

Happy Accident

by Alison

Dumbledore's long-standing problem has been solved at last.

Complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Happy Accident

By Alison Venugoban

It was a happy accident, really, and solved a long-standing problem. Dumbledore left the Great Hall after lunch one Saturday and happened to see young James Potter walking ahead of him up the corridor. The lad took his wand from his robe pocket, and as he did so, something small fell to the floor.

Dumbledore bent to pick it up. It was a blue plastic package, no more than a couple of inches square. He turned it over, but it appeared to have no distinguishing features. "Mr Potter, you've dropped something."

James turned back in surprise, saw what the Headmaster was holding, and to Dumbledore's surprise, his face flushed bright red. "Oh! That? Er, thank you, sir. I didn't notice I'd lost it..."

Dumbledore was intrigued by the lad's response. He looked again at the little package sitting on his palm. What was there about it to engender that much embarrassment? Was it perhaps the sort of thing Mr Filch tended to confiscate? Instead of handing it over immediately, he decided to find out more about it.

"What exactly is this, Mr Potter? It's of Muggle manufacture?"

"Um, yes, sir, yes, it is. It's a ... you know ..."

Dumbledore shook his head in genuine bewilderment. "I must confess, I don't."

James stared at him. "It's a condom," he admitted finally. "I mean, the condom's inside the wrapper." At Dumbledore's continued puzzled look, he added, "You must have heard of them, sir. Muggles use them. You know. They wear them ..."

"Oh? Wear them where?"

James gestured with one hand in the general direction of Dumbledore's stomach. "They wear them there, sir, on their, you know ..."

The Headmaster glanced down to where the boy's hand was vaguely indicating, and the light began to dawn. "Ah, I see. But why would anybody wear anything on there? It seems an odd place for clothing."

"No, it's not clothing, sir; it's for protection."

Dumbledore raised his eyebrows. "Protection against what?"

The lad flushed again. "Well, sir," he said desperately, "you know how people wear Wellingtons in the rain? So their feet don't get wet? This is something similar; it's made out of rubber, and it's waterproof. It's to stop ... unfortunate accidents ..."

"Things like catching cold?" Dumbledore questioned. The conversation was beginning to make some sense to him.

Potter looked vastly relieved that he was finally getting the picture. "Yes, exactly, sir. No nasty little surprises later, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do understand, Mr Potter. But surely you would have no need of such a device, would you? I mean, you're only seventeen, are you not? Surely there's plenty of time for this sort of thing when you're older."

James looked embarrassed again. "Yes, sir. But it's not mine; it's ... um ... it belongs to Sirius." His face took on an innocent expression. "I took it off him and was going to give it to Mr Filch."

Dumbledore glanced at the boy's face. He was sure the lad was lying, but couldn't divine why. Oh, well, students always had their little secrets. He decided against any more questions. "Well, since you were going to hand it in anyway, I'll save you the bother. This device might be just the thing I've been looking for."

James Potter gaped at him. "You, sir? You want to use a condom?"

"Yes, it sounds ideal. In fact, I think I'll use it tonight." Dumbledore peered closer at the boy. He'd visibly winced. "Are you feeling quite all right Mr Potter? You look a little nauseated."

"No, sir, er, well, maybe a bit, sir ... can't think why ..."

"Maybe you ate a little too much lunch. I'd advise no strenuous activity for the afternoon; you'll soon feel better."

"Yes, sir. Lily and I were just going for a walk; I wasn't planning anything strenuous ..."

Dumbledore sat in the bathroom patiently waiting for the bath to fill completely. He did enjoy a good long soak in a hot tub. He'd stripped off his robes and wound his long hair up on top of his head, using a spell to keep it there until after the bath; he hated getting his hair wet. It took such a long time to dry it, but so long as he didn't submerge completely, it would stay dry. He glanced in the mirror and smiled at the effect: His reflection appeared to be wearing a large silver turban.

He looked down at the condom wrapper sitting next to him on the bath ledge. Now was the perfect time to try it out, as it were. He picked it up and managed to tear it open at the perforated edge. A small round rubbery thing was revealed inside.

Gingerly he took it out and examined it. That? Surely that was too small? Still, young James Potter had said it was made of rubber, so presumably it would stretch. With some difficulty he managed to unroll it. But even fully unfurled, the thing was tiny, stretchy or not! Dumbledore knew that Muggle men were not naturally as well endowed as wizards, but surely they needed something bigger than this little slip of rubber!

Standing up, he held the condom against himself to check for size. No, no, this wouldn't do at all! He'd never get it all in. He reached for his wand, touched it to the tip of the condom and muttered a spell. The condom glowed and began to slowly expand. Larger and larger it grew, its translucent rubber skin going from the size of a sausage to something more resembling an airport windsock.

Dumbledore put his wand down again, satisfied that it was finally the right size. Gripping the rubbery lip of the mouth firmly, he proceeded to stuff himself into the thing. It felt odd, and it was a little difficult to fit, but by grabbing himself and putting his whole hand into the condom, he finally managed it. Hm, cosy. Withdrawing his hand, he turned to observe the effect in the mirror. The greatly enlarged mouth of the device slipped a little. He frowned. No way would that stay on when he needed it to. With another muttered spell, he managed to shrink just the mouth of the condom, desisting when it sat snug and tight and was just beginning to be uncomfortable. There. That was better!

It certainly looked odd, he thought, staring at his reflection. He made a mental note to show Minerva one of these days. She might find it amusing, not of course that she'd ever need to use a condom. Then he turned and lowered himself into the warm, steamy bath. Ah, lovely!

He was gratified to see that the device worked perfectly, too. His long silver beard was not at all wet, protected by the rubber of the condom as it floated about on the surface, nice and dry. No more spending hours trying to dry the thing or catching a cold from leaving it wet!

But he was still a little puzzled as he leaned back against the bath. Why would James or Sirius have wanted to carry a condom about? Neither of them had beards yet...

The End

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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