

From the Besieged Ardea

by Squibstress

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A "Fandom Classics" selection for March 2014.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: *Written for this year's [HP Darkfest](#) on LiveJournal.*

The Dumbledore Institute and the term "Dark Wars" are the inventions of Kelly Chambliss, introduced in her wonderful fic [Witness](#), and used here with permission and gratitude.

And all thanks and praise to Madam Chambliss for her wonderful beta work.

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House points to anyone who recognises the provenance of the title.

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~Prologue~

[Excerpted from the book *Half in Shadow: A Life of Albus Dumbledore* by Augustine Abbott-Longbottom (Magical History Press, 2062).]

Much has been made of the so-called "rift" between Dumbledore and McGonagall that ostensibly occurred in the spring of 1958, but in the absence of primary source material, any analysis remains speculative. What is known comes largely from second-hand accounts of the period.

The only facts we have are these:

Minerva McGonagall became Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts in January of 1958,¹ subsequent to the sudden death the previous October of her predecessor, Oliver Broadbent.

Correspondence, diaries, and other source materials do not suggest any significant change in the relationship between Dumbledore and McGonagall until May. Popular accounts of the period have suggested that a romantic relationship had developed between them during the late winter or early spring of that year,² but these are based on the secondary reports of questionable witnesses. In any event, there is no primary evidence to support the existence of a romance.

Sometime on the evening of 10 May 1958, or early the following morning, McGonagall suddenly left Hogwarts. At a meeting convened on the afternoon of 11 May, Dumbledore reported that the Deputy Headmistress had been called away suddenly on "family business".³ According to records, she returned to the school on the evening of 29 August,⁴ just prior to the start of the autumn term. If she met with Dumbledore at Hogwarts or elsewhere during the interim, there is no record of it.

There is no evidence of any contact between Dumbledore and McGonagall between 8 May and 6 September 1958. This is extraordinary given the volume of correspondence between the two that has been catalogued. The Dumbledore Institute archive contains some 6,200 letters, notes, diary entries, meeting minutes, and other papers representing exchanges between them over their 60-year acquaintance, and the record points to a pattern of regular and lively communication.

Their known correspondence resumes with a memo dated 6 September 1958⁵ It concerns the scheduling of chaperone duties for student trips to the village of Hogsmeade and contains no reference to anything that may have occurred over the prior four months.

Scholars of the period have been intrigued by this mystery, despite its apparent unimportance in the events of the Dark Wars, because it could shed light on the private lives of two of the era's most important figures. There has been a great deal of speculation, both from scholars and in the popular press, about the sexual and romantic life of Albus Dumbledore and, to a lesser extent, Minerva McGonagall, and a popular mythology has grown up around the idea of a putative, unconsummated love between the two. This belief has been fuelled by speculation regarding the "rift of 1958", as well as the fact that McGonagall never married, nor is she or Dumbledore known to have had any significant romantic attachments after the period in question. However, the truth remains elusive.

1. Albus Dumbledore to Minerva McGonagall, 6 December 1957, National Library of Magic, Great Britain, Dumbledore Institute, Rare Manuscripts Division, Edinburgh.
2. See: Skeeter, Rita, "Headmaster at Last", in *The Life and Lies of Albus Dumbledore* (London: Diagon Press, 1997), 437-442, and "The Phoenix and the Pussycat", in *Minerva McGonagall: Heroine or Harridan?* (London: Skeeter Special Editions, 2011), 325-352.
3. Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Minutes of Staff Meeting, 11 May 1958, National Library of Magic, Great Britain, Hogwarts Historical Collection, London.
4. Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Housekeeping Log, 29 August 1958, National Library of Magic, Great Britain, Hogwarts Historical Collection, London.
5. Memorandum, Minerva McGonagall to Albus Dumbledore, 6 September 1958, National Library of Magic, Great Britain, Hogwarts Historical Collection, London.

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~Minerva~

She was sitting in her favourite nook overlooking the east courtyard, tail switching back and forth as she watched the mice cavorting below. Funny thing, though: the mice were walking on two legs and wearing black scholars' robes, and she was torn between an urge to go chase them about the grounds or to tell them to get back to their dormitories, as curfew had already sounded for the evening. As she began to lick her chops, she suddenly felt the ground shift beneath her. She was sliding, sliding . . . off the ledge . . . extending her claws to keep her footing . . .

