintly. I was very grateful that Severus had had more sense than Tom. The boy was so young. He had been barely twenty when he had come to me as a turncoat. If we had had such a conversation then, it would have been disastrous, what with our lack of mutual trust during that time.

How had Tom known my weakness? It had been long buried in the shrouds of time. In fact, apart from Minerva and Aberforth, I did not think there remained anyone in this country who knew of it.

“I had best be going,” Severus said quietly. “The Mark burns. Here, hand me that Sobering draught. It won’t do to be intoxicated.”

“Be on your guard,” I told him as I passed the draught to him. “Take your cloak. It’s cold outside. I will wait up for you.”

The boy nodded sharply and left the room. I sighed and made my meandering way to Minerva’s rooms.

“He has been called?” Minerva asked.

“Yes. I worry so,” I said tiredly.

“You were less worried about sending him to that monster the last time around,” Minerva reminded me.

That was unfortunately true. Then the boy had only been a worthless turncoat. The only reason why I had kept him out of Azkaban had been the valuable information he brought along each time. I had wanted the information, so I had assured him that no harm would come to the woman he coveted. I had failed my vow. Regret had made me extend a cautious hand of friendship to the boy then. Somehow, with time had blossomed real friendship and trust. The idea of sending the boy to Tom sat ill with me.

“He was happy here,” I told her. “As happy as it is in him to be.”

“He is a man,” Minerva sniffed. “Men delight in throwing themselves into the middle of a fray, if only to grab the spotlight. Severus knows that this task is exceedingly dangerous, but he will do it all the same. He doesn’t like the corners, though he says otherwise.”

Prudence had never been the boy's speciality, 'twas true. The Marauders, who were now faint sepia memories of vibrant lives swallowed by fate's unforgiving jaws, had snared Severus in many of their pranks because of his curiosity and his intense desire to prove himself worthy in Lily's eyes, in the world's eyes. Severus liked the spotlight, he liked to be in the centre of events, and he liked being needed. Perhaps that was why he had barely protested at all when the spying had fallen on his shoulders once again.

"Sit down," Minerva ordered. "I will make us tea. We can wait together."

Strangely enough, I had not realised how lonely I had been until I had seen Minerva at her brother's funeral in 1956. She had been drained hollow, worn by care and grief, and the loneliness that sat high upon her noble brow had been evident to any who dared look. It was only then that I understood how lonely I had been, all those years. Now we waited together, the silence only broken by the soft clatter of Minerva's mismatched china. When the knock came, I rose to my feet as swiftly as age and old bones allowed, and opened the door.

"He is mad," proclaimed Severus. "Minerva, you had best take the Salem Institute's job offer and leave the country."

I examined him cautiously and could detect no harm. With a sigh, I let him pass. He poured himself a cup of tea and made a face at the tepidness. Minerva looked him over. Seeing that he had not been physical harmed, she exhaled in relief and resumed her seat.

"What about me?" I asked mildly.

"You and I won't survive this, old man."

Severus delighted in making ominous pronouncements all the time. But this once, with his eyes failing to mask his fear and his movements jerky as he sipped the tea, I felt premonition rise in me.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Madness," he sighed. "He is not half as sane he was in 1981. All those years of wandering in the spirit have taken their toll on him. Wormtail is still waiting upon him hand and foot. It is necessary, you see, because he can't remember what a corporeal body needs anymore. He is given to fainting fits brought on by his lack of regard for his body. He talks with the snake that Potter saw in the graveyard, he mutters to himself and his obsession with Potter is deeply worrying."

Tom. That brilliant boy who had charmed us all with his rapier wit and enigmatic smiles. What had he come to?

"If he is as mad as you say," Minerva said, "surely he poses less danger to our society this time."

"His mind is not fogged. In fact, I believe it might be sharper than ever. All those years of suffering, privation and endurance has honed it to lethal perfection," Severus said. Now sadness had replaced fear on his features. "That is what makes it all the more terrifying,

Minerva. Poor Bertha Jorkins, it seems, was so torn between pity and fear for the wretched creature that had her killed. There is nothing substantial left of him in the husk. I refuse to wonder if it is a miracle or a curse that his mind survived.”

Horcruxes. Tom had stretched his soul beyond the pale of human endurance. Now all that remained was this body spun of Dark Arts and the resilient mind which was encased in it. There had always been a grain of madness in Tom. His supporters had called it genius.

Perhaps they were right. This, however, this was beyond eccentricities and quirks. This was insanity at its worst. Deprived of heart and soul, Tom’s spirit had wandered restlessly in dark forests, his mind clamouring for resurrection and revenge. The single-minded obsession had returned him to a corporeal form. Would it yield him Harry too?

“You must tell the boy,” Severus said, no doubt following a similar line of thought.

“He is too young,” I protested, as I did every time this matter was raised by him.

“That he is,” Minerva said. “Let him know a few more carefree years.”

“That madman I left behind will not wait for years, I tell you!” Severus exclaimed.

“Regardless of what the prophecy is, he seeks to destroy the boy. He intends to bring in Bellatrix and others imprisoned in Azkaban. You know what that means!”

“We will protect the boy until he is of age!” Minerva declared fervently, her eyes shining with conviction. “It is not his fault that he is a madman’s target. I will not have him pulled into this war.”

“Karkaroff is *dead*. Malfoy said that he was fed alive to mountain-wolves!” Severus mopped his brow. “The Dark Lord is paranoid and taking no chances. His skills at Legilimency exceed yours. He treads through minds as a knife through butter. He will dispose of me sooner or later, when he begins to suspect. How will you protect the boy then? Without the information I bring you?”

“You aren’t dying,” I said testily. “None of us are. I wish you would trust me.”

He thawed at that and muttered, “It is not a question of trust. It is a question of acting before it is too late. I am not convinced that keeping the boy in the dark is ideal.”

“I will take it into consideration,” I promised. “Perhaps we should arm him with a modicum of Occlumency. It would serve him well in the coming days.”

“That idea has merits,” Severus allowed.

It was then that I had another idea.

“You will teach him?”

Surely that would finally end the breach between Severus and young Harry. They were both stubborn and excelled at grudge-bearing, but a shared experience might undo their enmity.

“No!” Minerva disagreed. “You can’t ask him to, Albus. They would kill each other.”

“We would.” Severus inclined his head in agreement.

“Drama,” I scoffed. “Goodnight, Severus. You have kept us from bed long enough.”

As it turned out, asking Severus to teach Harry had been one of the many mistakes I had made that year. I failed in addressing Sirius’s worries, I failed to see the lengths Cornelius would go to discredit me, I failed to realise how my removal from Hogwarts might aid Tom’s plans and I failed to understand how my detached behaviour would affect Harry.

I was hiding in Aberforth’s rooms behind his tavern. We had managed to strike a veneer of civility, momentarily united by the cause. We were having our supper one evening when Severus’s Patronus came bearing tidings of Harry’s foolhardy departure.

“Of all the-” I bit off the rest of my words. I had risked so much, had sacrificed so much, to keep the boy safe and he had to go haring to the one place he had been warned away from.

“I will call the Order,” Aberforth said briskly. “Go on.”

His eyes betrayed nothing of his thoughts on the matter. For a moment, for a very infinitesimal moment, I wondered if he would grieve at all if I died.

“Albus?”

“Send word to the rest of the Order. Ask Severus to stay put.”

Capturing Lucius Malfoy flushed me with righteous triumph. He had caused many an Order member grief while managing to slip the nets until now. Not even Fudge could ignore this. I noticed Bellatrix running away from the fray. Confident that the Order members would manage to deal with the prisoners here, I followed her. She led me straight to *him*, as I had known she would.

There I stopped, staring in shock at the sight of him. There was nothing human in him left. His mind remained powerful, his magic seemed untarnished by his death in 1981 and his reflexes were remarkably synchronised for someone who had become used to disembodiment. He was also irrevocably, utterly, terrifyingly insane. Severus was right. One could only look upon this creature with an equal mixture of pity and fear. Not even Gellert - no, *Grindelwald* - had fallen to these straits.

“There are worse things in life than dying,” I told him softly.

He had been my student. How had I failed to see what his peculiar blend of sadism and brilliance would turn him into?

“Liar!” the creature exclaimed. “There is nothing worse than dying.”

After Harry had destroyed half my office, I stood by the window and gazed over the tree line.

“What happened here?”

“The righteous wrath of a grieving fifteen-year-old orphan,” I remarked. “I daresay I deserved it.”

“You did,” Severus agreed.

At least, I noted, he had had the courtesy of refraining from chiming ‘*I told you so*’. Perhaps he was trying to tread softly knowing how affected I was by Sirius’s death. Reckless, dashing Sirius who had been the pride of his teachers and beloved by all; the Veil had swallowed him whole.

“I am leaving now. He is calling us to him. I confess my chances of return aren’t all that high.”

“You are right, you know,” I said, making my way to his side. “He is wretchedly mad and we both shan’t make it out of this war alive.”

“Don’t die before me,” he cautioned wryly. “I can’t be bothered to scowl at your bier.” I smiled at that. I also hoped, *fervently*, that I died before him. At this point of my life, only him I dared call my friend. I did not want him dead, but that was impossible. So I would settle for dying before him.

Ironic that I had called this man a turncoat once long ago, when he had been the most loyal of us all. His fealty to his House remained the one constant in these wretched times.

“If you return,” I told him solemnly, “I will let you open that bottle of Garrafeira you have been eyeing for a decade.”

“Incentive indeed!” he remarked. “Try and put the office to rights before Minerva comes. She will not take it in her stride, you know.”

“I am the bane of her existence,” I said, half-seriously.

I tried not to think of Minerva too much. My death was inevitable. If I thought of her, if I thought of how my death might affect her, I knew I would find my courage lacking when my time came.

“Nonsense,” he said. “You aren’t the centre of the world, old man, though you would like that. Now, I am off to see the man who is the centre of the world.”

Tom *was* the centre of our world, wasn’t he?

Long after Severus had left, after the moon had settled in to keep watch over the Forbidden Forest, after Minerva had retired to bed, I remained by the window thinking of an orphan who had wanted attention, fame and respect so badly that he had made himself a monster. Shards of glass littered my floor and an unopened bottle of the Garrafeira remained on my desk.

