

Snorkack Spit

by debjunk

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Luna Lovegood crept through the forest. She turned her head from side to side before stopping entirely. She strained to hear the call of the animal she was searching for. She heard nothing but the twitter of farbloos far off in the distance.

The elusive Crumple-Horned Snorkack had still not shown itself. Luna had been searching for thirty-six straight hours, yet she had only found one set of tracks, and those had been found ten hours ago. The trail had gone cold, and she was at a loss as to what to do next.

Looking around, she surveyed the trees. Far in the distance, she thought she saw a blur rush past. She stooped down and stared. There it was again... something brown and blue. This could be it.

She snuck through the woods at a snail's pace, finally nearing the tree where she first saw the blur. Poking her nose past the tree, she saw it. The Snorkack was on all fours, bent over, and eating grass. Luna stared at the creature. It was about the size of a pig. It had long fur that was brown with blue spots. Its crumpled horn, instead of truly being a horn, was a fifth arm... or leg... or... what would one call an appendage that jutted off one's head?

She took a step to get an inch closer, but stepped on a twig. It snapped loudly. Immediately the Snorkack's head popped up and twisted around. It glared at her with black, beady eyes. Luna's eyes widened in surprise as a squeal erupted from the creature's mouth. Maybe squeal wasn't the right word. Perhaps, shriek would have better described the sound that emitted from the toothy sneer of the Snorkack.

Before Luna had a chance to move, the animal rushed up to her, arched its back, and spat a wad of goo right onto her face. Once the animal had done its business, it turned and ran off.

Luna shivered. She was getting colder by the second. Then incredible pain seemed to erupt from her joints. She seemed to be stretching. Hair was growing where there hadn't been any hair before... on her face... and arms... and... more hair was growing... well, THERE.

But there was some hair that wasn't growing, it was getting shorter. Her long, luxurious hair atop her head had shortened to a boy's length cut. She looked at her hands. They seemed masculine. Uh, oh, where did her chest go? Her privates were feeling a bit odd. She peeked beneath her pants. For the love of all things holy, she was no longer a woman!

Taking her wand, she conjured up a mirror. At least she still had her magic. Afraid to lift it to see, she stared down at the mirror. Merlin, what would she find staring back at her in that mirror? Gingerly, she lifted it and gazed at her 'new' self. She screamed! The mirror fell from her hands. Dust flew up in little puffs as it hit the ground.

She looked like a bearded Draco Malfoy! Oh! Of all the people to turn into, she had to turn into bloody Draco Malfoy? Why were the nymphs against her? She had done

nothing to offend them!

Luna wracked her brain for all she knew about the Crumple-Horned Snorkack. Deep in the recesses of her brain sat the information. When confronted, the Snorkack had the knack of scaring off the enemy by spitting on it. The saliva from the Snorkack had the ability to change the sex of the enemy for twenty-four hours.

Luna groaned. She would have to stay in this decidedly male body for the rest of the day and into the night. What would she do?

Suddenly, she felt fullness in her bladder. Damn, she had to go to the bathroom. Never one to enjoy squatting in the woods, she conjured up a bathroom. Luna entered, lowered her pants, and sat down on the toilet. She looked down. Oh... right... this would never work.

Sighing, she stood and did her business. How on earth did men do this all the time? Whoops! Overshot there! Luckily for her, she knew a lot of cleaning spells. Really, how did they constantly relieve themselves without flooding the bathroom?

She just vanished the entire bathroom when she was done. With another sigh, she decided to Portkey back to Hogwarts. Her trip to find Snorkacks had been disastrous, and she just wanted a good lie-down. She removed the broken spectacles from her pocket and was soon standing in her dormitory. She heard several screams and jumped up in fear.

"What?!" she cried. "What is it?" Her voice was an unusually low timbre.

"Ack!" Sheila Brown cried. "A boy! In the girls dorm! Get out! Get OUT!"

Lucy Meyers grabbed her Potions book and began to slap Luna over the head with it. "How dare you Portkey in here, you menace!"

"Draco Malfoy! Get out!" Sheila screamed.

Luna shielded herself from Meyer's onslaught and tried to speak. "Sheila... Lucy... it's me!"

"We know, Draco!" Lucy screamed. "You think you're smart, putting on a fake beard. Did you want to get a look at us in our skivvies? Well, too bad!" She continued on with her beating.

Luna backed off, but not before she was hit quite hard on the head. Finally, she gave up. Turning on her heel, she ran for the door. Down, down, down the stairs she ran and into the common room. She raced from there and into a nearby empty classroom. So much for a bit of relaxation! Her shoulders fell as she whipped out her wand and conjured up a bed. She warded the classroom door and fell down onto the bed. She was stuck. Stuck in a lonely classroom until she turned back into the girl she'd been before this crazy hunt had started.

The End

Hermioneweasley1972's prompt: A witch of your choosing is turned into a wizard for 24 hours. How does she spend her time?

Thanks to Maggie for the idea and help along the way.