

Can You See Me Now?

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Some things are more than they seem.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Some things are more than they seem.

George was pissed. He was falling down, face in the mud, slobbering, can't see straight, mumbling and incoherent drunk. Of course, he had potions that he could have taken in order to stay sober. But considering he had just attended the funeral of his twin brother, he preferred oblivion to the pain which he knew would come later, once he had sobered up and gotten rid of the dragon-sized hangover he'd have the next day.

He'd closed down the final pub which he had gone to – the Hog's Head. He'd gone there because he knew that none of his friends were going to be there. He didn't want anyone around, trying to make him feel better. He didn't WANT to feel better. Didn't anyone understand that? He felt as if he'd lost half of himself. The better half. The half that completed him.

Walking down the cobblestone walkway, he stumbled around blindly, trying to remember how to Disapparate. Suddenly, he tripped over something. Grumbling, he sat up and looked to see what he had fallen over. But there was nothing there. Not that he could see, anyway.

Probably just my own big feet, George thought, shaking his head. As he got up, he felt something on his left leg. He looked down, but again, he saw nothing. *Must be drunker than I imagined*, he thought to himself.

He finally felt himself start sobering up as he continued home.

"Georgie," he heard a voice say.

"Who's there?" he asked, looking around. He didn't understand it. No one called him that but Fred. No one else had the guts.

"Down here, Georgie," he heard.

He looked down at his pants, but still couldn't see anything. "Where are you? And who are you?"

Suddenly, a small creature appeared on his left leg. He recognized it from books. It was a chameleon.

"Why are you calling me Georgie?" he asked, looking at the creature. "And how can you talk?"

"I know that you are sad about my death, Georgie," the chameleon said. "But it's me, Fred."

George nearly fell over in shock. "Fred?!"

The chameleon grinned. "Who else would be reincarnated as something that can hide so well?"

George laughed for the first time in weeks. "True, that. So, I guess you're my familiar now, eh?"

"Well, I couldn't exactly leave you all alone, now could I?" Fred-the-chameleon said. "So, let's go home and make some plans."

"You got it, clone."

George didn't know if his brother really had come back as a chameleon or if it was just the booze running through his veins. Either way, the night had gotten much brighter.

Prompt from Muse - On his way home from a night of pub-hopping after attending Fred's funeral, George gets a new familiar.