

Jonny Blue

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A rarepair moment, conceived after watching the GoF film and suddenly recognizing the guitar player in the Weird Sisters.

(single chapter)

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: The following fiction attempts to justify the rather fascinating observation that "Kirley Duke" of the Weird Sisters was portrayed in the GoF film by real-life rock star Jonny Greenwood of Radiohead. The Weird Sisters drummer was portrayed by Phil Selway, also of Radiohead.

FYI: Jonny Greenwood is color blind.

Those of you who are not Radiohead heads may not really get this story, but hopefully this intro will help it make some sense.

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"Thank you, Hogwarts! Goodnight!"

Jonny was already on the steps leading offstage. Myron, naturally, was still poised on the front edge, laughing and wobbling as the fangirls gripped his legs and pleaded for one more song. Jonny hated playing on short stages where the audience could physically reach them, and unfortunately, Wizard venues had nothing on the Muggles when it came to security.

There had been cheers for him, at the end, when Myron put both hands upon his shoulders and shouted, "Kirley Duke on guitar!" It boggled him every time. Such an utterly stupid *nom de plume*, it sounded like "Curly" from the Three Stooges (Colin's idea, naturally, the wanker). No one in the Wizarding world knew his real name or origin. He frowned at his own conceit. Muggles cheered for Jonny Greenwood all the time; what right had he to feel rankled that wizards cheered another name? It was the music, after all. Just the music they loved, not him.

The drummer was in a great mood, tackling him into a playful bearhug. "Great show!" he said far too loudly into Jonny's ear, then stepped back, smiling broadly. "My cousins are taking me to Hogsmeade; you game?"

Jonny gave him a wan smile. "Maybe in a bit," he mumbled halfheartedly. Phil glared suspiciously, and Jonny hung his head. They'd been friends a long time; Phil knew exactly what that meant.

"Come on," Phil said gently. "Family. Butterbeers. It'll be a lark."

Jonny shrugged. "Not tonight, man." He smiled again, more sincerely. "I promise I won't just go sulk, all right? I'm just... not in the mood."

"So I see. The Three Broomsticks, if you change your mind." He eyed Jonny one more time, tossing his head toward the gingers gathering like locusts just beyond the wall

of speakers that demarcated the backstage zone. Then, seeing the futility of his efforts, he clasped Jonny convivially on the shoulder, gave him a final pat, and sauntered off.

Phil was someone who fit into all of their worlds so... comfortably. "Orsino Thruston" in Wizard society, "Phil Selway" in Muggle society, and "Phil Weasley" among friends and family. Phil didn't even look back as he joined his young cousins and departed. *And why should he? Who wants to hang around with a morose mudblood?* Jonny mused, again smirking at his own self-indulgence. He *was* in a bad mood tonight.

The rest of the band were still on stage, checking out ladies aplenty. Beauxbatons had sent quite a lovely contingent to the Triwizard Tournament, and Myron naturally had no trouble connecting with the local 7th-years. Having flunked out of Hogwarts, he had that whole notoriety thing going on, on top of being a wrock star. There was no way My would sleep alone tonight, not that he ever did anyway. Prospects looked good for the other lads as well, and Gid, glancing up from the blond he was ogling, caught Jonny's eye and flicked his brows meaningfully toward a trio of doe-eyed witches.

Jonny rolled his eyes, shaking his head. It never worked. He never knew what to say to groupies, for one thing. And they always seemed... *disappointed*, as though they were settling for second-best after Myron turned them down. *Myron or Thom*, he corrected himself. What was it about the front men, that made the groupies think they were the be-all and end-all of the whole damn band?

The fact that Gid was now tongue-deep in the mouth of a pretty girl who didn't look even remotely dissatisfied didn't dispel his theory one bit. Turning away, Jonny set his guitar rather hastily in its case. Right now he wanted to get out of his costume and back to his "normal" self.

"Myrtle?" he said cautiously as he slunk into the dark, empty bathroom. She'd taken a shine to him within a week of his matriculation at Hogwarts, and she either had an uncanny knack for arriving in various bathrooms at the same time he did, or had followed him around through the plumbing. She rarely braved the dungeons, though, and there was no sign of her now. *Good*. Jonny turned on the tap, unlacing his tunic as he waited for the warm water; it had been years since he'd been in Hogwarts, but his hands remembered the routine automatically.

