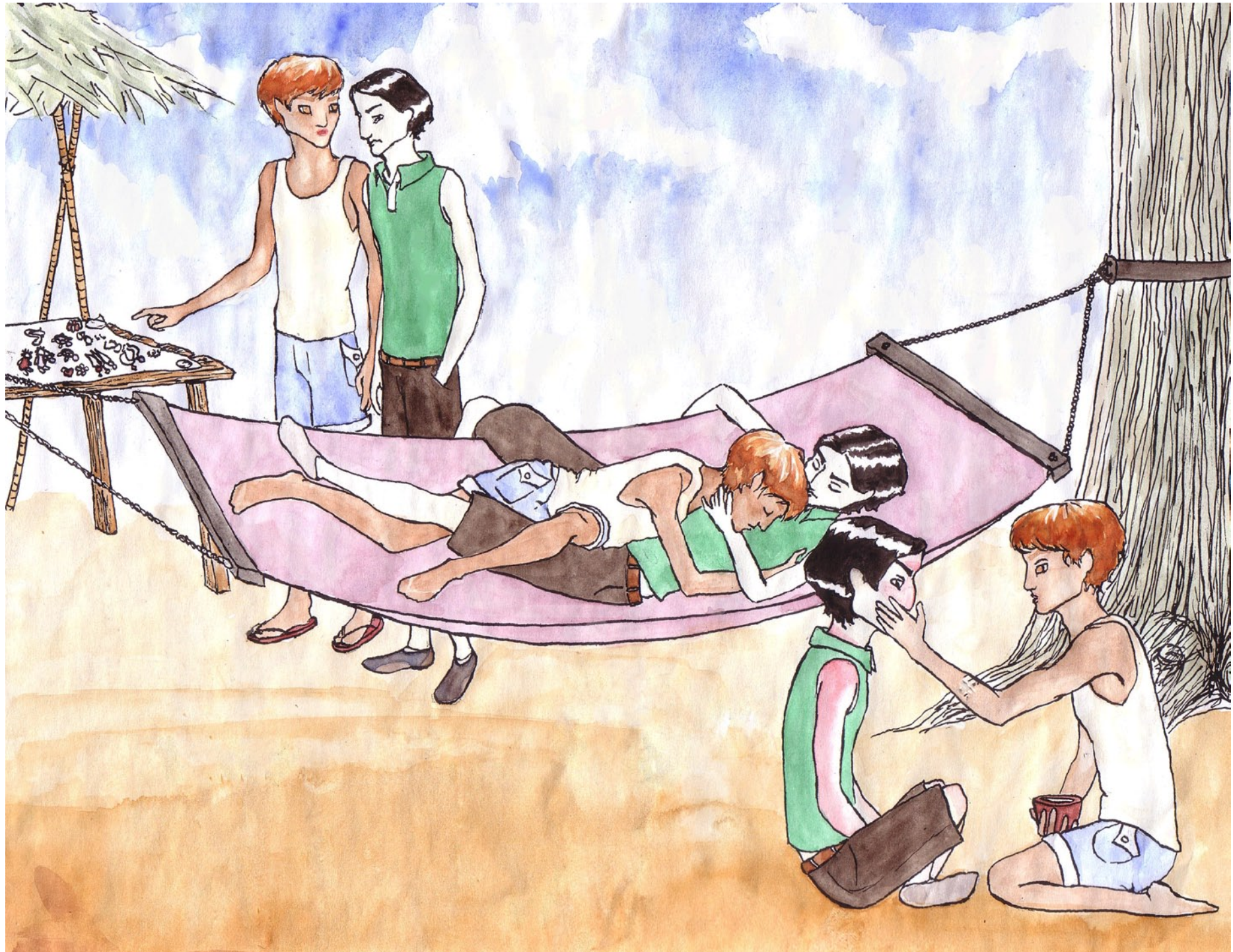




SNUPIN CALENDAR

July 2007 — June 2009 day 07



JULY 2007

Title: Summer vacations

Artist: neodandiesrule

Medium: Pen, Computer Coloring

About the Artist: neo is a French student who joined the community a year and a half ago or so, and has been enjoying the nice and creative atmosphere since then. Also, Keanu Reeves is cute and sci-fi rocks so, yes, you can shorten my name to neo. *wink*



Perfect blue sky and warm sunshine soothes their weary bodies as they lay in each other's arms, cocooned in a hard-won peace. Neither could believe that their schedules finally allowed them this break away from their responsibilities, if only for a little while, and each tried to outdo the other with activities - swimming, shopping, drinking.

It was as if they were starting all over, unsure about spending so much time with only each for company. Until they realised all they wanted, all they needed, was each other. This was a time to talk, to touch, to taste, to laugh. But most of all, to love.

~ by *Cordelia Delayne*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2	3	4	5	6	7 Last Quarter ☾
8	9	10	11	12	13	14 New Moon ●
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22 First Quarter ☽	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30 Neville Longbottom Birthday Full Moon ○	31 Harry Potter & JKR Birthday			JUNE 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	
					AUGUST 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	

my summer wine is really made from all these things

strawberries
cherries
an angel's kiss in spring

SUMMERWINE



Title: Summerwine

Artist: sandrainthesun

Lyrics: Ville Valo feat Natalia Avelon
- *Summer wine*

sandrainthesun:

- does arts and vids
- likes Harry Potter, Stargate Atlantis, Due South, CSI, Supernatural, and sunsets *g*
- is not really active in the Harry Potter fandom anymore but likes to visit sometimes



The workroom smelled of golden sunshine and ripe fruit. I watched him feeding a steaming cauldron with chopped berries and a thin stream of amber honey.

"It smells wonderful. What are you brewing?" I asked.

"A new restorative," he replied, "but the formula is still off." He sampled it and grimaced. "I haven't been able to recapture it."

"What?"

"That...sensation. Peace, security... general...well being, if you like," he said. "I remember it clearly, right after...the war...when...when you came and...brought me home," he said, flushing.

I dipped up a beaker-full, then drew him out the side door, into the late afternoon sunshine. I led him to our favourite garden bench and sat beside him, offering him a sip.

"It's still not right," he sighed.

I drank. It was sweet and tangy and held the warmth and contentment of a lazy summer afternoon. I gazed into his beloved eyes, then kissed him deeply, mingling the flavours of our mouths with the sweetness of the potion.

His eyes fluttered closed for a moment, then he sighed in contentment and smiled.

"...perfect."

