

Blast

by mo112

Wintry Relief.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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That's a wonderful thing, he thought, pointing his wand at a particularly well-rounded ball of snow. A softly murmured, "*Reducto!*" later, the former fluffy sphere mimicked a model of the ever-expanding galaxy on fast-forward, showering its creator, a flabbergasted first-year, with wet lumps. Suppressing a rising snigger, he strode past the now cursing student, giving the usual picture of cold aloofness. "Language, Mr. Dean. Five points from Hufflepuff." Turning towards the school, his stony face broke first in a malicious sneer before a bubble of childish joy made it all the way up, resulting in a manic cackle. *Yes, wonderful*, he thought. Finally he had found a means of relief in the wintry absence of foliate rosebushes. Blasting snowmen would do beautifully.