

Knocked for a Hoot Loop

by Amita

Our heroes at Hogwarts surpass themselves in a combination of confusion and passion.

Chapter 1 of 1

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How often it falls to us of the frail breasts to chronicle those revealing incidents in life that they who were born with the stouter hearts, though they may secretly and even eagerly devour the tale, neglect to record because of the shame they think might be visited upon the hapless author who merely seeks to display the height, breadth, and if she is honest, the depth of human existence, for it is only with such honesty that the fullness of human nature can be viewed and, thus viewed, lead us to the pinnacle of understanding, which is surely the goal of all literature worthy of the name, and it is by way of this modest apology that the author, lacking as may be in skilled repartee, does set out to put down a coherent account of incoherent events which began, as with many scrambled episodes, with a surplus of goodwill when an avid gardener, whose grander scheme will be goodly revealed in the fullness of time, did take several bushels of overripe fruit to the roost for the owls and although earning their good will, did produce quite erratic flight patterns over the next several days, and whether or not any ultimate good will come of the events, it behooves the beleaguered scribe to begin with the initial event of a pale blond boy, perhaps quite full of some ripe fruit himself, composing an epistle to his heart's desire that fortunately need not be made public for the gist of the story – the writer's quill even now quivers at the contents – although it is sufficient to say that the ripe prose would bear fruit in the most frigid of bosoms, but the inebriated owl, perhaps remembering the kindness, first visited the warmer soul who had supplied the flock with fruit, and how common it is that a little swerve for pleasure – a phenomenon typically unrecorded by the ones of stronger frame, wishing to believe their heroic efforts determine history – upsets grand plans and sets strange events in motion because this receptive wizard, upon perusing the letter, did immediately think upon a dish-water blonde maiden whom he had noticed from afar and who he considered unconventional enough to express those appetites falsely considered foreign to us of the weaker disposition, and so stirred was he by this frank avowal of admiration mixed – truthfulness compels us to blush and say – with such outright lust that he was inspired to write a return letter of equal audacity, but the lovely recipient, when reading that she was the 'apple of his eye' with the implications of peeling and eating, was certain it was from a brave and loyal companion whose ardor, she now realized, matched his flaming hair, and our witch-of-the-bottle-caps un-bottled herself and rose to such heights, if 'heights' can be applied in this case, of eloquence that the author – although tempted by decency to close her eyes and ignore the purple tract must nevertheless keep her pledged word of scrupulous narration – has to record that our doughty young man, jolted to the core upon receiving this missive of literary refinement with its moving parts about moving parts, had to assume that only the smartest and bravest of witches possessed the skill and bravery to speak thusly about possession, especially the possession of a part he held most dear, and the revealing of this heretofore unknown side of someone he thought he knew sparked a heretofore unknown level of enterprise on his part, which resulted in a spurt, using a judicious word, of eloquence unpredicted by his previous lackluster performance, and when this high peak of literature reached a bushy-haired witch, she knew only the foremost and most daring of wizards could mention the fruit's inviting cleft while singing paeans to a 'peach of a girl' – how we of the more feeble temperament do yearn for these outrageous sentiments when sincerely given – and conceiving such a eagerness for running her fingers through perpetually tossed hair, she turned her awesome talents to reciprocating his at once lofty and profane exposition, and when the bravest wizard of his generation received this realization of sublime reason and emotion, he realized that only a mature lady whose shattering experiences had caused her to bank her coals of passion until the inner heat smoldered through coal-black eyes could draw on such a bank of repressed longing that the stream of yearning veritably overran its banks and flooded the page like the tears of an overwrought admirer, and the torrent so inundated his psyche that the generous raft of his being was carried away by a deluge of forgiveness, and he launched a reply in kind that floated gracefully to a raven-haired witch who assumed that only a blond wizard, constantly misunderstood and recently devastated, could pivot upon his own spite and speak of 'his precious cherry blossom,' which subtly hinted at the beauty of her fall, in his longing for her and the repose of the oriental way, and this caused such a bloom of rapture that she let her repressed longings flower in the ideographs of avid pollination that would surely stem from her sending this petal of hope to one who felt so deeply about her, and the pale aristocrat, who usually held himself aloof, was deeply enough shocked by a full confession of need and willingness from one of those of delicate composition that he deduced only a wench made brazen by many brothers and, not to put too fine a point on it, turned somewhat crude by her recent associates would dare commit such audacious suggestions to parchment, but could not such past indiscretions and present lapses be overlooked in view of this recent manifestation of good taste and excellent judgment in her choice of paramour, and so while being careful not to appear too keen and reminding the fair lady of deliciously foul mind of the need for

discretion, his noble spirit answered in full measure to the point that our fiery-headed witch decided such earthy prose could only come from a gardener, for who else could speak so earnestly about his 'kumquat of desire' as he likened her to a rare edible that she feared her hero had ingested more of some exotic plant than was good for him, but valiant thoughts coursed through her being as she steeled herself for the coming struggle – was she not destined to rescue her mate – and if he did not have the moral fibre within him to place himself in need then was he not unsuitable for such a high-spirited lady – and although the author yearns to describe the heart-rendering, heart-warming encounters that ensued, what feeble gifts she has have been exhausted in detailing the beginning of this daisy-chain of enchantment.

Author's Note: The prompt, by SeverelyLupine, is that Draco sends a letter to his romantic interest that gets mistakenly delivered to Neville.

PS: The writing style was copied from another author who gave permission – laughingly gave permission, I might add.

PPS: My biologist 'friends' remind me that only magic owls can partake of fruit.