~ by *Chazpure*

AUGUST 2007

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JULY 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31			1 LUGHNASADH	2	3	4
5 Last Quarter ☾	6	7	8	9	10	11 Ginny Weasley Birthday
12 2005: Snupin Prophet New Moon ☽	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20 First Quarter ☽	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	SEPTEMBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
		Full Moon ☽				



SEPTEMBER 2007

Title: The Seasons: Autumn

Artist: Dax

Medium: Pencils, Digital painting

About the Artist: Dax's work is an expression of all things fantastic, magical and impossible that fires her imagination. Having experimented with a number of mediums, she still favors a good old-fashioned pencil and piece of paper. Dax and her sister Ai currently put their talents to use as freelance artists and web designers.



The Singing Moon hangs low in the sky. Leaves skitter and skirl over stones. Clouds scud through the wind-strewn sky. And across the lake, a lone werewolf howls. The tempestuous wind tosses the cloak and black hair of the man who walks the lakeside path alone. He is the wolf's companion, helpmeet, lover, mate. He knows why the wolf howls, how to soothe him. He understands. He is lonely, too.

Autumn is the time when their losses haunt them most, when they feel most keenly their failures, their disappointments, the lives they should have had. Autumn brings a restlessness of heart and spirit, a desire to flee the past. In shortening afternoons, they speak of leaving Scotland, of going someplace where they have no history. They never do.

"Shh, I'm here," the man murmurs, hunkering down against the wolf's warmth. He presses his face to the fur, blocking out the wind. *I love you.* "I'm sorry I'm late."

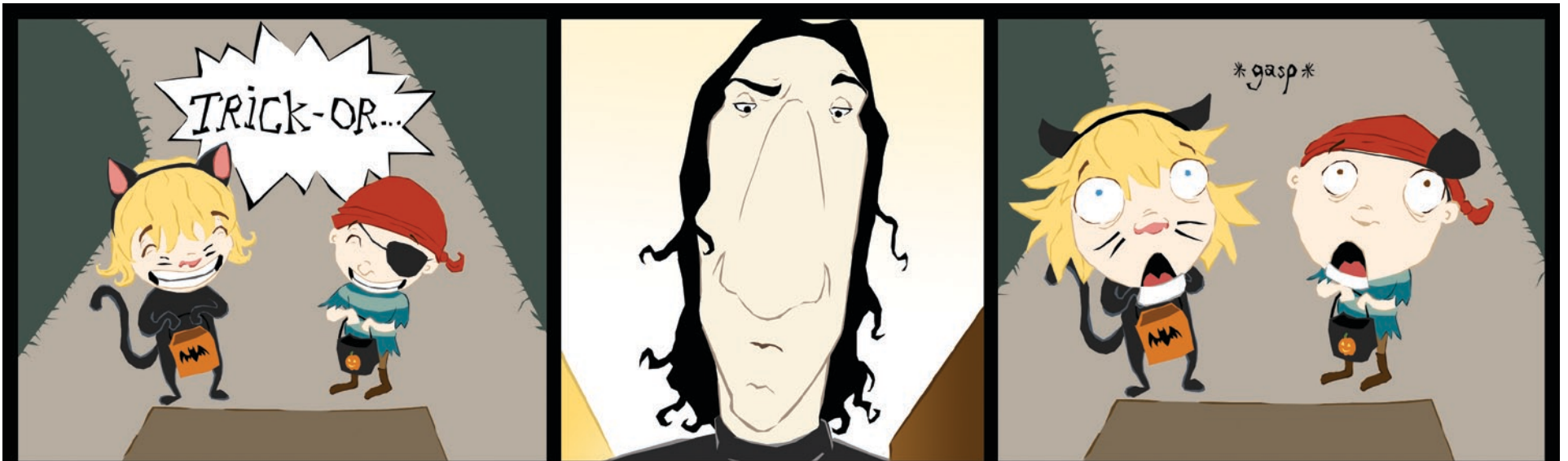
The wolf nuzzles him, leaning heavily. They have done this every year for ten years. It never gets any easier.

"Come back to the castle," the man urges. "It's warmer."

When he returns to their home, a wolf paces at his side.

~ by *Innerslytherin*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
AUGUST 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	OCTOBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31					1
2	3	4 Last Quarter ☾	5	6	7	8
9	10	11 New Moon ●	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19 Hermione Granger Birthday First Quarter ☽	20	21	22
23 Autumnal Equinox	24	25	26	27	28	29
30			Full Moon ○			



OCTOBER 2007

Title: Trick-or-Treat

Artist: aleoninc

Medium: Digital

About the Artist: aleoninc enjoys sarcasm and chocolate. No wonder she likes this pairing.



It was universally acknowledged by the children of Locksmeade that the last house on the lane must *not* be visited on Halloween. A scarecrow lived there, some said, stuffed with the hair of little children. Or the Grim Reaper himself, said others, draped in black and clutching a scythe. *Or*, insisted others, it was a vampire, with fangs designed for the tender necks of trick-or-treaters.

Yet every year, two brave children would skip up the lane, shrieking, "Trick or treat!" and hoping their wide smiles would melt away evil. And every year, they would meet something more terrifying than anything in the village lore. The screams would echo for miles as the children fled in fear. "Pale as a ghost!" they'd cry. "Hair like dripping, black blood!" they'd screech. "*Did you see the bowl of brains he was holding?*" they'd holler.

And every year at the last house on the lane, a perplexed man would shut the door and set his candy down, shrugging his shoulders. "You're not allowed to answer the door anymore," a sympathetic voice would say, patting his arm and grabbing a piece of chocolate." Although this way," he'd add, "there's always more candy left for me."

~ by *Snegurochka*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			
			HALLOWE'EN			NOVEMBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Last Quarter ☾

Minerva
McGonagall
Birthday

New Moon ●

First Quarter ☽

Full Moon ○



NOVEMBER 2007

Title: Dead Moon

Artist: Kaleidoskope

Medium: Acrylic, Ink, Gypsy, Pencil and Photoshop (or you could just say 'mixed media')

About the Artist: Kaleidoskope became aware of Snape/Lupin in Spring 2005 and was immediately struck by both the interesting possibilities of the pairing and the friendly attitude of the shippers. She enjoys dabbling in other fandoms, but still considers SS/RL her homebase.



There is ice and snow and speckles of blood all around them. It is cold, and long ago the moon set into the horizon; the first rays of dawn scatter the light - on the ice, on the snow, on the speckles of blood.

