

Wizards of the Caribbean

by Ravensblood

The search for Snape continues in this farcical parody. I recommend you read *Double, Double*, first. The girls are joined by Harry and Ron in this adventure on the High Seas! The bushy-headed barnacle is in search of her favorite 'ship, and not even danger of scurvy is going to stop her.

Act One, scenes 1-3

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The pretty shinies belong to JK, any reference to Pirates of the Caribbean is incidental or so far removed from the original quotes as to be unrecognizable. In any case, I'm not making any money off this! So please, 'No Sue the Ravensblood' or she will have to cry and bust open her piggy bank, and nobody wants to see that happen. It's not pretty.

ACT ONE

Scene One:

Hogwarts School of Wizardry: a magically enlarged castle in the middle of the Scottish Wilderness. There is a lake, some woods, an old hut, some ghosts (there's always a bloody ghost), and more tapestries, portraits, and suits of armor than can be counted. In the massive front hallway are four equally massive hour glasses holding gems in four separate colors. There is a library, a dungeon, a Great Hall, and more corridors and towers than a person has the capacity to think about all at once. Surely, with such a small student body, most of them are superfluous. But there you have it.

It just so happens to be summer, so the presence of a handful of said student body makes the spacious accommodations of the castle even more superfluous.

Gathered around the end of a table in the Great hall are five wizards and witches, only two of which are still students. On the table before them sits a collection of items on a black silk cloth.

In front of the tallest of the two wizards, the one with red hair and a freckled complexion, is the newest in Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes magical maps. Said map was modeled off of the Marauder's Map, only this particular piece of parchment is currently blank.

Before the second wizard, the one with the messy black hair and tell-tale lightning bolt scar behind round spectacles, are two wands--one of which is broken--and a cloak made of mysteriously mottled material.

Clockwise from him sits a ginger-haired being of the feminine persuasion with a pile of envelopes and another of golden coins. She has one coin in her hand and is pointing a wand at it with an intense look of concentration marring her otherwise pretty features. She puts it back and picks up another, repeating the process.

The blond witch beside her is staring intently into a scrying bowl, her faraway expression indicative of nothing as it is her normal state of being. Also before her is a silver pitcher and a platter with various piles of colored sand which brings to mind a painter's palette.

Completing the set is a witch with brown locks separated into helix-shaped curls which span her shoulders in a display of gravity-defying body. Before her rests a battered beaded bag that looks as if it had seen better days and a perfectly ordinary-looking compass on a leather thong which for the moment is pointing steadily in a Nor'Westerly direction.

The red-haired wizard stands up and moves around the table to lean over the brown-haired witch's shoulder.

RON: Why doesn't your compass work?

HERMIONE: (Defensively) My compass works fine, Ron. It doesn't point North but to the holder's hearts' desire.

RON: Cor! How'd you manage that?

HERMIONE: I told you, Arithmancy and Ancient Runes are very important subjects and necessary if you want to succeed in any field, especially if you want to create artifacts or spells. You should have taken it.

RON: (Under his breath) Know-it-all. (Changing the subject with mock cheer) How are those D.A. galleons coming, Ginny?

GINNY: I'm just about done here. The Protean charms are still intact. They just needed a little boost.

HARRY: That's great, Gin. I guess we'd better test them, first.

GINNY: Why do I have to be the one to stay back at the castle, anyway?

HARRY: (Sighing) We've been over this, Gin. Hermione has to hold the compass. If I held it, it would just point right to you. Ron's the only one among us who can do Cartography, so he has to draw the map. Luna has the Inner Eye, whatever that means, and I am master of the Elder Wand, so I'm the only one who can repair Snape's wand when we find him. And I want to apologize to the man in person when I give him back his memories.

GINNY: Can't we have someone else watch the castle?

LUNA: (Glancing up) My vision said it has to be you, or we will fail.

HARRY: Please, Gin. You're the only one I can trust with this.

GINNY: (Pouting) Oh, all right. But come back soon, or else.

HARRY: Oh, I will. (They kiss and everybody else finds something fascinating to look at.)

Eventually, Ron clears his throat loudly when Ginny and Harry continue snogging noisily. They break apart, blushing furiously.

All stand with the sound of the bench groaning across the stone floor. Ginny hands a galleon to each of them, then puts the remainder singly into the envelopes. While she completes the task, Luna skips about the hall with the palette of powder, sprinkling colors here and there seemingly at random while humming a wordless tune. Hermione puts the broken wand, the bowl, and the cloak into her bag. She hitches the beaded strap over her shoulder and slides the compass's thong over her wrist. Ron puts the folded parchment into an inner breast pocket of his robes and stands about trying to look important. Harry stretches then stows his own wand.

Once the last tasks are done, Ginny follows them out the front door.

RON: Right, let's get this over with. Accio brooms! (Hands one to Harry)

HARRY: Thanks, mate.