Later, when Severus returned to the school, shaken, bruised but whole, we drank to the memory of Sirius Black.

“It isn’t that I consider him the best man of my acquaintance,” Severus said, clinking his glass against mine, his features careworn, pensive and forlorn. “It is that I consider him one of the bravest men I have known. He did taunt Bellatrix. It was very, very brave and very, very foolish of Black to take on Bella in a duel. I’ll overlook the folly and drink to the bravery.”

I watched his countenance closely and sighed when I could detect no lie. So he had moved on from the past. Had it been Sirius who had refused to? Not entirely. Severus had not resisted taunting him, I was aware, but so used to Severus's ways was I that I did not consider it malicious in intent. Severus was snide to everyone. Perhaps it was his way of telling the world that he no longer needed its approval and that he no longer cared to be a wallflower. He did not feel culpable in Sirius's death. Every man was answerable for his actions, in Severus's book, just as he had taken responsibility for every deed of his. Sirius had been brave enough and foolish enough to taunt Bellatrix during a fight. Sirius had died doing so. So Severus would drink to the bravery and overlook the foolishness.

"Remus said that Sirius went mad towards the end, cooped up in Grimmauld Place," I said, letting the wine add a tangy flavour to the guilt that I tasted on every word I spoke. The Marauders had trusted me. I had sent them all to destruction, hadn't I?

"Lupin hasn't seen real madness, then," Severus replied. "The monster wants my children to take the Mark this year. He has charged me with the task."

My children. Not even Minerva spoke of her charges so possessively. One and a half decades ago, this boy had been a gangly, lovelorn, insecure wallflower who had made a series of bad decisions. Now here he was before me, as fiercely, parentally protective of his young wards as a tigress was of its young.

There were many in the Ministry who said I stayed here at the school to manipulate my young charges. They were wrong. I lived for moments as these, when a former student made my chest constrict with pride and fulfilment. Many of my charges had done our school proud, but none more so than this boy here. I knew from experience - from a summer's tale in 1899 - how hard it was to pull oneself free from the tentacles of ambition, to say no to a life that had been everything one had ever wanted, and to yield one's life over to the grind mill in the hope that it might benefit someone.

"We will take him down before it comes to that, I swear," I told him quietly. Generations of misguided youth had walked down a dark path of blood and hatred. Now, with Severus and I willing enough to die for the children, we could save the next generations from this madness, couldn't we?

"It is strange that I am endeavouring to prevent the very end Slughorn used to encourage," Severus remarked. "When I was about to leave school, Slughorn gave me a reference which he said would gain me an audience with the Dark Lord. It did. When the Dark Lord asked me if I was ready to serve him, I agreed instantly. I hadn't had other prospects. Then the prophecy came and I defected. I regretted it, you know." He met my gaze steadily. "It was betrayal. I liked most of my associates. Many of them had been kind to me. The Dark Lord himself had rarely raised his voice at me, far less thrown a curse at me. During those times, he let his displeasure loose only on those who failed him. I don't mean to say that the situation was ideal. I had gyves on my hands in the form of that Mark but those were gyves of my choosing and to betray them sat ill with me. I lived with the guilt all these years. Then he returned and I saw what he had become. Strangely enough, seeing his madness gave me absolution from my guilt. Now when I go each time to his presence, I am willingly placing the gyves on my hands and kissing his cloak, not for the sake of a dead woman, but for the sake of my children and for the world they will live in."

I had always known that. His infatuation might have been the cause for his defection but it was his loyalty to his charges that had kept him by my side all these years. He was as devoted to Tom's end as I was.

"To his death," I said, raising my glass.

Severus inclined his head and raised his glass in silent toast to my words.
Let the gyves on our hands and our cold graves set the children free.

The end. For now.

[Doeprince]

Wow. Whoa, the writing was good there.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

Yeah. It's so good.

[Snapecentric]

I encourage everybody to read these. If you're looking at pairings, there's different ones, and they're not all Snape-centric, but even the ones that don't, he's kind of there, and there's, like, references to him or the situation that he's in. It's really interesting.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah. Also, I just love how it just flowed off, like, you know, my tongue when I was reading this. Also, oh my god, I feel like I really like my Snape voice in there because I was, like, kind of sick, so I kind of, like, dropped my voice too, like, ugh.

[Snapecentric]

Yes, yes, that was an awesome reading.

[SerenaEW]

I feel like the moment I actually read this, I feel like this is actually canon for me, I don't know. Like, I don't know how else to say it, it's just, like, I just feel so authentic. And also, like, you know, these tiny little references to future canon, they broke my heart, but also, oh, so good.

Yeah, that was a heavy one, for sure.

[Masao]

Yeah, really was.

[Keres]

Definitely taking on the dark parts of the canon story.

[Masao]

Really works as one of those fics that kind of fill the gaps of canon really well.

[Keres]

Right, you almost get, you know, I like to read, what do they call it, epic-length fics, over 100K words, they feel like books, but it's pretty impressive what you can accomplish in under 5,000 words as well. I mean, that was a full circle, basically two settings, all conversations, all thoughts, it was just an entire piece of literature just centered around these two people, and, you know, our supporting cast, and Minerva's mismatched China, apparently. That was very impressive, and impressive writing.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, **Eldritch** is the name of the series that this is from. I encourage everybody to go read it. There's different groupings, like, this was the one from, what was it?

[SerenaEW]

I think it was the Albus Quartet, like...

[Snapecentric]

Oh, yeah, Albus Quartet.

[SerenaEW]

Eldritch's got, like, Eldritch's got, like, you know, a couple... They're a triad, actually, not a quartet. But, like, they've got, like, arcs centered around certain characters.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, there's, like, the Judas Sextet.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Is about Snape, but all of them are really worth reading. It goes as far back as Voldemort and Abraxas Malfoy being friends and lovers.

[Keres]

Oh, wow.

[Snapecentric]

In the 40s.

[Keres]

Wow.

[Snapecentric]

Very fun. Yeah. Let's see, Doeprince is not with us.

[Doeprince]
I am right here.

[Snapecentric]
Oh, oh, I'm sorry. I guess it just displays whoever's been talking.

[Doeprince]
Oh, sorry about that. I've just been calmly listening and enjoying. Yeah.

I didn't really have much to comment on for that last one, I was really just kind of thinking about the writing style itself and how it was really good, and how I feel like every once in a while you get a really rare gem where the prose itself is just super nice. And so that's really, honestly, my main thing that I have to say about that. Of course, it was very emotional and well done, you know, all of the above.

[Keres]
Oh, yeah, yeah.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah, I'm still reading Eldritch fic, even though it's not Snape-centric. And it's the kind of writing that I, when reading it, I don't fall asleep. Because I read in bed at night and often I'll fall asleep, but not with this.

[Masao]
Do you read on a laptop or do you read like a reader?

[Snapecentric]
On a tablet, yeah. I, you know, got an easel.

[Keres]
Oh, nice.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah. Okay. And then our last one is Snamione.

And this is a really interesting one. It's Snape as priest and Hermione as a nun.

[Doeprince]
I just have to make a small comment. That is very interesting because I've been seeing a lot of priest Snape kind of around the internet, and somebody even sent me an ask about that in my inbox. And I was like, oh, I do not know what to do with this.

And so I just kind of answered and said, well, here are some ways in which I think he'd behave. So it will be very interesting to see if that lines up with what my ideas were. Full disclosure, I am not a Snamione engager, even though I did read a little bit of [Chasing the Sun](#) back then.

I think who was it who read it? Somebody who's been- Oh, I was curious. Yeah, that's it.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

When I was about 15. But yeah, this will be interesting. Look forward to it.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. This is called [Give me my sin again](#) by [thefrenchpress](#), and it's read by Panhecate.

[Panhecate]

[Give me my sin again](#) by [thefrenchpress](#) read by Panhecate.

Summary: She'd chosen this abbey for its remote location, away from the insidious reach of modern society. The impending stay of a visiting clergyman, however, threatens to rob Sister Hermione of the relative peace she has found.

For Father Snape seems to have been put on this earth with a single purpose, testing her resolve. Chapter One The wind is blowing a gale, the strong currents causing a sharp drop in the temperature. Year round, it is cold here, but never more so than on windy days.

Chapter 1

The wind is blowing a gale, the strong currents causing a sharp drop in the temperature. Year-round it is cold here, but never more so than on windy days. She wraps her shawl more tightly around her. Despite the thick fabric of her tunic and scapular, the cold runs bone-deep. Even the veil shielding her head and face isn't enough to stop the wind from stinging her cheeks. Still, she would never give up these walks of hers along the coastal cliffs. The salty smell of the sea is nostalgic for her, and it's the one time she can guarantee complete solitude.

All of the others are too afraid to journey the path—too much climbing and the ground is uneven. Much as she sorrows them never getting to glimpse the beauty of the water and the stunning vista this walk offers, she covets it for herself. It's selfish, perhaps. But here, on this remote coast, there is very little else to covet.

They are as far away from the insidious reach of modern society as they can be, living together in the Abbey, a small collective.

Now and again a streak of yearning will sear through her for that which is different from her daily life, and it's then she escapes it all to listen to the ocean and gulp down lungfuls of salty air. Mother Superior is kind and patient with her, allowing her this freedom and trusting her to know when she needs space from the other nuns. Perhaps if she weren't such a natural loner she wouldn't need to be alone.

The closer she gets to the protection of the cluster of buildings, the less cold air cuts through. She moves quickly through the centre courtyard that adjoins them, making her way

to the kitchens. She shouldn't be surprised to find Sister Poppy and Hannah sitting at one of the tables, gossiping quietly with their hands wrapped around mugs of tea. Both look up at her as she enters in surprise.

"Sister Hermione!" Hannah jumps to her feet, rushing over to press warm fingers to her cold cheeks. "You're frozen."

Hermione shakes her head, dislodging the other woman's hands. "It's not that bad. Just a little nippy."

Sister Poppy doesn't waste time, getting up and lugging the kettle onto the hob to set it to boil. "Tea, dear?" she asks, but Hermione knows it's a courtesy, not a question. She's getting tea whether she wants it or not.

"That would be lovely, Sister." She allows herself to be led over to the long communal table by Hannah.

