

# Snape Rules!

## NT/SS

Von YasaiNoVampaia

### Plan B

Dedication: To Persephone Lupin, without whom this chapter wouldn't have been readable (auch wenn's long-syllabic und nicht syllabled heißt; wie bin ich auf das Wort gekommen und wie kommt's dass ich exakt das Wort eine Woche danach tatsächlich irgendwo les'?).

#### 13. Plan B

"Due to the fact that Plan A, which was solely based on Action, failed," Hermione said briskly; she was way too active so early in the morning, "we're going to develop Plan B, which stands for using our Brain first. All right ..." She flipped over the first page of the flip chart. "I am, obviously, the brain of our operation. Ron, you're going to work out the strategy of how it's going to happen, since that's your strong point. And you, Harry, you're going to deliver the final blow." Only the green/black piebald uniform was missing to make Hermione a parade officer. Her expression was grim, her body language was foreboding and her wand served as a pointing stick and was dug roughly into the pages to emphasize her point. "Any questions so far?" She didn't give Harry or Ron, who were, thanks to the ungodly hour on this Saturday, still half in dreamland, any time to process the information nor to answer. "No? Good. To the next point, then: The Plan." Hermione flipped the next page back and revealed lots of very long-syllabic words, and as neither Harry nor Ron's brain was able to wrap their mind around those complicated words, Hermione took pity on them and read the text aloud (with a funny look on her face) and even simplified it a bit. Suddenly, everything seemed surprisingly easy.

"So, all we really have to do is make sure that Snape catches a cold, and when he gets a pepper-up potion from Pomfrey, that it's spiked," Ron said. "Sounds way too simple to me. It might even work."

"Oh, it sure will work," Hermione gushed excitedly. "With a runny nose-" she didn't seem to notice the disgusted looks on the boys' faces, "- he won't be able to smell anything! The plan is flawless! He won't know what hit him until he celebrates his honeymoon with Tonks!"

"Again, a very superfluous mental image," Ron complained. "And when did we go from

'just a diversion from Snape's usual temper' to 'let them celebrate their honeymoon', anyway?"

"Oh, Ron," Hermione chided in a very condescending manner, making sure he felt like a three year old in the body of a teenager. "They're perfect for each other, and it would be a shame to let them separate again. Don't you agree, Harry?"

How could Harry disagree?

"Thanks for the back-up, mate," Ron said sarcastically. "Wouldn't know what I'd do without you ... Oh, and Mione? I've found a flaw in your 'flawless plan', which is, by the way, quite obvious. It's beyond me how you could oversee that!"

"What?" she shrieked. "That's impossible! I've worked everything out! There's no flaw!"

"Mione?" Harry interrupted. "When exactly did you work everything out? I mean, only yesterday evening we discussed and now you've already all done and worked out?"

"I did it yesterday, well, today, actually," she waved her hand dismissively, not noticing the two gasps and ignoring the "Didn't you sleep?!" from Ron. "There. Is. No. Flaw," she stated again, daring Ron to call her a liar.

And he did, somehow. "And how do we make sure that Snape's not going to use one vial of his personal supply, eh? You know how much the git - ouch! - hates the Infirmary, don't you? He'd never go willingly if he could brew the potion by himself. And I also don't think that he'll like to run around the school with a red and runny nose ... People will think he looks like Randolph the reindeer!" Ron and Harry laughed. Ron at the mental picture and Harry more because of Ron's blunder (which Hermione wasn't willing to correct; he might learn something).

"You are so simple-minded," Hermione tutted with an annoying twinkle in her eyes. "Nothing easier than that. In fact, it's already taken care of."

"What? When? Never mind, I guess you had a busy night, right?" Harry shook his head and Ron murmured, "Insomnia, more like."

"Let's just say, someone owed me a favour ..." Hermione said mysteriously. "One hand washes the other, so-to-speak ..."

"Stop speaking in riddles!"

Hermione shot Ron a nasty glare but relented. "Peeves destroyed all the supplies for the pepper-up potion and a few more, as well as Snape's personal potions and every pepper-up vial in the Infirmary but one - thankfully, nobody else is sick -, in exchange for my silence on the matter of his romantic relationship with Myrtle."

"You black-mailed him!" Harry gasped, awed. "Brilliant!"

"Yeah," Ron agreed reluctantly. "Peeves' image as ruthless poltergeist is at stake. Nobody would take him seriously anymore if it became common knowledge that he'd gone soft."

"Hm," Hermione said, a small smile on her lips. "Young love ... And that's exactly what we're trying to accomplish. Ron, if you'd please start working out a strategy on how to put the plan into action? We've got two days before the Apothecary in Hogsmeade gets new supplies ..."

"How- Never mind."

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Meanwhile, a certain Metamorphmagus worked on polishing up her own plan to get beneath the robes of Severus Snape. It may seem a Sisyphus task, what with all the buttons and so, but Tonks was willing to try everything in her might.