

Am I Normal?

by severina

A team-taught Sexual Education Seminar is foisted upon Hogwarts during GoF.
Sadly, the teams of teachers aren't the best matches...

Part I

Chapter 1 of 2

A team-taught Sexual Education Seminar is foisted upon Hogwarts during GoF. Sadly, the teams of teachers aren't the best matches...

A/N: I couldn't believe it when I saw this challenge on Potter Place. I've had the beginning of a 'Sex-Ed at Hogwarts' story written for about six months and just never followed through on it. Well, this gives me the perfect excuse! So, take out your quills and your *Andrea and Friends* pamphlets (argh, I think that ages me...) and prepare to learn about the young wizard's journey to manhood!

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Notice: All male, fourth-year students are to report to the Potions classroom on Saturday, 14 January at three o'clock PM for a mandatory, team-taught Sexual Education Seminar. All female, fourth-year students will report to the Transfiguration classroom for the same. Due to recent events, the Ministry of Magic, in association with the school governors, has made this a required course of study. Anyone who fails to attend will be subject to penalties, to include detention and loss of House points.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione, along with the rest of the fourth-year Gryffindors, stared at the common room's noticeboard, tongues lolling unattractively from their slack jaws, eyes wide with disbelief.

"They've got Snape teaching us Sex-Ed?" snorted Ron. "Great. Nice one!" he called to Fred and George, who were lounging by the fire. "You almost got us."

"Aren't you *ever* going to read *Hogwarts, A History*?" asked Hermione in exasperation. "It's impossible to forge a notice with the school seal. Professor Snape really is going to be teaching... you know." She couldn't bring herself to say the word. "And it seems that I'm stuck with McGonagall."

"Due to recent events," Harry read aloud. "What do you suppose they mean by that?"

Quirking an eyebrow, Hermione said disdainfully, "Honestly, Harry, you don't do any homework, you haven't yet begun to prepare for the second task, and you're not playing Quidditch this year. At the very least, you could try to keep up with some gossip. Didn't you notice all the, er, illicit goings-on at the Yule Ball? Fawcett and Stebbins got blasted out of the shrub by Snape; Fleur and Roger Davies... well, she got caught stealing an Abortion Draught from Snape's stores, not to mention all the silphium and asafoetida that's gone missing from his office. And what about Ginny and Neville in the Astronomy Tower?"

"And Ginny and Dean," added Lavender.

"Yes, and Ginny and Seamus," Parvati put in.

"Seamus? I thought she was caught with Diggory!" exclaimed Fred.

"Nah, he and Cho Chang were found in an empty greenhouse during the ball, brother mine," George corrected him. "Last I heard, Ginny was with Colin Creevey."

"Well, there was also that... thing... with Draco and Pansy Parkinson... and the centaurs," added Hermione, blushing furiously. "Hogwarts is just simmering with hormones. How do you think Peeves got to be here? Poltergeists frequent areas with raging hormones and young people."

Ron wrinkled his freckled nose. "I can think of better ways to expel Peeves than having that greasy git try to tell us where babies come from."

With a slight shrug, Hermione agreed, "I don't fancy having McGonagall lecture us about the cervix."

"When they say 'team-taught,' do they mean more than one teacher?" said Harry slowly. "Who do you reckon they'll put with Snape? I hope it's Dumbledore."

"Why do you hope it's Dumbledore?" sniggered Ron.

Harry blushed and quickly changed the subject. "So, anyone fancy a game of Exploding Snap?"

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Snape stormed from the staffroom in an even fouler mood than usual. Of all the odious tasks that had ever been assigned to him....spying on Voldemort, teaching dunderheads, pickling toads' livers....this was by far the worst. *What in the name of Salazar Slytherin is the headmaster thinking? Surely there are those far more suitable than I: Filius Flitwick, Dumbledore himself, hell, even Hagrid would suffice. And 'team-taught'? What other hapless sap does he have teaching this wretched subject? The man's finally gone completely 'round the bend.*

So caught up was he in his disgruntled musings that he did not notice the stairs before him. Snape tripped, falling nose-first toward the hard, unforgiving marble until a gnarled hand shot out and grabbed his arm.

"Close one there, Severus," growled the familiar voice of Mad-Eye Moody. "Dangerous thing, not to pay attention when you're exposed to the public like this."

Violently, Snape jerked his arm from the Defense teacher's grasp. "Shove off, Moody. I've more important things to dwell on than your delusional paranoia."