He is a dark man, with a dark face and dark eyes and a dark robe, sitting in the shadows. A cold wind, once howling, is now starting to settle; the hem of his robe is tucked around his knee, no longer flapping about.

He reaches down to cradle the prone body, run his fingers over the scars, over the wounds, over the bruises and the bumps and the scrapes. He wipes away the blood with his fingertips - dark, black fingertips, covered in gloves.

It is useless, though, his wiping away of the blood with the fingertips, because more blood wells up from the wounds. He sighs, and brushes away a strand of hair from a face. It is a strand of grey hair, amongst a crown of grey hair nestled amongst brown.

A flutter of his own breath causes the hairs to scatter. He whispers a name, and then he says, 'You fool.'

~ by **Jude**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
OCTOBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	DECEMBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

SAMHAIN
Last Quarter ☾

New Moon ●

First Quarter ☽

Full Moon ○



DECEMBER 2007

Title: Gifts

Artist: Hill

Medium: Watercolor and Pencil

About the Artist: Hill has been a Harry Potter fanartist for two years. She enjoys it immensely!



He should have known he would run into the other boy in the sweet shop; in fact he *had* known, although he would never admit it, not even to himself. He had an image to maintain, a certain reputation for nastiness, and it wouldn't do to let anyone find out that a slow smile from golden eyes could make him weak in a way no hex or curse could match.

The object of his desires glanced over, and there it was, that curve of lips and a slight flush he fancied was for him alone. The boy hesitated, then a large, swirled lolly was proffered. Without even thinking he reached out to take it, their hands brushing warmly. "Sucker?" his secret obsession asked, in that deep, raspy voice that always sent a thrill down his spine.

Yes, he probably was - but at that moment, as those shining eyes smiled just for him and a hand touched his waist in a fleeting caress, he supposed he really didn't mind.

~ by *Arionrhod*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JANUARY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31					1 Last Quarter ☾
2	3	4	5	6 Rubeus Hagrid Birthday	7	8
9 New Moon ●	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17 First Quarter ☽	18	19	20	21	22 Winter Solstice
23	24 ○ Full Moon NEW YEAR'S EVE ● 31 Last Quarter	25 CHRISTMAS	26	27	28	29
30						



Karasu Hime 2007

JANUARY 2008

Title: In Light of
Winter Enchantment

Artist: Karasu Hime

Medium: Wacom Tablet &
Photoshop CS2

About the Artist: Karasu Hime has been in the Harry Potter fandom for three years and enjoys going to conventions and contributing her art to various communities. Her favourite pairings are Snape/Lupin and Snape/Lupin/Lily, but she has a fondness for drawing Snape/Black as well.



"That ridiculous yellow monstrosity would attract a blind sloth!"

"No, it won't. This-" A wand arcs, shielding them in a faint glow. "-is my own creation. Privacy, invisibility, silence - even scent. You know how capable I am at protecting what is mine."

They are in their own world, literally, and for one second, the looks they trade would scorch the field of white surrounding them. Then the taller man sits and crosses his arms, scowling, and the other man follows suit, draping his back along his companion's. Slowly, as their breathing steadies and matches, the dark man's fierce look melts: frown-blank-serene.

Wind blows, snow falls, the temperature drops. Still, they sit, not facing one another but held together by magical shelter and a landscape holding its breath. The slighter man shivers, and the other man weaves a warming charm into the ward - he knows how to protect what is his as well.

~ by *lore*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
DECEMBER 2007 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8 NEW YEAR'S DAY	9 New Moon ●	10 Severus Snape Birthday	11	12
13	14	15 First Quarter ◐	16	17	18	19
20	21	22 Full Moon ○	23	24	25	26 2005: Snupin 100
27	28	29	30 Last Quarter ◑	31		FEBRUARY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29



FEBRUARY 2008

Title: Love Potions

Artist: Leanne Peacey
(chistudios.com)

Medium: Ballpoint pen and PS CS3

About the Artist: Currently a renowned pirate off the coast of New England, Chi was always a fan of canon HP until discovering the tales of 'Wicked Games'. Since then, Snapes and Weasleys and Lupins have been QUITE insistent upon getting out..... She runs her own website (www.chistudios.com) and can be found frequently at conventions singing pirate songs, discussing comics, or in general being a giant dork.



He was happy. An unusual state in itself, made more so by the fact it was born of sated contentment. He was accustomed to feeling malicious triumph over an act of conquest or retaliation, not this quiet satisfaction in another person's presence.

It hadn't been planned. Boredom with tedious homework combined with cheap wine had somehow led to hot, messy kisses and fingers made clumsy by desperation as they fumbled with buttons, zippers, and knots.

But he didn't regret it. He couldn't regret being in this warm cocoon, curled around his secret friend turned secret lover with scratchy wool cloaks for blankets and their own hastily discarded clothes for pillows. He couldn't regret a single moment when he felt the press of warm lips against his nose and heard the words "love you" murmured by a low, husky voice.

He didn't answer except to shift closer and rest his hand over his lover's heart, letting the possessive gesture speak more eloquently than any words he could ever bring himself to say.

I love you too.

~ by **McKay**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31					1	2
3	4	5	6	7 New Moon ●	8 IMBOLC	9
10	11	12	13	14 St. Valentine's Day First Quarter ●	15	16
17	18	19	20	21 Full Moon ○	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29 Last Quarter ●	MARCH 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



MARCH 2008

Title: A Very Happy Birthday

Artist: Stasia

Medium: Wacom Tablet, fingers

About the Artist: I'm a knitter, a writer, a mother, a wife, a humorist, a woman, a student, a worker, a caffiene addict and finally, myself.



Quote:

Epilogue: Alice Through the Looking Glass

A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July --

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear
Pleased a simple tale to hear --

Long has paled that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream --
Lingering in the golden gleam --
Life what is it but a dream?

~ by **Lewis Carroll**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29	APRIL 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30					1 Ron Weasley Birthday
2	3	4	5	6	7 New Moon ●	8
9	10 Remus J. Lupin Birthday	11	12	13	14 First Quarter ◐	15
16	17	18	19	20 Vernal Equinox	21 2005: Moonshadow Archive Automated Full Moon ○	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					Last Quarter ◑



APRIL 2008

Title: Untitled
Artist: a_belladonna
Medium: Watercolours

About the Artist: About the Artist: a_belladonna has been in HP fandom for 4 years and enjoys the Snape/Lupin, Snape/Sirius, Snape/...heck, almost any pairing that involves a certain hook-nosed, greasy-haired (ex) Potions master, including some het pairings. Hailing from Europe, a_belladonna also indulges herself with chocolate, Adrien Brody movies, Medieval clothing and sweeping landscapes at sunset, preferably all at the same time....



