

# The Cornish Pixie Prank

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A DADA instructor has a pixie problem. A flashfic.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"How very odd!" Poppy exclaimed as she dabbed potion on Professor Penhurst's forehead. The long, rough scrape faded then vanished.

"You're telling me!" Professor Penhurst shook his head, forcing Poppy to put a hand on his chin and hold him still so she could put more potion on his cheek. "Bad enough that those miscreants let the pixies loose—I'll have more than one word to say to Professor McGonagall about those two, you can count on that—and I had to chase the creatures down, but then they disappeared into that room and I can't find them now! I went back for another cage for them, and, poof! The room is just gone! And a half dozen of my Cornish pixies with it."

"Tell me again about this room," Poppy said, taking his left hand and examining the small teeth marks on the tips of his index and middle fingers. She tutted and turned back to her Potions cupboard to retrieve a different potion.

"I had already caught most of them, as I told you. Potter and Black had let them loose down in the upper dungeon, likely hoping that a Slytherin would be blamed. Nasty little buggers—the boys, not the Cornish pixies. A few of them had escaped the dungeons—pixies, not boys—and were flitting their way up the stairs. I was out of cages, but I chased after them with my Charmed net, thinking that I might still be able to catch them and hold them in that. Well, I only got one of them before they made it to the seventh floor, not far from Gryffindor Tower. I was chasing the little blighters up and down the hall—cursing, I am embarrassed to admit, but my patience was quite at an end, and I just wished there was some nice, safe place to keep them whilst I fetched my other cage. A door opened, and there was a room as like to a Cornish garden as you might imagine, and in they nipped! My piece of good luck, I thought! I closed the door with a slam and ran off down to my classroom to fetch the cage. I took a few minutes to put the other two cages back, make sure that the pixies were well and unharmed by their adventure, and then I climbed the stairs back up to the seventh floor. I tell you, Madam Pomfrey, I walked up and down that hall and could *not* find that door for the life of me. It had simply vanished, and the room with it. And my Cornish pixies inside the room."

"Perhaps it really was a Cornish garden," Poppy suggested. "You may have opened a door that was a sort of portal to other places. Though why you shouldn't be able to find it again is a mystery to me. Of course, it would probably open up to different places each time, so you might never find your pixies. I've never heard of such a door here in the castle—and I've been on staff here for almost twenty years—but Hogwarts has many mysteries, and sometimes it guards its secrets very well."

The Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher sighed and shook his head, looking at his newly healed fingers. "I suppose you're right. But you can be sure I'm telling Professor McGonagall about this. Those boys don't know when to stop. They'll get themselves—or someone else—into real trouble someday, mark my words!"

"I have no doubt about it," Poppy agreed. "Any other injuries?"

"Just to my pride," Penhurst said. "It was not very dignified, chasing after the pixies all over the castle."

"Well, I don't have a potion for that," Poppy replied with a laugh, "but I'm sure everyone understands."

"Hm. You know . . . you might not have a potion for it, but I think you may have a treatment," Professor Penhurst said shyly.

"How's that?"

"Would you care to have a drink with me? I know it's getting late, but a nightcap . . . I have a passable bottle of wine in my quarters. If you would like." Professor Penhurst swallowed nervously and waited for the mediwitch's answer. He had wanted to ask Poppy out for a while, but he was leery of possible rejection. He'd heard she was on the rebound after ending a long relationship.

"I would like that very much, Professor," Poppy said with a smile.

"Silas, please. I'll just run up and tell Professor McGonagall about this incident, then we can share a drink together. Give me fifteen minutes! I'll be back shortly!"

"Thank you, Silas. And you'll have to call me 'Poppy,'" she said with a smile. "We can have that wine and talk about all the mysteries of Hogwarts."

With a quick wave of good-bye, Professor Penhurst dashed out of the Hospital Wing, his mind now on quite different subjects from miscreant Gryffindors and mysteriously vanishing Cornish pixies. Perhaps the boys' prank hadn't been such a disaster for him, after all.

~ The End ~

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***Triplet Challenge #3 Prompts:***

Person: Poppy Pomfrey

Place: The Room of Requirement

Thing: Cornish Pixie

***Author's Note:*** For those wondering where this fits chronologically within canon or the *Resolving a Misunderstanding* universe, this story is set in spring of 1973.