Mad-Eye sent him a withering glance. "It just so happens, Snape, that you ought to be thanking me for taking the Dark Arts job."

Raising a disdainful eyebrow, the Potions master replied, "I hardly think that's possible. Dumbledore has assigned me a task so heinous that not even the Dark Lord would think of it."

"Well, I'm teaching the mandatory Sexual Education Seminar to the fourth years," grumbled Moody.

Snape's already sallow face paled further. *I'm* to be teaching that course." Stamping his foot childishly, he burst out, "Team-taught! Blasted Dumbledore."

Poking her head outside of her office door, Minerva frowned at Snape. "Really, Severus, control yourself. I hardly think teaching the students about proper methods of safe sex and answering questions about puberty can compare to the Cruciatus. I'm sure you and Alastor will work everything out. Unless you need some information, that is. In that case, I have plenty of helpful books in my... "

"We don't need any information," Snape ground out. "I'm perfectly well-versed in... that particular area."

McGonagall arched a suggestive eyebrow. "Oh, really? Just how well-versed are you? Because Albus is usually very good with his... "

"*Silencio!*" The ever-vigilant Moody cast the charm before she could speak another word.

"The Inner Eye does not do well with all this noise... The Inner Eye is much disturbed by the headmaster's orders... Mars has aligned with Venus in this most distasteful way... " Sibyll Trelawney strode dreamily through the corridor, shuffling a pack of playing cards. "Two of hearts," she muttered, a slight frown creasing her forehead, "two hearts that beat as one... "

"Good afternoon, Sibyll," sighed Minerva distastefully. "What brings you down from your classroom?"

"I have been sent," she said in a dramatic voice, "by Headmaster Dumbledore himself! To... to teach the most dreadful, the most disgusting, the utterly revolting, horribly sickening... "

"Sexual Education?" cut in McGonagall impatiently.

Trelawney slapped her hands over her ears as though the head of Gryffindor had just uttered the name of the Dark Lord. "Alas! What do I know about such sordid things as that?"

Moody's magical eye swept over her appraisingly. "What do you mean, 'what do I know' about it? It's not as though none of us four have never... "

"Have never *what*, Alastor?" said Minerva sharply. "If we can't say the words to one another, we certainly won't be able to speak frankly in front of the students."

"MADE LOVE!" roared Moody, a blush stealing over his weathered face.

Snape snorted derisively at his colleague's choice of phrase. "I wouldn't count on it, Mad-Eye," he said lazily. "Though the students have been breeding like ferrets of late, I've noticed a definite lull in the staffroom."

Sibyll's magnified eyes filled with tears, and she wailed, "But... but what was losing your virginity like?"

"None of your business," snapped Minerva repressively.

"Which time?" Snape drawled with a sardonic raise of the eyebrow.

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As angry as he had been when the headmaster had given him the assignment, it was nothing to compare to the state of his ire when he stormed into the dungeons that Saturday at precisely three o'clock, brushing past tables of Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, Gryffindors, and finally Slytherins to reach the front of the room where Moody lurked nervously behind the desk.

"As you know, in light of all the recent... indiscretions... the Ministry has made this a required course."

"Made what a required course?" asked Harry with a self-satisfied smirk.

"*Sexual* Education," replied Snape severely. "And five points from Gryffindor for your cheek, Potter. Now, we begin with the basics. The penis," he continued, tapping the blackboard with his wand.

"Right," Moody looked at the sea of faces uncertainly. "Well, the penis is the sexual organ on the outside of the man's body. It's shaped roughly like a Secrecy Sensor... "

"Oh, come on, we know what a penis is," muttered Malfoy under his breath.

"Yeah, 'cause you spend so much time playing with yours in History of Magic," sneered Ron.

"Ten points from Gryffindor," interrupted Snape silkily.

Moody narrowed his eyes at Draco and, with a wave of his wand, had transformed the Slytherin into the very organ he had been discussing. "If you thought a ferret was bad, you've led a sheltered life, laddie. As I was saying, the testicles, which contain sperm, also live outside the body. The penis is made up of two parts, the glans and the shaft." He pointed at Malfoy, rather than the diagram on the board. "Where his head was, that's the glans. The nerve endings are located here, something like in a woman's pearl..."

"The proper term is *clitoris*," snapped Snape, "which brings us to the female anatomy..."

"Wait a minute, what's sperm?" Neville raised his hand nervously, trying to ignore the snorts of laughter from the Slytherins. "What's it for?"

"Ten points from Gryffindor for being such an insufferable dunderhead, Longbottom," snapped Snape. "Haven't you ever had an orgasm?"