It wasn't the most sophisticated code, but it served its purpose. There was nothing suspicious about taking a walk. A free period on Tuesdays, when all one's friends were learning how to take care of magical creatures (as a werewolf, he didn't have the heart for it) led to boredom. No one could argue with that, or his assertion that he needed daily exercise. If a rock sat nestled beside the daffodils, the other boy was lonely.

He left his signal, a smaller rock beside the first, which meant he'd try to get away on Wednesday during break. A bigger rock meant he couldn't, but that he'd make up an excuse to need the library on Saturday at three. This week, though, he felt the pull urgently, and he put down his rock beside the first. For a moment, he looked at it, and then, feeling bold (his founder would be proud), he moved it over until the two touched.

On Wednesday, he was waiting out of sight, and when the other boy sat down in silence, he scooted closer and wrapped his arm around sagging shoulders. It wouldn't heal the pain, but it was the least he could do.

~ by **Kellanine**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
MARCH 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31		1 <i>Fred & George Weasley Birthday</i>	2	3	4	5
6 New Moon ●	7 <i>Lupin_Snape 5th Anniversary!</i>	8	9	10	11	12 First Quarter ◐
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20 Full Moon ○	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28 Last Quarter ◑	29	30			MAY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



MAY 2008

Title: Beltane Blessing
- Rite of Renewal

Artist: Geminia

Medium: Paint Shop Pro

About the Artist: Geminia has been involved with online fandom for 10 years. The majority of this time was spent as a FanFiction author, however, over the last 4 years her focus has gradually shifted to doing photo manips and other graphics. Gem's fannish interests include: Severus Snape, MPREG of the Snape variety, angst and cuddling of the Lupin/Snape variety. Other areas of primary interest include Paganism, New Zealand, cats and snakes.



He had filled an entire scroll earlier that day on the properties of the hawthorn tree, including how its tiny white blossoms had carried the stink of plague and death across centuries. How its wood was the best for certain potions.

A few feet away, their classmates talk of ribbons, garlands, and dancing. He dreams of thorns and of bouquets of secrets. He mulls over how a fire of hawthorn branches will burn more hot and more fierce than one of oak. As his lover's lips caress his brow, he feels himself consumed by heat. *I am a hawthorn tree.*

~ by **Bronze Ribbons**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
APRIL 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JUNE 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30			1	2	3
4	5 New Moon ●	6	7	8	9	10
11	12 First Quarter ◐	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20 Full Moon ○	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28 Last Quarter ◑	29	30	31
				BELTANE		



JUNE 2008

Title: Untitled

Artist: Mutsumi

Medium: Photoshop CS2 + GT

About the Artist: Mutsumi is an artist from Germany who enjoys Harry Potter, Naruto, drawing and painting. She favours the use of her Wacom Tablet, water colours, acrylics and ink in art. If you would like to see more of her artwork, visit her DeviantArt Gallery: <http://mutsumi399.deviantart.com/>



As a young man, he scorned the idea that there'd ever been a time when he hadn't feared the wolf and loathed the human who lived within the wolf's skin.

Years later, however, as he lay within the warm embrace of a man whose not-entirely-human amber eyes gazed upon him with love, he remembered...

His mother had died that year, and nobody spared a thought for the grieving boy, least of all the boy's guilt-stricken father. So he'd run away - south and west - sleeping rough, eating when he could beg enough coins to buy a meal, and speaking to no one.

Then one unseasonably-cold night, as he lay shivering in his late mother's threadbare cloak...the dog came. It was more wolf than dog, perhaps (...and maybe more than wolf alone), but when it crawled beside him, it brought with it such warmth that the boy instinctively held tight. The two lay side by side until sunrise, when the boy finally fell asleep.

When he woke, beside him - where the wolf had been - was a Cornish pasty wrapped in paper and money to buy a bus ticket north.

The boy went home, convinced he'd only dreamt of a wolf with amber eyes.

~ by **Beth H.** (aka, *bethbethbeth*)

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2	3 New Moon ●	4	5 Draco Malfoy Birthday	6	7
8	9	10 First Quarter ◐	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18 Full Moon ○	19	20	21 Summer Solstice
22	23	24	25	26 Last Quarter ◑	27	28
29	30				MAY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	JULY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



JULY 2008

Title: The First Year
Anniversary for
the End of the War

Artist: xterm

Medium: Watercolour

About the Artist: xterm has been a lurker in fandom for more years than she is willing to admit to. Encouraged by a friend, she posted her first fanart in December 2005. Since then she has sporadically posted work, mainly to her favourite ship, Snupin. HP is the only fandom she is active in, though she peeks in to many others.



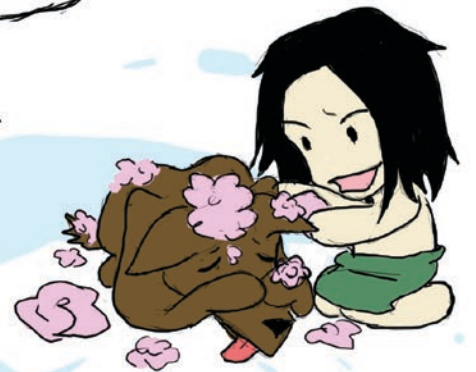
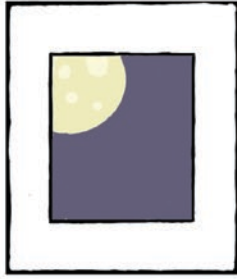
The hollowness was gone.

All he could feel was the damp ground underneath him, and his lover's arms around his shoulders, while the drone in his head was replaced by the crackling of fireworks. He couldn't recall a time where he felt content, sated, and yet here he was, at a simple night-time picnic, not saying anything, not thinking anything, his mind slowing down enough for him to notice it wasn't racing.

He took in the colours of the sky, listened to the music in the distance. Turning his head, he watched the rapture on his lover's face, and smiled.

~ by *dru*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JUNE 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	AUGUST 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1	2	3 New Moon ●	4	5
6	7	8	9	10 First Quarter ◐	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18 Full Moon ○	19
20	21	22	23	24	25 Last Quarter ◑	26
27	28	29	30 Neville Longbottom Birthday	31 Harry Potter & JKR Birthday		



AUGUST 2008

Title: Bath Time

Artist: highlystrung

Medium: Photoshop Premiere

About the Artist: highlystrung is a sometime artist and author so new to the Snupin fandom, she's barely worked the shine off her prejudices. She likes to think she has a romantic head undermined by a cynical soul, but really she's just far too lazy for her own good, though she compensates by having fun with it.



