

Severlock Holmes to the Rescue

by Fairfield

Our favorite professor is acting under a curse.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Was that a school owl?"

"I see it didn't escape your notice."

"What hair-raising escapade is he going to drag you into this time?" she asked.

"Very few of our adventures are dangerous," he replied.

She glared at him.

"The one I titled 'Scandal in Bulgaria' was unusual," he said.

"I should hope so," she said. "And he didn't appreciate your literary effort either."

"He expects me to keep a chronicle for some reason, but he thought the emphasis in the story was all wrong. He thought I should have given more space to his deductions about the flight path of the thieves and their likely hide-out, not to mention more details about his brilliant work in Potions that produced the time-released pheromones."

"Yes," she said, "you thrilled the readers with tales of tracking the dragon rustlers and their almost discovering you and setting the dragons on the pair of you. Then you scared at least one reader nearly to death with your account of the two of you and Charlie Weasley capturing the lot after the released sex-pheromones caused the dragons to create a diversion."

"One of the dragons was injured in the fray," he said. "Charlie Weasley hasn't forgiven us, wanted to deduct its medical treatment from the fee."

"A dragon was injured!" she said. "That beautiful cloak my sister gave you came back as a handful of cinders." She paused and listened. "I think you-know-who has arrived."

She swept out the door and down the path to the front gate. "Good evening, Severlock," she said. "What a surprise."

"I hardly think so, Mrs. Malfoy," he said. "And the estate can easily support more peacocks."

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"As you came down the path, you looked at the small flock of peacocks and sighed. You glanced around to reassure yourself there was plenty of space for more birds. You stayed on the path, but your shoes are wet from the damp grass, and there is a piece of straw in your hair. You have been at their coop, most likely thinking of expanding it.

Since you were at the coop, you saw my owl which takes the back way to avoid detection. Your air is one of resignation. You have been arguing with your husband about our activities.”

“Doesn’t that constitute snooping?” she asked.

“That’s my profession,” he said.

“Lucius, old bean,” said Severlock at the door. “We may have use for your wife tonight. It’s a kidnapping, and we need someone to distract the sentry.”

“Couldn’t you just send a horny dragon thundering by?” asked Narcissa.

“It’s a quiet neighborhood,” said Severlock, “and we need to be more subtle although not as subtle as you are now. A lady more filled out, say like your sister, would be more successful.”

Lucius restrained his wife and reminded her that it was just his current mannerisms. Certainly, she wouldn’t mind undergoing a bit of transformation for a good cause. A few minutes later, a more voluptuous and calmer Narcissa asked, “How do we know where they’re holding the victim?”

“By this,” said Severlock, holding up a piece of fuzz.

“Yuck, what’s that?” asked Lucius and Narcissa.

“It’s pocket lint,” said Severlock. “I wrote a monograph on wizard pocket lint, and I found this in the victim’s parlor. It’s obviously different from all the other specimens in the house, and a little microscopic work gave me the most likely origin.”

A half hour later, Narcissa was sauntering past a wizard who was trying not to look as though he were on guard duty. The wizard made the appropriate comment, and the lady-in-disguise responded. The sentry whispered something. Suddenly, Narcissa was screaming and hitting the wizard with her purse.

“She’s always been a bit sensitive,” said Lucius.

“That’s the distraction we need,” said Severlock.

The male two-thirds of the rescue party charged into the house. They skidded on the hallway rug and landed on their bums just a ferocious spell flew over their heads and took out the lights. They crawled toward the center of the room where the victim would most likely be as cursing wizards stumbled over them. More wizards stumbled over those who had fallen. There was enough stumbling and falling that the kidnappers decided they had been ambushed by a large group and rushed out the door into the night.

Severlock pulled the kidnapped lady out of her restraints, and the two ran out the front door where Lucius pulled a still screaming and flailing Narcissa off the battered sentry.

The victim was safe back at her home, and the three were back relaxing in the manor.

“Luckily, we won’t have to do that very often,” said Lucius.

“I’m afraid things are going to get worse,” said Severlock.

“What makes you say that, old chap?” asked Lucius.

“I’ve detected a dark undercurrent that has recently entered the wizard world,” said Severlock. “A mastermind of crime has appeared. I have worked tirelessly, and I have managed to identify him. He’s an ex-Professor of Arithmancy from Durmstrang called Professor Moriardemorte. He made his first impression on the world with some amazingly original work on hexagonals, but he has turned his brilliant intellect to evil.”

Lucius and Narcissa sighed. What would their friend drag them into next?

From kyriaofdelphi: Sybill Trelwaney has grown tired of Snape’s acerbic superciliousness, therefore she hexes him to dress and behave like Sherlock Holmes.