GINNY: Send a *Patronus* if you suspect the galleons aren't working. If I don't hear from you before midnight every night, I'm sending out a search party.

RON: Just how long do you think this is going to take?

GINNY: It's Snape. Who knows? (Kisses Harry again, as though she can't help it)

Luna climbs onto Ron's broom and Hermione gets on Harry's. The wizards mount up behind the witches. Hermione downs a phial of potion before Harry takes off.

HARRY: What was that?

HERMIONE: Calming Drought. I hate flying. (Looks down at the compass and points) That way.

-Exeunt-

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Scene Two:

*Malfoy Manor, front parlor. A wizard and witch in impeccable dress with matching white-blond hair and silver-blue eyes stand in the middle of the room. The wizard is dressed for travel. It is obvious the witch has been crying, but she puts up a brave front.*

DRACO: Don't worry, Mother. I'll bring Father back. Somehow.

NARCISSA: Your ancestors have lived on this land for more generations than can be counted. Arboc Malfoy, your great-great-great grandfather wove his blood into the wards and linked the wards with the land. If you want to find your father, it is land you shall carry with you. (Hands Draco a jar of dirt)

DRACO: Dirt. This is a jar of dirt.

NARCISSA: Yes.

DRACO: Is the jar of dirt going to help?

NARCISSA: If you don't want it, give it back.

DRACO: (Turns away, hugging jar to his chest) No.

NARCISSA: (Shrugs) Then it helps. Be safe, my son. (They embrace warmly if awkwardly with the jar between them.)

DRACO: (Steps back and stares at the dirt. Thinks for a moment and *Disapparates*)

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Scene Three:

A flotilla of boats lashed together in a copse formed by ice. At the center of the mass of wood-on-water is a structure built from scavenged ships. It reaches skyward, twisted and mottled, seemingly ready to fall at any moment. It is held together and enlarged on the inside by magic. Somewhere about halfway up the structure is a room with a large round table. Wizards in black cowled cloaks and silver masks sit around the table in every seat save one. The throne-like seat stands empty, though there are many more wizards standing in the shadows that ring the table, milling about and holding conversations in hushed tones. The atmosphere is tense with anticipation.

Enter another masked figure. He moves with grace and his robes flutter behind him. He comes to stand behind a wizard whose white-blond locks spill down his shoulders from out of his hood.

SNAPE: Lucius, you never could bear to keep from making yourself known, even at Revels.

LUCIUS: Severus? You're supposed to be dead!

SNAPE: Am I not?

LUCIUS: Good to see you, old friend.

A tall figure enters the room and all others make way for him. He takes a seat in the throne and produces a gavel and a scull-topped stick, covered in feathers, beads, and sigils. The room falls silent at his gesture and he bangs the gavel. At this signal, everyone in the room reveals their faces, some by removing the mask and placing it in a pocket in their robes and some dissolving it with magic.

SNAPE: (From the side of his mouth) There's not been a gathering like this in our lifetime.

LUCIUS: (Similarly) And I owe them all money.

SNAPE: (Fixes Lucius with an amused smirk but says nothing)

GRAND MORDRED: Welcome, wizards and witches, to the fifty-second generational meeting of the order of Mordred. I trust you found your way without much trouble. (Pauses for the murmurs of assent and confusion to die down) It seems we've found ourselves in a bit of a pickle, I'm afraid. I trust you know of that which I speak?

WIZARD #1: Erm, not exactly...

(Others shrug and otherwise seem to agree with the wizard)

GRAND MORDRED: Madam Morrigan, if you would be so kind as to explain it for those of us who have been living under a rock for the last twenty years?

MORRIGAN: Certainly.

The Morrigan flows out of the crowd and steps onto the table, using the lap of an unfortunate wizard as a stepping-stool. She stops and turns, making sure she has the attention of everyone in the room. She is dressed in robes made of varying shades of black feathers with an impressive headdress made of the same stuff adorning her dark chocolate tresses. Seeing that she has everyone's undivided attention, she waves her hands in the air, weaving a picture of the face of Tom Riddle, aka Voldemort, out of strands of light that spring forward from her fingertips. That done, she reaches out to the Grand Mordred, who passes her the oddly decorated stick.

MORRIGAN: This is the image of Tom Riddle, aka Lord Voldemort, self-styled Dark Lord of the latter part of the twentieth century. His actions came perilously close to exposing the existence of the Order of Mordred to the British Ministry of Magic and its subjects. His personal agenda has also linked anti-Muggle sentiments with Dark Magic in the eyes of the general populace nearly irrevocably. Considering that some of our most powerful members happen to be Muggle-born or Half-blood, this is obviously not the case. Also, his sadistic tendencies and madness have given all Dark wizards the same reputation by association. It is the same as it was after Grindewald--an utter PR nightmare. We called the emergency meeting of this secret society to address these issues. We must take action to correct public opinion, even if it means selecting a new Dark Lord to make up for the upstart's bad politics. Any questions?