In no time there is a steaming mug pressed into her hands as she sits opposite her fellow nuns—her sisters—listening to them speak. Most of what they gossip about is benign—tedious talk of village matters. Her interest is piqued when Poppy mentions a visiting clergyman.

"Who is it?" Hermione asks.

Poppy smiles. "Father Snape," she says. "I don't know much about him. Only that Mother Superior is familiar—"

"That I am," the woman in question says clearly from the kitchen doorway. "Sister Poppy, Sister Hannah, engaged in gossip again, I see."

Both of the Sisters shrink a little, sheepish expressions appearing at the note of disapproval in their superior's voice. Hermione feels especially exposed, not usually one to engage in idle gossip. The weight of Minerva's gaze as it moves towards her feels especially heavy. She can't even defend herself, curious to know more about this visiting priest.

Despite her chastisement, the Abbess sits down beside her at the table. "Father Snape and I were acquainted during his time at the Seminary. He is a good man and dedicated to his work."

Curiosity sated for now, Hermione's attention drifts. Sister Luna wanders into the room sometime later with a very distressed-seeming Father Terrence, who sits down with them at the table somehow both incredibly pale and a little green.

"Are you unwell, Father?" she finds herself asking as Sister Poppy gets up and immediately starts brewing more tea—a pot this time for all the new arrivals.

He swipes the back of his hand over his sweaty brow, clearly flustered. "Ah, no, Sister. Thank you for asking."

Father Terrence, sweet as the man can be, is a constant source of frustration to her. Between his bumbling sermons and his inability to keep a handle on the Abbey finances, Hermione wishes—prays—that someone more competent would take his place. She knows what a sin this is, of pride or ego perhaps. She prays on that sometimes too.

"You mustn't let the fear of Father Snape's arrival disturb you, Terrence," Minerva tells him.

"He is all bark. You shall see for yourself when he arrives."

"And when are we to expect our guest?" Hermione finds herself asking.

"A week from today," Terrence says anxiously.

She smothers her judgement, forcing a sympathetic expression. Besides, even as he said it, she could feel a knot forming in her stomach. It isn't often that she feels nervous, but the prospect of a strange priest she's never met or heard of before visiting their tiny little Abbey is unexpectedly nerve-wracking.

"There, there, Father," Sister Luna says, patting his hand. "I'm sure it'll be a lovely visit. You have nothing to worry about."

Hermione begs to differ. Luna is unfailingly kind, endlessly patient, and exceedingly thoughtful; three things she will never be. She's tried, but her efforts to improve herself have yielded disappointing results. Still, she has made a place for herself in this remote collective, and in her endless pursuit of knowledge, she will never not be useful. The Abbess can always count on her, and she prides herself on this.

It probably isn't healthy to be this desperate for validation and praise.

It certainly isn't godly.

"My dear ladies, do you truly not know?" Terrence argues as Sister Poppy tries to talk him down off his ledge. "He's to be the new archbishop."

"Is that true?" Both Hannah and Poppy look stunned.

"It is," Mother Superior answers. "He is touring the province to acquaint himself before his official appointment. Now, that's quite enough talk of this for one night."

Hermione looks around at everyone's expressions, taking in the mixed responses to this news. Learning he is someone important has only served to further pique her curiosity, and she wonders if there is any literature about him in the office. She supposes she could search the archdiocese directory the next time she has to go and fics Father Terrence's account entries in case they are audited.

Whether or not this level of anticipation is warranted, it seems that Father Snape's visit will be an interesting one.

The sun is almost blistering in the middle of the day despite the time of year. The Abbey vegetable garden is completely exposed, with no trees to provide shade. Hermione can feel sweat building beneath her coif. Though the veil covers her head, the dark, heavy fabric retains heat. Tugging at the cloth around her neck for relief, she rocks back on her feet, glancing beside her to where Sister Luna snips at the withered leaves from the broad beans. It's nearing the time to harvest them.

Hermione's least favourite duties are the outdoor ones. Her skin is pale and easily burns, and each time she spends time in the sun the freckles across her nose and cheeks become more pronounced. She's never been one to enjoy getting her hands dirty, preferring clerical tasks, writing, and research. Hermione would never complain of any task. She has enough things to pray forgiveness for before she lays her head down to sleep each night.

A dry swallow reminds her it's been too long since she last took a break for water. Dragging herself out of the dirt, she dusts herself off and looks down at her fellow nun. "Can I bring you some water, Sister?"

Luna looks up, her clear blue eyes sparkling in the sun. It seems a shame that a woman as beautiful, ethereal, and kind should waste away within the walls of the church. But perhaps she is better off here than out there in the world where all sorts of wicked men would pray upon her virtues.

"That would be very welcome," Sister Luna replies with a sfumato smile. "Thank you, Sister."

She truly is too good for this world.

Making her way along the path to the kitchens, Hermione finds a jug in the cupboard and fills it from the only tap in the entire Abbey with a filter attachment. As she hunts around for some plastic cups, not wanting to risk breaking any of the glasses lest she face Sister Hannah's wrath, she hears voices and footsteps approach. One of the voices is entirely unfamiliar, so deep it reverberates off the walls of the hall as it draws closer.

Turning around, her eyes widen as the owner of the mysterious voice comes into view, entering the kitchen with Mother Superior and Father Terrence in tow. All three of them stop speaking as they notice her, and what feels like a large stone settles heavily in her gut.

"Ah, Sister Hermione," Terrence says, brushing past the other man, "how fortunate you are here. I'd like you to meet our guest—"

"Father Severus Snape," the priest says, cutting Terrence off with his low drawl.

Hermione is at a loss for words, her usual bluster failing her in the face of this dark-eyed stranger. His is a sharp face—hawkish—with a long prominent nose and high cheekbones.

He is tall, towering over the rest of them, making the man beside him seem scrawny. Not that Father Snape is large. But even in his clerical garb, she can see that his broad shoulders taper to a narrow waist forming a pleasing triangle.

However dry her throat had felt outside, it feels even more so now, swallowing near impossible.

“Hello, Father,” Hermione manages to choke out. Her cheeks flush with heat, feeling awkward and clumsy already under his piercing gaze.

His thin lips form an almost smirk, but he doesn’t say another word. Instead, the Abbess seems to instinctively know that she is in need of aid, and says, “Sister Hermione is our resident bookworm, Father.”

“Is that so?” he says, his eyes remaining firmly fixed on her.

Hermione does her best not to shrink under his scrutiny and scrambles to find her words. “It is, though I am needed back in the garden presently. Sister Luna is likely wondering where

I’ve gotten off to.”

Grateful to have an excuse to flee this moment, she snatches up the cups from the kitchen counter and nods at her superiors. Flustered beyond belief, she walks quickly past her superiors and back the way she’d come. Though she doesn’t dare look back to confirm it, Hermione feels the penetrating black gaze of Father Snape burn a hole in her back as she leaves.

As she comes upon Sister Luna, she can see the other nun is a little flushed from the heat, the front of her work apron covered in dirty handprints. She’s almost certain that her face is burning a brighter shade of red.

“Thank you,” Luna tells her as she accepts a cup of water, quenching her thirst. “So refreshing!”

Even as Hermione slowly sips at hers, it doesn’t feel like any amount of water will loosen the knots forming in her stomach as she catches another glimpse of their visitor across the courtyard.

The remainder of the afternoon moves slowly, and she relishes the physical chore, distracted by her labour. Mother Superior would tell her to use this time for prayer—to give thanks for the bounty of the garden they’ve cultivated with time and care. To thank God for blessing them with good soil, plentiful water, and the sunshine, limited though it is at times, for aiding in its growth.

Instead, she prays for the strength not to make a fool of herself—a selfish request if there ever was one.

The isles are a tedious place to visit.

This tour in the north has been long and exhausting, and by all accounts, this is to be his life moving forward. His ascension to Archbishop of this wretched northern region is nigh, though soon he'll be settled into an office overseeing the affairs of the entire province. These little visits are purely ceremonial—a way to introduce himself before he is ordained. Lord knows it wasn't his idea.

Severus pinches the bridge of his nose, willing away the sharp tendrils of an impending headache. He's been listening to Father Terrence—a stammering, sweaty fool of a man—babble about scripture for almost an hour. He has no use for whatever suggestions his fellow priest wishes to impart about the preferences of the local congregation. When he leads Mass, the subject of his sermon will be determined by him alone. If it weren't for the Abbess, he'd have never agreed to visit this insignificant little Abbey in the middle of nowhere. Minerva had worn him down early, insisting upon his visit as the incumbent. In all their years of acquaintance, he's had no shortage of difficulty refusing the nun.

Though he'll never admit aloud how fond he is of her.

"Father Terrence, would you mind delaying the rest of this conversation for a later time?" Severus interrupts. He'd reached the limit of his patience thirty minutes ago, and it's any wonder how he's managed not to strangle the other man with his Rosary beads.

The other man looks nonplussed, but stammers, "Oh, of—of course, Father." Rising from his chair, Severus strides out of the cramped office with purpose, his long legs hastening his escape. He'd sooner be anywhere else than trapped for another moment with his *colleague*.

Of all the things that irritate Severus about this place, the fool sitting across from him is high up on the list. But no more so than the unexpected nuisance caused to him by the resident bookworm—Sister Hermione.

He isn't certain what it is about her that vexes him most, but her appearance is the most obvious. Despite the heavy drape of the Benedictine habit, he immediately found himself captivated by her—distracted by her. The sun has kissed her skin with a smattering of freckles, and on one occasion he glimpsed a stray curl of brown hair that had escaped the confines of her coif. Such a small fascination would be nothing if it were not for the swing of her shapely hips as she walks and the stubborn set of her chin.

He's seen her eyes sparkle with defiance when she speaks to the other nuns in the Abbey and watched the woman read for long periods, lost in the words that the pages before her carry. Such self-indulgence has always been frowned upon in the church, but he finds her interest—her hunger—for learning entirely intriguing.

Perhaps this is why his disdain for her has taken root so deeply.

This foolish woman has no idea what the beast is that she has awoken. It's been many years—since before his time in the Seminary—that he's been so weak-willed as to be tormented by the temptations of the flesh. Sister Hermione brings it out in him, a challenge from the Lord, perhaps? Has his will not been tested enough in life?

Who are you to question the will of the almighty? Severus reminds himself sternly.