"A what?" Neville screwed up his round face in confusion. "An organism? I have those all the time in Herbology!"

This time, not even Harry and Ron could hold back their laughter. "We knew it was your favorite subject, Neville, but..."

Even Snape chimed in with, "I hope you realize, Moody, that in giving Longbottom a copy of *Magical Water Plants of the Mediterranean*, you were distributing pornography to a student."

At last, Moody took pity on Neville and said, "Ever jerk off, boy?"

Neville nodded reluctantly. "Sometimes, if I've been sitting next to Gin..."

"We don't need to hear the details, Longbottom," he interrupted hastily. "At the end, that's sperm. Kind of like fog in a Sneakoscope. And if you'd actually been making love with Miss Weasley, sperm is what would make her pregnant."

Ron leapt up from his chair, wand raised and fully prepared to hex Neville, until Harry pulled him back by the sleeve of his robes. "It's not worth it," he muttered, glancing at Snape.

"Are there any intelligent questions?" asked Snape with delicate emphasis on the penultimate word.

Justin Finch-Fletchley, studiously avoiding eye contact with the other Hufflepuffs, raised a wavering hand. "Um, Professor Moody, about this 'making love' business, I heard that Roger Davies got Scrofungulus off some girl from Durmstrang. Er, what is that, exactly?"

Moody glowered darkly. "Venereal disease, boy. Scrofungulus, most people call it Scroffies, is when tentacle-like warts sprout up on the... area of sexual contact, along with a great deal of burning and, in some cases, bright purple urine. It causes impotence if left untreated."

Justin blanched. "Well, it's over for me and Helga, then."

Snape nodded his approval. "Yes, though wizards are impervious to Muggle STD's, we have a few of our own, all treatable, to contend with. Sexually transmitted Vanishing Sickness, for example, is a nasty disease that causes the afflicted area to disappear."

Involuntarily, each boy's hand clapped over their respective members.

"Yes, a very unfortunate problem," he said with an evil glint in his eye. "Though treatable by a qualified Healer and quite avoidable if the proper charm is performed prior to sex. Anyone else, questions?"

Seamus raised a reluctant arm. "Yeah, um, Professor, I was wondering... I heard this seventh-year saying to her friend that Lee Jordan is a 'two minute man.' How, I mean, what exactly does that mean?"

"Sexual technique," replied Snape smoothly, giving the blackboard another tap. "Ah, yes, the downfall of every young wizard. As you may or may not be aware, the witch has a far more complicated anatomy than does a male, as well as a completely different way of responding to sexual stimuli. Though a wizard may take one or two minutes to achieve orgasm, a witch takes time and patience on the part of the wizard. A witch takes understanding and care, caresses and soothing words, in short..."

"In short, Snape is well on his way to 'achieving orgasm,'" finished Moody gruffly. "But in essence, he's right. Most of a woman's nerve endings are concentrated in the clitoris, which has as many as the entire penis, but concentrated in a little button, just under her womanly petals."

"*Labia*," cut in Snape. "So imagine, if you will, how much pleasure she can derive from the simple stroking of this area with a finger, or your tongue, or, as I sometimes like to do, the nose."

The entire class erupted in chuckles, and even Penis Malfoy began to quiver with unheard laughter.

"At least it's good for something," muttered Harry. "Professor Moody, can you tell us the charms?"

"Well, to keep off the diseases, you'll need *Aegrasine*," he growled, "and to prevent pregnancy, there are a number of charms, but the most popular is *Gravida Exeo*. There's also the Birth Control Draught, often called The Potion, which, like the charms, is 99.9% effective. There is no failsafe way to prevent pregnancy, so when it comes to birth control," he added, "CONSTANT VIGILANCE!"

"Indeed," agreed Snape. "Now, any more questions before our fifteen minute break? No? Well, then I expect you all back here within the quarter-hour."

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NB- silphium and asafoetida were both plants used by the ancient Romans as contraceptives. Silphium is now extinct. Asafoetida is a spice.

This story is in two parts...wizards' class first, then witches'.

Part II

Chapter 2 of 2

The witches' lesson, taught by Minerva and Sibyll.

A/N: Please review! These characters are not mine; I'm just torturing them for a little while.

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"Ladies, please resume your seats." Professor McGonagall stood, lips pinched, at the front of the classroom. "For our second segment, we will be joined by none other than Professor Trelawney." Her voice and expression rather reminded the class of someone who had bitten into an especially sour lemon.