WIZARD #2: Uh, I never joined this society. Never knew it existed. (There are murmurs of agreement.)

MORRIGAN: That is irrelevant. You consider yourself a Dark wizard, do you not?

WIZARD #2: I guess so.

MORRIGAN: Then you belong to the Order of Mordred. Membership tends to be passed down in a hereditary fashion, although we do get new blood from time to time.

WIZARD #2: But, I call myself a Dark wizard as a joke, mostly... you see... on account of my skin and all.

MORRIGAN: Ah. I see. So, do you wish to be a member?

WIZARD #2: Are there any perks?

MORRIGAN: Power, knowledge, social connections. Sometimes we have picnics. (She shrugs.)

WIZARD #2: Do I gotta do anything...evil?

MORRIGAN: Participation is entirely up to the member. Although, you must show up for meetings. Those who belong to the Order tend to wish to do Dark things; we simply give them a direction to vent their Darkness. There are no compulsory clauses in our by-laws, if that's what you mean.

WIZARD #2: Well, I guess that's all right, then. (Looks relieved)

MORRIGAN: Anybody else? No? Well, good then. (Hands the stick back to the Grand Mordred and hops from the table to disappear back into the sea of black cloaks)

GRAND MORDRED: Thank you, Madam Morrigan. I would like to open the floor at this time for discussion on courses of action. I will be moderating, however. It is your turn to speak if you have the talking stick.

Snape and Lucius share an incredulous look.

TOGETHER: (Mouthing) Talking stick?

The meeting progresses as the ridiculous stick is passed from hand to hand.

WIZARD #3: (Holding the stick as if it would bite him, angled as far from his body as possible) I suggest we draft a letter, detailing how Voldemort had nothing to do with

any of us.

MORDRED: (Takes the stick back) Thank you for your input, but that would defeat the purpose of keeping the Order a secret. (Passes the stick to the next speaker)

WITCH #1: 'Ow abouts we *Oblivate* the lot of them?

MORDRED: (Conjuring a large slate of dark shale on a board to hang in thin air and a piece of chalk) Excellent. We will take that under consideration. (Scrawls *Mass Obliviation* in chalk on the board)

WITCH #1: (Smiles, showing her blackened teeth in a gap-toothed maw) 'Ere you are, luv. (Passes the stick to her neighbor)

WITCH #2: We could release a horde of Dire Were-Wombats on the population during the next full moon. Take their mind off of things.

(Several figures nod in agreement.)

GRAND MORDRED: (Winces a little, but writes it on the board all the same)

SNAPE: (Non-verbally *summons* the stick) If we do nothing, the memory will fade on its own. Resorting to theatrics will only prove to expose us all to scrutiny.

All save Lucius stare at Snape with incredulity.

GRAND MORDRED: Do nothing?

MORRIGAN: (From somewhere in the crowd) We can't just do nothing. The history books are being written as we speak! New generations are being taught that Dark Magic equals Muggle-hatred, sadism, and insanity! That Skeeter woman is sure to write an unflattering article or two in the interim! Just look what she did to Grindewald, painting him as nothing more than a hot-headed pouf in that book about Dumbledore.

WITCH #3: (Snatches the stick from Snape with a look of disgust) I'd like to bring back that idea about selecting a new Dark Lord.

'New Dark Lord' gets written on the board.

LUCIUS: (Getting into the spirit of things) We could wage war on the Ministry. And win this time!

Snape looks at Lucius with an air of betrayal. Lucius shrugs in apology.

WIZARD #1: Kidnap Harry Potter!

WIZARD #2: Create a plague that causes hideous laughter!

MORRIGAN: (To wizard #2) See? You're getting it. And you thought you weren't a Dark wizard.

WIZARD #4: We steal Big Ben, then put it back upside down!

WIZARD #5: Put a curse on Britain that causes every one to act as if they are in a musical production every day at tea time. Singing and dancing and all that.

The Grand Mordred is writing furiously as each suggestion gets called out, misspelling not a few words in his haste.

SNAPE: You're all mad!

GRAND MORDRED: Well that's good 'cause if we weren't, this'd probably never work. But please wait until you have the talking stick to speak.

Fade to black as the wizards and witches keep calling out more suggestions.

A/N

So, this came entirely out of FruGal's inspiring review of *Double, Double*. The part in the summary about a barnacle in search of her favorite 'ship is almost a direct quote. I promised I'd give you credit. Gold Star to you!

I'll give cookies to whoever can spot all the *Pirates of the Caribbean* quotes I string about. Here's a hint: They come from all three movies and are in no particular order whatsoever. I have also altered some of them.

Hugs and kisses for reviewers!