The years have made him complacent, and he must rise above and disregard this leannán sídhe who seeks to lead him off his righteous path. A task that will be made simpler when he can leave this forgotten little Abbey and return to the mainland.

He knows not how he ends up in the archive, just that his feet unknowingly carry him there as he battles the intrusive thoughts. Standing in the doorway, Severus finds his lips pressing together into a firm line the moment his eyes clap on the very woman he's been trying to avoid.

It's a dimly lit room, barely bigger than an office, with a single small window allowing a little light to leak in, illuminating the only table in the middle of the room. She has her nose practically pressed to the page of the book she is studying, her eyes moving across it quickly as she practically devours its content. The intensity of her focus captivates him, and he almost forgets who they both are for a moment.

Reality crashes back in like the waves against the jagged coast, knocking the breath from him. Scrambling for composure, he clears his throat loudly, announcing himself. Her large eyes widen owlishly as she looks up from the book. Her complete lack of awareness amuses him, and his lips curl upwards in a smirk. "Oh, Father Snape," she says, stunned. Does she sound a little breathless, or was that his imagination? "Are you—is there something I can help you with?"

Right. He doesn't have an excuse for his presence. "It is my duty to ensure the structural integrity at each of the monastic houses in the province."

It's hardly a falsehood, but he's inspected the entire property several times over. In truth, much of his time in the seminary was spent in libraries and archives. The written word—history, philosophy, and literature—has always been a comfort to him, ever since he was young. Perhaps that is why he was drawn here. Perhaps it is why he is drawn to her. At least partially.

Right now Sister Hermione's cheeks are pink and mottled, and she is chewing on that blasted bottom lip of hers. A rather disturbing and distracting habit. During the past few days, he's noticed far too many of her little idiosyncrasies, leaving him further flustered.

"Do you not have some other duty to attend to?" Severus asks rather curtly.

Her stubborn chin tilts up as she meets his gaze, a little frown appearing between her brows. "The Abbess knows where I am," she says simply.

"And do all the Sisters enjoy the privileges of reading for pleasure?" he drawls.

"I'm certain if they wished to read, Mother Superior would be overjoyed," she replies, crossing her arms. "Is there something *you* wish me to do, Father?"

The way her eyes flash with conviction causes a stir in his gut—lower. A reaction he cannot control and immediately seethes at. He looks away from her sharply, heat pouring through him. This will not do. Hands tightening into fists at his side, he turns around and stalks from the room wordlessly.

Walking is uncomfortable, and Severus is grateful for the length of his coat in hiding the shape of his erection as it strains against the fly of his trousers.

It's been a long time since he's been so inconvenienced by this particular bodily function, easy to ignore when one is largely surrounded by men. This, he thinks, is why there are so few mixed Abbeys—why he has been fortunate not to spend a lot of time with the fairer sex. Perhaps there is a deviant lurking within, just beneath the surface of his consciousness, all but waiting to be lured out.

And heaven help him, it seems that Sister Hermione has been sent with the sole purpose of testing his resolve.

The isle has never felt so small as it does at this moment.

She'd asked to be assigned here specifically because of its remote locale and the small, tight-knit community. Hermione has never liked crowded places, favouring the quiet pace of the country over large cities. She'd grown up in the city as a child. To her, they are large, overwhelming places where nobody knows the name of even their closest neighbour. She felt swallowed up by the crowd.

Now even the Abbey feels crowded, though she knows it is in large part due to the arrival of their honoured guest. It feels like everywhere she goes she cannot seem to escape Father Snape, and if she is honest with herself, there is a large part of her that enjoys it. She preens under his attention in a way that scares her.

This feeling inside her, it isn't right.

It is sinful and indulgent.

Even now, thinking about this when she's supposed to be reviewing the monthly budget and ordering supplies for the Abbey on Father Terrence's ancient computer, is wrong. Her mind should be on her work, not wondering what Father Snape might be up to. It's been five days since his arrival, and she's been hopelessly distracted since.

Perhaps this is the reason there are so few Abbeys occupied by both priests and nuns. Admittedly, it's not as though she'd spare a glance at Father Terrence; the man has been a nervous wreck for the duration of the other man's visit thus far. Vexingly, it is the tall, dark, brooding man who has captured her attention and wormed his way beneath her vows, drawing out the ungodly thoughts she's been having.

What a joke she is. Plain, bookish Hermione, attracted to the sharp-tongued dignitary who's to become their Archbishop. She would laugh if it weren't so ludicrous. Of all the wicked thoughts she's had during her life in the church, the ones she has of Father Snape are surely the worst. She wonders how much penance she will have to pay for these sins and imagines she must already be in arrears.

A sigh escapes her, and Hermione returns her attention to the dim monitor, trying to ignore her irritation at the cluster of dead pixels in the top right corner. She really should find room in the budget to replace this slow, outdated machine with something that isn't almost as old as she is.

It's another hour before she manages to wrangle the numbers into some kind of order, slowed down by the old technology. Shutting down the machine is out of the question as she isn't convinced it will boot back up again, so she simply switches off the monitor, checks the office is tidy before she leaves, and locks the door behind her.

The sun is already setting as she walks along the long open corridor separating the Abbey offices from the living quarters. The hours between dusk and dawn are cold as the season changes, a sign that winter isn't too much further away. Tempted to stop by her room to collect her shawl, Hermione oscillates between the two options before ultimately deciding the detour would delay her dinner too long.

It isn't uncommon for her to become so lost in a task she forgets to eat, and today she has done just that.

The smell of dinner greets her as she enters the kitchen, and Hermione thanks the Lord for every day that she isn't placed on dinner duty. She's an abominable cook—has never mastered the skill no matter how often she practices. Sister Hannah and Poppy are far more accomplished in the kitchen than she is and watching the faces of her fellow nuns whenever they sample the food she's produced is a blow to her ego.

They could at least *pretend* it isn't revolting.

So entitled, she scolds. Sucking in her cheeks in frustration, she joins the other women and offers to set the table as they serve the food. She sits towards the end of the table so that she won't be compelled into conversation with the others. They wait, and she realises that there are still two people missing and her heart sinks into her stomach like a stone in a pond.

Father Terrence is hot on the heels of Father Snape who sweeps into the kitchen wearing an expression of disinterest in what his fellow is babbling about. Having been on the receiving end of said chatter, Hermione can't blame him. She simply does a better job of pretending to listen.

Her stomach turns to knots as he bypasses the seat beside the other clergyman and settles into one opposite her.

Lord have mercy, she thinks, trying not to let the panic show. His dark eyes affix themselves to her and a chill zips down her spine, spreading through her limbs. She knows it isn't possible for him to read her thoughts, but the way he looks at her leaves her feeling exposed—as if he *knows* of her wicked thoughts about him. The paranoia forces her to look down at the plate in front of her just to break his gaze.

"Father Snape, would you like to lead grace?" she hears Mother Superior ask from a few seats down.

"It would be my honour," he replies.

Hermione clasps her hands together in front of her, squeezing her eyes shut tightly. It's a brief reprieve, but she gladly latches onto it, trying not to focus on the man across from her she's been avoiding for days out of guilt. Why does the Lord test her resolve this way? Why now, and with *him*? All these thoughts roll through her head like loose marbles spilling across the floor until she's yanked out of her thoughts by the low rumble of Father Snape's voice.

"Bless us, O Lord and these thy gifts, which we are about to receive from thy bounty, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Amen," she says, forcing open her eyes and looking up so as not to draw attention to her.

"Sister Hermione," he addresses her as they begin to eat, "it feels as though you've become a shade within the Abbey these past few days."

She almost chokes on the mouthful of food she is swallowing and has to reach for the jug of water in between them. Mortified and spluttering, she glances at the rest of the people at the table whose attention is focused on her due to the commotion.

"Are you all right, Sister?" Luna asks.

"Fine," Hermione croaks. She's distressed to find Father Snape is still looking at her intently, waiting for her to answer him. "As to your question, Father, in what way?"

"I have hardly seen you these past few days, and yet the ghost of your presence lingers throughout the Abbey," he replies with a smug look.

Hermione frowns. "I don't know what you're implying—"

"Oh come now, Sister Hermione," Hannah says with a chuckle. "You've a habit of leaving biros and pencils wherever you go. It's nothing to be ashamed of, just one of your...quirks." Her cheeks flame anew as the Father's smirk grows. "I suppose I do," she says eventually, not wanting to give him any further ammunition.

He raises one of his dark eyebrows at her, but the conversation mercifully moves away from discussion about her idiosyncrasies. With the Mass tomorrow, Terrence and Poppy excitedly

interrogate Father Snape about his sermon, but the man is tight-lipped, revealing nothing. Hermione finds herself intrigued, but stays silent, choosing to remain under the radar.

After dinner she escapes, eschewing her evening walk in favour of hiding in her room, not wanting to chance another encounter with Father Snape. Christ knows what foolish thing she'll do next. Curled up beneath the covers, she shuts her eyes and ignores the nagging in her gut.

It's hours before sleep finally finds her.

[Keres]

Well, that is certainly a take.

[Doeprince]

Mm-hmm. That was certainly a take indeed. Kind of had to go in and out, but I will say, I do admire the creativity, genuinely.

Serious compliment.

[Keres]

Yeah, I mean, this is just plucked a couple of characters, put an original character there, have a completely different setting from a literary standpoint this is an interesting fic, just that it's taken multiple people and putting them in a different setting. I was wondering if somehow she ended up at an abbey after the war as a coping mechanism or something. No, they're just, they're literally just nuns.

I was like, oh.

[Snapecentric]

They're just chillin'.

[Keres]

Okay.

[Masao]

Yeah. Catholic AU.

[Doeprince]

Yes.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Keres]

Do you know when this was written?

[Doeprince]

Like what year?

[Snapecentric]
2025.

[Doeprince]
Really? Yeah. So maybe the preist thing is trending then.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah. Oh yeah, maybe so.

[Keres]
Wow, I'm kind of surprised that it was written so recently.

[Snapecentric]
It looks like it was from an event called Filthy February.

[Masao]
What was the theme of the event? Well, I guess probably Filthy. Well, yeah, but I mean, I just wondered if there was anything, you know, like more specific about it.

