

Peggy Jean Parker

or The Question of a Perfect Life

Von Nifen

Kapitel 2: Getting married

Twenty-four hours and three portkeys later Peggy Jean Parker found herself in the atrium of the British Ministry of Magic. Ordering her pygmy ridgeback to guard her trunk which held her minimized things, she stepped up to the reception to inquire after the Marriage-Assignment-Office. Taking the elevator three flights down she soon found herself in front of a closet-like yet well warded office. The wizard in front of the door – an auror according to the badge he was wearing – eyed her with a mixture of distrust and open awe as to her stunning appearance.

"Excuse me, Sir", she said and it was as if there was some sweet jingle hidden in her voice, "is this the Marriage-Assignment-Office?"

Dumbstruck the Auror simply nodded.

"But why are you guarding it? Isn't marriage something wonderful? I think only terrible things should have to be guarded", Peggy Jean declared.

Clearing his throat the guard said: "Well, the Marriage Law is not really popular, so to say. There have been serious threats to the marriage officer." Remembering his duty, he continued: "I hope you are not here to cause trouble, Miss?"

Peggy Jean shook her head. "I am here to get a husband assigned." And with this she went past the guard into the office.

The marriage officer – a bald, wiry wizard of uncertain age – was not less surprised on hearing that a stunning beauty such as Peggy Jean wished to be assigned a husband.

"But surely there must be heaps of wizards out there who would marry someone like you without the formality and awkwardness of such a set-up marriage as this. I mean, heck, if I weren't already married myself, I definitely would apply for your hand."

However, Peggy Jean was firm in her decision and insisted on being assigned someone, anyone, whoever. She didn't really care.

So persuasive was she that the officer simply stared at her for a moment, but then almost flew to his cabinet to pull out one of the files. For it had just dawned him that this lovely witch could grant him his bonus he was getting paid if he was able to match up every single witch and wizard whose file ended up with him by the end of the first quarter. But with someone as unsocial and taciturn as Severus Snape, Potions' Master at Hogwarts, chances for coming up with a successful match for him were next to non-existent. Now however Peggy Jean seemed to be the solution to this problem.

And really, without so much as a cursory glimpse at the profile of her future husband Miss Parker signed the marriage certificate which the unwilling spouse had signed in advance when the law was passed.

"Congratulations Mrs Snape."

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