As if on cue, Sibyll came gliding into the Transfiguration classroom, eyes blinking nervously behind her large spectacles. She had drawn her scarves and beads tightly around herself as though they were a shield to the humiliating task she had been set.

"Is she here to teach or is she here to learn?" whispered Parvati, though normally an admirer of Professor Trelawney, and Lavender giggled.

Minerva silenced them with an icy glare and began to speak. "As you know, we have discussed both the male and female anatomies and the reproductive functions of both sexes. We close with our discussion on menstruation."

Uttering a soft shriek, Sibyll covered her face with her hands. "You dare to discuss *the curse*, Minerva?"

"Yes, I dare." Professor McGonagall was barely able to refrain herself from rolling her eyes. "Now, as we discussed previously, it takes both a sperm and an egg to create an embryo. The female's egg is released from her... *what*, Sibyll?"

"Should we not discuss the dangers of engaging in such activities when Mars is in the moon's seventh house?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"When the seventh month dies, and Mars creeps slowly to make a right angle with the moon, even the strongest draught of silphium is ineffective against conception!"

Pansy Parkinson raised her hand slowly. "Silphium? What is that? I heard that Cho Chang stole some from Professor Snape's stores and tried to brew something, but Daphne just said Chang wanted to make 'The Potion.'"

"The Birth Control Draught," replied Minerva. "Can anyone tell me the components? Yes, Miss Granger?"

"The Birth Control Draught is made up of one part asafoetida, two parts silphium, one part lacewing flies, and one part pomegranate juice," replied Hermione. "When brewed correctly, it prevents pregnancy, but not venereal disease."

"Exactly. Fifteen points to Gryffindor." Flicking her wand at the blackboard, Minerva said matter-of-factly, "The Birth Control Draught prevents an egg being released from the ovary, and though menstruation still occurs, it is a bit lighter while a witch is on The Potion."

"Lighter?" queried Millicent Bulstrode. "So there's less chance of you dying, then?"

"Precisely!" cried Sibyll dramatically. "But the hour of death can be warded off by performing a simple *Tergeo*, the Siphoning Charm. All one must do is, a day or so before the moon bestows the wretched curse of nature, place one's wand as far inside of..."

"Sibyll!" cried Minerva in outrage. "That is a very dangerous way to use that particular spell. A qualified Healer would never condone such a thing. No, girls, menstruation is nothing to be ashamed of, and it will certainly not kill you."

"But how can you bleed for five days and not die?" pressed one of the Hufflepuff girls. "I think I'll do what Professor Trelawney says."

With an exasperated snort, Hermione said, "Go ahead, if you want to end up in the hospital wing. You could end up sucking out your ovaries or worse."

"Very good, Miss Granger, take another five points." Gesturing to the diagram on the board, Minerva said patiently, "Menstruation is the shedding of the uterine lining, which grows thicker during the twenty-eight day cycle. Only a very small bit of blood actually leaves your body at this time. Most of the discharge is merely this inner lining. If you were to become pregnant, however, the thick, nutrient-rich lining..."

"Nutrient-rich?" hissed Lavender in deep disgust. "What are we supposed to do, drink it?"

"Silence, Miss Brown," said Minerva with a repressive look. "Menstrual discharge has some useful properties in potion-making, though not nearly as many as virgin's blood, which results from the breaking of the hymen as we discussed earlier and must be collected in phials immediately after defloration. It is most commonly used in the Fanon Clichendia Potion."

At that statement, Hermione's face turned inexplicably pink, and the entire room turned to stare at her. She quickly busied herself, staring into her Ministry-issued pamphlet, but she was unable to ignore the curious glances of her classmates.

"But of course Miss Granger is embarrassed by such perverse discussion!" Sibyll decided. "And well she should be. I myself find such subject material more offensive than Grim!"

"As I was saying," cut in Minerva repressively, "the uterine lining remains if an embryo implants itself in the womb. However, that will hopefully not happen to you girls for a very long while, especially if you remember the spells and potions we have discussed here today. Now, if there are no other questions, you are dismissed. Sibyll, put your hand down!"

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The staffroom was nearly empty, save for the four team teachers, who were busily recovering from the day's ordeal. Moody, wooden leg slung over one of the extra chairs, was taking long draughts from his hip flask; Sibyll was greedily nursing a bottle of cooking sherry; Snape, with a rather rakish gleam in his eye, contemplated a crystal phial

filled with a dark red substance, and Minerva fanned herself steadily with her tartan hat.

