

# Voldemort's Blessing

*by peskipiksi*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Minerva McGonagall was striding round the staffroom, robes billowing behind her, looking like a female version of Snape. 'This has to stop, Albus! He's only been here two days and he's driving me mad! Pixies all over the school. How he expected the second years to deal with them is beyond me. They let out all the ravens in my fifth year Transfiguration class. Filch is clearing up the mess. The air is bluer than the little monsters themselves! They're worse than Peeves, and that's saying something!'

The staffroom door burst open. 'You'll never believe what HE just did!' expostulated Pomona Sprout. 'Gave me "tips" on how to doctor a Whomping Willow! Me!'

Professor McGonagall stopped striding suddenly and stood still, clearly plotting something. *'I wonder if he'd enjoy spending the rest of his days as an ashtray,' Minerva mused. 'Or perhaps a flowerpot. I'm sure Pomona has some suitable poisonous plant I could put in it.'*

Sprout grinned evilly. 'A Venomous Tentacula! Or Devil's Snare!'

Dumbledore's eyebrows rose reproachfully.

*Minerva's eyes lit up. 'A chamberpot! That would be perfect!'* Out of my way; I am on a mission!' She strode to the door, and the crowds parted like the Red Sea; even Dumbledore made no move to stop her.

'I have to give Crabbe and Goyle detention,' she said determinedly. 'I think they should clean out the bedpans in the hospital wing.'

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Gilderoy Lockhart staggered into the staffroom, looking less than his usual debonair self. His hair was dishevelled, his robes were damp, and his bright red face looked as if it had been recently scrubbed. Hard.

'Ah, Dumbledore!' he called, beaming. 'I have some ideas on improvements to the hospital wing. Could I have a word?'

Dumbledore sighed. Some things never changed. Still, only a year to go and Lockhart would be gone. For once, he thought, Tom Riddle had done the school a favour.

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A/N: The words in italics are Doomspark's prompt.