He scrubbed away the "undead" look and fished around his pack for a fresh shirt. There was only one; a Muggle T-shirt which smelled of Thom Yorke. *Bastard*, he thought affectionately. The little shit was always wearing his clothes. Strange that it was so comforting, to catch a whiff of Thom in the dungeons of Hogwarts. His was another soul who fit nowhere, a square peg in a universe of round holes.

He felt the peculiar chill of being touched by a ghost and grimaced. But it wasn't Moaning Myrtle after all. Jonny's jaw fell open; the Gray Lady of Ravenclaw had appeared beside him. He automatically raised his hand to cover his teeth. She reached out to arrest his arm in mid swing, and it worked, despite her lack of substance.

"Don't hide, child," she said sternly, and he dropped his hand obediently to his side.

He would have preferred Myrtle at this point. The Gray Lady had taken a shine to him as well--of a different sort from Myrtle's schoolgirl crush, much more intense and eerie. Myrtle he could shoo away, or turn his back and leave on his own, but the Gray Lady... she was too bright, too powerful, even now that he was a grown man. Knowing what inevitably would follow, Jonny closed his eyes. She didn't keep him waiting; her spectral hands languished like liquid nitrogen over his face, through his hair, across his lips.

"You have become a great beauty," she stated matter-of-factly. *Mother of Merlin, she's as bad as the groupies*, he mused, but still dared not contradict her, not even with so much as a sneer. To his chagrin, her cold touch spread to his throat, then his chest. This had never happened before, and he became acutely conscious of the shirt still in his hand.

Again she anticipated his intentions, and the chill flowed along his arms as she chastised him with a little clicking sound. The shirt slipped through his fingers even as his skin broke out in goosebumps. *I will NOT unbuckle my belt*, he admonished himself sternly, though he would revoke the words in an instant if she willed it. "Why me? Why this?" he finally managed to mumble.

The dungeon air felt like a summer day when she withdrew from him in surprise. She laughed, not a pleasant or joyful sound. "Because I *can*, child," she finally said. "Because you're mine."

"I'm not," he said indignantly, the most defiant words he'd ever uttered to the Gray Lady. But before he could continue, the cold thrill engulfed him again, and he was forced to catch his breath.

"Be still," she ordered sharply. "You certainly are, child. You were a gift, one I was delighted to receive."

So many years ago, Jonny had received his letter to Hogwarts and discovered the world of magic. His Muggle parents, though horrified, were finally persuaded that it was in everyone's best interest for him to study magic in the presence of his peers. But Colin couldn't go with him, and then no wand in Ollivander's would have him. Jonny spoke to no one on the Hogwarts Express, terrified of this strange, lonely circumstance.

When they set the Sorting Hat upon him, the bloody thing didn't exactly help matters by pointing bolt upright like a traffic cone. Jonny was so startled he nearly jolted it off his head, but then the thing snuggled itself down until its brim nearly covered his nose. "I beg your pardon," it purred at him, another shock. "I don't see many like you; one every few centuries, I believe."

Great, Jonny thought. *So I'm a weirdo*.

"Tut-tut," the hat chided. "I said no such thing. You have only two colors in your head, boy," it continued, fascination obvious in its voice. "Your magic has blotted out the rest. And no need for a wand, just like the others," it noted with a scientific air, then gave a short, raspy laugh. "Makes my job easier, actually; obviously no Gryffindor or Slytherin for you!"

Having watched previous students being Sorted into each of those houses, Jonny felt considerably relieved. The Slytherins were a scary lot, while the Gryffindors seemed like a bunch of posers. He sighed, not sure what else to do.

The hat obviously knew the routine, however. "Blue or yellow, for the fellow?" it muttered absently. "Peers, even teachers, won't understand the magic you possess, for it's so unlike their own. There's much hard work ahead of you, boy, to make the most of your limitations. Though you have an edge to you as well, sharp and brittle. I'm inclined to send you to Hufflepuff as I've done with all the others, but this time I believe I'll make you a gift to--"

"RAVENCLAW!" the hat bellowed aloud, and a burst of applause welcomed Jonny, stunned, to the long table bedecked in blue linen.

