

The Wizard's Robes

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Ron Weasley steps out of the Three Broomsticks and into a folk song. Sort of.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Denise and Phoebe are mine, but very little else in this story is...certainly not the things which belong to JKR, Terry Pratchett and a number of Big Scary Corporations. No infringement is intended.

Author's note: If you're not familiar with a song called "The Scotsman", I'd recommend that you listen to it first; my favourite version is the one sung by Bryan Bowers. Failing that, just look up the words. It'll make this bit of madness easier to understand. The words I wrote to that tune...and which ultimately ended up forming the basic plot of this fic...are included at the end. Each section of the story corresponds to a verse in the song.

Ron Weasley was absolutely, incontrovertibly sloshed. He'd been out at the Three Broomsticks for hours, trying to drown his sorrows in a lot of firewhisky...once again, Hermione had rejected his proposal of marriage. He'd even done it right this time...got down on one knee and everything. No more of that "So, when are we getting married, 'Mione?" rot again. He'd even put on his best set of robes for the occasion. And then, after having steered her to the glass double doors that opened into her garden because he knew that was her favourite spot in her house, he'd grabbed her left hand, sunk down onto one knee, jammed an engagement ring onto her left ring finger and said, "OK, 'Mione, you're wearing my ring, so you *have* to marry me now."

"No, Ronald," she'd said in that prim way that always drove him absolutely batty, carefully removing the ring from her finger. "I love you, but not as a woman should love her husband. Besides, we fight a lot, we can't hold a decent conversation to save our lives because if we're not boring each other to death, we're shouting at each other, and we have nothing in common but Harry and our childhood misadventures. We're terrible at resolving our arguments and the only time there's really any peace between us, it's because we're ignoring each other again. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if you were yelling at me by the time you leave my house." She conjured a box for the ring and handed it back to him. "This is a very pretty ring, Ron," she said. "Save it for someone who will be the partner for you that I can't be. But please don't tell her that you gave it to *me* first!"

"But it could work! Come on, 'Mione, admit it," he'd insisted. "It's meant to be. You had a crush on me in sixth year."

"Don't call me that," she'd glared at him. "I'm not going to say yes, Ron...not now and not ever. You'd best come to terms with that now, before you ruin what's left of our friendship."

"Fine!" he'd yelled, not caring that he'd just proven her point. "Just you wait, *'Mione*, you'll be begging me to come back to you someday!" He'd flounced out the door, though the effect was somewhat ruined by the fact that he'd forgotten to open it first. After sheepishly repairing the Ron-shaped hole in the glass, he stalked away and Apparated over to his old favourite watering hole in Hogsmeade. It had gone well for the first couple of hours, but after he'd gone through at least one full bottle of firewhisky, Madam Rosmerta had thrown him out by 9:00 that night after he'd made a lascivious comment about how lovely he still thought her chest was, even though she was now in her early sixties.

"Get out!" she'd yelled at him. "You'll be lucky if I don't bar you from here for life, Mr Weasley!"

He'd been slightly put out for a few minutes as he staggered through Hogsmeade in search of a place to sleep it off, but then his naturally sunny disposition had reasserted itself and he'd started singing.

"Aaaaaaaah wizard's staff hazza knobbonthe end, knobbonthe end, knobbonthe end! A wizard's staff hazza knobbonthe end, wot 'e does with it is magic!"

He never saw the rock that came flying at his head, knocking him out instantly upon contact.

A few minutes later, Denise Murphy and Phoebe Watkins strolled by on their way home from their book club meeting. Phoebe gasped and pointed at the figure lying on the road in front of them. "Oh, look at that! Isn't that Ron Weasley?"

Denise squinted. Her eyes weren't very good, but out of pride, she refused to get glasses. "Yes, I think it is! What do you suppose he's doing, lying there in the middle of the road like that?"

Phoebe knelt beside him to see what the matter was. "Phew! With all that firewhisky on his breath, I reckon he's had a bit too much to drink. Let's get him off the road, at least."

"Good idea," her friend muttered. As Denise grabbed the unconscious man under his arms, Phoebe took hold of his feet and pulled, hoping Denise would take the hint and follow. But she realized that she must be a lot stronger than she thought...or perhaps the other witch was just a bit weaker...because the jolt pulled Ron from Denise's grip and she dropped him on his head.