It wasn't fair. Bath time was the only moment in which he could relax and forget that he was wasting his talents on dunderheaded students. Contrary to popular opinion, he bathed every day. It wasn't his fault the dungeon humidity combined with his naturally oily hair to make him look like he had brushed it with a greasy fork.

As a very embarrassed and very sorry DADA professor explained to him when it happened last month, Moony went crazy whenever he saw the bubbles - he *had* to pounce. So, the world-weary man had tried to take a bath without bubbles this month, much as it pained him to do so.

Conjuring a towel to dry all the water Moony had sloshed on the floor *again*, the dark man realized that maybe his fellow teacher hadn't been completely honest before - Moony just liked to pounce on *him*. Yet, the animal at his feet looked ecstatic, soaked with his tail wagging madly. Thus, the Potions master sighed, drew up his knees to make more room, and reached for the soap bottle.

A bath without bubbles was useless, he decided while lathering up the beast's fur, just as his life would be without the beastly man in it.

~ by **Dungeons_Master**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JULY 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	SEPTEMBER 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30				1 LUGHNASADH New Moon ●	2
3	4	5	6	7	8 First Quarter ◐	9
10	11 Ginny Weasley Birthday	12 2005: Snupin Prophet	13	14	15	16 Full Moon ○
17	18	19	20	21	22	23 Last Quarter ◑
24 /	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



SEPTEMBER 2008

Title: Back to School

Artist: Ebonyserpent

Medium: Ink & Photoshop

About the Artist: Ebonyserpent is a 20-something who has lived in Florida all her life. She enjoys dabbling in all sorts of artistic mediums, but mostly sticks to pencils, ink and Photoshop. She started participating in fandom nearly 4 years ago, and enjoys contributing to various fests and exchanges.



A black brow arched, and obsidian eyes met gold. "An apple?"

"For your new desk." Lips quirked.

"How do you like it? It's very big." The seated professor rested his hands on his desk, looking very pleased with himself.

That coaxed a smile out of the man standing. "It's lovely. I particularly like the serpents." The apple was placed on the desk.

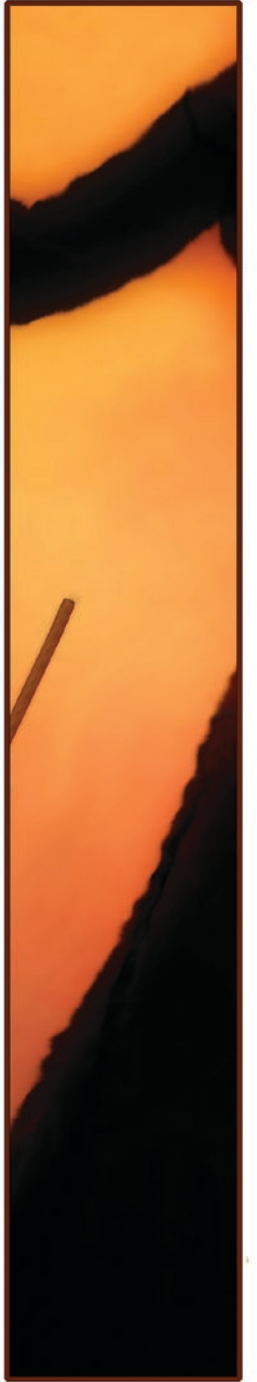
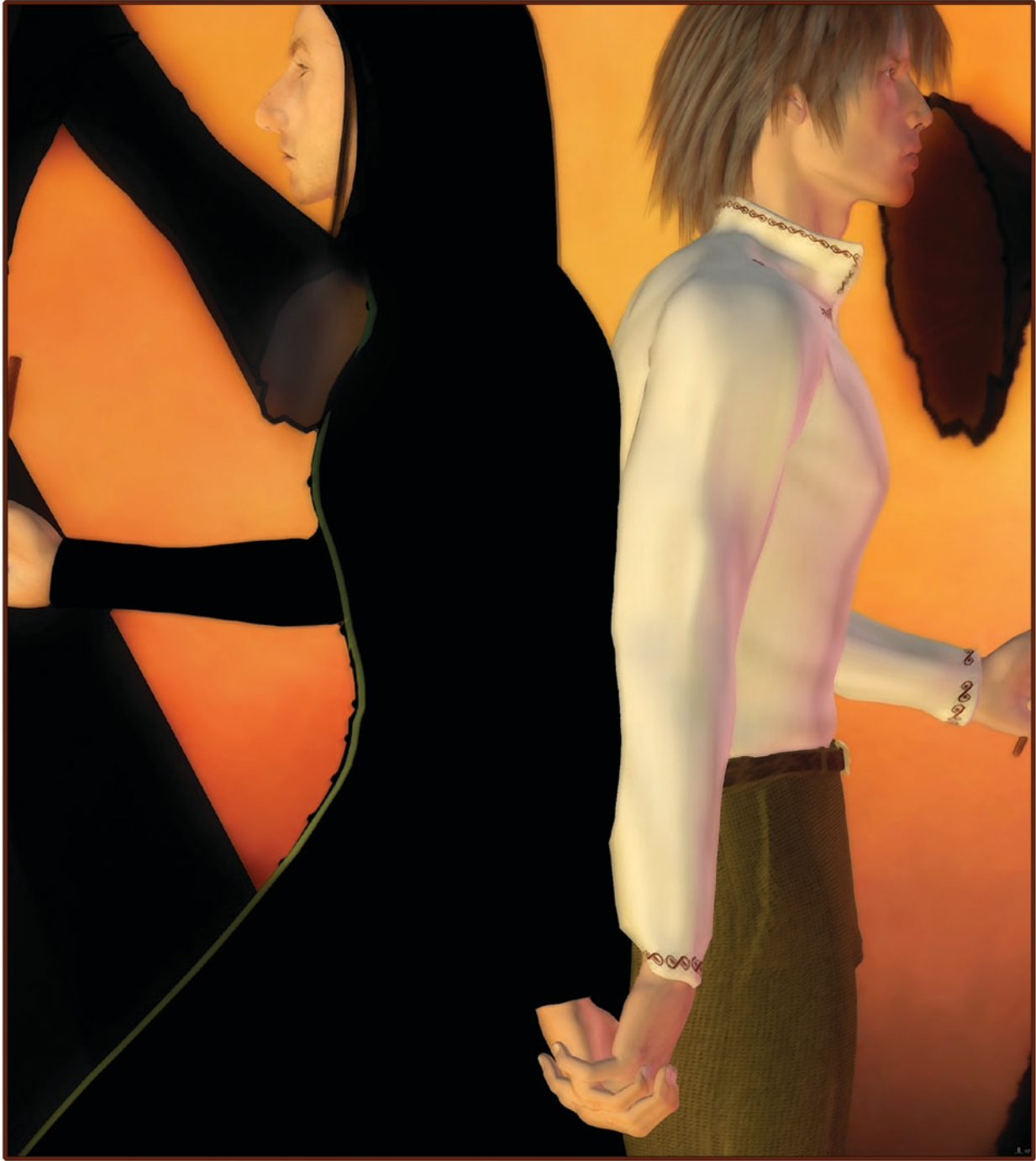
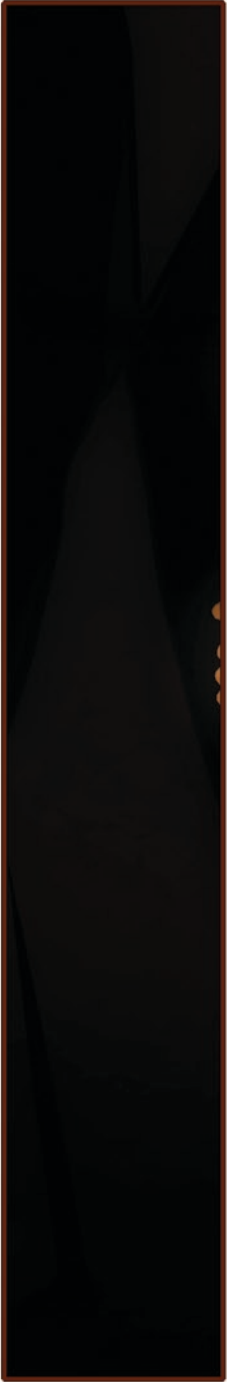
"Oho, are we working on a clever metaphor here?"