But yeah, I do remember like seeing a lot of like fan art and, you know, meta kind of stuff about not just like priest Snape, but like Christian Snape in general or Catholic Snape in general, I guess. And, you know, it's not really something that I know a lot about. Like I didn't, I didn't grow up in like a religious house or anything.

So it's actually kind of interesting to me from, you know, even just hearing about like a story about like nuns and priests and things like that is interesting.

[Doeprince]
Yeah, it's kind of a different world.

[Masao]
Yeah.

[Keres]
Yeah, for sure. I did not grow up in the Catholic world.

[Doeprince]
I personally headcanon him as a hardcore atheist.

[Keres]
You know, I don't blame you. I think I, because of his intelligence and his tendency to be well read, he would have read the Bible for sure, even as a wizard. And it might have been, you know, bringing it up again, it might have been [Chasing the Sun](#) that gave me that headcanon because I think they actually had a discussion about the Bible.

But I feel like even if he is an atheist, which I could easily believe as, you know, the world works, but I feel like he still would have read the Bible just because. Curiosity.

[Doeprince]

Yeah. I feel like he would have been too cynical to do even that. But I see where you're coming from and I could definitely see it too, you know.

[SerenaEW]

I feel like I can't, kind of can imagine him as a Catholic. So like if he didn't grow up in the wizarding world and the cult, quote unquote, well, cult that he joins is not Voldemort, but like priesthood, I kind of can't imagine that actually.

[Masao]

Well, there's also a trope of Snape going to Catholic church with his father.

[Keres]

Oh.

[Masao]

Yeah, I do. I have seen a lot of that. Like that's not something I, and I guess for me, it is kind of like, well, I didn't grow up with like Christianity really.

So I kind of headcanon him as having like a completely different kind of background and just being kind of as unfamiliar with that stuff as me. But like, that's definitely like a headcanon I've seen a lot.

[Doeprince]

Yeah. Some people will headcanon his dad as Irish. Sometimes I lean to, so maybe that's like the Irish Catholic thing.

[Keres]

Right.

[Doeprince]

I don't know. Yeah. You know, just like the bad stereotypes of, you know, you can picture Tobias just being the worst stereotypical Irish, you know, person and drinking and, you know, being a Catholic or whatever those horrible things, which I don't really think that, you know, stereotypes are good.

But, you know, some people will play into that when they write Tobias Snape. So that's something I've noticed.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. Sometimes he's trying to beat the magic out of, that's a really angsty take on it.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Masao]

But it seems, it seems accurate.

[Keres]

Yeah. I've seen that one too. That one, I've definitely heard the beat the magic out of him.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Keres]

Frankly, I don't even, I still don't understand why Eileen Prince ever went for Tobias, but that's a whole other discussion.

[Doeprince]

I would die for Eileen Prince personally. My girl did nothing wrong. I feel bad for her.

[Keres]

Yeah. You know, I read a fic that was a time travel fic where Snape's grandfather went and like stole him as a baby. Oh.

Because he didn't approve of Eileen's marriage and that she was going to raise him in the muggle world because Eileen's parents were purebloods. And so granddaddy Snape, well, granddaddy Prince kidnaps Severus and takes him into the future into like an adopted home, basically. And he grows up in the Harry Potter era instead of the Marauders era.

[Masao]

Oh. Oh, that's super interesting.

[Keres]

Yeah. It was quite interesting. That's kind of, sort of reminds me of how people do like kid, Harry, kid, Snape, they use together.

[Doeprince]

Like they grow up in a similar timeline. I like that.

[Keres]

That's really sweet.

[Masao]

There's a really like A [Nick in Time](#) by [tiranog](#) is a really good example of that.

[SerenaEW]

Oh my God. Yes. Those are like among my favorite stories.

Seriously.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Masao]

Her five Harry Potter fics are some of my favorite writing period of all time.

[Keres]

What are they called?

[Masao]

Her name on AO3 is [tiranog](#). And I think her fics are actually marked as incomplete. They are all complete.

She has, she passed away in 2018.

[Keres]

Oh no.

[Masao]

But she has decades of fanfiction writing. Apparently just like in Star Trek and Starsky and Hutch and some other fandoms that I kind of want to go in and read that because she's such an incredible writer.

[Keres]

Interesting. It's so sad that they're. Yeah, it is.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Masao]

[Until Proven](#) is maybe my favorite fic ever, ever of anything. It's very, very sad, but it's very good.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. I'm going to have to look all these up.

[Masao]

Oh yeah.

[Snapecentric]

And [Chasing the Sun](#). Do you remember who that's by?

[Keres]

Yeah, I could find it really quick. The other one that I would. It was on fanfiction.net, wasn't it?

You know, I think. That's where I read it. Yeah.

I think it's also on AO3. A lot of people cross post. Yeah.

Another one is The [Gestaltation of Severus Snape](#). Oh. I don't know if you guys have ever heard of that one, but that's in one of the discords I'm in.

I'm in there with the author of that work. I've heard of that. We might be in the same server.

Yeah, that's how I met Miss Snape-centric, but that one is a fantastic piece of writing.

[Masao]

What's that one about?

[Keres]

So basically, he's invented this word, the author of Gestaltation, which is where Snape, after he dies in the modern era, basically enters the afterlife and is none too pleased to see Albus Dumbledore and the entity that controls the afterlife offers him a chance to, now that he's seen how the future plays out and to his end, the entity offers him a chance to go back into the past and alter the course of events to prevent as much tragedy from happening. Kind of like a fics your karma kind of chance, but instead of him just going to the past, he ends up sharing a body with his younger self.

So adult Snape and whatever it is, after, I think he gets right after the incident by the lake or maybe, no, it's before that. Oh, it was, I think it was, you know what, whatever incident, there was an incident and young Snape was being angsty and that is, so it was mid-Hogwarts years.

[Snapecentric]
Interesting.

[Keres]
So anyway, adult Snape and young Snape are sharing two brains in one body and they basically have to figure out how to merge their consciousnesses in order to not explode because you can't really have two souls in one body. Really good. And that one is by the Gestalt Prince.

It's currently at about 400K words. So he's definitely an epic length author.

[Snapecentric]
We'll have links to these as well as all the stories that we featured today at snapechatpodcast.com.

[Doeprince]
I was actually also gonna mention kind of how you mentioned that almost the merging of consciousnesses and two different kind of timelines almost at work. That sort of reminds me of another one that's really, really good. I do wanna promote it.

It's called [In Another Life](#) by [ScillaSnape](#). Highly recommend. It's a Snily fic that it's really good.

It's really, really, really good. And man, she's such a good writer and a good friend of mine too. So highly recommend if you like that kind of thing.

[Keres]
Oh, nice. Yeah, Gestaltation is a Snily fic as well. Yes, okay.

So yeah, I kind of, that's why I'd heard of it. Yeah. Yeah.

That one you can find on AO3. Okay. A little bit hard to pronounce the word but I will definitely send a link to Snapecentrics if she can get that link in there.

Yeah, sure. I'm still trying to find [Chasing the Sun](#) but this author that I'm pretty sure it's by has so many works. Oh, so going through it.

Like scrolling through as we're talking. I'll find it, I swear. You can actually start by a title.

You know, that would have been really smart.

[Snapecentric]

I've done a lot of digging through.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Various fics, finding stories to feature here, so.

[Keres]

I believe it. Why does fanfiction.net always hate me?

[Masao]

It's difficult, yeah.

[Keres]

It's so old. Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, but there's a lot of good fic on there too. Yeah, there definitely is.

[Keres]

I was gonna say, yeah. You're right. It ([Chasing The Sun](#)) is on fanfiction.net by [Loten](#). L-O-T-E-N is the author.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, okay.

[Keres]

It's Au from Order of the Phoenix onwards. And the only warning I would give is that there is student-teacher interaction but there is no underage interaction. And there's no, like, nothing actually happens while they're still student and teacher.

I'd say it's a very well thought out fic. She's like, yeah, you know, you kind of have to skirt that topic sometimes. And I think, I said she, but I guess they.

I don't know who [Loten](#) is. I think they skirt the boundaries well. And I really enjoyed the medical aspect of it because basically Hermione interns with Pomfrey to learn healing.

And that's how she comes to learn the secrets of the Order is because, well, who's the Order's main patient and other than their spy. Oh, right. Right.

But nobody's happy about this arrangement. Everyone's like, nope, gross. We want to leave.

But it's really good. 491,000 words.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, nice. Yeah, super long. Yeah, yeah, there's too much purity culture.

I agree with that very much. It's hard to, I've been in like in the Severitus area and people throwing out the P word and all that.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, yeah.

[Masao]

It's not a good stance to have in like a fandom space, you know, like, you know, whatever you feel about it to say something negative about somebody else's ship. Like, that's just not great for the fandom ecosystem.

[Keres]

Yeah, that's very true.

[Doeprince]

That's why they always say, what is it? It's be a hater in private and be nice in public or something. I don't remember exactly how it goes.

It sounds cuter than that.

[Keres]

But, right. You know, I mean, honestly, I would just say like for fandoms, I think people frequently have a lot of trouble opening up about the things they like and find interesting because, you know, a lot of it's very personal. And so, yeah, yeah.

If someone is to come at you with a very negative emotion over something that's very personal, that can go quite deep.

[Masao]

Especially if you're new.

[SerenaEW]

Right. Yeah, I feel this. Like, oh, yeah.

I kind of recently made the, well, mistake. Well, I'm not sure whether it was a mistake. It's like, well, basically, I showed them like a person who I got to know not very long before that.

I showed them my Ao3 because like we got to talk about fanfiction. And that person, we were like sort of like in the same course thingy for three weeks. And like two weeks later, they came back to ask me what I liked about it.

And I felt like really defensive immediately. Although I'm pretty sure that question was not meant in an offensive way. But they were like, oh, what do you see in them?

It's like, yeah. I don't know. If you're interested, just read my fic.

If not, just leave it. I don't know. I felt so defensive immediately.

I don't know why. It's just weird.

[Masao]

Understandably. Sometimes people give off a vibe. But like, yeah, as far as the Severitus thing, like ever, you know, ever since I learned that there's such an anti-Snery streak in that fandom, like it makes me because I write both Snoopin and Snery, obviously, like separate, although maybe together sometime.

I don't know. I'm just kidding. But like I write both of them.

