

# One Day

Von greensilverserpent

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"Good morning, Severus." Snape glared. This particular morning was not good. Never had been. Never would be. "How can you be so gloomy every year? It's not like it's something bad." McGonnagal continued, a twinkle she seemed to have adopted from Dumbledore appearing in her eyes. Snape snorted. "Maybe because some people use the exact same words every damn year!"

"Good morning, Severus." "Headmaster." Snape managed barely civil, a glare already fixed on his face. Dumbledore chuckled. "Your mood is always gloomy on this day, my boy. Why don't you just take it as it comes?" The twinkling eyes and too alike words made the Potions Master growl, then he turned on his heel and left.

"Good morning, Severus." "Enough!" Snape roared, his temper completely bared. "Why can't you all just leave me alone? Is one day per year too much to ask for? Just one?" The old witch looked stern. "Do not use that tone with me, young man. I've stitched you back together since you were a first year!" Snape sighed. "I'm sorry, Poppy. But you know what happens at this day every bloody damn year." "That is still no ground for using swearwords, Severus. You know better than that." At this Snape let himself sink into a chair and hung his head. Poppy smiled softly, laying a comforting hand on the man's shoulder. "Come on, little raven. Let me order some lunch and then we'll see what we can do to get you away from the lot." Snape smiled.