"Not really, but I suppose it could work; offering knowledge to young people," the more patient Professor said. "Are we still celebrating our triumphant return to teaching here tonight? My quarters, after lights out?" he asked, smiling.

The other smirked, and their gazes met, heating. "Wouldn't miss it."

~ by *Thesnapelyone*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
AUGUST 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1	2	3	4	5	6
7 First Quarter ☾	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15 Full Moon ☽	16	17	18	19 Hermione Granger Birthday	20
21	22 Autumnal Equinox Last Quarter ☾	23	24	25	26	27
28	29 New Moon ●	30				OCTOBER 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



OCTOBER 2008

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FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Title: Together Against
the World

Artist: JL

Medium: DAZ Studio 1.5, Wacom
Tablet w/ Photoshop 7

About the Artist: JL describes her-
self as a storyteller who considers
the story more important than the
medium used to tell it -- be it words
or pictures or sound.



Somehow, they had lost faith in
each other, the ravages of war
clouding the truths each carried in
his heart -- or so he thought...

...Until his eyes penetrated the
smoke enshrouding the battlefield
to find the other man fighting val-
iantly against the enemy's most
powerful warriors. Then, none of
the rest mattered; nothing mattered
but getting there in time. As he
leapt into the fray, he knew he had
made the right decision. After he
received a startled look thrown over
one shoulder, long fingers entwined
with those of his free hand before
the enemy advanced once more.

~ by JL

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30			1	2	3	4 <i>Minerva McGonagall Birthday</i>
5	6	7 First Quarter ☾	8	9	10	11
12	13	14 Full Moon ○	15	16	17	18
19	20	21 Last Quarter ☾	22	23	24	25
26	27	28 New Moon ●	29	30	31 HALLOWE'EN	NOVEMBER 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30



RED SPELLS

HOW TO MURDER

VALD

IMPERIUS FUNI

101 USES FOR YANTHROPE

LITTLEWOMEN
TINY WOMEN
MINISCULE WOMEN

ELF BREEDING
FUN AND PROFIT

POTIONS & SNITCHES
CAMBIARE POU
DREAMING SPIRITS
THROUGH A SHATTERED

EVEN MORE
FANTASTIC BENEFITS
MAKING YOUR
DORRITSTICK

THE JOY OF HEX
MACHIEVELL

NOVEMBER 2008

Title: Bookworms

Artist: ships_harry (Scarlet)

Medium: PS and Aiptek tablet

About the Artist: Scarlet considers herself too new to fandom-participation to have a bio, but has a tendency to draw anything with a pulse, as long as it raises her own.



A sigh next to the chair roused him from *Minuscule Women*. He reached over and idly began to stroke his lover's throat, fingertips mapping stubble and the occasional shaving nick.

"Sickle for your thoughts?" The voice was even huskier than usual. "Carolingian calligraphers can't be *that* interesting."

"Knowledge of paleography is necessary if one is to work with older manuscripts," he said, smiling softly as his lover chuckled. "Besides, Radegunde the Ink-Stained had five husbands."

"Dare I compete with Dark Ages soap opera?" Soft lips pressed against his hand.

"Radegunde hasn't a chance," he said, and set his book aside.

~ by *Ellid*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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9	10	11	12	13 Full Moon ☽	14	15
16	17	18	19 Last Quarter ☾	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27 New Moon ●	28	29
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DECEMBER 2008

Title: Holly

Artist: almost_clara

Medium: Photoshop E4

About the Artist: Clara lives in a small but tastefully-appointed rabbit hole Somewhere in the South of England, knitting socks and surrounded by vats of bubbling marmalade. Her days are spent hard at work tending her pedigree water-vole herd with the assistance of MacIntosh, her trusty wombat. The evenings find her wearing a comfy old drawing hat and scribbling away with ancient biro on tiny scraps of vellum by the light of a handful of flickering candles before retiring to bed with an improving book.



December brings a quietus of dead snow to this year of silenced hopes. They meet in an abandoned alley, touching frost-numb lips in an alcove formed by steel and overgrown holly. Both, returning to this place, are traitors to their cause.

Blood haunts their discourse of words and touches; it manifests itself in the thick red clots of berries that tease the corners of their eyes. They talk about a ghost they once knew, unable to remember his own death, and laugh without smiling. This grime-crust ed alley is where they go to kill ghosts.