Minerva's eyes snapped open. It took her a second to remember she was in her bedroom, then another to realise that the cause of her interrupted dream was the figure now seated on the side of the bed. She instinctively slipped her hand under her pillow and whipped out her wand, pointing it at the intruder. As her eyes adjusted to the low light provided by the waning gibbous moon, she recognised her visitor as Albus Dumbledore. Her heart stopped pounding quite so hard when she realised it was her friend and colleague perched next to her prone form. She lowered her wand and sat up.

"Albus, what are you doing here? I thought you were in Za..." she began, but he put his fingers to her lips to silence her. When he carefully took her wand from her hand, she let him. He laid it on her bedside table, just out of her reach.

There must be some crisis

She had been Deputy Headmistress for only four months, she reasoned, so perhaps she was unaware of the protocol for urgent, middle-of-the-night problems. She knew the Headmaster could enter any of the rooms in the castle; surely Albus would only use the privilege in case of emergency.

She began again: "Is there a problem with one of the..." but again he stopped her, this time placing his palm more firmly against her mouth. She felt a prickle of unease when he put his other hand on her chest and pushed her gently back down against the pillow, raising his palm from her lips to put two fingers against his own, whispering, "Shhhh."

She noticed then that the bedclothes had been pulled back from her body, and she suddenly felt exposed and vulnerable.

He kept his hand pressed to her as he leaned down to kiss her, and she was surprised to find that this time, in this place, his kiss was unpleasant. Rather than the gentle, teasing flutters of his tongue that had accompanied the kisses they had shared when he left her chastely at the door to her quarters, this kiss was aggressive, almost hostile. So unlike him. This was an invasion, thrusting and probing rather than pleasuring, and his moustache and beard chafed against her face.

Despite her surprise about his seemingly sudden decision to bed her, and her misgivings at the way he was going about it, she was pleased to know that he desired her as much as she did him. However, she was unsure if she wanted to continue things quite like this. She returned the kiss half-heartedly and considered the question as her mind sought a rational explanation for his startling behaviour.

Is he drunk?

She tasted no signs of drink on his breath. Uncertainty turned to dismay when she felt his hand slide to her breast, which he began kneading and squeezing too hard to be arousing. She was shocked when, without a word, he rolled partially on top of her and moved his hand down to begin pulling up her nightdress. She could feel his hard penis pressing into her thigh.

Something is very wrong.

"Wait a minute, Albus. I don't think . . . wait, just let me . . ." she protested against his lips, trying to slow things down, to get him to say something. His silence was almost as unnerving as his persistent groping. She tried to communicate her discomfort by pushing him off her, but it was no use. He outweighed her by nearly six stone, and he had thrown a heavy leg over her hips to keep her pinned to the bed as he pressed his erection against her, breathing wetly into her neck.

Now she was afraid.

"What are you doing? Albus? Wait, can you just . . . please, wait . . ."

He'll stop when he realises he's frightening me . . .

But he didn't stop. He kept pulling at her nightdress, working it higher as she clutched at it to hold it in place. She lost the tug-of-war, flinching when she felt his cold hands on her bare breasts. It wasn't until she felt her own hands being drawn back against her pillow, then restrained by magic, that she realised he intended to do it whether she wanted to or not, and she couldn't stop it. For a few moments, she could do nothing but allow this enormity to wash over her as her heart banged against her chest, so hard and loud in her ears that she thought he must be able to hear it, too.

Then he was tugging at her knickers, and she came back to herself, trying to kick at him, but his weight held her fast. He gave up trying to remove her underthings manually, and she felt the cool air rush against her when they suddenly vanished. He grabbed one of her thighs and pushed it forcefully down towards the mattress, opening her to him.

She felt him shift, moving a hand between them to open his robes. Panic zinged through her like the jolt of a curse.

"No, please don't, Albus . . . stop . . . not like this *please!*"

He was on top of her, his strong hands forcing her legs farther apart, and a searing pain made her scream as he pushed himself into her. She wasn't ready or aroused, and it was agony. It had never hurt like this, not even the first time; she was certain he was tearing her in half. It burned as if someone had poured dragon-fire powder into her vagina.

When she regained her breath and felt him begin to move inside her, she begged, "Please . . . oh, please . . . you're hurting me . . . please! We can do this . . . it can be good . . . just . . . just . . ." but he kept pounding relentlessly away at her body, driving her words from her.

He's not going to stop. This is impossible . . . this is happening . . .

