

Petunia Swishes and Flicks

by WriterMerrin

Petunia has held a wand twice in her life...

Petunia

Chapter 1 of 1

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Petunia had told Vernon that she was confiscating the boy's wand to prevent any more embarrassing incidents such as had occurred earlier that evening with their guests and the pudding. But that was only part of the truth.

She had held Lily's wand exactly one time, and she had felt the energy... the power. She had hated Lily for the excitement that her life had been, resenting her for laughing and for the rude things that Snape boy had said, resenting her for dying and leaving her with the freak spawn.

After watching Lily swish and point pencils around all summer (and recording all of her observations in her diary), she was thrilled that she'd overheard Lily tell the Snape boy as they'd left that she'd accidentally left her wand in her room. Diary in hand, she found Lily's wand under her pillow, then turned the key to let the book fall open to a much-read page.

She didn't know what any of the words meant, but she knew the motions as well as Lily did by now.

She thought that 'wingardium leviosa' sounded like 'wing' and 'levitate.' She'd seen a magician at a carnival levitate someone. That would probably be easy enough with real magic. She practiced the swish-and-flick motion a couple of times before pointing the wand at the pillow because that was always where Lily had pointed. "Wingardium Leviosa." She wasn't really surprised when nothing happened, but was quite stunned a few seconds later when the pillow lurched forward on the bed a few inches.

She looked at the wand again, suddenly filled with the hope that she was not just imagining the surge of power she felt from the smooth piece of wood in her hand. She had made the pillow move. Now she was sure that levitation was the goal. She decided that it would work better with a mental component. Picturing the pillow rising to hover over the bed, she tried it again. "Wingardium Leviosa!"

This time, the pillow did rise to the height of her outstretched arm and stayed there until she lowered the arm.

Ready to try a different spell, she looked down at her diary. There was a spell she'd only heard for the first time this summer. "Acky-oh!" she exclaimed, again pointing the wand at the pillow.

Instantly, the pillow flung itself at her face, but she managed to block it, causing it to fall at her feet. She was elated! She'd known that once she had a wand in her hand it wouldn't matter that she hadn't ever done any of that freaky stuff Lily did. Maybe she was just too mentally focused for that kind of random nonsense that the Scottish witch had talked about. She nearly squealed in delight as she replaced the pillow on the bed.

Breathing deeply, she again pictured the pillow, this time coming gently to her outstretched left hand before saying, "Acky-oh!"

The pillow came to her in an awkward, but more gentle, arc and... giggled?

That giggling sounded awfully familiar. "Lily!? Where are you hiding?" She swung the wand around as she scanned the room. She caught a glimmer before the wand leapt from her hand. "Hey!" she exclaimed, bracing herself in a protective stance as though she could block her invisible sister. "You aren't allowed to do magic. You'll be in trouble for making yourself invisible, you know."

Then, the door swung open, and she heard Lily's voice from the doorway, "It's a potion, so we won't be in trouble, but you will if I tell Mum you were in my room playing with my things."

"Now get out!" the recently-deeper male voice commanded, and she obeyed.

That evening, though, an owl had come with a letter for their parents stating that magic had been sensed in their home and recommending that Lily's wand be confiscated for the summer. "I told Severus not to read her mind," she'd muttered.

Petunia was not convinced, though. She knew in her heart that the first lurch of the pillow had been her. She'd felt it. Though she had never faced Lily with the accusation, she suspected that they had only thrown the pillow at her to keep her from really tapping into her magic. Now, she held a wand in her hand again.

Sneaking downstairs once Vernon was asleep, she held the wand out and pointed it at a throw pillow from the sofa. She swished and flicked a few times, enjoying the way the wand responded, so much better than any stick she'd found in the woods. It seemed to hum. Picturing the pillow hovering in mid-air, she forcefully whispered, "Wingardium Leviosa!"

She kept her arm steady until it trembled. Surely the power was building up somehow. Lowering her arm, she breathed, pictured, focused, and tried again, keeping the wand aloft until her arm fell again to her side, still trembling, wand clutched in white fingers.

"What would I do with such freakish powers anyway?" she muttered to the room in general. And the room, this time, didn't answer her.

A.N: Thanks to Sempra and my hubby for their help with this. :)

Prompt from Silverdoe: One summer when Lily (or Harry) is home from school, Petunia sneaks into her room and steals her wand. What does she do with it?