And for a Snupin fic idea, I might have kind of like a Severitus idea. But then I'm like, well, I don't know. Maybe I don't want to write that because it would bring Severitus people to my AO3.

And then, you know, what if they scroll through my other story, see Snery and express their displeasure about it?

[SerenaEW]

You know what? I get it. I actually stopped caring about it.

Like, you know what?

[Masao]

I mean, I don't I don't care, but I also it is annoying, you know?

[SerenaEW]

I get it. I really, really get it. Like for the Severitus Big Bang, I've had like one person asking.

And I'm pretty sure I'm not like, I don't have to keep this quiet because like you can just see it on the Tumblr block. But I've seriously had one person, they were saying something to the gist of if this allows people who write Snarry, I am not in or something. Yeah, it's horrible.

[Masao]

It's like, okay, see you. Goodbye. You know?

Well, yeah.

[Keres]

And like gatekeeping, I feel like it's not really great culture in any fandom. And so like, yeah, I think you shouldn't try to engage with something that you are uncomfortable with, unless you're genuinely interested in broadening your horizons. But, you know, people can have issues with different ships.

And I don't have a problem with a person having an issue with the ship. Because like, I get it. But there are usually ways in which, you know, that's what's beautiful about fanfiction is that you can alter the story, the facts, the backstories, the history, you can, you can, you know, pick and pluck and sew the story back together in such a way that things make sense.

And fanfiction, I feel like often gets a bad rap because people go on places like Wattpad, you know, where I was originally on when I was a kid and see like One Direction and like actual people and it's just really raunchy and terribly written with lots of misspellings and such.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah, to be fair, there's like good and you know, a lot of people that really enjoy like RPF. Yeah. So there's that.

Although I personally wouldn't. Me either.

[Keres]

And that's totally fine. I'm like, you enjoy your thing. I'm going to stay enjoying my thing.

But it's not like I hate you.

[Keres]

Right. Yeah.

[Keres]

I just don't want, like, I feel like people have a perception that all fanfiction is, is raunchy. Right. Mature writing by essentially people who have that stuff on their mind.

And I'm like, right, well, see now, there is room for maturity and mature themes in fanfiction, which I don't have a problem with, but I'm really more here for the extended universe.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Keres]

And one fanfiction that someone said, there's the purity culture, something about purity culture. And I just laughed to myself, because there's a fic called [The Problem with Purity](#). And it was a completely new take, one of the most inventive fics that I have read.

[Keres]

Interesting.

[Keres]

And sexuality is like a big part of things, which is not what I usually go for. You know, I'm usually more here for the story, right? Yeah.

But I bared with it. And it was both a Draco/Harry and Snape/Hermione shipping. Oh, interesting.

But it was more to do with the lore of the wizarding world, because apparently when in that ficsed universe, when a wizard reaches the age of maturity, with their purity intact, we can say it like that, it's a really big deal, because that doesn't usually happen for whatever reason. I guess magic makes people want to do things, whatever the setting is, right? And two wizards reach the age of maturity, still pure, and a letter ends up in the department of the Ministry of Magic.

And it's very interesting. Yeah, oh my gosh, the warnings or the tags rather, holy. But yeah, so the problem with purity, and I can send that link to, is really interesting, because these wizards, basically, the reason it's such a big deal is that they get incredibly more powerful if they reach the age of maturity, while still pure.

Oh, how interesting. Right? So their magic capacity grows, and their magical strength also grows, which is interesting.

And then the reason why it's such a big deal is that now that they've reached the age of maturity, the first people that they sleep with also get a power increase. They get a buff, basically. So you can understand why in the age of the Death Eaters, who do horrible things to people, it would be quite a big deal for there to now be two people who could give others a power boost.

So that's kind of the basis of this one, and it's fascinating. I will say, it is definitely on the dirtier side, and it's very much, it's so angsty. But the interest in the world was enough to keep me through the parts that I'm not usually there for, right?

But I'll send you the link to that one too. It's a super interesting take, talking about research and properties of magic and being an Animagus, just a lot of really interesting things. That one's on AO3.

All right, yeah. Yeah. Sorry, I just went on and on, my bad.

[Masao]

Oh, no, that's all right. I love that stuff. Could be stuff for future episodes, even.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

I do want to get back to [Give Me My Sin Again](#). It's 19,000 words with some lovely illustrations by TurpinSimp. It's part of the series, [Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall](#), which is 63,000 words.

I really loved all the yearning and the guilt and the doubt, and I highly recommend it. Nice.

[Keres]

Very nice.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. And thefrenchpress has been a really good Snamione author, has actually moved to a different fandom now, Original Series Star Trek. Nice.

Yeah.

[Keres]

Great.

[Snapecentric]

Okay. Oh, we had such a great discussion there and all these things.

[Doeprince]

Yeah. It was so fun.

[Snapecentric]

Yes. I do want to mention, we were unable to finish the reading for, it's called [Turmoil](#) by [Metallomagnetic](#). It's a Snack.

And I was going to leave it towards the end because the first scene is kind of dubious consent. And it's also explicit, which if I have explicit stuff, I've been leaving that toward the end. Unfortunately, we weren't able to complete the reading, but I hope to include it on this Earth Day show.

[Masao]

Looking forward to it.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. I just wanted to give a shout out to the author there and I'll put it on the website as well. Yeah.

The first scene is dubious consent, but after that, everything is consenting teenagers. Yeah. It's during the Marauders era.

[Masao]

Oh, yeah. I was about to ask.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. I don't know. It's really interesting.

There's just this push-pull with Snack that I really like.

[Masao]

Yeah. It's a really interesting dynamic and it's not something I've actually read a lot of yet. Seen a lot of fan art that I've enjoyed.

I'd like to read some. I read [Godfathers](#). I can't think of any specific ones that I read, but I would definitely like to read some more.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. Well, this is a good one. 64,000 words.

[Keres]

I'm always impressed when a writer can develop a whole fic from start to finish over a course of time like that. Who knows how many stories I've started, but have any of them ever been finished?

[Snapecentric]

I'm not a writer, so I can't even picture starting. I can understand what a struggle that is.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah. I kind of feel this though. Yeah.

There's a reason. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one. There are a lot of people who just prefer to write short stories because there's this contained universe and that's it.

I know. Couple thousand words, maybe a dozen or something. Yeah.

I know. That feels like the most handy format for me in terms of writing. I know.

Yeah.

[Masao]

I've always had a really hard time keeping stories short.

[Keres]

So, you have the opposite problem. Got it.

[Masao]

Yeah. You just think of more things for them to do? Well, for me, it's really more like I want to lay all the foundations out.

That's why I have 500 pages of comics and Harry's just entering his second year, right?

[Keres]

Yeah. That makes sense. I suppose as I'm both a writer and a reader, and writing, I wasn't very skilled with art.

So, my only format was writing. And when it comes to writing, I have this whole plot line in my head, right? So, I'll take for example, I wrote a fic inspired by some of the aspects of Problems with Purity, not the actual story [[Severus Snape and the Inimitable Irritation of a Re-Aged Know-it-all by KPacknknack](#)], just some of their world expansion.

And it's Marauders era and an original character who's, it was basically, I was like, I feel like Snape needs a friend. Yes. And so, I have maybe 12 different parts and a rough storyline written out, but I could only fully flesh out maybe seven of those parts, and then they didn't all go together.

So, I was at one point actively looking for a co-writer or something. And in order to do that, I posted, it's under 5,000 words, but I strung together the early school life that makes sense. And so, there's like time skips, but it's like a fun little read.

And that's how I know how easy it is to be hurt by others who are not open-minded towards you and your interests. Because it was very hard for me to open up to people that I actually know personally that I like to write. And one of my friends, I was reading it the other day and her reaction, she was like, oh, this is really funny.

I was like-

[Snapecentric]

Oh, no.

[masao]

Is it?

[Keres]

No, no, no, no, no. This is in a good way. It was meant to be funny.

Okay.

[Masao]

Okay.

[Keres]

It's very whimsical, very like, what do you mean? It was good reactions. And I was like, oh, people can have good reactions.

This is nice. And it was, but- Well, that's great. Right.

But the fear of opening up to people, I would think would make anyone, especially someone who might not be as outgoing as I am, balk at trying to share their work with people. And that's why I'm a big proponent of being open-minded. And even if you don't engage with something, don't stand in the way of other people.

Oh, no. Yeah. You like what you like, I'll like what I like, and we can still get along.

There's nothing wrong with that.

[Snapecentric]

You know, sometimes it's like, I don't want to say what my squicks are because I don't want to offend anybody.

[Masao]

I feel the same way about, I try not to let people know what my NOTP or my squicks are.

[Doeprince]

I've never actually heard that word before. I know what a NOTP is.

[Keres]

Yeah, me either. What does the squicks mean?

[Snapecentric]

It's just something you're uncomfortable with, I think.

[Keres]

Oh, so like pairings that make you uncomfortable.

[Snapecentric]

Or tropes.

[Masao]

Or tropes that make you uncomfortable. Anything, yeah. And I like that word because I feel like it subtracts the concept of morality from it.

Because I feel like these days when people dislike something, they feel pressured to find a reason to say that it would be immoral to like it. And with squicks, you can just be like, this is just my personal taste. It grosses me out.

And that doesn't say anything about you. I hope you enjoy it. It's not for me.

[Keres]

Yeah. Okay. That makes a lot of sense.

And then the NOTP is the pairing that you can't personally stand, right?

[Masao]

Yes. That's like the opposite of an OTP [One True Pairing]. This is the pairing that if it is even mentioned in a fic, I'm clicking the back button.

[Keres]

Understood. That's funny.

[doeprince]

Hitting the back button is hilarious.

[Snapecentric]

But yeah, people need to learn how to do that.

[Masao]

Yeah. Rather than be like, how dare you write this shit on this show for whatever.

[Doeprince]

Yeah. Yeah. Everyone just, you know, live and let live.

It's not too bad. Not too hard. I mean.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Your kink is not my kink and that's okay [YKINMKATO].

[SerenaEW]

Kinktomatic

[Doeprince]

Kink for thee but not for me.

[Masao]

That's good.

[Doeprince]

Yeah.

[Masao]

I mean, yeah. I was just gonna touch back on what Snapecentric was saying about the Severitus fandom and like the idea that like somebody would not want to participate in a fest if other people in it write snary like, Yeah, it's mind blowing. We need to get rid of that idea because like my personal feelings about that aside, it is really bad for fandom if we start acting like that.