She clenched her teeth against the pain and silently begged the gods to end it, to make him get off of her, *gebut* of her, or at least get it over with, but he went on and on . . . ramming his cock into her as the perspiration beaded on her forehead and the tears spilled from her eyes and the screams died hoarsely in her throat. She felt his hands at her breasts and his foetid breath against her ear as she craned her neck to get away from it.

On and on it went...squeezing, thrusting, moaning...it would never, ever end, and she would die here.

Hurry, hurry, hurry . . . just come . . . oh, just come, then leave me alone . . .

Maybe the gods had heard her at last, because his movements grew more erratic and he began to grunt with each agonising jerk of his hips. He emitted a primal-sounding cry, then collapsed on top of her, not moving, but breathing heavily, crushing her under his dead weight.

She lay very still, hoping absurdly that he might forget she was there. Instead he lifted his head and grinned at her . *grinned* at her! It wasn't his dear, lopsided, closed-lipped smile; this was more like a death's head grimace, full of toothy malice, and it reminded her vaguely of something she couldn't quite recall. She turned her face away and bit her tongue against her rising gorge when a drop of sweat fell from his chin to her cheek, mingling with her tears to run in a salty rivulet over her lips.

He was still inside her when he took her chin firmly in his hand to turn her back to face him. He looked at her intently for a few moments, then once again, he brought two fingers to his lips in the universal sign for silence and ground his hips against her, forcing a sob from her throat as the terrible fire between her legs reignited. Then he slipped out of her, and she was gripped by another wave of nausea as she felt something wet trickle from her.

He rolled off her and stood, fastening his robes, and that was when she knew he wasn't going to stay.

Just go . . . just go . . . just go . . .

As he stood looming over her, the peculiar, grotesque smile still on his face, he waved an arm, releasing her hands, which immediately clutched at her gown to pull it back down. Rolling onto her side, facing away from him, she curled into the foetal position. She heard his footsteps on the floor then the latch of her bedroom door falling-to.

She was alone.

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~Albus~

Albus Dumbledore opened the letter with a weary flick of his wand. Scanning the contents quickly, he tossed it onto the pile of things to delegate to his Deputy.

Thank Merlin for Minerva. She had settled into her new duties with seemingly effortless competence, as he had known she would, and any misgivings the school governors had expressed over her youth and inexperience had been effectively extinguished by her performance at her first Board meeting. Calm and self-possessed, she had handled even the plaintive Cygnus Black with an adroitness and resolute charm that had surprised everyone but Albus.

He sighed as he regarded the neat stack of parchment on his desk; if not for Minerva's quiet efficiency, the stack would be far more disheartening than it already seemed.

It had been a long night. The meeting had been frustrating, and the dinner had gone on and on, course after relentless course of fried something-or-other. Then the drinking had begun in earnest.

Sweet Silenus, but the Croatian Minister could put it away! Albus was a tall man and able to hold his drink, but when *therakia* had started flowing, he had known he was in for a rough night and an even rougher morning. He had paced himself as best he could, but one didn't refuse the house-made speciality and national pride of one's hosts. Not when one was on a diplomatic mission. When it became clear that the Croatian and Serbian Ministers (or "Yugoslav Minister", as the former unhelpfully insisted on calling his counterpart) were engaged in a cold war of attrition over shots of the potent liquor, Albus felt compelled to insert himself between them by joining in, feigning good-natured debauchery.

He remembered seeing one of them...Antić, he thought, but he couldn't quite be certain...slide slowly and elegantly under the table, after which Albus had managed to zigzag his way down the dark street to his room at the Hotel Magija. Thank the gods he had had the good sense not to try to Apparate; otherwise he might have left bits of himself strewn all over Zagreb. He hazily recalled flopping onto the bed, but he remembered painfully clearly waking the next morning to drag himself to a debriefing breakfast with Minister McKinnon and Barty Crouch, who had served as their translator. The Hangover Potion Albus had forgotten to take in his stupor the previous night seemed to be mocking him all through the nauseating meal.

He was contemplating trying to down another dose of painkiller when a muffled "pop" alerted him to the arrival in his office of one of Hogwarts' house-elves.

"Good morning, Trixie."

"Good morning, Headmaster, sir. I has a letter for the Headmaster from Professor McGonagall," the elf said, holding out the item in question. "She says I's not to wait for a reply, sir."

"Thank you, Trixie. You may go."

With a bob of her head, Trixie popped out of the Headmaster's office.