Pleasure fades to numbness so swiftly these past months that only a few pain-kissed moments will linger: the burning slide of too-dry skin, the sharp leaf-points tracing lines on their limbs. In winter's fading light, the scarlet marks can almost blur away the lurid black tattoo; they can nearly distract from the glossy scars of wolf-claws on flesh.

~ by *Sinope*

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7	8	9	10	11	12 First Quarter ☾	13 Rubeus Hagrid Birthday
14	15	16	17	18	19 Full Moon ☽	20
21	22	23	24	25	26 Last Quarter ☾	27
28 Winter Solstice	29	30	31	CHRISTMAS		27 New Moon ●
28	29	30	31 NEW YEAR'S EVE			JANUARY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



JANUARY 2009

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DECEMBER 2008 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8 NEW YEAR'S DAY	9 Severus Snape Birthday	10	11 First Quarter ☾
12	13	14	15	16	17	18 Full Moon ☽
19	20	21	22	23	24	25 Last Quarter ☾
26 2005: Snupin 100 New Moon ●	27	28	29	30	31	FEBRUARY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

Title: The Beholder

Artist: undun

Medium: Charcoal Pencil

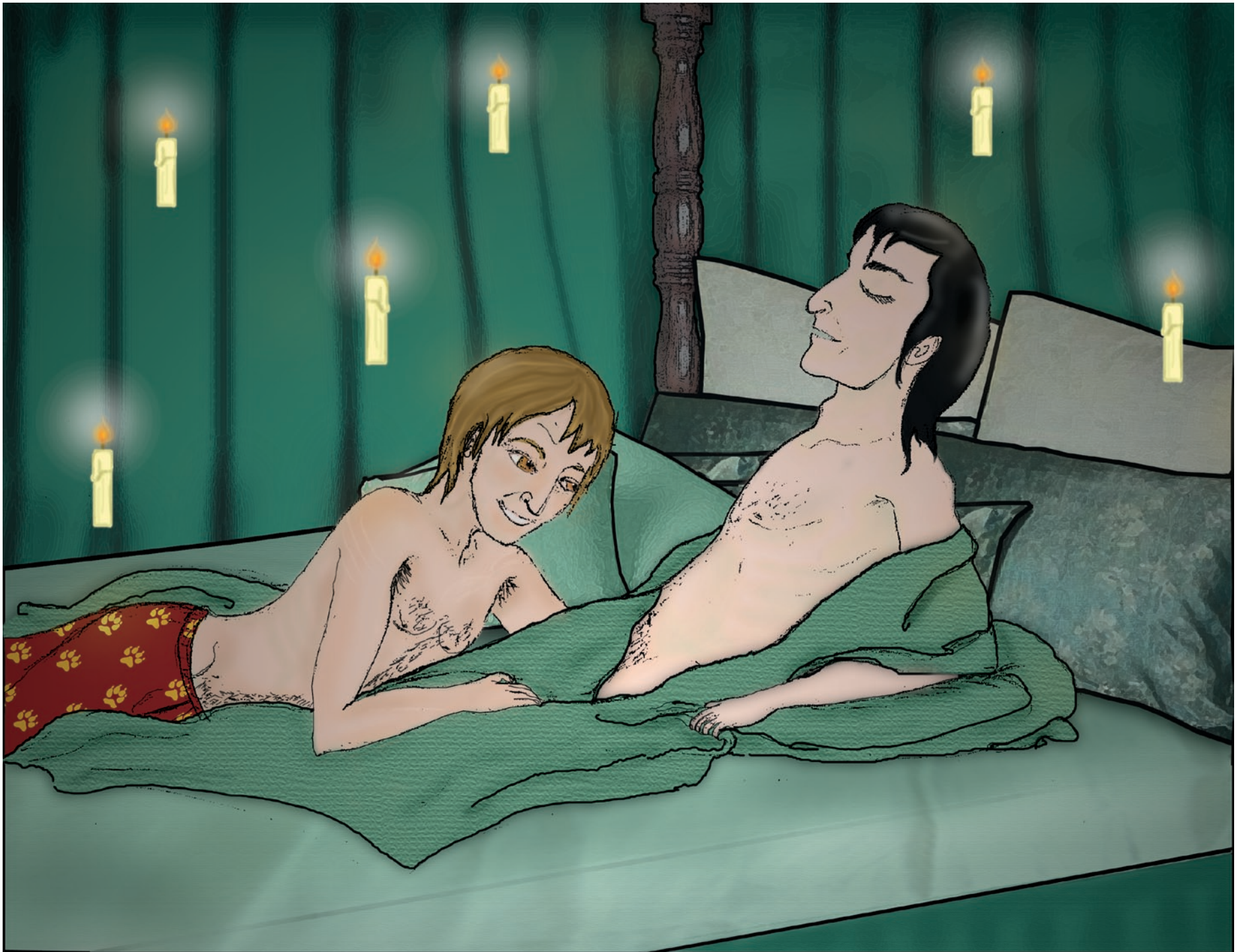
About the Artist: undun doesn't capitalise its name. undun likes reading, writing, but most of all DRAWING. No, it doesn't really like drawing that much... it just needs to draw in order to breathe. undun likes to draw Snupin art because it adores 'mature age' smuttiness!



Quote:

There is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life: for let the form of an object be what it may, -- light, shade, and perspective will always make it beautiful.

~ *John Constable*



FEBRUARY 2009

Title: Complete

Artist: Chazpure

Medium: Pencil and Photoshop 5.0

About the Artist: Chazpure lives in Southern California with her life partner, OdoGoddess, their imperious cat, ditzzy dog, and assorted tropical fish. She writes fanfic and dabbles in a variety of arts and crafts. She has been involved in online fandom for over ten years, and started writing fanfic featuring a certain snarky Potions master in 2004.



Golden.

His eyes are golden. Some would call them yellow, animal eyes, but they are ignorant. They glint with honeyed highlights and at times, like now, when he looks at me, they darken to the shade of perfectly brewed tea.

Scarred.

His body is scarred. Some would call it ugly or pathetic, perhaps, but I know better. He is not ugly, not pathetic. He is mine, scars and all. I have my own, although, most of them cannot be seen. That is our dichotomy - that he wears the scars I bear inside.

In this way, together, we are complete.