"Time for plan B. *Mobilicorpus!*" Phoebe muttered, guiding Ron's body over to a relatively soft patch of grass before setting him down as gently as possible.

"Right, that's him out of the way," Denise said. Then, after a moment, she said tentatively to her friend, "Erm, Phoebe?"

"Yes?"

"You're a Muggleborn too, right?"

"Yes, I am. What of it?"

"Well...you've heard the rumours about Pureblood wizards and their robes, right? That they don't wear anything underneath?"

"Denise Charlotte Murphy! Are you *really* suggesting that we do what I think you are? This man is one of the Golden Trio, for goodness' sake! We owe him our respect for what he did in the war! And all you want to do is have a look to see if you can see his...his *bits*?!"

"Since you put it that way...well, didn't you have a crush on him back at Hogwarts? You always used to groan about how he'd never give you a second look because we were two years behind him and when he wasn't totally wrapped up in that awful Brown girl, he was making cow eyes at Hermione Granger."

"Erm, yes, I have to admit that I was very attracted to him..."

"And don't you still have that oversized photograph of him in your bedroom?"

"Yes, but..."

"So, aren't you in the least bit curious about what he looks like without his clothes on?"

Phoebe sighed. She knew that her friend wouldn't let this go until she had her way. "All right, we can look. I don't know *how* you keep talking me into these things."

"I know you too well," Denise grinned.

Casting a silencing spell on their shoes, they sneaked up on Ron to see if they could get close enough to get a glimpse of his privates. They had almost reached him when Phoebe stepped on a twig, which was apparently loud enough to wake him slightly.

"Wozzat noise?" he murmured. And it seemed like he was going to open his eyes until...

"Stupefy!"

"Denise! I can't believe you did that!" Phoebe glared at her best friend, who was slipping her wand back into its holster on her arm.

"Well, it was kinder than whatever left that ugly bruise on his forehead!" She glared right back at Phoebe. "Besides, you didn't *really* want him to wake up, did you? Because I assure you, he definitely would have if I hadn't done that. Now, do you want to 'raise the curtains', or shall I?"

Phoebe sighed. "You do it. I don't think I'm brave enough."

"All right, then." Creeping up just a little closer to Ron, Denise lifted up the hem of his robe by a few inches, just enough to see if the wizard was wearing anything under the heavy fabric of his robes. As it was quite dark outside, Phoebe cast a hasty *Lumos* to shine a little more light on the subject, as it were.

Immediately, both women began to giggle. "Now I know why that Brown girl dropped him so suddenly!"

"Do you think we should send an anonymous note to Hermione Granger?" Phoebe asked. "Rumour has it that he's proposed marriage to her at least once."

"Rumour also has it that she turned him down flat. No, I don't think she needs any warning."

"You're right. Chances are she wouldn't believe it anyway."

"I've had another idea," Denise said, smiling slowly.

Phoebe groaned. "*Please* spare me another of your ridiculous ideas! The last time I saw you smiling like that, seventeen people ended up dancing on their tables in the Ministry refectory at lunchtime."

"That was funny!"

"Old Mr Perkins from the Department of Magical Law Enforcement did *striptease*! I did *not* need to know that he wears frilly pink knickers under his work clothes!"

Denise sighed. "All right, I admit that spiking the gravy with Inhibition Relaxant was a bad idea. But this one isn't nearly as bad," she assured her friend, looking somewhat sheepish. "I promise you, I'm actually considering doing something that won't embarrass any of us."

"I'm not sure I believe that."

"I *know* you don't, Phoebe...that's part of your charm. Still, I think you might actually approve of this idea once you wrap your mind around it."

"Go on and tell me, then," Phoebe replied, resigned.

"Well, perhaps we should do something to him to give him our thanks for his actions in the war, like you suggested earlier."

"And that thing would be?"

Denise whispered something into Phoebe's ear and giggled a little when she'd finished.

"You *can't* be serious!"

"Yes, I can," she grinned. "I daresay he will be grateful for it."

Drawing her wand again, she sent a very carefully controlled "*Engorgio Proprius!*" in the direction of Ron's reproductive organs. He groaned in obvious discomfort and curled up into the foetal position, apparently to protect the sore (and swelling) area between his legs.

"Oh, bugger! The *Stupefy* must be wearing off!" They ran away from the wizard who was by now starting to stir, and once they reached the other end of the village, they Apparated to Phoebe's home, where they both collapsed in a fit of laughter.