Albus opened the note and read:

11 May 1958

Headmaster,

This is to inform you of my resignation from my post as Transfiguration Mistress and Deputy Headmistress, effective immediately.

My solicitor will be in touch with you to arrange the termination of my contract. My wages for this month may be deposited in my Gringotts account as usual, pro-rated for the remainder of the month.

It is my intention to vacate my rooms immediately, and I trust you will find everything in order when it is inspected after my departure. If not, please have the appropriate amount deducted from my final pay packet.

I would request that you inform the Board of Governors of my resignation at your earliest convenience.

M. McGonagall

He shook his head to clear it and re-read the note. Then he read it again.

What in the name of Merlin's bloody knees is this?

Quite aside from the astounding content of the letter, the cold tone was utterly unlike Minerva. She was always professional in her official correspondence with him, but never had she failed to open with a warm greeting or close with a "yours truly" or "best regards". And it was almost unthinkable that she would inform him of such a momentous decision by letter rather than in person.

He searched his mind for some clue as to what he might have done to offend her. The recent and tentative blossoming of their relationship into something more than collegial friendship had pleased both of them, or so he had thought. And he had never been anything but a gentleman. Or was that the problem? Was she under the mistaken impression that he did not find her desirable? Because he most certainly did, and he had never given her reason to believe otherwise.

Had he?

They had agreed, not quite explicitly, that they would proceed with the caution that came naturally to both of them. Personal relationships between staff were not prohibited, but both Albus and Minerva were aware that his celebrity coupled with her youth would make any romance between them page-three *Prophet*-fodder, something each was keen to avoid. And of course there were the complications that could arise if they became intimately involved and subsequently split up. That was the chief reason he had resisted her invitation to join her for a nightcap in her quarters after their last dinner *à deux*. He hadn't been sure his resolve to go slowly could withstand the temptation. He hadn't been sure hers could, either, when it came down to it.

Had his demurrer offended her somehow? She had appeared to accept it with equanimity, but . . .

He knew she had a temper...knew it better than almost anyone...but she was never petty or vindictive. Her ire normally followed a pattern of immediate and lacerating verbal attack, and...if she were really miffed...the destruction of whatever inanimate object caught her eye once she was in private. Then she'd cool off quickly and repair whatever her wand had wrought during her burst of temper. Thus it had been since she was eleven years old.

But this . . . this frigid, impersonal letter? This sudden and absolute reversal of everything that had gone before? This wasn't Minerva. It had to be a joke. A very, *verypad* joke.

He tossed the letter into the fire and swept out of the room.

By the time he got to her quarters, she was gone.

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~Tom~

Well, that was a treat, He thought as He Transfigured the now-overlarge yellow robes back to His close-fitting black.

I must remember to send Slughorn a nice bottle of something

After all, it was only thanks to the Potions master's loose tongue that He had discovered that Dumbledore would be away for the night. He had initially resisted the notion of joining the quarterly London tea held by His old mentor and Head of House, but some benevolent instinct had whispered to Him that having a friendly contact at Hogwarts could have its uses.

Tonight's little diversion had certainly been worth the price of a cup of weak Darjeeling and dull conversation.

"Well, my young friend, I hope you aren't working yourself too hard. Getting out for a little fun, eh?" the fat fuck had said when He took His leave.

You have no idea.

Things were going as perfectly as He could have hoped. The gods were on His side, He decided.

Why else would He have discovered, after all these years, the second Vanishing Cabinet when He went to hide the precious bit of His soul in the Unknowable Room? And of course, the sudden death of the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor...a death He had nothing to do with, thank you very much...had provided an excellent excuse to get back on the Hogwarts grounds to stash the diadem. He had no fucking intention of being a teacher, of course, but the happy coincidence of Professor Broadbent's demise just when He needed a way into the castle had given Him the idea for the curse. It couldn't hurt if Hogwarts' students were less than well-prepared in that particular area, now could it? A yearly change of instructor would achieve that quite nicely and had the fringe benefit of providing another small aggravation for Professor...excuse Me, *Headmaster*...Dumbledore.

Then there was Minerva.

He had seen her by chance as He left Dumbledore's office after their farcical interview, heading down the corridor, her arms swinging purposefully along, looking like the Kneazle who had caught the Snidget. She passed Him by with only the merest glance, obviously not recognising Him and not thinking Him worth her high-and-mighty regard.

Just like old times.

As ever, He had wanted to wipe that haughty look right off her lovely, aristocratic face.

