

# When They Were Very Young

by Cat Feral

What would some of Hogwarts' most beloved and established teachers have been like as small children?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This owes a lot – in fact, everything – to Emily Anne's wonderful "George, Don't Do That!" Her fic got me thinking... what would some of Hogwarts' most beloved and established teachers have been like as small children? Although in the "real" HP universe, the teachers are of vastly different ages and would not have been in Preschool together, I am ignoring this for the sake of comedic license. Also, I have included Sirius, even though he never taught at Hogwarts, on the assumption that a Moony without his Padfoot is like a day without sunshine. (sub-note: This was written before HBP) (*Lines which are in both italics and parentheses like this are inner monologue*)

Albus, what do you have in your mouth? A lemon drop? Did you bring enough for everybody? Oh my goodness, I guess you did! Okay, you be sure to give one to anyone in class who asks.

What are you doing, Poppy? You're a Mediwitch? You're giving Sirius and Sybil a potion because they're sick? Well that's nice. No, Alastor, she's not trying to poison the whole class. Anyway, it's just pretend potion. Yes it is, Poppy...*what?* POPPY, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?! Spit it out, Sybil! You too, Sirius! Yes, right now! Poppy, did you give this to anyone else? Are you sure? Good. Now, Poppy, listen carefully; this is very important. We *never* play Mediwitch with real potions. Because it's very dangerous, that's why. No, Sybil, you're not going to die.

No, Alastor, Poppy's not a dark witch, she just made a mistake. No, I'm not a dark witch either. No, I can't prove it right now. Alastor, did you give your Mummy that note the way I asked you to yesterday? (*The one that said we needed to discuss your trust issues. What note do you think?*)

Sirius, what are you doing to Severus? Well, I don't think he's enjoying it. No, Sirius, stop it right now! No, Severus is not an ugly, greasy git. We don't call our friends names. We are *all* friends here, Sirius! Severus, don't do that to Sirius either! Listen, you two, what did we talk about yesterday? If someone is doing something that bothers you, you don't hit them, kick them, bite them or hex them. You use your words. Not *those* words, Severus.

Minerva, where did that toad come from? It is? *You did?* Minerva, I'm surprised at you; you're usually so good at remembering how we treat each other here! I think you need a time out, but first I want you to tell me why you turned Pomona into a toad. She was putting daisies in Albus' hair? What's wrong with that? Didn't he want her to? Oh... Albus is *your* friend. Minerva, I think you're feeling what's called jealousy. We all feel that way sometimes, but there's no need for it here. It's okay to have more than one friend. Albus can be friends with you and with Pomona too. Go to the time-out corner now while I change her back. No, Sybil, she's not going to die.

There, Pomona, you're back to normal. You saw cutworms*where*? Are you sure? Well, thank you for telling me. We'll have to get a gardener in to get rid of them. Er, Pomona, I think you're still thinking a little too much like a toad. Toads do that, people don't. Besides, we've already had snack time.

Alastor, what are you doing there? Well, did you ask Poppy if you could search her cubby for incriminating evidence? Alastor, what did we say about getting into other people's cubbies and looking at their things without their permission? Yes, we said that was not a nice thing to do at all! Tell Poppy you're sorry. No, Poppy, I don't think he

needs a bandage.

Minerva, what are you doing to Albus? Putting thistle blossoms in his hair. Albus, do you want her to do that? Oh, all right then. I'd think it would be kind of prickly... Yes, Minerva, I know the thistle is Scotland's national flower. Minerva, Scotland the Brave is a lovely song, but please don't sing it quite so loudly. No one's going into battle here, Minerva. No thank you, Albus, I don't want a lemon drop right now. No, Alastor, I don't think the lemon drops are poisoned.

Severus, what are you doing to Remus? Yes, I can see you've put a collar and leash on him. I want to know why. You're taking him for a walk? You and Remus can go for a walk around the play-yard together without a leash. Yes, you can. It's nowhere near the full moon. No, it isn't. I keep careful track of that and so do Remus' Mummy and Daddy. No, Severus, Remus is not a bad doggie. No, Severus, Remus won't chase the kitty if you let him off... er, what kitty?

Oh, that kitty. That's a very cute kitten, Albus, but where did you get it? It is? Albus, what did we say about turning people into things? She changed ~~it~~ *itself* into a kitten? Are you sure? (*Oh, Merlin, just what we need, a natural Animagus*) No, Sybil, she's not going to die either. No one's going to die here except maybe me if I don't get an aspirin soon. No thank you, Poppy. I don't need you to cast a healing charm.

Remus, what are you doing to Sirius? Well, I'm glad you two are friends, but I think a nice big hug is enough. Because friends don't kiss each other like that. Yes, of course your Mummy and Daddy are friends, Remus, but it's different for married people! It just is. (*Because Sirius' parents would shut this place down like a shot, that's why*)

All right, class, it's almost five o' clock. Your Mummies and Daddies will be here to pick you up soon! Everyone, bring any toys you've been playing with inside and put them away. Minerva, can you turn back into a girl, please? Thank you. Sybil, the crystal ball needs to go in the toybox too. Alastor, I don't think you need to check all the toys for enchantments. Good job, everyone. Let's all come sit in our circle. Come on.

Now, class, before you all go home, I want to tell you something. The people who run the school system are trying something new; they're putting a few children from the Orphanage into Nursery School to see if it helps them when they start regular school. So, we're going to have a new boy in class tomorrow. His name is Tommy, and I want you all to be nice to him and make him feel welcome. No, Alastor, he's not a dark wizard. Yes, I'm sure.

The End.