"Admit it, Phoebe, we did him a favour. With any luck, you'll be enjoying the results in a year or two!"

Phoebe's only response was a tomato-red blush.

Meanwhile, Ron had completely awakened and was gingerly standing up. "I am *never* doing that again. Must send Madam Rosmerta a 'sorry I was such an idiot, please forgive me' card. Whatever I did, she must really have been angry at me if she kicked me in the nadders."

He'd rather have flopped back down onto the ground, but by now he was aware of a fairly urgent signal from his bladder. Grimacing at the thought of how much relieving the pressure was going to hurt, he stumbled into a small stand of trees to relieve himself. Lifting up the skirt of his robes, he reached down...and his eyes grew wide when his hand closed around his now significantly longer and thicker shaft.

"Bloody hell! I'm *sure* it wasn't that big before!"

The Wizard's Robes

Well, a wizard clad in his robes got tossed out of the Three Broomsticks,

And one could tell by how he walked that he was completely pissed!

He stumbled through the village, singing in a tuneless voice,

Until someone hit him in the head to try to stop the noise.

Ring ding diddle diddle dario, ring da diddly-eye-oh,

Until someone hit him in the head to try to stop the noise.

Now, about that time, two young Muggleborn witches happened by.

One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye,

"See yon sleeping wizard who lies upon the road?"

I wonder if he's wearing anything beneath his robes!"

Ring ding diddle diddle dario, ring da diddly-eye-oh,

"I wonder if he's wearing anything beneath his robes!"

So they crept up to the concussed wizard, quiet as could be,

And lifted up his skirt just high enough so they could see.

And what they saw when they peeked beneath his swishy skirt

Was nothing more than God had cursed him with upon his birth!

Ring ding diddle diddle dario, ring da diddly-eye-oh,

'T was nothing more than God had cursed him with upon his birth!

They giggled for a moment; then, one said, "We must be gone!

Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along!"

As a gift, they cast a small but permanent Engorgio

Upon the tiny meat and veg his skirt did lift and show.

Ring ding diddle diddle dario, ring da diddly-eye-oh,

Upon the tiny meat and veg his skirt did lift and show.

Well, the wizard wakes to Nature's call and he stumbles for the trees,

And lifting up his robes, he blankly stares at what he sees!

And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes,

"Oh, lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you've grown in size!"

Ring ding diddle diddle dario, ring da diddly-eye-oh,

"Oh, lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you've grown in size!"

One Sunday a couple of months ago, my church choir sang a piece to the tune of "Wild Mountain Thyme", a well-known Irish folk song that's apparently taken from an older Scottish poem. "Wild Mountain Thyme" has been one of my favourite songs since I was a child, so naturally when the service was done, I had it stuck in my head, and I sang it while I was driving home. When I finished, thanks to the sometimes bizarre way my mind works, a certain song about a drunk Scotsman whose naughty bits get ogled by a couple of strange women who tie a blue silk ribbon around his genitalia when they're done looking popped into my mind. Thanks to the fact that I'd been musing about a few of my Potter-related works-in-progress, I immediately thought of the infamous Archie from Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire who likes a healthy breeze around his privates, and I realized that the song could be adapted to a story about a wizard wearing robes. Everything else started to fall into place after that.

The "Wizard's Staff" song is straight out of the Discworld. I don't think Terry Pratchett has written complete lyrics for it, but there are a few different versions of the words, much like there are for the rather more (in)famous Hedgehog Song. The words I've got Ron singing here were written by George Anketell. You can find them on the L-Space Web under the Songs category, though I'd advise some discretion in viewing them as they are probably not work-safe or child-safe.

"Engorgio Proprius" is supposed to be a permanent version of the *Engorgio* spell.

Now, I know that my usual victim of choice is Severus Snape, but at the time I started writing this, I'd just done something even more undignified than usual to him involving a not-so-accidental ride down a stone staircase on the back of a plush Easter bunny. I'd like to think that he'd be grateful that I'm leaving him alone this time, but I suspect that if he was standing in front of me right now, he'd be glaring at me and saying something along the lines of "Hmph! It's about time you started torturing someone else, you unbelievably sadistic Muggle!"

Besides, between the two, I figure that Ron is the one who's far more likely to end up drunk in public.