

Tomfoolery

by Amita

A brief moment of history best forgotten.

Chapter 1 of 1

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No one will ever suspect this, he thought.

Dig. Dig. Dig.

Clever. Even if I have to say so myself.

Of course, there were disadvantages in tunneling from the basement of a candy shop into the school. The ground was harder than anticipated, and he couldn't use extreme methods for fear of discovery. His provisions had run out, and he had been forced to subsist on the store's supply. He was certain milk chocolate and lemon drops would supply him with protein and vitamins, but he couldn't be certain in his current light-headed state. He considered a thick tree-root obstruction and unwrapped a lollipop.

Two nights later, he eased from behind the statue for which he had aimed. Trigomancy had always been a strong point. He patted the stone image of Apeshit Barty on the head and thought of the wave of political correctness that was sweeping through wizard-kind. It was amusing to think of the statue renamed as something as insipid as Bartholomew the Barmy. He stepped into the deserted hall and sneered about the persistent rumors that the school would protect itself. Apeshit's mace descended upon his head.

Two girls sneaking back into the castle spotted the form stretched out on the floor.

"We'd better take him to our common room," said Molly.

"He looks Slytherinish," said Eve.

"What do we do, drag him down to the dungeon, bang on the Slytherin door, yell 'Trick or Treat,' and run?" asked Molly.

"That's ridiculous," said Eve. The next night she snuck down to the dungeon, banged on the Slytherin door, and whispered, "Trick or Treat." The door swung open. She ran.

"What will our door say about a strange boy?" asked Eve.

"We haul him up the stairs but keep him out of sight while one of gives the password. When the door swings open, it's blind, and we can take boys in," said Molly.

Eve looked at Molly.

"At least, that's what some older girls told me," said Molly.

His eyes opened to the dim winter dawn to see two girls looking at him anxiously.

"How do you feel?" one asked.

He struggled mightily to remember anything, and a coherent thought formed, "I feel like doing evil."

"It's the bump on your head," explained Eve. "You're confusing your current physical malaise with the guilt you'd experience if you actually contemplated doing something untoward."

I must be in the Gryffindor common room, he thought. He was glad that some of his faculties were intact although it would be even better if he could remember who he was.

