Search for the Foutain of Youth

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A potion gone wrong leads to an adventure he never planned.

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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The boy's face crept into a sneer. He would show them. He knew that he could do it. He was certain that he had the formula right. A potion that would stop the aging process, halt it in its tracks. He would make millions with it. Everyone wanted to look young and beautiful. Everyone wanted to keep their youthful look and never get grey or wrinkled.

All of the people in his house - they would know his name from now on. They wouldn't pass him by or pretend that he wasn't there. Just because he was poor, it didn't mean that he wasn't someone.

He smiled as he stirred the potion. It was almost done. Just a few minutes and he would make history.

He had started thinking of all of the things that he could do with the money when he made a fatal error in judgement. The potion exploded. Some of it got on his face, and some of it got into his mouth.

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It was several hours later before he awoke to find himself in the hospital wing of Hogwarts. People were staring at him. Headmaster Dumbledore was at his side, looking very grave indeed.

"Why are you looking at me that way, Professor Dumbledore?" he asked, his voice sounding strange in his ears.

"I don't know how to tell you this, but . . . " Albus Dumbledore seemed to be at a loss for words, "your powers seem to have disappeared."

"What?" his voice croaked. "And what is wrong with my voice?"

Before Albus could answer, someone else handed him a mirror, and he screamed at the sight of his own reflection.

Argus Filch had become an old man.