

# A Little Light Relief

*by sunny33*

What is really behind Dumbledore's twinkle?

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

What is really behind Dumbledore's twinkle?

Albus Dumbledore was an old man. An old man far more worn down by the struggle against Voldemort than his frequent twinkle and smile suggested. As the leader of the Order of the Phoenix, he could not reveal the increasingly insistent tugs at his conscience, his interminable self-doubt regarding the tasks he set his number one spy, and his heartache over the fate of the child of prophecy, Harry Potter.

No-one could know the powerful wizard who manipulated all in his ultimate war strategy spent many an evening gazing into the fire in his private study, a tear trickling down his age-worn cheek, wondering if he really had the right to determine who should risk their lives for the cause while he, the master manipulator, sat safely at Hogwarts, making life-changing decisions with impunity.

This burden he bore alone and without succour, for he deemed it unwise to share the totality of his plan with any one person. Even his closest companion, Minerva McGonagall, knew only a fraction of his strategic manoeuvring. Her absolute faith in his judgement served as both a balm to his spirit and an indictment of his well-intentioned duplicity.

Sighing, the elderly wizard leaned back into his equally ancient leather armchair and closed his eyes. To sleep, perchance not to dream of death and torture, but of a life to look forward to, was always his unfulfilled hope.

Suddenly, a soft creak out in the main office startled him. There it was again.

Creak.

Creak

Creak, creak, creak, creak.

Standing slowly, old bones complaining at the change of position, Albus crept over to the partly open door. Surveying the scene before him, his face fell, and then an unholy grin of glee lit up his face. There before him, was the naked, hairy, scrawny arse of his favourite house-elf, Dobby, bouncing up and down as he merrily shagged his female accomplice on Dumbledore's old oak desk.

For the first time in many months, the headmaster's office resounded to the sound of the old wizard's hearty, unrestrained laughter.

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A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from debjunk: Dumbledore is in his study when he hears a creaking noise. What does he find when he investigates? Thanks to ladyinthecloak for looking this over.