

# Writing Storys

By invader\_naid

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*A girl gets adopted by Snape, strange as it seems. It is strange, and with good reason. Something you would read in fiction, because Tari likes to write. She likes to write storys.*

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**Chapter 1 - Story begins**

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## 1 - Story begins

The Prof. was standing while waiting for Lupin. Why he dragged him here was a mystery. There was no way he could find any enjoyment in an orphanage, mainly because he was orphaned, and coming here hurt. But they were children, the exact thing he was trying to get away from. Lupin had come to pick up some adoption papers for a friend. He stood, looking at the various pictures on the wall, not noticing a young girl sitting on a large green couch. Suddenly she spoke. "Your cape is like ravens." He turned around spotting the girl. He looked at her quizzically. "Many ravens flapping their wings, then gliding as the air hits them, a lovely dance of feathers. Black ravens, yes? It is a lovely cape." She had her knees up to her chin, huddled around herself, wearing a large olive green knitted sweater. He raised his eyebrows at her description. "Thank you." He said still looking at her, as if trying to figure her out. She looked up from under her hair. "Thank the ravens. They have such wonderful ideas." He couldn't hold back a slight smirk. She smiled. He paused. "Well then, I like your sweater." She grinned. "Thank you. The lady that takes care of us doesn't mind you. She says I should wear something more feminine." She frowned. "I don't like pink." He chuckled. "Well neither do I." She looked at him raising an eyebrow. "You don't have to wear pink. You're a man. And even if you were not, you're on your own, and nobody's there to tell you what you should wear." He laughed. "Well, you'll just have to wait till you're on your own." She looked down at her toes. "I already am." He couldn't see her face, but he could tell she was hurt. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean offense." She looked up smiling suddenly. "It's alright. It doesn't really matter anyways." He looked at her painfully. "No, it does matter. You're a person too, and should be treated with respect. And in all truthfulness-" Lupin walked in with some papers smiling. "All set Severus. We can go now, and save you from misery." Snape looked at him. Oh that's right. That's what they came for isn't it? We can go now. I'm supposed to be released, right? The girl looked up at him. "I'm Tari. Severus? It is a wonderful name." He looked at her, somehow sad to leave her sitting by herself. "Thank you, Tari. I hope I might meet you again. It was a pleasure talking to you." She smiled. "Pleasures all mine." Lupin came out of the doorway. "Come on Severus, we're going to be late." He frowned, walking towards the door. He looked back to the girl sitting on the couch and waved. She just smiled and rocked back and forth. And then he left out the door leaving the girl to her rocking. She smiled. "I like ravens." It had been two days since that time, and the girl's eyes still stood out in his mind. He needed to go back. He needed to talk to her. He got up the next day and instinctively set out to see her. He walked in the door, and she was sitting on the couch. The same couch. She was writing in a black book, but stopped when he opened the door. She hesitantly looked at him. "Hallow. Have you come to see me?" He paused. How did she know? He stifled a smile. "Well..I did want to see you. Have you heard of Hogwarts?" She smiled and nodded. "I skimmed it off you." His eyes narrowed. "Skimmed?" She tilted her head. "I don't know sometimes...I just know...cause you know and it's all like, there to know, you know?" He sighed. Oh, yeah THAT made sense. "Do you...read minds?" She shrugged. Ahh..."Well, maybe I could help you sort it out, if you came to Hogwarts with me..would you?" She nodded quickly. "Very much." He sighed. It was disturbing. How did she know? He just sighed and smiled going out the door to fill out the adoption papers. She stood in the doorway with her book. She hesitated.....and wrote in it suddenly, quickly putting ink to paper. 'The prof. walked out the door and signed the papers. He wants to adopt her. He wants to take her to Hogwarts.' She smiled. "I like to write...."