

The Accident

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I am sweeping along the corridor as always, my robes swishing dramatically; that imbecile Lockhart isn't the only one who likes to make an Entrance-with-a-capital-"E". A particularly rude noise off to my right catches my attention, and in search of the miscreant who caused it, I bear down on it with a purposeful stride. Just as I am about to catch whoever it was, I slip on an errant banana peel, slide across the recently-polished floor and fall flat on my face on top of something soft at the top of a nearby stairway. Unfortunately, I fall on it so hard that it shoots right down the stairs. Holding on for dear life, I try to steer it so that I don't end up smashing into the walls, but I meet with limited success. When I finally skid to a stop, I sigh with relief—and then I see a flash out of the corner of my eye just before I lose consciousness.

The first thing I see when I open my eyes is a large reproduction of a moving photograph of myself on top of the soft object, which turns out to be the nearly human-sized plush Easter bunny that now sits beside my bed in the hospital wing. Whoever had taken the photo had caught the precise moment when I had come to a standstill at the bottom of the stairs; my hips had given a slight jerk as my legs came off the staircase, and the look of relief on my photographed face is plainly visible. That is bad enough, but below the endlessly-repeating image of me apparently bugging the plush toy, somebody has placed a label which reads:

"You're breaking my heart, you're tearing it apart, so fuck you!"

Author's Notes: Prompt from HermioneDiggory. "Someone is caught in a compromising position with a plush Easter bunny."

I was listening to Nilsson's "You're Breaking My Heart" when I wrote this. That's my excuse, and I'm sticking to it.

Happy Easter, everyone. :)