

Fuzzy Duck

by rosewood

An unfortunate Hufflepuff student finds himself the victim of circumstance.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N:A special thanks to *debjunk* for the quick beta!

Thunk.

Earle Thornwhipple awoke in a drunken stupor to the sensation of small, spongy missiles assailing his body. He looked up and found himself in the Gryffindor common room surrounded by none other than the Golden Trio.

"Wake up, you twit!" Ron Weasley spat as he tossed another marshmallow at Earle's head.

"Ugh. What the bloody hell do you think you're doing, Weasley?" Earle grunted in response.

"What am I doing?" Ron replied incredulously. "The question is, what the hell have you done, Thornwhipple?"

Thunk.

"What do you mean, 'What have I done?'" Earle replied. "I had too much to drink, that's what."

Thunk, thunk.

"Just look at him. He really doesn't know," Hermione Granger said in disgust.

"Bloody Hufflepuff," Ron muttered under his breath.

Thunk. Thunk, thunk, thunk.

"Enough with the fucking marshmallows," Earle growled in dismay. "Who's got your knickers in a twist?"

"Earle, what's the last thing you remember doing this evening?" Harry Potter asked.

"Not that it's any of your business, Potter, but I was at the Hog's Head having a bit of fun," Earle replied.

Thunk.

"Fun—is that what they're calling it these days?" Hermione asked.

"So, firewhisky and Fuzzy Duck might not be everyone's cup of tea," Earle replied. "Who the hell are you to judge?"

"What the bloody hell does firewhisky have to do with ducks?" Ron asked, puzzled.

"It's a drinking game usually played by women," Hermione replied. "The first person says, 'fuzzy duck,' and the person to her right repeats it. This goes on until one of the girls decides to reverse the play and asks, 'Does he?' The person on the left then has to respond, 'ducky fuzz,' and the person to her left repeats the phrase. Eventually, things get all muddled up, and 'ducky fuzz' starts sounding like 'Does he fuck?' and 'fuzzy duck' comes across as, 'Fuck, he does.' It sounds juvenile, but it's really great fun to play."

"Oh, that does sound like fun. We ought to try that sometime," Ron said with interest.

Thunk, thunk.

"Ouch! It was just an idea," Ron replied, picking a marshmallow off his robe and popping it in his mouth.

"Fuzzy Duck, huh," Harry said. "You took the Dark Mark, you idiot!"

Harry grabbed Earle's arm and roughly pushed up his sleeve displaying the slightly reddened, fresh tattoo.

Thunk, thunk, thunk, thunk.

"Oh, fuck!" Earle exclaimed.

"So, does he fuck?" Ron asked mockingly while continuing his confectionery assault.

"Fuck, he does," Hermione responded.

Thunk.

"This is a joke, right?" Earle asked nervously. "You guys set me up and are just pulling my leg."

"Afraid not," Harry said seriously. "Looks like you've been shanghaied."

"What's 'shanghaied'?" Ron asked, looking confused.

"The term 'shanghaied' refers to a ploy the Chinese used to lure unwary men into forced labor aboard ships by getting them drunk," Hermione explained.

"Oh. I don't get it," Ron replied.

"Of course, you don't," Hermione said exasperatedly. "Dunderhead."

Thunk. Thunk.

"Bloody hell," Earle moaned as he was hit by another marshmallow. "Will you stop, already! I need to think."

Thunk.

"Who in their right mind goes to the Hog's Head to play a rousing round of 'Fuzzy Duck' only to end up with the Dark Mark on their arm?" Harry spat. "And just who the hell were you drinking with anyway?"

"It was with Pansy Parkinson and Daphne Greengrass," Earle responded dejectedly.

Thunk, thunk, thunk, thunk.

"You bloody moron!" Ron exclaimed. "Serves you right for hanging around those snakes."

"It's hardly my fault," Earle tried to explain. "Pansy beguiled me with her feminine wiles."

Thunk. Thunk.

"I'm so doomed," Earle said morosely.

"You think?" Harry replied.

"Be that as it may, I suggest we get you to the Headmaster," Hermione said. "He'll know what to do."

"Let's not be hasty, now," Ron replied smugly. "I still have a whole other bag of marshmallows to go through."

Thunk.

The prompt for this drabble by *Sempra*: "By some weird twist of fate, some Death Eaters find themselves in one of the Hogwarts dorms, in the clutches of a group of Hogwarts students. Said students think it a good idea to have a party and have the DEs as the entertainment - Revels in reverse!"