At the tea months later, when Sluggy had let drop the titbit that the Headmaster was leaving his "comely young Deputy" in charge of the castle for the evening, He had an

epiphany. He suddenly knew just what the purpose had been behind His impulse to surreptitiously collect a few of Dumbledore's hairs when He had had His "interview". (And really, all that hair? How easy could the old man have made it?)

He had found the instructions in an old book of Dark potions that He had liberated from its mouldy fate at Borgin and Burkes years ago, but He hadn't considered any recreational uses for the potion until now.

Perfect.

Everything was perfect. After his years of searching and studying, things were starting to fall into place for the next stage in His apotheosis, and a little celebrating was surely in order.

When He had taken the potion that evening and looked in the mirror hanging crookedly on the wall of the Unknowable Room, He had been both elated and repulsed.

So old!

It reinforced for Him the importance of His great quest. Growing old, dying . . . they were distinctly out of the question.

He had to give the old man one thing, though: he had a big cock. Which, of course, had worked to His advantage in the evening's endeavour. As for Minerva . . .

Well, He thought merrily, she'll be pissing blood for a week after the pounding I gave her.

Gods, it had been beyond His most fevered expectations! She had been so confused, then so alarmed. The crying and the begging had made His...well, Dumbledore's...cock throb with needy heat. When He finally came, He thought it would go on forever, it was that good. He wasn't sure whether the length and power of His orgasm had been an indicator of how long it had been for Him or for the old man, or just the exquisite pleasure of fucking Minerva McGonagall at last.

It had taken all His self-control not to speak and give it away. He would have liked to murmur humiliating endearments in her pretty ear as He ground Himself inside her one last time.

At the end, He had made her look at Him and had slipped into her mind for just a moment to savour whatever He might find there. Now He closed His eyes, remembering the pleasure of His discovery. She loved the old man, and couldn't understand why . . . *how* . . . he could do *that* to her! She was terrified and ashamed, and a more gratifying state in which to leave that bitch Minerva McGonagall He couldn't imagine.

Perfect! Oh, fuck, it was so perfect!

Years ago, He would have taken His own cock in His hand and wanked furiously at the memory of it. But really, He was past all that now. He was slowly . . . so agonisingly slowly . . . learning to subdue the desires of His mortal body just as He subjugated others...those conveniently fettered by their bodies' pathetic needs...to His will. This evening had merely been . . . an *entr'acte*: a pleasant bridge between the twilight of His former Self and the dawn of His glorious new one. Besides, neither one was a creature to let pass an opportunity to settle old scores.

And settle them He had! Not only had He enjoyed the charms of the one witch He had wanted but never had during His youth and brought her down a satisfying peg or two in the process, but He had also, He thought, ensured that the old man would never have her.

His brief foray into Minerva's mind had told Him that Dumbledore had never fucked the girl. Even if she figured out that her energetic visitor this evening had not, in fact, been the man she thought he was, it was unlikely she would ever take the old wizard to her bed now. It would be too great a reminder of what had happened. Even if Minerva eventually recovered from what He had done to her this evening, it would always be between her and Dumbledore. *He* would always be between them.

Tom Riddle could fade away content with that knowledge. And Lord Voldemort would live happily ever after.

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~Epilogue~

National Library of Magic, Great Britain

Dumbledore Institute

Rare Manuscripts Division

27 ¾ Potter Row

Edinburgh

Letters of Albus Dumbledore to Minerva McGonagall 1937-1997

Acc. No. 4533

Cat. No. #1958-650.1

Revised July 2075

Letter from Albus Dumbledore to Minerva McGonagall [with enclosure]

19 May 1958, Hogsmeade, Scotland [MS with AUTOGRAPH].

Curator's notes: This letter in Albus Dumbledore's hand was discovered among a group of personal effects thought to have belonged to Minerva McGonagall, including several volumes from her personal library, that were purchased from Maurice McGonagall (her great-nephew) in 2073 by the Salem [MA] Witches' Institute.

The letter, along with the accompanying fragment (believed to have been torn from a 20th-century textbook), was found folded between the pages of an antique volume entitled *Moste Potente Potions* [now in the Salem Witches' Institute Museum, McGonagall Collection, Salem, MA]. It was accessioned in 2075 by the Dumbledore Institute. The notation in the fragmentary document appears to be in Albus Dumbledore's hand.

