

# Broken is Best

*by blue artemis*

I wrote this as part of the OWL House Cup as a dark fic. Warning: this is the darkest thing I've written. Evil!Dumbledore.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Albus Dumbledore sat at his desk, contemplating his bowl of lemon drops. He knew, absolutely, that they were the key to keeping people unaware of his true addiction. Better that people thought him a powerful, yet dotty old man with a penchant for sour candy than they find out the truth.

He reviewed the rather dismal last couple of years in his mind. The Potter boy was a disappointment. Albus had been hoping that the abuse and neglect the child had suffered at the hands of his family were enough to break him down and make him the perfect toy. But that hadn't been the case. The boy was far too resilient, and Albus had to choose between playing with him and being his savior. Had it not been for the prophecy, he would have made an ideal toy.

The youngest Weasley boy was not intelligent enough for him, not in any practical way, and he was far too close to his family. That was a pity. Percy had certainly provided hours of enjoyment. Albus's forays into his mind after each "counselling session" to remove the memories of the games they played together had damaged him a bit, but he had been such a punctilious youngster that few people, if anyone, ever noticed.

The Longbottom boy was broken rather perfectly and trained to take most abuse at the hands of his formidable grandmother, but he certainly wasn't attractive enough to play with, at least not for Albus.

As for the girls, Miss Granger was far too Muggle-born. She would never tolerate any type of obvious misbehavior on his part, and her mind was far too organized to muck about in; it would shatter. He'd learned that the hard way many years ago. Luckily for him, there were plenty of dark wizards to blame things on when his little games went wrong.

Miss Lovegood saw far too clearly for Albus's taste; he stayed far away from her.

Miss Weasley had started off too vibrant, too Weasley, for his taste, but that had been prior to her little adventure with Tom Riddle this year. She was currently rather deliciously broken. He would find her quite a delight to play with, and if there were already issues with her mind, well, he had the perfect cover.

Albus smiled then and reached for a quill. He was quite sure his offer of aid for the young girl would be accepted with relief by the Weasleys.

*Dear Molly and Arthur,*

*I am deeply disturbed by the events of this year.*

*I hope this letter finds you and yours well.*

*I am writing to offer to help Ginevra work through her difficulties.*

*Please let me know if this would be acceptable.*

*Yours,*

*Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster*

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Many thanks to mw8 for the beta! She managed even though she told me this scared her.