"I haven't forgotten," he said reluctantly; technically, she was correct. *Except it had no right to give me away like chattel*, he reminded himself for the millionth time. It always sounded hollow, however, when he was in the Lady's thrall.

"And then you were taken from me," she continued, the chill spreading quickly down the sides of his body to well below his waist. Jonny gasped despite himself. "Just as you started to bloom, you were plucked away. Or did you walk away? I've never been sure."

Jonny had been an abject failure in all of his classes, and practically friendless except for the other "Weird Sisters." At home for the summer holiday before his fourth year, he met Colin's band from Abingdon School. At some point, he let slip the phrase "He Who Must Not Be Named" in front of Phil, who promptly revealed he, too, was a wizard. A pureblood, yet as warm and friendly as they come, Phil had chosen a quiet life in the Muggle world, his custom-made wand indistinguishable from an ordinary drumstick. He'd understood that Jonny's magic was in his music, the first one ever to make the connection, and he helped Jonny understand it too. Jonny owed the Headmaster to cancel his registration at Hogwarts, and never went back.

Until tonight.

He owed the Gray Lady no explanation; he *knew* that, but within her icy focus, the words just tumbled out. "My magic... it didn't fit here. You know I didn't belong." *Damn it, why do I sound so fucking apologetic?*

"Ah, but you did," she said, anger rising in her tone. "You belonged *to me*. And I'm not one to surrender my prized possessions," she added with an icy vehemence. Her actions matched her words--a living woman couldn't stand so close; she was practically inside him, the cold penetrating him to the core. "Helena," he mouthed, refusing at least to speak her name aloud.

"Jonny," she sighed, a terrifying sound even from a familiar ghost, a warped facsimile of sensuality. He began to shiver, his lips turning blue. She couldn't possibly feel any pleasure when she kissed him, there was no logical reason even to try. But she did it, filling his mouth like the air on a mountaintop, bitterly cold and devoid of oxygen. Her hands reached through his leather trousers and enveloped him in pleasure and pain. He realized that this seduction was not meant to draw him into her bed, but into death itself.

And even with those stakes, he couldn't bear to stop her. She was going to finish him, and he was going to *willingly comply with it*. "Oh, God," he squeaked, his voice constricted from the tremors now rattling his whole body. *This isn't happening...*

"Excuse me!" What in the name of Merlin, Mordred, and Morgana? Again the dungeon air hit him as though he'd walked into a kiln. The Gray Lady leapt away from him and shot through the ceiling like an arrow as the door swung open.

Jonny coughed, catching his breath as he surveyed the petite blond girl strolling into the boy's bathroom so nonchalantly. "I'm sorry to intrude," she said in a sort of vacantly polite way, without any apparent awareness that she was in the presence of a half-naked rock star who was freezing to death with a raging erection. "Only your picksie followed me back to my room, and I'm quite sure you don't want anyone to see her."

"Picksie, yes," he managed to croak. "Shouldn't be out. Thank you." Jonny was entirely at a loss, resorting to politeness. He remembered the shirt and fumbled it around with his frozen fingers until he could pull it over his head. Thom's scent was even more comforting.

"I've never seen one before," the girl continued. "I suppose most people haven't, they're so rare. You use her eggs to play your guitar?"

"Yes, of course," he said, becoming flummoxed by the utter bizarreness of the whole situation. Picksies were practically a natural treasure and private ownership of them was prohibited by Wizard law. A rare mutation of the traditional Cornwell Blue Pixie, these creatures laid perfectly flat, teardrop-shaped eggs that were beautifully firm and flexible and prized by luthiers throughout history. Unfortunately, such eggs couldn't hatch any viable offspring, so each Picksie was the end of its own line. This girl could easily blackmail him for possessing one, although he was pretty sure the punishment would only be a stiff fine, not time in Azkaban.

"How lovely," chimed the girl, without so much as a hint of malice in her voice. "Even when you play as a Muggle?"

That gave him another start. He wasn't used to wizards recognizing him as a Muggle musician, or vice versa. "You know about... that?" he asked uneasily.

"Radiohead? Of course," she said. "Daddy once had me research you, before he interviewed you for *The Quibbler*. I do like to be thorough. It was rather a surprise to learn that everyone in your band except your brother Colin is a wizard."

Jonny stared at her, agape, without wasting a thought on covering his mouth.