19 May 1958

Dearest Minerva,

I can scarcely believe what you have told me...what you have believed me capable of. What can I say to you, other than what I have already said: I did not, could not, harm you, particularly in that way.

Since we spoke, I have thought of nothing other than your well-being, and of how I might prove to you my innocence. As you (quite understandably) refuse to see me

again, I can only hope that you will attend to the former while I work on the latter.

Over the past days, I have made some progress. My first thought was that I had somehow fallen victim to an Imperius Curse; however, that hypothesis has two major drawbacks. Firstly, I am generally able to resist even the strongest Imperius, and although I admit I was less than fully myself on the night in question, I doubt very much that any but the most powerful of wizards could have exploited my vulnerability to that extent. Secondly, victims of the Imperius Curse are able to recall the acts committed while under its influence, and as I have told you, I have no recollection of the event you report.

It did occur to me that any wizard capable of Imperiusing me might also have been able to selectively Obliviate my memory of the crime. To rule out this possibility, I have consulted with a friend who specialises in forensic memory charms (without telling her the specifics of what I was looking for), and she has examined my memory carefully. She found no sign that my memory has been altered or tampered with in any way.

I will admit that I was very relieved to know that it is all but impossible that it was I who was with you that night; however, that conclusion left me perplexed as to what did happen. I now believe I may have found our answer.

You may recall that shortly after the Grindelwald War, there were several reports of fugitive war criminals using an obscure potion to impersonate others and thus evade justice. There isn't much written about the potion, but I did find reference to it in several scientific texts. What I read seems to fit what you told me of your assailant's behaviour. I have enclosed a page from a textbook that contains what I believe to be the most relevant information.

Please, Minerva, look it over, and see if you think it a possible answer to this terrible mystery.

Whatever you conclude about me and my culpability in this crime, know this: I intend to discover who did this to you...to us...and when I lay hands on him, not only will he rue the day he was born, but he will have a long and painful interlude in which to do it.

I will close here, in the hope that you are taking care of yourself, and that you will consider with an open mind and heart all I have said and written.

Yours always,

Albus

Potions-Mediated Disorders (cont.) 267

Polyjuice Dismorphism (ICMD 447.43) is a rarely seen disorder characterised by the appearance of any unexpected morphological feature(s) in a magical human subject; these are most commonly features of an individual; however, accidental physiological transposition or emergence of one or more morphological features from multiple individuals or non-human organisms is not unknown.

Polyjuice Dismorphism typically occurs when the subject has ingested Polyjuice Potion [see index of potions, p. 12] that has been improperly prepared, or (less commonly) when a subject has attempted to use Polyjuice Potion for non-human transformation.

It is important for the clinician to differentiate dismorphism caused by Polyjuice from dismorphisms of other aetiology, such as hexes, curses, or incomplete Animagus transformation. The differential diagnosis is made on the basis of clinical observation and patient history.

If Polyjuice Dismorphism is suspected, the contaminating organism(s) should be isolated, if possible, and the patient referred for specialty care, as the treatment is complex and beyond the scope of practice of the primary care clinician.

Polyjuice Dismorphism has only recently been described in the magical medical literature. It has not yet been well studied, but several phenomena that are known to occur in normal Polyjuice transformation¹ have also been observed in malapplied Polyjuice transformation. These may be helpful in making a differential diagnosis:

- 1) There appears to be no transfer of or alteration in a subject's knowledge or skills (magical or otherwise) beyond that which may be explained on the basis of morphological alteration;²
- 2) While the subject's physical appearance may be altered, his or her personality traits and psychosocial functioning appear unaffected;³
- 3) The subject's voice may be altered due to morphological changes to the larynx and other structures related to vocal production, but language, accent, vocabulary, cadence, tone, and other characteristics of speech appear to remain unaffected.⁴

1. Borage, L. M. (1922). *Völsungs or wizards? A reassessment of transfigurative potions in medieval Europe* Cambridge: Eldervier Academic Press.

2. Splooge, K., Dawlish, C., and Pye, L. P. (1949). Appearance of elliptical wings and tetradiate pelvis in an adult male wizard: case report and review *International Journal of Magical Critical Care*, 13(1), 230.

3. Schwartzkopf, K. (1947). Acute psychotic episode in a guard at Nurmengard Prison. *Acta Psychiatrica Magische*, 14(6), 43.

4. Pye, L. P. & Borage, L. M. (1951). Accidental genital transposition in an adolescent female: case study *Experimental Potions Review*, 78(7), 34-39.

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