If I were to be like, well, if anybody in this fest writes this shit, I don't like, I'm not going to participate. Well, nothing gets written that way. No art gets made, you know?

[Keres]

Right. And art is so subjective.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

And our fandom is so small. I mean, we have to stick together, you know, in some way.

[Masao]

Exactly.

[Doeprince]

I mean, just because, well, you know, I have a certain idea and also just what about like characterization, like I see Snape in a very, very specific way, but I can't like, just say, oh, well, guess I can't participate in fandom because other people don't see him the way I do. I mean, that's just not reasonable. Sure, it feels like, you know, hitting the jackpot when you do meet a friend or something that does see him the exact same way.

But you know, that's not going to happen all the time. So, you know, people have to just accept that.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah. I've actually heard of like artists in AO3/Tumblr thingies. If their stances, like, for instance, top Snape, they just don't interact.

Like, they actually actively squake bottom Snape artists and vice versa, which is like, what the heck? Oh my god.

[Masao]

I've definitely, as a drawer and writer of bottom Snape, I've definitely experienced that.

[SerenaEW]

Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

I'm sorry. This sounds horrible. I'm sorry.

[Masao]

Oh no, no. I mean, like, you know, it's something that like I don't take personally, but like I said before, it's just like annoying because it's just like, come on, really? Like, this is your maturity level?

Like, we can all work together and be, I know this is fandom, but we could be professional about it.

[SerenaEW]

Yes, exactly. Yeah.

[Keres]

Yeah. Well, how many professional artists start doing fandom work and start out doing things for their friends or things that are them for personal reasons? Like, you know, I'm friends with animators and I was, you know, I finished editing a music video not that long ago that they were all animators on and they're all super talented.

And one of my friends who won a college scholarship based on her art, she was drawing things that she liked, you know, like just characters and stuff. And then she started drawing her own characters and I think she's going to be very successful. So like art is probably the best thing that you could say Beauties and I are the beholder for.

Oh yes. Art is really very subjective.

[Masao]

In fandom, we really need to be like supportive of other artists, like, and especially I would say even especially when they're drawing the things that aren't our thing, because the only way that a fandom is going to survive is if there's a diversity of headcanons of portrayals of different people doing different things. So if, you know, the two things that I hate to see are, it's great that we all agree on this headcanon and also like seeing somebody who has an uncommon headcanon or art style or something getting bullied out of the fandom, which has definitely happened. I've definitely seen that happen.

[Doeprince]

And yeah, like why, you know, I will say it's super crazy because first of all, I agree with that 110%, but I've also noticed on the other side of things, and maybe, you know, I'm kind of crazy. You guys can tell me, but I've noticed that for those of us who like a very, what's the best, how can I best describe this?

[Snapecentric]

Maybe niche.

Yeah, niche or canon accurate. I don't like to use that word accurate, but I think you guys get the- Compliant. Yeah, compliant, canon compliant.

I feel like people who really do like that and crave that it's getting harder to find. And that's, again, that's okay, because we need to be creative, and we need to lift one another up. But I am getting the sense that if you do want the, quote, canon compliant version, then people can be a little bit aggressive sometimes.

But this is just what I have experienced. Maybe that's not something that happens too often, and I've gotten unlucky. So it's basically the point is, I think there needs to just be a balance and support the more creative stuff, but also support the more canon compliant stuff too, equally, you know?

That's just me. I'm vanilla. I know.

[Snapecentric]
It's okay to be.

[SerenaEW]
No, no, no, no, no. I feel like I've got like a very specific, I don't know, headcanon of say, I don't know, Snape. And I kind of see your thing from the other perspective.

Like, these hardcore canon characterizations are just maybe not that much my thing. I don't know. Like, I'll just admit to it, like, very openly, because like, you know.

Yeah, that's fine.

[Doeprince]
I'm on the totally opposite end of the spectrum, and that's okay too, you know?

[SerenaEW]
Yeah, yeah, I don't know. Also, speaking of world expansion, I am currently trying to start modding a fest of world building. If anyone's interested, I was trying to make it like a sort of virtual inventor's fair slash trade fair.

So like the prompts are like prompts, and then there's like the fics based on that. Like, maybe that's interesting for some of you. I don't know.

Maybe, could be. Maybe.

[Snapecentric]
I can put a link on with our additional reading and links.

[Masao]
Yeah. It is interesting to me because I really do like getting into like the world building stuff. But I will say like, I've just been handed a thousand things to do.

Oh, yes.

[Snapecentric]
Yeah.

[Masao]
Because of the situation with my comic, but I am interested in seeing it and hopeful that it goes somewhere.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah. So it's like, basically, like, if ever you invented anything for your fic, your art or anything, just add a brief description, something like an elevator pitch for it, and you have your prompt. And then other people can like go off it or like you can post something to go off it.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[SerenaEW]

And that's like the work. You get what I mean?

[Masao]

Okay.

[SerenaEW]

Okay.

[Keres]

That's actually, that is doable.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah, yeah. Like, like, actually super simple. I just need to, you know, actually get to work on it.

[Masao]

That's not too bad at all. Fair enough. Oh, interesting.

[SerenaEW]

It's called [HP \(i\)magineventors fair](#), like with imagine ventures, inventors, imagine ventures, but like with the I in brackets.

[Masao]

Okay.

[SerenaEW]

I know if anyone's interested, I'm trying to, you know, get this kicked off.

[Masao]

Are you in any servers?

[SerenaEW]

I am actually trying to spread it through the servers already. But like, you know, resonance is very high so far.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[SerenaEW]

Well, I actually need to get to work for it as well.

[Doeprince]

It's like, Since you guys were talking about servers, are any of you guys in the prince's archives? Because that's a good one. That has a lot of, you know, just different things kind of like that.

[Masao]

I don't think I am in a bunch of Snape servers, but I don't think I'm in that one.

[Keres]

Pretty sure I am. I'm in two and I just couldn't keep up. Okay, yeah.

[Doeprince]

It's kind of an offshoot of always Snape.

[Masao]

Okay.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah. Oh no, did drama happen?

[Doeprince]

Unfortunately.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

I'm lurking. I do lurking both. But you know, my heart is with one more than the other.

I just won't say which publicly.

[SerenaEW]

Fair enough.

[Masao]

I've been very happy with my discord experience, actually, because I, I'm in a couple of Snape servers, and all of them have been relatively drama free. I'm very relieved about that.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah, yeah. Kind of same.

[Doeprince]

Thank goodness. That's refreshing. I kind of, you know, I remember when there wasn't that much drama, just in the Snape community in general.

But now I feel like in the last five years, it's gotten really bad. I mean, I left for a long time. And then I came back and I noticed, holy cow, people are vicious.

Now what happened?

[Masao]

Well, I mean, I think it has a lot of it has to do with like, new people coming into the fandom from like the pandemic. And like, there has been a big like, I mean, not just purity culture, but injecting like morality into like, Hays Code morality into fiction. And I think that's really caused like a lot of like, tension and fighting and stuff like that.

[Keres]

Yeah, that makes sense.

[Doeprince]

The ship wars too are worse than they were.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Keres]

It's hard to imagine, dude. It's just not, it's not that deep, guys. Like, I don't know.

It's, it's really not. We're all human. And we all have likes and dislikes.

Why can't we all just like different things? Yeah. It's okay.

[Masao]

It's gonna be fine, you know.

[Doeprince]

The world will not end because you shipped one character with this character instead of another one.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

If it comes to Snape, I'm into it. Except for my one squick, which I won't name. You know, and that's fair.

But any pairing or any time frame or trope or is, you know.

[Masao]

I've got a relatively like narrow set of pairings that I like. But I feel like within that, I'm very open. And the thing about it is that like, I've listened to fics of my NOTP.

I've listened to fics of pairings that I don't like. And I've found things compelling about them or interesting or enjoyable about them. Like, not everything has to cater to me, right?

Right.

[Doeprince]

That's very mature. And that's great. Good on you for doing that.

I'm so limited in what I like because I only like, you know, the one pairing with him, which is kind of annoying. And also, I don't know. I feel like it's stupid.

I feel like I should like more stuff. But, you know, if you don't like something, you don't like it. But yeah, exactly.

It is still, I don't know. I just think it is good to still be able to broaden your horizons whenever you can.

[SerenaEW]

Firstly, that and also, I am just quoting Garlot on a scenario server who more than once said, not everything has to be catered to me. I am responsible for curating my own experience, I think she said. And I love that.

It's like, you know, yeah.

[Masao]

Yeah, that's a great way to look at it. I'm surprised we haven't talked more since we both like snip.

[SerenaEW]

Wow.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[SerenaEW]

Okay. Yeah, fair.

[Masao]

I'll have to introduce you or something.

[SerenaEW]

I don't think we've talked outside those shows, right?

[Keres]

Oh my god.

[Masao]

Good. By all means.

[Keres]

Well, I believe you have all of our discords. So you can always start a group chat.

[SerenaEW]

Or we could just find each other on the Snape Chat server.

[Masao]

Snape Chat server. Yeah.

[SerenaEW]

Oh, there's a Snape Chat server.

[Keres]

Wait, I gotta Oh my gosh, wait, what? Right. I'm not in that server.

[Snapecentric]

There is and nothing happens because I don't ever do anything with it. Well, maybe that can change. I can send you some invites.

Okay, lovely. You more active in there. I'm not a big social person.

[Keres]

So that's And yet you do a podcast, you know?

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Snapecentric]

Well, I do a podcast because somebody had to.

[Masao]

Somebody did have to exactly. And we're all very thankful.

[SerenaEW]

Also, you're doing a fabulous job of it.

[Masao]

And I'm sure it takes a lot of work and like a lot of social energy used up. Like I absolutely get it. And you know, we can we can do things to help support that.

[Keres]

Yeah. I mean, just from an editing point of view, I can definitely at least picture some of what you do doing some professional editing myself. It's not easy at all.

Especially voices and especially dealing with audio. Oh, my goodness.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah.

[Keres]

Oh, my God. Yes.

[Snapecentric]

Well, video is I couldn't do video. Well, the way I speak, I'm always saying um. And it's taking me a minute to, you know, say what most people can say in 10 seconds.