~ by **OdoGoddess**

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						1 <i>IMBOLC</i>
2 First Quarter ☾	3	4	5	6	7	8
9 Full Moon ☽	10	11	12	13	14 <i>St. Valentine's Day</i>	15
16 Last Quarter ☾	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25 New Moon ●	26	27	28	MARCH 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



MARCH 2009

Title: A Cup of Wolfsbane

Artist: Irena Candy

Medium: Pen and GIMP

Editor's Note: Irena has been participating in various fandoms throughout her life. She produced this amazing piece in short order as a pinch-hit, and we are honored to count this passionate member of fandom among us.



Each month I brew the wolfsbane and each month I hand it to him. It is a strange, seething potion, blue-tinged like aconite flowers. It steams like lust and crackles with the ice of hate. It is a reminder of the past and an acknowledgement of our present.

I dislike brewing it because it reminds me of what has gone before; of obligations and of debts. But still, when I give it to him, the act links us together like champagne in the toasting cups of lovers. I hated him once. I hated him for years until that hatred became a part of my life, so bound up with my soul and my very existence that I thought there would be no redemption.

And yet, change comes to all who wait. Time passes. When I hand the cup to him, our fingers brush and I can feel the shudder in my soul and a wrenching of my heart. It is then that I find myself carried back to the past and I wonder what we could have been, and what might have been between us, in some other world or some other time.

~ by *Irena Candy*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	APRIL 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30					1 Ron Weasley Birthday
2	3	4 First Quarter ☾	5	6	7	8
9	10 Remus J. Lupin Birthday	11 Full Moon ☽	12	13	14	15
16	17	18 Last Quarter ☾	19	20 Vernal Equinox	21 Moonshadow Goes Automated (2005)	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31		New Moon ●			



*This I promise you, I am
yours, now and forever*

APRIL 2009

Title: Ah, but now
My Beloved Werewolf

Artist: Diana Moon (Dizilla)

Medium: Digital

About the Artist: Diana has only the ship of Snape/Lupin to blame that inspires her to draw/dabble into HP Fan Art, though she also blames them for filling her head with Plot Bunnies. She's a 24-year-old Bay Area girl who loves to see Severus in as many positions as possible with Remus. *wink*



I feel like I'm on display, standing here waiting for you to come down that blasted aisle. Any other time, it would be so easy to put on a sneer, just to have them stop gawking at me. But today I can barely contain my smile, and I want them to see that this greasy git does have a heart. Well, really you have it, had it ever since you proposed. Merlin, that proposal left me speechless. I'm sure you've boasted about that, but it's fine as I'll be sure to leave you speechless today.

The chorus begins and I look to to aisle. As you walk down with Minerva by your side, you're grinning like the foolish lion you are. That's what I love about you. You are the best thing about me.

~ by *Diana*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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	2003: Lupin_Snape		Full Moon ☉			EASTER
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				Last Quarter ☾		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
					New Moon ●	
27	28	29	30			MAY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



MAY 2009

Title: Untitled

Artist: isildurs_babe (isi)

Medium: Coloured Pencil and Cartridge Paper

About the Artist: Isi is a Taurus with moon in Virgo. She likes to mess around with: art, icons and writing. She cites collecting snails and abusing caffeine as her most defining passtimes.



Soon is the time for testing,
For much stress and little resting.
This is month of May.

Now, rub the sleep from my eyes;
it's time to revise,
As my teachers would, no doubt,
advise.
With luck, I might scrape an A.

It seems unfair, look at them, over
there,
Were they just like me in yesteryear?
Now, they're in love and fancy free,
They've already passed the N.E.W.T.

Alas, in this month of May,
I'll train my brain and fill my head.
I'll remember what my revision
planner said:

"Why put off until tomorrow what
you can do today."

~ by *isildurs_babe (isi)*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
						New Moon ● First Quarter ☾



JUNE 2009

Title: Finally, Us

Artist: osmalic

Medium: Wacom Tablet, Fingers

About the Artist: Based in the Philippines, osmalic is mostly in the Harry Potter fandom because of the Lupin/Snape ship which she has been obsessing on for almost 7 years since reading *Prisoner of Azkaban* for her birthday. She likes writing fanfics and sketching silly drawings (that she ends up throwing away anyway). She also likes cats and rare pairings--as long as they don't get in the way of her OTP. She is part of the *Tagay doujinshi circle*.



It wasn't when the Dark wizard lay dead at his feet, nor when the first cheers reached his ears or when the sky lit up with his name a hundred miles tall. It wasn't when his best friend's sister kissed him, or her mother, in turn, or even his staunch former Head of House, square on his lips. Nor was it when he nearly fell over from being clapped on the back by every hand he passed.

No, it was when the triple agent - hero all along and the reason he still breathed - forgot himself and leapt into the werewolf's arms, staring into the other man's eyes for a timeless moment before kissing him long enough to make the worn man fall to his knees, hands still firmly clamped on the darker man's arse.

That was when he finally knew - the war was over.

~ by *lore*

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2	3	4	5 Draco Malfoy Birthday	6	7 Full Moon ☉
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15 Last Quarter ☾	16	17	18	19	20	21 Summer Solstice
22 New Moon ●	23	24	25	26	27	28
29 First Quarter ☽	30				MAY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	JULY 2009 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



Title: You Did This to Me!

Artist: Rain

About the Artist: Rain's mostly a fanfic author, but occasionally doodles for fun. When not drawing, Rain likes to knit and has an interesting collection of school scarves that she occasionally makes for sale.



"You did this to me!"

"Er, yes," the confused man said, still shaking off the effects of the hex his husband had cast just before he dissolved into tears.

It was the wrong response, as his husband only sobbed harder. He, following in the footsteps of a thousand husbands before him, silently cursed the fact that cheering charms and potions could not be used on "pregnant" people. These hormonal swings were so much worse than the book had indicated.

Conjuring a flower and holding it in front of him like a pathetic, trembling shield, he inched closer to his husband. "I love you," he tried.

The sobbing stopped abruptly. He dropped the flower and dove for cover under the table as a blue light flashed by his left cheekbone.

And to think he had been worried how stressful life would become *after* the baby was born.

~ by *Mnemosyne*

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Title: The Potions Master's Amortentia

Artist: Moony (shishio)

About the Artist: Moony is a costume designer with a large collection of different Harry Potter costumes. Moony enjoys creating works of art and designing. Check out moonycouture.com for more work by Moony.



Quote:

To fall in love is easy, even to remain in it is not difficult; our human loneliness is cause enough. But it is a hard quest worth making to find a comrade through whose steady presence one becomes steadily the person one desires to be.

~ *Anna Louise Strong*