"What have I told you about using Transfiguration as punishment, Alastor?" sighed McGonagall wearily. "I shall have to go to Professor Dumbledore about this."

Moody snorted and growled, "That little, er, *prick* got what was coming to him." He took a shuddering sip of his drink. "This suited him better than the ferret, believe me."

Even Snape managed a grudging smile. "You'd have wanted to see it, Minerva. He still had his blonde hair, if you can believe it."

Slapping two of her playing cards over her ears, Sibyll groaned loudly. "The Inner Eye grows weary of all this filth!"

Moody's magical eye fixed itself on the distressed Seer. "Are the rumors true?"

"R-rumors?" quavered Sibyll nervously. "I have no notion what you're talking about, Moody."

Moody raised a grizzled eyebrow. "The word in the staffroom's that you weren't exactly teaching from experience today."

With a disdainful sniff, Professor Trelawney informed him coldly, "That's neither here nor there, Alastor." However, much like Hermione hours before, she could not hide the blush that stole across her cheeks.

With an appraising look, Snape clutched his crystal phial more tightly in his hand. "You know, Sibyll, there are ways your situation could be... "

"I'm not a virgin!" she burst out, tears trickling from behind her glasses. "I like to engage in... have... completethe act with... with... "

"It can't be that bad," snapped Minerva. "Out with it."

Sibyll cowered for a moment, but finally said, "With Neville Longbottom's boggart! When it's wearing his Gran's clothes."

"Sorry I asked," growled Moody, choking on the contents of his flask. "Least I told Dumbledore I'd only do this job for a year."

"Yes," replied Minerva. "I don't relish having to instruct Miss Weasley next year. She could probably teach us a thing or two." She swept from the room then, muttering, "I think the new one's Cockroach Cluster" to herself as she made her way toward the headmaster's office.

Sibyll's magnified eyes darted toward the old wardrobe, which was shuddering violently. "I wonder where young Neville is this evening?" She stood and swept off toward Gryffindor tower to find the boy who could summon her favorite boggart.

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Challenge Rules:

THE SEX ED CHALLENGE

Premise:

Parents in the Wizarding world have traditionally told their children about 'the birds and the bees' in their own time. But this is causing problems at Hogwarts (gee, problems with sex at a coeducational boarding school where the age range runs from the beginning of puberty to full hormonal fever pitch? Who could have guessed?)

The exact nature of the crisis is up to you; but whatever the triggering event or series of events, the Ministry of Magic and/or the Board of Governors has decreed that once a year, a class on 'reproductive health' (or your favorite euphemism) will be taught.

Since we monkeys issuing the challenge aren't interested in the educational quality of the class per se, the only absolute requirement for course content in your version of 'Sex Ed at Hogwarts' is that the little monsters must be told where babies come from. You decide how much detail you wish to go into, and which other topics to cover.

Naturally, no teacher will voluntarily touch that class with the proverbial ten-foot wand, so you decide which professor(s) draw the short straw.

Additional information:

1) Challenge commences July 7th and concludes August 21st (just in time for back to school frenzy to start kicking in!)

2) Length: 2,000 to whatever you can write within the time limit. No extensions, but if you go multichapter and haven't finished it by the deadline, what you have up to that point can be submitted for voting. Any rating/category.

3) No 'pairing' requirements. You can have any or none. If you opt for 'any,' please keep everybody legal (if not ethical.)

4) Oh, and set it whenever you like...AU is fine; if you can shoehorn it into canon (pre- or post- HBP), also fine!

5) Post on TPP (The Petulant Poetess)

6) Voting will commence on Potter Place August 26th-ish, and the poll will close September 4th--so the 'curriculum' will be all ready for the good professors when school starts up! MUHUHWAHAHAHA!)

Optional Shenanigans:

You don't need to incorporate any of the following features...they are just suggestions to get you in the right frame of mind! ;-)

--Someone is revealed to have an interesting kink or fetish as a result of the course. How public the revelation is up to the author.

--The topic of sexual injuries is brought up, to the extreme psychological trauma of every male within listening distance.

--The topic of menstruation is broached, and people are badly squicked.

--Someone (it matters not whom) asks the question (of anyone), "What was losing your virginity like?"

The answer is either

"None of your business" (at which the conclusion is reached, either correctly or incorrectly, that the respondee is still a virgin)

or

"Which time?" (you're on your own for a follow up if you choose to use THAT answer!)

--Make up really freaky Wizarding STDs and/or discuss how wizards deal with those from the Muggle world.