[SerenaEW]

Don't think so.

[Snapecentric]

Well, I get stuck easily.

[SerenaEW]

It happens. Yeah. I mean, same, same.

Sometimes I want to say something. And I start a sentence. And I need about half a minute to actually get back on track of that sentence.

I feel this very much. #ADHD.

[Masao]

The only thing that helped me was having to do like being a teacher's assistant. And now that I'm streaming, it forces me, it like trains me to have like, try to be as coherent as possible.

[Keres]

Yep. Yes. Oh, my goodness.

I need to practice that too. Yeah, it's definitely a skill that is helpful to have but difficult to hone.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, yeah. And there's only so much time in a day too.

[Masao]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

Right.

[SerenaEW]

More than anything, really. Yeah.

[Masao]

You can only build so many skills to like.

[Doeprince]

Can't do everything.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

I end up kind of being a jack of all trades, but master of none. It's very annoying.

[SerenaEW]

I don't feel this though.

[Keres]

See, I'm a bit more toxic than that. I am a jack of all trades, but I want to master them all. I mean, same.

So I try really way too hard and invest too much into things. That is my toxic trait. So, you know, after we get offline here today, I'm going to go back to working on the cosplay.

I got to go pick someone up, drop something off, do some sewing and other things and add a wig to style.

[Snapecentric]

Cool. Oh, I wish I had that kind of energy.

[Keres]

I don't, but I'm doing it anyway. Same. Because I got the opportunity.

[Snapecentric]

Well, props to you, definitely.

[Keres]

Thank you. It'll be my first group cosplay.

And then my first actually made, like going to a convention in a made cosplay. Oh, that's going to be so cool. Yeah, very cool.

That's so cool. What a big moment.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Keres]

We're doing a group Arcane cosplay. Unfortunately, I think my Vi dropped out, which sucks because she wasn't in the original group. I just didn't have someone who matched her enough.

But in the original group, we've got Echo, Caitlyn, Oris, me. I'm going to be Jinx.

[Doeprince]

Nice.

[Keres]

Oh, and we were possibly going to have a Vander. And my brother was supposed to be Silco, but he decided to move across the country a few weeks ago. And that was not helpful.

[Snapecentric]

Darn it.

[Keres]

And unfortunately, the convention that I'm going to prohibits all forms of weaponry, even 3D printed, fake, no holes, nothing that looks like a firearm or grenades. All of those are prohibited, which kind of sucks for my character because her main thing is firearms and grenades.

So I have to get creative. And so I'm bringing other props that she had in the show, like the gas mask and shimmer vials. I found a way to have UV reactive water dye and mini button powered UV lights.

I'm going to try and make actually glowing shimmer vials, which will be cool. We'll see if I can accomplish that in the next few days.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, gosh.

[Keres]

Sorry, I just went on a tangent.

[Snapecentric]

No, I think that's wonderful. And I love to hear about it.

[Keres]

Yeah, it'll be fun. We're going hard. I'm not even doing body paint.

I actually went and bought temporary tats from an Etsy artist. So I don't even know how long I'm going to have her clouds all over. But we'll see.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, that sounds great. Okay, well, I think we can pretty much wrap things up now. I certainly appreciate everybody coming and all the cool things that you've had to say.

[Keres]

Well, thank you so much.

[SerenaEW]

Thank you for hosting us.

[Keres]

Yes, thank you for hosting. This was fun.

[Masao]

Yeah, thank you for having us as always.

[SerenaEW]

And I do think I'm just speaking for myself when I say thank you for allowing my tangents.

[Keres]

You're not just speaking for yourself. But yeah, go for it. No, I love tangents.

Who doesn't love to ramble?

[Snapecentric]

Thank you, Keres, Mango, if you're still here listening, and Serena for doing the reading.

[Keres]

You're very welcome.

[SerenaEW]

Oh, thank you.

[Snapecentric]

Because that really makes these shows.

[SerenaEW]

Oh, that's so cute of you. Thank you.

[Keres]

Yeah, it's very kind of you to say. It's fun. I like to help.

And it's cool to see the result.

[SerenaEW]

Yeah, very much. Also, thank you for all the editing, at least for, you know, for what you like do for me.

[Snapecentric]

Oh, yeah. Oh, I'm happy to do it.

[SerenaEW]

Oh, I forgot to punch and roll mine this time. So I couldn't send you an almost ready draft.

[Snapecentric]

Well, you know, doing the reading itself is enough. And then I can take care of editing because I'm much better at that than I am at reading.

[Keres]

That was the biggest lesson of working on a team on a professional project was that everyone has their strengths. And the only way to get a project done is to give people the tasks that play to their strengths. Otherwise, you'll make no progress and people won't feel like they're doing well.

And so everyone has a role to play somewhere just might not know exactly where it is all the time.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah.

[Keres]

Yeah, if you need other people to read and you're going to edit, those are the strengths. And there's nothing bad about that.

[masao]

Yeah.

[Keres]

I think it's a very cool project.

[Keres]

Yeah.

[Doeprince]

For sure.

[Snapecentric]

Well, thank you. Yeah. Again, I still have to make the bingo card.

Hopefully, I have it figured out by the time this is published.

[Masao]

Let me know if you need any help with that. Because I know.

[Snapecentric]

Okay.

[masao]

You're asking about the visuals and stuff.

[Snapecentric]

Yeah, I'm gonna have a well three by three square with five fics makes four free squares. So somebody can read one fic and get a sticker. So okay.

So, you know, it's a low bar and it's it's on the honor system anyway, so you cannot read it and Right.

[Masao]

Just fib. It's fine.

[Doeprince]

I want a sticker though.

[Snapecentric]

Well, I need to send stickers out to everybody who participates and I always forget to mention that.

[Keres]

Oh, that's cool.

[Snapecentric]

So yeah, if you want to send me your addresses, I will mail some stickers to you.

[doeprince]

Oh, thank you. That's very kind.

[Snapecentric]

You're welcome. And I even have international stamps.

[SerenaEW]

So that's tempting. That's so that's so incredibly tempting. Oh my god.

Yes.

[Doeprince]

If you already have international stamps, I may very well take you up on that. But I don't know which country I'm going to be in.

[Snapecentric]

So well, when things settle for you. Yeah, just let me know.

[doeprince]

Absolutely.

[Snapecentric]

All right.

[Keres]

Well, it's been lovely chatting with you all. I think I do need to head out around now. I think we're closing up anyway.

[Snapecentric]

Yes, thank you. Keres. Keres.

Can you pronounce it?

Yes. Oh, I pronounce it KEErees.

It's KEErees. They're deities in female deities of violent death in the underworld in Greek mythology.

[Doeprince]

I figured it was from Greek mythology. That's so cool.

[Keres]

Yes. So they're female underworld deities that have wings that appear on battlefields. Oh, nice.

Nice.

[SerenaEW]

Kind of the female like the Greek Valkyries sort of. Yeah, basically.

[Keres]

Yeah. Basically. But in a lot of depictions, they're a little bit more horrifying than Valkyries.

But yes, they can be.

[SerenaEW]

Oh, I'll have to look that up.

[Keres]

I think Greek mythology would be my second biggest nerdy thing.

After Harry Potter.

[doeprince]

Nice. That's so cool.

[Keres]

So it's funny. Keres is multiple. But yeah, thank you so much.

It was lovely to meet you. Yeah, lovely to meet you guys.

[Speaker 3]

Thank you.

[Keres]

Talk to you all. And thank you for having me on the pod.

[Snapecentric]

You bet. Come back sometime.

[Keres]

Yeah, it'd be lovely.

[Snapecentric]

Please do.

[Keres]

All right. All right. Have a good one, guys.

[Masao]

You too. Bye.

[doeprince]

You too.

[Keres]

All right. Bye.

[Doeprince]

Bye. I think I too am unfortunately going to have to dip as it is dinner time.

[Snapecentric]

Okay.

[Doeprince]

So yeah, this was really good.

[Snapecentric]

Doprince, thanks for joining us.

[Doeprince]
Thank you so much.

[Snapecentric]
You come back again. All right.

[doeprince]
Oh, I'd love to. All right. Bye.

[Snapecentric]
All right. Take care. Bye.

[masao]
Bye.

[SerenaEW]
All right. Likewise.

[Snapecentric]
It's Serena. Serena EW.

[SerenaEW]
Yeah. Hi. Like, I don't think I actually officially said hi.

I am, you know, just saying hi and bye, I guess. Thank you for having me once again. All righty.

It was amazing to be on.

[Snapecentric]
Well, thanks so much for reading and for joining us.

[SerenaEW]
It's a pleasure. It's always a pleasure, really.

[Snapecentric]
Pleasure having you.

[SerenaEW]
Oh, thank you. Yeah.

[Snapecentric]
Okay. Bye bye. And Masao.

[Masao]
Thanks for having me as always.

[Snapecentric]
Yes, it's always wonderful to just be on the show with you.

[Masao]

Yeah, absolutely. You as well.

[Snapecentric]

Thank you for staying up late.

[Masao]

Oh, no problem.

[Snapecentric]

Take care.

[Masao]

All right. You too. Bye bye.

Bye.

[Snapecentric]

And that's the show. I hope you enjoyed the fics and chat. Thanks to authors leatbreads, yearofthesnape, Icarus, eldritch, and thefrenchpress for permission to feature their fics.

Thanks to Keres, Mango, SerenaEW, and Panhecate for reading. And to doeprince, Keres, SerenaEW, and masao for joining me for the listening party. Check out the bingo game that goes with these fics.

It's really easy because you only have to read one fic to get two Snape Chat stickers. Read all five stories to get 15 stickers. You can also still play last year's bingo game as well.

Find the links to the forms in the show notes or at snapechatpodcast.com. Also check out our additional reading page at snapechatpodcast.com for links to all these wonderful stories and more. And here we must say goodbye.

We wish we didn't have to, but it hasn't escaped our notice that life isn't fair. Like us on Facebook, follow us on Tumblr, BlueSky, or X, or leave a comment on our website at snapechatpodcast.com or on Spotify. We'd love to hear from you.

Many thanks to Nyx for her continued work on our website. Be sure to check out the Harry Potter After 2020 podcast and always Snape.com. Thanks for listening.

Until next time, stay snarky.